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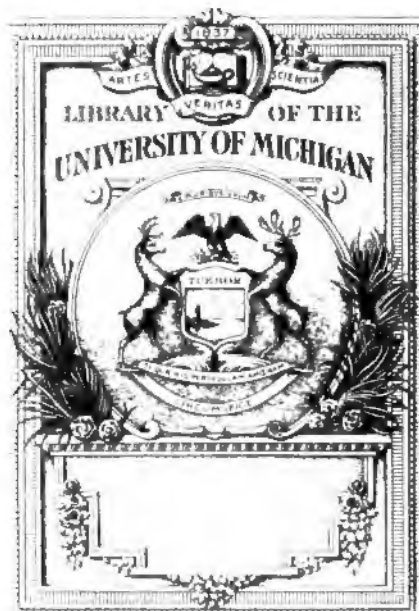
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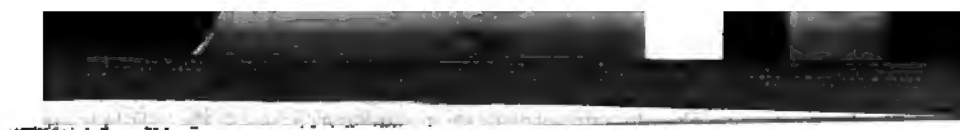
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NEW YORK CITY

1854

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MAGAZINE

Of Literature and Art.

EMBELLISHED WITH

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.....
1854.

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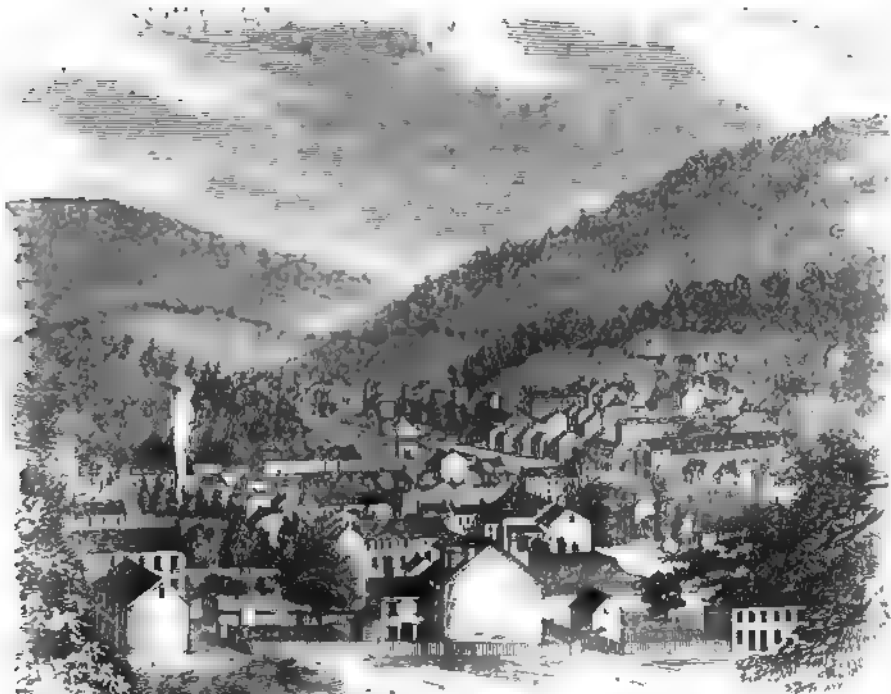
VOL. XLV.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1854.

No. 1.

THE PROSE, POETRY AND SCENERY OF THE COAL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY ELE BOWEN.



Pottsville
AND THE
COAL REGIONS

COAL is very generally believed to have been formed from vegetable matter, and as it invariably occupies a position amongst the oldest rocks of the earth, it follows that it is of vast antiquity. The earth itself is unquestionably much older than is usually supposed—so old, indeed, that its age could hardly be computed in years. It is not within the scope of our present business to enter into the speculations of cosmogony; yet the phenomena of the coal formation—especially its origin and manner of deposit—are so curious, so grand, so wonderful, and are, moreover, so closely allied with the *infancy* of our globe, that

we must make bold to begin—if not in easy confidence, with some degree of *assurance*—at the beginning.

The world, it is presumed, was originally formed from accumulations of vapory matter existing in universal space, and exposed to the centrifugal action of the sun; that from a gaseous state it passed into a fluid, and thence, by a process of rotation and condensation, became a solid, and assumed the form and characteristics which are indicated in its present appearance. The primary elements having been thus consolidated, the earth immediately became the theatre of great physical action—the theatre of vegetable and animal life. The climate for a long time—for thousands and millions of years—was universal, and no doubt much warmer than it now is in any portion inhabited by man. The vast abundance of water, as well as the soft, marshy nature of the soil, rendered the air extremely moist, and while the climate was thus wholly unfitted for the support of animal life, (excepting serpents, and certain semi-aqueous species,) it was the very kind calculated to nourish and stimulate the growth of vegetation to an extraordinary extent. Thus was called into existence immense regions of vegetable matter—grass, moss, weeds, flowers, fruits, and vines, of every conceivable size and form, with trees towering in their dense, unparalleled foliage, hundreds of feet in the air—for, at this period, even the smallest twig, (compared with similar existing species,) assumed the gigantic proportions of our loftiest forest trees! Wherever, therefore, a speck of land appeared amid “the watery waste,” we must imagine it to have sustained, for a long succession of years, a stupendous amphitheatre of foliage. The soil, completely isolated and free from all foreign detritus or disturbance, received the tremendous accumulations of leaves and vines, and soft, succulent vegetable matter, until the whole mass was swept down by floods of water, or by its own gravitation. The vegetation thus prostrated, water deposited over it the shaly matter of the the coal basins, in the form of sand and mud. The *materiel* thus nicely covered, and subjected to heavy pressure, commenced a process of fermentation and partial combustion,* by which

the whole mass was ultimately resolved into one continuous compact seam of *coal*. The shale and slaty rocks alternating with the coal, it may be remarked, are invariably discolored as they approach the vein, thus indicating the efforts of the inflammable gases in the vegetable matter to escape through the overlaying stratum of mud. And it may be mentioned, as one of the causes of the variation of coal from a fatty bituminous to a pure anthracite, that the difference is, for the most part, owing to the proportional loss or retention of the original elements of the coal, during or subsequent to the process of distillation, for we generally find, where the seams are least disturbed, that the coal is most bituminous, and the contrary where, by means of fissures or dislocations in the overlying stratum, the vegetable material has parted with some of its combustible properties.

That water formed an important agent in effecting the chemical change thus noticed, is at least very probable. Whatever substances it may have held in solution at that time, it had not the numerous *local* characteristics peculiar to it now, nor could it have had the same *temperature*; for, as it found its way into the crust of the earth, both its properties and its temperature must have been materially changed.

As nearly all coal basins contain more than one vein, (and those of our anthracite districts contain some thirteen,) we must suppose the proceedings here enumerated to have attended the formation of each particular seam. The mind is perfectly bewildered at the contemplation of these things, and it is hard to bring it to believe that results of so extraordinary a character should be brought about again and again, and with such exact and remarkable uniformity. It has, therefore, been suggested by some writers, that the vegetable material had been transported by water from the spots where it grew, and deposited in the bottom of the sea. All coal deposits, I believe, (with the single exception of that near Richmond, Va., which is in granite,) have for their walls a conglomerate rock, composed of coarse quartz pebbles and sand cemented together. The materials of this rock were undoubtedly accumulated by water; but it does not follow that the coal, entirely free from such atoms, was formed in like manner. If the vegetable material had been carried any considerable distance, it would necessarily have encountered

always escaping from mineral coal, and are so often the cause of fatal accidents in mines, always contain carbonic acid, carburetted hydrogen, nitrogen, and olefiant gas. The disengagement of all these gradually transforms ordinary or bituminous coal into anthracite, to which the various names of splint coal, glance coal, culm, and many others have been given.

* We are informed by Liebig and other eminent chemists, that when wood and other vegetable matter are buried in the earth, exposed to moisture, and partially or entirely excluded from the air, they decompose slowly, and evolve carbonic acid gas—thus parting with a portion of their original oxygen. By this means they are gradually converted into lignite, or *wood-coal*, which contains a larger proportion of hydrogen than wood does. A continuance of decomposition changes this lignite into common or bituminous coal, chiefly by the discharge of carburetted hydrogen, or the gas by which we illuminate our streets and houses. According to Birchoff, the inflammable gases which are

and become associated with the debris of other regions; but such is not the case. Its almost perfect exemption from stony and other impurities is, therefore, a strong reason for believing that the coal grew on the very spots where we now find it; and the belief is still further strengthened by occasionally finding trees, in a more or less erect position, having one portion of the trunk in mineralized coal, and the other not too much charred to recognize its original structure, position, and vegetable character.

As nothing can be clearer than that the beds of rocks alternating with the coal seams have been formed by water, there is no other alternative but to suppose repeated overflows of water and mud upon the coal vegetation, as before stated. Upon the withdrawal of the water, vegetation again flourished, and thus seam after seam of coal was produced. The difference in the thickness of the seams, as well as the difference in the character and quality of the coal itself, and other local features, abundantly indicate the separate and distinct causes which operated in the formation of each individual seam. Indeed, the vegetation itself must have undergone a considerable change, since we often find one seam of coal yielding white, another gray, and another red ashes, as is the case in the Schuylkill region. The vegetation of the coal-bearing period had, no doubt, all the variety which distinguishes the native forests of our country at the present time, since we find coal graduating in its features and qualities in a manner very similar to the varieties of common firewood, as hickory, oak, pine, birch, maple, poplar, etc.

It has been remarked, in clearing the woodlands of our mountain regions, that a growth of pine timber is generally succeeded by one of oak, or hickory, or maple, or chestnut; and that there appears to be in this a natural order of succession, existing in the soil itself, somewhat similar to the system of rotation of crops practiced by farmers. One of the most unerring guides, therefore, in identifying coal veins, is a careful examination of their fossils; as it appears that the vegetation of each seam has some distinctive characteristics by which we are to infer an intermediate change in the qualities and local features of the coal.

The botanical character of the coal vegetation appears to have been essentially different from any which has appeared in subsequent or more recent times. Of the vast number of fossil specimens found in the coal, there are very few which bear any analogy to existing species, and these are the exclusive productions of torrid climates. According to Doctor Lindley, the coal

vegetation consisted of ferns in great abundance; of large coniferous trees of a species resembling *lycopodiaceæ*, but of most gigantic dimensions; of a numerous tribe apparently analogous to *cactæ* or *euphorbiaceæ*, but perhaps not identical with them; of palms and other monocotyledones; and, finally, of numerous plants, vines, etc., the exact nature of which is uncertain. Of the entire number of species, however, recognized in the coal formation, at least two-thirds are ferns.

The annexed engraving exhibits the general character of fossil impressions in the coal formation, from which it would seem that leaves constitute a large portion of the coal. It is worthy of remark, too, that where they most abound the coal is invariably of a very superior quality. I have found specimens, such as is exhibited in the engraving, in masses about one foot thick, and two or three feet square; but as the slaty matter in which the leaves are embedded, readily decomposes on exposure to the atmosphere, it is often difficult to preserve them for any length of time. As the coal hardens, the impressions become gradually less distinct, until, finally, they can scarcely be traced even with powerful magnifiers. Although these impressions are plentiful at nearly every coal-mine, there are few persons who go to the trouble of collecting and preserving them; and, with the exception of the Franklin Institute, and the Academy of Natural Sciences, in Philadelphia, where a few choice specimens may be seen, and, perhaps, two or three other scientific institutions, elsewhere, in the United States, I have heard of no one who has a respectable collection. During a few months of leisure, in the vicinity of Pottsville, a few years ago, I collected about one hundred and twenty different specimens, many of which are very interesting, and as distinctly marked as the delicate tracings of the artist's pencil. There are, however, in the coal-formation, hundreds of different plants, trees, and flowers; and a single representative of each kind, would form a vast museum. Specimens which exhibit impressions of the bark, limbs, or trunks of trees are, of course, correspondingly large and heavy, and could not easily be sketched in a small engraving—while the variety of the leaves and flowers is so great that it would prove tedious to enumerate and describe them.

Whoever hath observed the deposits of sand and mud along the margin, or in the bottom of any shallow and gently-flowing stream, will have remarked a series of little elevations and depressions, caused by the undulating movement of the water. In the ocean, where the pressure of the water is very great, these elevations and depressions are proportionably increased, and, no



Vegetable Impressions in Coal. (From Mr. Bowen's Collection.)

doubt, contribute much to the violent agitation of the surface. Now, in the early history of the world, when water, instead of being so universally diffused, as now, in the interior of the crust, existed mainly upon the surface, it must have been peculiarly active in forming these ridges and elevations, since we find the peaks of our loftiest mountains abounding in all kinds of marine fossils, which could have been deposited there in no other way. As the dry land appeared, the sea gradually receded, and, in its withdrawal,

formed the gaps of the mountains, and all and singular the ever-varying physical aspect which the surface of the globe now presents. The Alleghany Mountains, without doubt, were mainly formed in this way, since it is evident that they were originally one continuous coal-bearing region, and at one period constituted the bottom of the ocean.

But there has been another element at work, no less powerful than that of water, and coöperating with it. It is fire. The interior of the

globe is believed by many philosophers to be filled with eternal heat, and the theory is sustained first, by the existence of numerous thermal springs; second, by volcanoes; third, by earthquakes; fourth, by dikes and mineral veins, and fifth, by the fact that the temperature of the atmosphere undergoes a tremendous change as we descend into the earth. In some of the deepest copper and lead mines, the air is so hot (notwithstanding the most perfect ventilation) that the miners have to disrobe themselves of every particle of clothing while at work.

Probably one of the immediate consequences of the withdrawal of the sea, and the appearance of dry land, and especially its diversification in mountains, valleys, and plains, was an alteration in the climate. It became cooler in certain places, and much less humid. A new sort of vegetation sprung into existence, and simultaneously with it a superior order of animal species, finally terminating with man, or rather, I should say, with *woman*—the *ne plus ultra*!

While, therefore, the great Alleghany range, which was at one time an uninterrupted region of coal for many hundred miles, was originally mainly formed by water, it is, nevertheless, very probable that fire has had much to do with its subsequent elevation and local configuration. Toward the south-west, the strata have been apparently little disturbed, and lie in their original horizontal position; but in the north-eastern section, from Pennsylvania, through New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and the British Provinces of New Brunswick and New Foundland, there is great disturbance in the coal measures, undoubtedly occasioned by volcanic action. In Pennsylvania, the measures are not so much disturbed on the western as on the eastern slope of the Alleghany, while in the other states the disturbance has been so great that only detached portions of the coal-beds are found at all, while in the British Provinces they are still surrounded by water, and literally emerge from its depths.

It is in the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania where the disturbance of the measures by volcanic action has been the severest—all the other coal districts on the eastern slope of the Alleghany being comparatively undisturbed, and hence the more bituminous qualities of the coal. The Schuylkill region, too, whose geographical position is more to the south, and nearer to tide-water by many miles than any of the others, has been subjected to disruptions, upheavals, and dislocations of every kind. The strata, instead of lying horizontal, as elsewhere, have a highly vertical dip, and are only saved from pitching down to inaccessible depths, by numerous anti-

clinal axes, the result both of upheaval and of lateral pressure.

The accompanying sketch explains the powerful degrading effects of water, at the same time that it portrays a singularly wild and picturesque scene—a gap in the Mine-Hill, Schuylkill county. There is little doubt, I think, but that all our mountain passes have been made by water pretty much in the manner thus indicated, while the main chain of elevation, as well as many of the ranges subordinate to it, were originally deposited by water, and formed by the oscillatory movements and enormous pressure of the waves of a primeval ocean, aided, no doubt, at particular places, by volcanic eruptions or upheavals.

But we must leave this part of the subject, and come more directly to the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania. The Wyoming coal field is somewhat in the shape of a crescent, and lying in an east and west direction, receives the north branch of the Susquehanna very nearly in the centre. Included in this basin are the coal districts of Lackawana, Shickshinny, Newport, Pittston, Carbondale, Wilkesbarre, etc. The coal has a fair reputation in the market, but there is nothing like the quantity, per acre, which exists in the Schuylkill region. The seams of coal have a very slight undulating dip, and are therefore in a favorable position for economical working; but it is owing to this circumstance that probably many of the seams have been washed away. A supposition abundantly sustained by their present proximity to large streams, and their situation in a boldly defined valley—a valley, by the way, more favorably known to thousands of readers for its remarkable beauty, and no less romantic settlement and history, than for its development in coal.

“Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies
The happy shepherd swains had naught to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lakes with light canoe
From morn till evening’s sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when, beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew;
And aye those sunny mountains half way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.”

The Mohanoy, or middle anthracite coal field, is south-west of the Wyoming, and lies between the Lehigh and Susquehanna rivers; and though not quite so large in area as the latter, it probably contains more coal. This region embraces the coal districts of Shamokin, Mohanoy, Girardville, and Quaquake, besides numerous small detached districts at the eastern end, as Beaver Meadow, Hazleton, Black Creek, etc. The coal from the interior of this basin is tolerably fair; but toward its western end, in the Shamokin



Mine-Hill Pass.

district, it becomes somewhat slaty, and of a decomposing nature, which necessarily renders it inferior in quality. The late Stephen Girard owned large tracts of land in this basin; and a railroad was commenced, some years ago, to connect the Susquehanna and the Schuylkill, at Sunbury and Pottsville. A considerable portion of the work had been partially finished, and a large amount of capital expended, when a financial revulsion occurred which proved fatal to the enterprise. It was intended to overcome the mountains by means of tunnels and inclined

planes. One of these tunnels, now hastening into ruin, the artist has sketched, but with what good taste or judgment we cannot perceive. It is more than probable that we should not have noticed it, had it not been "thus thrust upon us." The work, as a whole, stands as a monument to the bold enterprise of other days and of other men, when railroads were comparatively experimental. The same capital now, with the benefit of the experience acquired in the meantime, would probably carry out the object originally contemplated, without inclined planes or stationary steam-engines. Some fifteen miles of the road, terminating at Sunbury, having been partially completed, has lately been replenished with heavy rails, and thus connected with another road, extending several miles further into the coal basin. This road, in turn, connects with the Mine-Hill extension, by which a continuous railway communication is effected—over the Reading railroad—with Philadelphia. This road, however, crosses Broad Mountain by means of inclined planes, and stationary steam-engines, and must therefore be ranked among the impracticable things of the day—another road running from Catawissa to Tamaqua, (further eastward,) will form the traveled route, and connect the Sunbury and Erie with the Reading Railroad at Port Clinton. It is unfortunate that a road, to connect Sunbury with Philadelphia, should



Jaxon's Tunnel.

not have been run in a straight line, *via* Pottsville. The mountains to be overcome are trifles, entirely unworthy the spirit of the age, and the engineering skill which, *elsewhere*, distinguishes it. We have often crossed the Alleghany Mountains, at a speed of sixteen miles or more to the hour, over gradients of more than one hundred feet to the mile! This, however, was *not* in Pennsylvania.

We come now to the great Schuylkill region—"the noblest Roman of them all;"—by far the largest, deepest, and most valuable deposit of anthracite coal in the world. This region also extends in an east and west direction, from the Lehigh to the Susquehanna river, a distance of some seventy-five miles, its average breadth being about two miles. In proceeding westward, in the vicinity of Pinegrove, the basin separates into two forks—the northern one called Lyken's Valley, and the southern one the Dauphin district. Like the Shamokin coal, that of these forks undergoes a considerable change in the westward course of the strata—from an anthracite gradually passing into a bituminous and semi-bituminous coal, and becoming softer and less pure as a mineral combustible. A large amount of capital has been expended by the Dauphin Coal Company to develop their lands—but as far as we have been able to learn, nothing but loss has attended their operations. It is a singular fact, and not without significance at this time, that of all the stock companies engaged in the coal trade, whether in this State or Maryland, scarcely one of them has ever proved successful. The very *idea* of a stock company to carry on coal mining implies on the surface and in its very depths a speculative purpose, to which every other consideration is made tamely subservient and subordinate. While we have nothing but failures on the part of companies, the instances of individual success, on the other hand, are numerous and gratifying. The county of Schuylkill, where every thing is in the hands of individual operators, is distributing annually among the holders of coal lands something like eight hundred thousand dollars, or from thirty to forty-five cents per ton for every ton of coal shipped. There are many individuals who, from an investment of a few thousand dollars in coal lands, are now in the receipt of from eight to sixty thousand dollars per year, in rents! A single firm has been in the annual receipt of over sixty-three thousand dollars per annum, from a tract of some five hundred acres, which originally, probably, did not cost them thirty thousand dollars! While the landholders are thus successful in the highest degree, the operators, with proper care and prudence, are scarcely less for-

tunate. Every respectable mine will yield from fifteen to thirty thousand tons per annum, and when coal is worth at the point of shipment from two dollars to two dollars twenty cents per ton, the operator will realize a profit of from twenty to fifty cents per ton, according to the circumstances under which he is controlled.

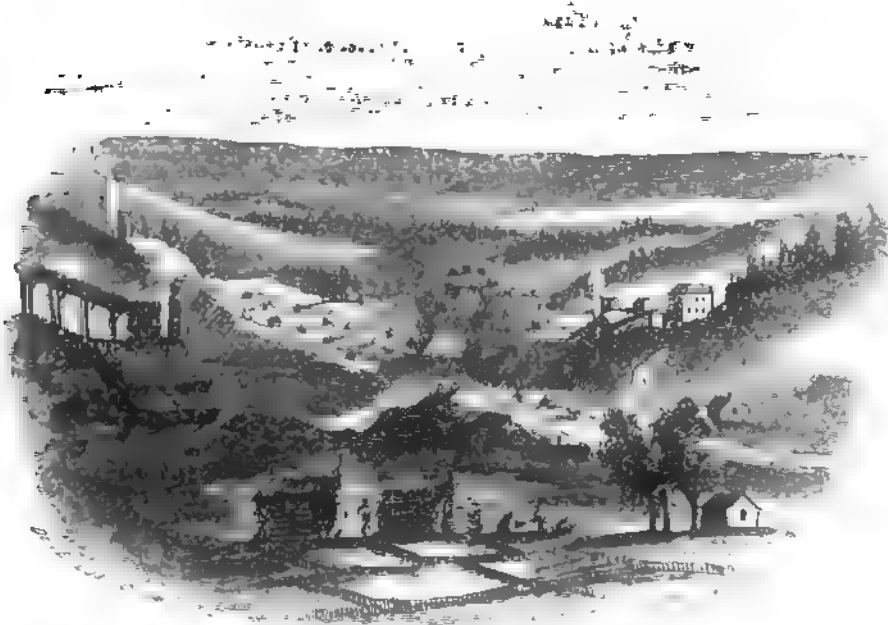
The extraordinary success of the Schuylkill region, it might readily be supposed, would justify the anticipation of similar results elsewhere, and especially in the adjacent coal districts. But this is a mistake, because there is no similarity whatever between it and other coal fields. First, the Schuylkill region has several varieties of coal, passing from a hard anthracite, at its eastern end, to a bituminous variety at its western termination. Second, it has the gray, the white, and the red ash varieties, all in their purity. Third, the field is not only larger in superficial area, but each acre, from the numerous axes, anti-clinal and synclinal, and the highly inclined dip of the strata, has at least three times the aggregate amount of coal, of any other region—especially of those where the strata are in a flat position. Fourth, this coal region is nearer to tide-water than any other by many miles, and commands the valleys of the Lehigh, the Schuylkill, and the Susquehanna, the great avenues of business, manufactures, and population of Pennsylvania, and conducting to the three principal cities of the American continent, from which it is very nearly equi-distant, viz:—New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Fifth, upward of fifty millions of dollars have been expended in the erection of canals, railroads, and their equipment of cars and boats, wharves and depots, to accommodate the trade of this region. Sixth, many additional millions have been expended in lateral railroads, penetrating every quarter of this region, to develop its resources. Seventh, the coal formation has been carefully *proved*, at an expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars of private capital, so that all its features, good or bad, are perfectly understood, thus avoiding, in the future, unprofitable experiments, which eat up the substance of the proprietors' capital.

These are among the prominent features which render the Schuylkill coal region incomparably superior to every other; yet, notwithstanding all this, the price of coal lands there is scarcely as high, upon the whole, as in other localities. The Parker Vein Coal Company, sometime since, estimated their lands, in the Cumberland region, at one thousand dollars per acre, and if my memory be not treacherous, they subsequently disposed of several hundred acres at that price. Now, in the Cumberland region, there is but one or two respectable, workable veins—the very

vein after which the above company has named itself is scarcely two feet thick, contains inferior coal, and no one but an infatuated novice would ever dream of working it. If, therefore, such lands be worth one thousand dollars per acre, nearly two hundred miles from tide-water, with high rates of toll and transportation, what ought not Schuylkill coal lands be worth, with a dozen workable veins of good coal, with an aggregate thickness of some eighty-five feet, and situated only one hundred miles from tide-water, at Philadelphia? I do not mean to say, certainly, that all these veins can be reached upon any single tract; but it would be difficult to select one hundred acres, in any portion of Schuylkill county, upon which some of the veins could not be found. Take, for example, a single vein of six feet thickness, with a dip of forty-five degrees, and allowing one ton of merchantable coal to the square yard, what is the result in a depth and length of one thousand feet? Twenty thousand tons of coal, which, at thirty-five cents per ton, would give seven thousand dollars. But suppose, instead of but one vein, you have a series of them, of the aggregate thickness of thirty feet—the result would be one hundred thousand tons, and thirty-five thousand dollars; and all this upon an out-crop run of vein, of one hundred yards. A tract of one hundred acres would, therefore, average more than twenty thousand dollars worth of merchantable coal to the acre; and many intelligent men have esti-

mated the average *bona fide* value of Schuylkill coal lands at twenty-one thousand dollars, and upward, per acre! Yet the very best of it does not sell for over one thousand per acre, and thousands of acres could, no doubt, be purchased at from two to five hundred dollars per acre. If stock companies were allowed by law to work the coal lands of this region, there is not the slightest doubt but that their value would run up to thrice the present standard, as in the Cumberland region, where, however, it is but proper to add, *individuals* sometimes sell out at from two to three hundred dollars per acre.

The Schuylkill coal region, we have already stated, is about seventy-five miles in length, with an average width of about two miles. At Pottsville, however, which is near the middle of the region, it is some six miles wide, from which point the strata gradually converge together to their eastern and western terminations, thus assuming the shape of a board canoe. At the Summit, in the Lehigh district, the coal veins tilted over from the perpendicular, and thus accumulated a great mass of coal which had been worked for many years in open quarry. In standing upon an elevated position on Sharp Mountain, a fine view of the greater part of the whole coal basin is afforded. The main basin includes numerous subordinate valleys, which are no less interesting when viewed from some adjacent eminence, one of which our artist has sketched. [To be continued.]



General View of Coal Valley—West of Pottsville.



Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1864, by J. T. HEADLEY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States in and for the Southern District of New York.]

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

(Continued from page 563.)



Young soldier fighting his gun. See page 11.

CHAPTER VI.

The British land on Long Island—Sickness of Greene—The Battle—Defeat of Sullivan and Stirling—Masterly Retreat to New York—Causes of Failure—New York abandoned—Retreat of Washington to Harlem Heights—Landing of the British at Kip's Bay—Poltroonery of the Americans and rage of Washington—His severe Order of the Day—Remarks on this Conduct of Washington—Narrow Escape of Putnam with his Division—Skirmish between two Detachments and Death of Knowlton—Manœuvre of Howe and Battle of Chattertop's Hill—Retreat of Washington—Fall of Fort Washington.

At length, August 22d, it was announced that the British were landing on Long Island, between the Narrows and Sandy Hook. The plan to bombard the city had been abandoned, and an attack by land resolved upon. General Greene, to whom the works on Long Island had been intrusted, and who was doubtless thoroughly acquainted with every locality, was at this critical moment prostrated by a bilious fever, and carried to New York. Putnam succeeded him in the command, but, from some cause or other, did not seem to think his duties extended beyond the lines.

Between the plain on which the British landed and the intrenchments of the Americans, stretched a thickly-wooded hill, traversed by only three roads, on each of which redoubts had been thrown up to check the advance of the enemy. But one of these, the Bedford road, which led straight up to the American works was left wholly unguarded. Sullivan commanded without the lines in this direction, and it seems incomprehensible that any general could commit such a strange oversight in presence of the enemy. Washington had given express orders to have all these passes well guarded, but the fact that Greene was expected to be well enough to resume his command before the attack commenced, prevented the appointment of an officer in his place, in time enough to allow him to become acquainted with the ground, while Sullivan, Putnam, and Stirling seemed wholly ignorant of the exact duties required of them. Besides, the universal belief that this land demonstration was only a feint to draw off the troops from the city, on which the grand attack, by water, would be made, caused the officers in charge to be less solicitous about the defenses on the island.

The English, ten thousand strong, with an artillery train of forty pieces, took up their line of march on the warm August evening, (26th,) and slowly approached the wooded heights before them. Howe accompanied the right wing commanded by Clinton, Cornwallis, and Percy, and at two o'clock in the morning stood on the

summit, and looked down over the plain stretching to Brooklyn. Grant, commanding the right wing, moved along near the water's edge, toward Gowanus bay, while the old and veteran De Heister, fully restored from the effects of his three months' voyage by liberal potations of hock, led the centre, composed of Hessians, against the redoubts defended by Sullivan in person. The centre and left of the army were ordered only to skirmish with the enemy till they heard the guns of Clinton on the right, when they were to press to the assault at once, and prevent reinforcements from being concentrated at any single point. With the first sound of artillery on his centre and right, Putnam sent off reinforcements to support both Sullivan and Stirling. The latter having been ordered to defend the coast road, took position at daybreak, in the hills which now form Greenwood Cemetery.

In the meantime Clinton had descended from the hills to the Bedford Plains, and opened his fire on Sullivan's left. This was the signal for De Heister, who immediately ordered Count Donop with his veteran Hessians to storm the redoubt in front, and carry it at the point of the bayonet, while he, with the main body, would advance to his support. The battle was in reality already won by Clinton, who now completely outflanked Sullivan. The latter met the onset in front with his accustomed bravery, and as the Hessians poured, with their wild German war-cry, to the assault, mowed them down with the steady volleys of his handful of resolute men. But the firing on his flank rapidly advancing nearer, threatened momentarily to cut him off from the lines at Brooklyn, and he reluctantly gave the orders to retreat. His small force however had scarcely reached the foot of the slope on which they had been posted, when they were greeted by the blast of bugles, as the British dragoons came galloping up the road in rear.

His retreat was now cut off, and he threw himself into a piece of wood for protection. But the loud shouts and gleaming bayonets of the Hessians as they swarmed through the green foliage, showed that this was no place of shelter, and the now surrounded Americans again emerged into the open field, only to be trampled down by the cavalry, and charged by the infantry which had completely blocked up the way of escape. Driven again to the woods for shelter, they were bayoneted by the Hessians, who, refusing quarter, fought with the ferocity of tigers. Thus backward and forward they were hunted by the hostile ranks, until a portion, maddened into desperation, burst with one fierce effort through the barrier of steel that girdled them, and reached the main army in safety. The remain-

der, with Sullivan, were massacred or taken prisoners.

All this time Stirling, ignorant how the battle was going, firmly maintained his position against Grant. But Clinton had no sooner disposed of the American left, than he dispatched Cornwallis across the country, to take the former in rear and execute over again the manœuvre that had destroyed Sullivan. This British officer advanced till within a short distance of Stirling, when he fired two cannon shot, the signal agreed upon for Grant to move to the assault. The latter then gave the order to advance. Pressed in front and rear by an overwhelming force, Stirling saw at a glance, his desperate position. The only chance of saving any part of his force was, with a small band of resolute men to keep Cornwallis employed, while the main body, fording Gowanus Creek lower down, could gain the flank of the enemy and escape to Fort Putnam, on Brooklyn Heights. The tide was fast rising, and what was done must be done quickly. Calling around him a portion of Smallwood's glorious regiment of Marylanders, composed almost entirely of young men of rank and wealth, he hurled them with such terrible impetuosity on the British grenadiers, that the latter recoiled with amazement from the shock. Flushed however with the previous easy victory, and disdaining to yield to a band of undisciplined rebels, they rallied to the attack, and the conflict became close and murderous. But these gallant young men, each one a hero, pressed so sternly and resolutely into the fire, that they bore down all opposition, and for the first time in open combat, rolled back the veterans of England. The steadfast Delawares stood, with their rent colors flying, and let the artillery of Grant plough through them, disdaining to stir till ordered to retire. The fighting here was desperate. Young Callender, who had been cashiered for cowardice at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and afterward entered the service as a volunteer, seeing the captain and lieutenant of the company of artillery to which he belonged fall, took command, and with the determination to wipe out with his life blood the disgrace that had fallen on him, disdained to surrender, fighting his pieces to the last. Even when the British infantry were charging over his guns he never flinched. A British officer, struck with admiration at his noble, gallant bearing, knocked up the bayonets already pointed at his heart, and spared his life. Though outnumbered more than three to one, Stirling, with his hero-band, steadily pushed back Cornwallis, till the latter was heavily reinforced. The order to wheel off to the left and escape across the marsh was then given. A part succeeded in escaping, and swimming a small creek reached

Fort Putnam in safety. The remainder, and among them Lord Stirling, surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

Washington, as the sound of the heavy cannonading broke over the city, hastened to the shore, and leaping into a boat manned by strong rowers, was soon on the Brooklyn side. Galloping up the Heights, he cast a hurried glance over the plains beyond. As he saw Sullivan completely cut off, and that Stirling, though from the heavy cannonading evidently still maintaining his ground, must soon inevitably share the fate of the former, a cry of anguish burst from his lips. The day was lost beyond redemption, and some of his noblest troops gone forever. All this time Greene lay tossing on his feverish bed, a prey to the most painful anxiety. At length, as the news reached him that Smallwood's—his favorite regiment—was cut to pieces, he groaned aloud, and bursting into tears, exclaimed—“*Gracious God, to be confined at such a time!*”

Thus ended the first battle between the army under Washington and the enemy. Nearly twelve hundred men, or a quarter of the entire force engaged, had been slain or captured, a portion of them the elite of the army. Among the prisoners were Generals Sullivan, Stirling, and Woodhull. It was extraordinary that so many escaped. But the patches of wood and thickly scattered hills furnished concealment to a great many detached parties, that in a more open field or one better known to the enemy would inevitably have been captured. The manœuvre of Howe was completely successful, and deserved even a better reward than it received.

The junction of the various divisions of the British army being effected soon after the defeat of the Americans, the whole advanced to within six hundred yards of the works on Brooklyn Heights. Excited by the easy victory, the troops demanded to be led to the assault at once. If it had been permitted there is little doubt but that the overwhelming numbers of the British would have proved too resistless for even the strong works behind which Putnam lay. But Howe, ignorant of the force opposed to him, did not wish to risk all he had gained by an uncertain, desperate onset, and commenced planting his batteries, evidently designing to advance by regular approaches. Washington, who had watched with the keenest anxiety the rapid concentration of the host before him, with its long lines of gleaming bayonets and heavy trains of artillery, saw with inexpressible delight this determination of Howe. Time would now be given to reflect upon his situation and determine his course. If he should resolve to fight it out where he was,

he could bring over reinforcements; if to retreat, he might, by great exertions and skillful management, save perhaps the army.

That night the Americans slept but little. Washington had dispatched couriers to General Mifflin, at Kingsbridge, to hasten down with a thousand men. These, soon after daylight, were seen crossing the river to Wallabout, where they took post. The morning dawned dark and gloomy, and as soon as the American works could be distinctly seen, the British opened on them with their heavy guns, and shortly after, the sharp rattle of musketry was heard as the outposts came in collision. The heavens continued to gather blacker and more sombre, and soon after mid-day the rain came down in torrents. The flooded fields presented a picturesque appearance, dotted with the white tents of the enemy, into which they crept for shelter, but the discouraged, discomfited patriots had no tents or barracks, and stood drenched to the skin. The night brought impenetrable darkness, for a heavy fog slowly settled on sea and land, through which broke only the muffled tread or low call of the sentinel.

Adjutant-General Reed, Mifflin and Colonel Grayson had been sent out the afternoon previous to reconnoitre, and just before sunset, as they stood looking seaward, a sudden gust of wind, like a friendly hand, lifted for a moment the fog that lay over the British vessels within the Narrows, and revealed to them boats filled with men, passing from ship to ship, and all the preparations for some great and combined movement. The fleet had been directed to act in concert with the land-force, and attacking the batteries on shore, pass up the East river, and so separate the main American army in New York from that of Brooklyn. But "the stars fought against Sisera," for a strong east wind surged all day down the East river, holding back the ships with its unseen hand.

The movement on board the vessels being reported to Washington, a council of war was called, and it was unanimously resolved to retreat to New York. The fog that covered the island effectually concealed the movements of the Americans, and at eight o'clock the soldiers were paraded, and began their silent march toward the ferry at the foot of Fulton street. But the strong north-easter which had buffeted back the British fleet, was now, with an ebb tide, sending such a furious current seaward that the boats could not with safety be launched. At length, about eleven o'clock, the wind changed to the north-west and blew violently. The troops were then embarked in the fleet of boats prepared for their reception, and impelled by muf-

fled oars, passed silently and swiftly from shore to shore. By five o'clock in the morning the whole nine thousand, with all their munitions of war, except the heavy artillery, were safe in New York. Washington stood the long and gusty night on the Brooklyn side, watching detachment after detachment disappearing in the gloom, and as the last boat left the land he also stepped in, and with a world of care lifted from his heart, was rowed across to the city. For nearly forty-eight hours he had not closed his eyes, and been a great part of the time in the saddle, superintending and directing every thing, and exhibited a skill, energy and power seldom witnessed in the oldest and most renowned commanders.

The battle of Long Island has given rise to much discussion, and various explanations have been offered and excuses rendered of the sad failure. No doubt there would have been more and severe fighting if Greene had been able to hold his command. No doubt Putnam should have looked out for flank movements, but he was good only for fighting, and knew nothing of strategy. No doubt Sullivan should have guarded the Jamaica road, or urged Putnam to do it, but he, too, had yet to learn the duties of a general by hard experience. The excuse that he did not command without the lines is not a valid one for his neglect. The simple truth is the battle should never have been fought, for no precautions could have changed the final result. The enemy were in too strong force for the American army on the Brooklyn side to resist under the most favorable circumstances that could have been anticipated. But to abandon New York without a struggle seemed fraught with evil consequences, and it could not be defended by land better than where the stand was made. Washington, like every other general officer, was compelled to leave many of the details on which a battle turns, to the efficiency and energy of his subordinates, so that he is not responsible for the loose way in which the passes were defended. The great error probably lay in the settled conviction that the land attack would be only partial, and the main assault be on the city itself through the fleet. Of course there could be no comparison between the military knowledge and ability of the British and American officers. The former, many of them had had the advantage, not merely of early training, but of large experience in many a tedious campaign, on the continent of Europe, and it would be a miracle if even Washington at the outset, could not be outmanœuvred by them, when the operations were on an extensive scale. But he was an apt scholar, and one lesson was sufficient for a lifetime, and in the unexpect-

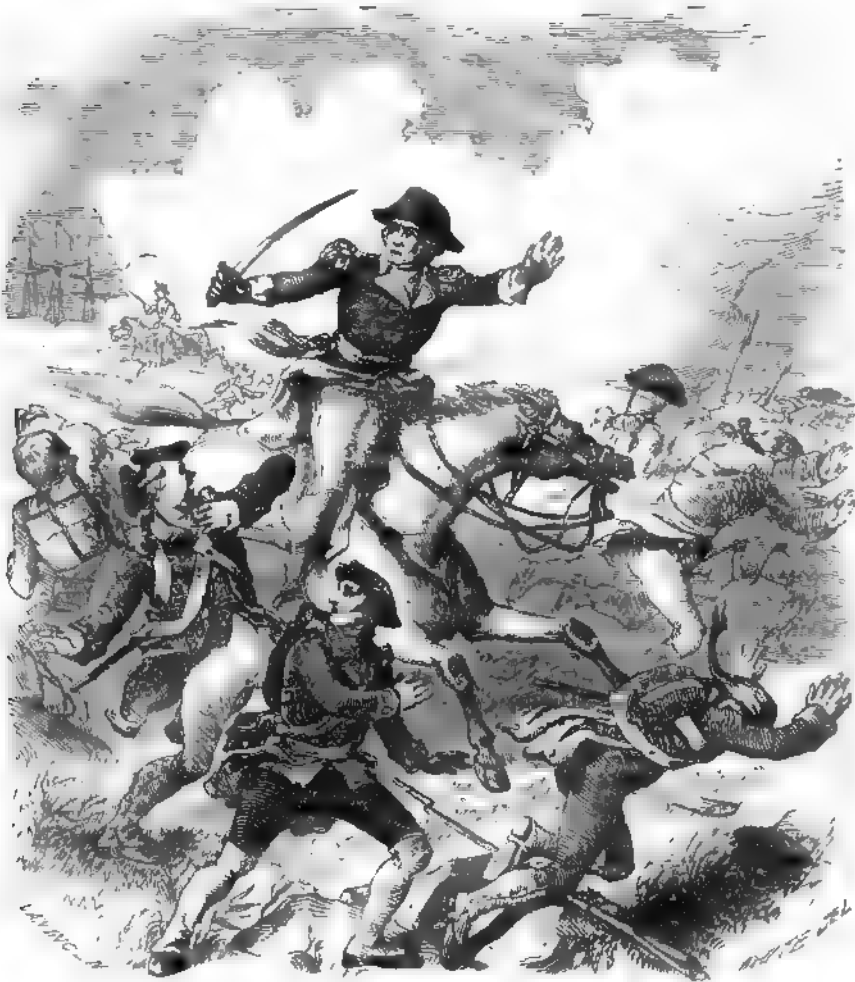
ed vicissitudes of war, when tactics had to be made on the spot to meet the exigencies of the case, he showed how intellect and genius, and an almost infallible judgment could triumph over obstacles that put at fault the most veteran leaders.

The effect of this defeat on the American army was most disastrous. Despondency and despair took the place of confidence and hope. The hastily collected yeomanry of the colonies had done good battle on Bunker Hill, and considered themselves in fact the victors, and when a regular appointed army with Washington at its head, should meet the enemy around New York, a glorious triumph was confidently predicted. But in this first battle the superiority of the enemy was made apparent, and just as high as the spirits of the troops had been raised previous to it so low they now sunk. A sudden paralysis seized them, and nothing but murmurings and complaints were heard. The burning desire to wipe out the disgrace—the courage rising with increasing danger—the stern cheerful rally to the side of their afflicted noble commander, were all wanting. On the contrary the militia grew insubordinate, and there, right in front of the enemy, while his strong columns were gathering closer and darker around the city, began to disband and march away to their homes. Nearly whole regiments at a time, half ones, and by companies, they fled away heedless of the remonstrances, appeals, and threats of their officers. In the very crisis of affairs the whole army threatened to be disorganized. Washington looked around him in dismay, and lost all confidence in his troops. He was not prepared for this wholesale desertion in the hour of danger. Inexperience, want of discipline, jealousies, and rivalries, were evils he anticipated. He knew, also, that it would be impossible to keep an efficient army in the field on the short enlistments heretofore practiced, but to be left alone when the fate of the largest city in the colonies was depending, was a catastrophe against which no foresight could provide. He wrote to Congress that New York must be abandoned to the enemy, and a council of war was immediately called to decide on the course best to be pursued. A bombardment was hourly expected, and Washington issued an order for the inhabitants to leave, and soon the roads leading toward Harlem were crowded with fugitives, while hundreds more were seen hurrying across the river to the Jersey shore.

In the council of war it was proposed by some to set the city on fire, and thus prevent the British from making it their winter-quarters. General Greene urged this measure, declaring that the Tories would be the chief sufferers, as

two-thirds of the property in the town was owned by them.

In the meantime the plans of Lord Howe developed slowly. He had requested Congress to appoint a committee to meet him on Staten Island, and consult on some mode of arranging the difficulties between the colonies and mother country. They met, but the views of the two parties differed so completely that all hopes of adjustment were abandoned. Howe then began to push his advances on New York. The whole fleet moved up into the harbor, and soon after frigate after frigate stood up the East river, and on the 15th September three men-of-war swept past the batteries along the Hudson, and lay-to off Bloomingdale. It now became apparent that the enemy had no design of bombarding the city, and thus destroying the snug quarters they stood so much in need of, but were about to land above toward Harlem, and march down on it from the most unprotected quarter. Washington, penetrating their design, hurried off his baggage and sick and nine thousand men to Kingsbridge and its vicinity, keeping only five thousand in the city to act as the exigencies of the case might demand. Detachments in the meantime were scattered along between New York and Harlem, to protect the batteries and resist the attempts of the British to land. On the same day, at eleven o'clock, General Clinton began to land his troops at Kip's Bay, under the heavy fire of three war vessels. The day before he had taken possession of Montrossor's Island, and Washington, aware of his intentions, ordered the two brigades under Parsons and Fellows to hasten next morning to the threatened point, while he galloped away to Harlem, where he spent the night. In the forenoon, while busily superintending the works on the Heights, he was startled by the heavy cannonading from the vessels of war shaking the very ground on which he stood. Instantly vaulting to his saddle he swept in a fierce gallop along the road toward Kip's Bay. As he approached he saw to his utter astonishment the men stationed at the batteries in full flight, leaving their pieces unmanned, although not seventy of the enemy had effected a landing. Before he could recover from the effect of this shameful spectacle, he beheld the two brigades which he had dispatched to the support of the batteries also in full retreat, despite the threats and commands of their officers. Such utter poltroonery, coming as it did on the top of all he had undergone from his faithless troops, proved too much for his self-command, and that strong soul for once burst the restraints with which he had bound it. Dashing into the midst of the fugitives he bade them in a voice of thunder halt. But they in their panic did not



Washington endeavoring to rally the Fugitives.

hear him, or if they did paid no attention to his commands, and dividing around his horse streamed wildly on. Enraged beyond all control, he denounced them with a fearful oath as cowards, and drawing his pistols snapped them in their faces, and cut at the nearest with his sword. Finding all his efforts vain, and filled with ungovernable rage, he dashed his chapeau to the ground and wheeled all alone full on the advancing enemy, apparently determined in that terrible paroxysm of passion and of scorn not to survive the disgrace of his army. One of his aids, however, advancing seized the bridle of his horse and turned him back. The hurricane had passed, and Washington was himself again. The stern indignation, however, at such conduct did not so soon subside, and five days after, in the order

of the day, he said, "Any soldier or officer who upon the approach or attack of the enemy's forces by land or water, shall presume to *turn his back and flee*, shall be instantly shot down, and all good officers are hereby authorized and required to see this done, that the brave and gallant part of the army may not fall a sacrifice to the base and cowardly part, nor share their disgrace in a cowardly and unmanly retreat."

This terrific outburst sheds a world of light on Washington's character, and instead of depreciating it invests it with tenfold interest, and exhibits in a more striking manner the transcendent qualities he possessed. This and one or two similar incidents in his life are avoided by his biographers, or merely touched upon, as though it were a pity to speak of them at all, and com-

mon charity required them to be concealed as much as possible. They even feel indignation toward those who give them prominence, as though a personal attack were made on the "Father of his Country." These men are wiser than their Maker, who does not hesitate to record the single rash act of Moses, who in his rage dashed the tables of the law to the earth, or the sinful conduct of David, the chosen of Heaven, or the quarrel of the Apostles. They forget that a human character is grand and exalted only as it overcomes evil, and the more difficult the victory the greater the glory. But for such terrible outbursts as this we should never have known what a volcano Washington carried in his bosom, and hence been ignorant of the marvelous strength of character, and the religious principle which kept down its fires. His eulogists seem to think that the more unexcitable and passionless they make him, the more perfect he is, forgetting that moral character is not an endowment, but the result of effort and education, and that a man who is naturally impetuous deserves just as much credit for being hasty, as one who is naturally quiet and immobile for being placid and unruffled. It is the man who "*ruleth* his spirit that is greater than he that taketh a city," not one who has no spirit to rule. It is the knowledge of Washington's inflammable, passionate nature, contrasted with his conduct under the severest trials long continued, under injustice, suspicion, neglect, desertion, abuse, discomfiture, and defeat, that makes us regard him with unbounded admiration and astonishment. It is his amazing self-control that fills us ever with fresh wonder, and yet had he been born with a phlegmatic, equable temper, his serenity would have been no proof of this. It is the arm which holds back the torrent that exhibits strength, not that which rests unmoved in the tranquil pool.

The moment Washington saw the British had effected a landing, he dispatched an aid to General Putnam in the city, with orders to fall back with his division, as speedily as possible to Harlem Heights. Putnam immediately put his brigade in motion, followed by a motley multitude of women and children, with loads of baggage and utensils, hurrying on with loud cries after the retiring columns. It was a hot sultry day, and under the burning sun and clouds of dust kicked up by the advance regiments, the soldiers, many of them, sunk exhausted by the road-side, and fell into the hands of the enemy. Not a moment was to be lost. Clinton had already possession of the main road along the East River, so that Putnam was compelled to take the Bloomingdale road across which the three frigates that had passed up the Hudson could throw their

heavy metal. The disgraceful flight at Kip's Bay had allowed the British to gain so much time in landing, that to all human appearance they could stretch a cordon entirely across the island, before Putnam could reach Bloomingdale, and Washington looked upon him and his entire division as lost. Putnam thought so too, but determined not to despair so long as a ray of hope remained, and hurried on his flagging columns with all the energy he possessed. Riding from front to rear to encourage, to stimulate, and to threaten, he galloped backward and forward under the burning sun, his horse covered with foam and dust, and every lineament of his bold rough face revealing the intense anxiety under which he labored. A Quaker lady, named Murray, occupied at that time Murray Hill, and he sent to her to delay by her hospitality as long as possible, Sir Henry Clinton. As the latter, with his staff, passed the house on his way to the Bloomingdale road, this patriotic lady accosted him and cordially invited him to stop and take a glass of wine. The cool refreshments which followed, were most acceptable to the British officers, and she detained them by her courtesies till her negro servant, who had been stationed on the top of the house to watch the American army, returned and made the sign agreed upon, to indicate it was beyond danger. A portion of the British troops had struck it at right angles, and a severe skirmish followed, in which fifteen Americans were killed, and two or three hundred taken prisoners, but the main body had barely slipped by, the enemy's line closing behind them as they passed. When Clinton emerged from Mrs. Murray's house, he saw, to his utter mortification, the American banners fluttering far in advance, pointing proudly toward the heights on which was drawn up the rebel forces. As darkness shut in the scene, the weary column wound up the slope, and was received with shouts by the whole army, while Washington did not attempt to conceal his delight at the energy and skill with which Putnam had brought off his troops. In the mean time the whole British army advanced, and at night encamped near the American works—their lines stretching from river to river, and supported at each extremity by ships of war. Thus passed the night of the fifteenth of September. When the morning drum, rolling from river to river, awoke the two armies, ~~Howe~~ Howe turned his glass long and anxiously on the American works. Notwithstanding the easy victories he had obtained, he hesitated to attack a position so well chosen, and defended as the one before him. Washington irritated at the moral effect produced on both armies, by the dastardly conduct of



Quaker Lady detaining the English General.

his troops, was anxious to remove it, if possible, and resolved to attack any detachments that the enemy might send forward. During the day several parties appeared on the plain between the two armies, and a skirmish followed. This was no sooner reported to Washington, than he hastened to the outposts to ascertain their number and purpose. While he was examining them, Colonel Knowlton came in and reported their number about three hundred. Washington immediately ordered him with his rangers, aided by Major Leitch, with three companies of Virginians, to attempt to gain their rear and cut them off. At the same time he di-

rected a false attack to be made in front, to distract their attention from the real point of danger. The British detachment seeing the party approaching in front, retired to a cover of bushes and a fence. Knowlton, ignorant of this change of position, instead of gaining their rear as he expected, came suddenly on them in flank. Major Leitch immediately advanced gallantly to the attack, but fell pierced with three balls. Knowlton hastening to his support, was also shot down. The troops, however, pressed fiercely on, and a reinforcement coming up, charged home so resolutely, that the enemy broke their cover and fled to the open plain. Washington fearing that the

British would send out a large reinforcement, ordered the bugles to sound a recall, and the gallant detachment retired to their posts with the loss of sixty killed and wounded. The British acknowledged ninety killed and wounded. The death of Colonel Knowlton, however, made the balance of loss heavy against the Americans. He was one of Putnam's best officers. He had entered service when but sixteen years old, and been with Putnam in some of his hardest battles during the French war, and was among the first to rally to his old leader's side, after the skirmish at Lexington. He fought gallantly at Bunker Hill and Long Island, and was an officer of great promise. He fell at the age of thirty-six, on the threshold of that great struggle to which he would have given a clear head and a fearless heart. In his order the next day, Washington called him "the gallant and brave Knowlton, who would have been an honor to any country."

Howe was anxious to bring on a general engagement without assaulting the Americans behind their works. Washington, having no confidence in the mass of his troops, was equally determined not to gratify him, and the two armies lay idly looking upon each other for three weeks. Washington, however, improved the time in strengthening his position. At length Howe determined to make another effort to gain the American rear, and sending three vessels of war up the Hudson, which passed the batteries on shore and obstructions in the channel with but little damage, he embarked his troops in flat-bottomed boats, on the East river, and sailing through Hell Gate, landed on Throg's Neck. Remaining here five days, he reëmbarked, and landing at Pell's Point, marched to the high grounds near New Rochelle. Washington, informed of every movement, immediately crossed Kingsbridge, and occupying the heights on the west side of the river Bronx, extended a line of intrenched camps to White Plains, thus rendering it impossible for the British commander to outflank him. The intrenchments ran in parallel lines about four hundred yards apart, and terminated at a small lake. Howe, in solid columns, then began to move across the country, evidently determined to make a general assault on the American lines, and carry their intrenchments by storm. From the heights he occupied, Washington could see them in eight massive columns, reddening the yellow wheat fields with their scarlet uniforms, while groups of officers collected here and there betokened earnest consultation as to the best method of attack. Their progress was slow, for the fields were intersected with rough stone walls, which had to be pulled down to make way for the heavy artillery, that could with diffi-

culty be got over the uneven ground. Besides, skirmishing parties took advantage of these walls and clumps of bushes to annoy the advance detachments of the British, and prevent them from clearing a path for the artillery. Slowly, however, and steadily the heavy columns swept on, while Washington, no longer placing any reliance on the militia, awaited with much misgiving and apprehension the final shock. No one will ever know what he suffered during his retreat from New York up the island. The embarrassments that overwhelmed him at every turn were enough in themselves to crush a commander, but when to all those was superadded utter want of confidence in his troops, there was nothing left on which to fall back. Disasters he could endure, but with soldiers he dared not trust in battle, no matter how inferior the enemy might be in force, that run away from even the sound of cannon, he was left utterly desolate. In a letter to his brother, speaking of the anguish that weighed him down at this time, he said he would not again undergo what he had suffered during those few days for a quarter of a million of dollars. The troops not only became cowards, but robbers, and under pretence of plundering the Tories committed violence on the inhabitants indiscriminately. Thirty-nine lashes being the extent of the punishment allowed by the orders of Congress, the culprits treated it with contempt. Patriotism seemed to have died out of the bosoms of all but a few, and Washington was compelled to save an army he despised. Howe continued steadily to advance against the American lines, but paused in his march to carry Chatterton's Hill, on which M'Dougall had been placed with fifteen hundred men, assisted by Alexander Hamilton. This hill was separated from the main army by the Bronx, which flowed in front of the American lines. The stream however was fordable here, so that the brigade could easily fall back on the main body. When the artillery got within range, Howe opened at once with twelve or fifteen pieces, whose echoes rolled like thunder along the heights, carrying consternation to the hearts of the militia. A ball having struck a soldier in the thigh, mangleing him badly, the whole regiment turned and fled. Colonel Haslet could not induce his troops to drag forward the field pieces, so as to sweep the ascending columns. Only one was manned, and this so poorly that the colonel was compelled to seize the drag-ropes himself. As they were trundling it slowly to the front one of the enemy's balls struck the carriage, scattering the shot in every direction and setting fire to a wad of tow. In an instant the piece was abandoned in terror. Only one man had the courage to remain and

tread out the fire and collect the shot. By dint of great exertion the colonel was able to fire a couple of shots, when the men ran away, dragging their single cannon after them. Hamilton, however, with two guns in battery, coolly swept the slope, carrying away whole platoons that attempted to ascend. But the militia had most of them disappeared, leaving M'Dougall with only six hundred to sustain the unequal conflict. This he did for an hour and then slowly and in good order, carrying his artillery and baggage with him, retreated across the Bronx and took post within the lines. The whole British force, thirteen thousand strong, now drew up within long cannon shot of the American works, and an immediate assault was expected. All night long the soldiers stood to their arms, awaiting the order to advance. At length the long wished for October morning dawned, when Howe with his glass examined critically the American intrenchments. They seemed so formidable and the position so admirably chosen, that he concluded to defer the attack till the arrival of Lord Percy, already on his way with reinforcements. Providence here interfered again for the salvation of the American army. Those formidable breastworks, which reminded Lord Howe of Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights, were the merest sham, being composed of nothing but cornstalks covered with sods and a little loose earth, which his artillery would have scattered like a bank of autumnal foliage. Had he advanced directly on them instead of stopping to carry the really strong position of Chatterton's Hill, he would without doubt have captured the entire American army. Instead of this he had brought on only a partial battle, with the loss of some three or four hundred on either side.

At length, on the evening of the 30th, Lord Percy arrived with four battalions, and Howe resolved to storm the American works early in the morning. Washington, apprised of the arrival of this heavy reinforcement, determined at once to abandon his position and retire farther toward the Highlands. But a heavy storm of wind and rain set in that night and continued all next day and evening, suspending the operations of both armies. Anticipating the necessity of a further retreat, Washington had cast up intrenchments upon the heights of North Castle, near the Croton river, and on the night of the 31st, while the English host was wrapt in slumber, and the fragmentary clouds were sweeping darkly over the Highlands, through which the north-west wind rushed with the roar of the sea, cautiously led his untrained bands out of the encampment. Some one had set fire to the village of White Plains, and while the flames, fanned

by the fierce blast, wrapped the dwellings and church, and shed a lurid light over the landscape, Washington was rapidly defiling over the broken country, and by morning was snug in his new position, which looked down a hundred feet on the Bronx below.

After a careful examination of the new position occupied by Washington, Howe concluded not to attack him, but return to New York and push his operations in another quarter. During Washington's retreat Fort Washington had been left far in the rear, and was now completely cut off from the main army. Colonel Magaw commanded here, and began to make the best preparations in his power for defense. Washington considering the place no longer tenable urged the necessity of evacuating it at once. But in a full council of war it was decided best to defend the place, and although Washington as commander-in-chief had power to overrule this decision, he was unwilling to incur the responsibility of doing so, especially as future results, whatever they might be, could in no way prove that he had acted discreetly. Had things been reversed, and he been in favor of holding the fort, and when the council opposed it, overruled their decision, then the fate of the fort would have shown whether his judgment was correct or not. Greene, in whom he had great confidence, was placed in command of the troops in that quarter, and he unhesitatingly declared that the fort could and should be held. Washington therefore left the whole matter discretionary with him, though clearly expressing his opinion about it.

In the meantime, while the British army were closing around this place, Washington saw that after its fall the next move would in all probability be against New Jersey, and, if successful, end in an attack on Philadelphia. He therefore ordered five thousand men to assemble at Hackensack, to be under his immediate command, while he separated the other portion of the army into two divisions—one under Heath to occupy both sides of the river in the Highlands and defend its passes—the other, four thousand strong, under Lee, to keep the camp near White Plains, and to act as circumstances might demand. Washington having visited the posts in the Highlands hastened to Hackensack, where his troops, after a circuitous march of sixty miles, had assembled. Filled with anxiety for the fate of the garrison in Fort Washington, he hurried back to Fort Lee to ascertain how matters stood. It was late at night when he arrived, but leaping into a boat he ordered the rowers to pull him across to the American works. When part way over he met a boat containing Putnam

and Greene returning, who reported the garrison in high spirits and fully able to defend the fort. Washington, though still unconvinced, returned with them. The next morning the British under Knyphausen, Lord Percy, Colonels Rall and Stirling advanced against the fort on three different sides at once, and though Raulings and Cadwallader fought like lions, yet the overpowering numbers of the enemy broke down all resistance, and their ascending shouts, and the steadily advancing volleys, soon showed that the day was lost to the Americans. Washington, from Fort Lee, surrounded by his officers and with Tom Paine by his side, stood and watched through his glass the swiftly marching columns. To the eager inquiries of how the battle was going he only turned gloomily away, and requesting Greene and Putnam to accompany him, leaped into a boat and crossing over ascended the heights to Morris' house, where with painful apprehension he scanned more narrowly the movements of the enemy. While watching Cadwallader slowly retreating along the road nearest the Hudson, fighting desperately as he retired, he saw Col. Stirling advancing swiftly across where One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth street now is, to assail him in flank. Knowing that the troops would soon be all driven within the ramparts of the fort, and the whole surrounding country in possession of the British, he hastened to his boat and recrossed to Fort Lee. In fifteen minutes after he and Greene and Putnam had left Morris's house the British troops were pouring into it. Arriving at Fort Lee he dispatched a messenger to Magaw, promising if he would hold out till night he would bring him and the garrison off. The promise came too late, the British troops were already inundating the outer works, and further resistance could end only in a massacre. To

Howe's second summons to surrender, therefore, Magaw hauled down his flag. Washington from morning till noon had gazed with a palpitating heart on that height, and whenever the wind for a moment swept away the smoke that curtained it in, and revealed the flag of freedom still flying, hope would revive in spite of the dark aspect affairs were assuming. But at length as the firing ceased he with an exclamation of anguish saw that banner come down, and the British colors go up in its place. The incessant volleys and explosions of artillery had died away, and in their place loud hurrahs of the victorious enemy rung over the water. Although only about fifty had been killed, nearly three thousand were taken prisoners. This was the severest blow that had yet fallen on the American army, and crushed for a time the hopes of the country. Lee, when he heard of it, wrote to Washington—"Oh general! why *would* you be overpersuaded by men of inferior judgment to your own? It was a cursed affair." It *was* a bad affair enough, and great blame rested on the shoulders of Putnam and Greene, especially on those of the latter. He commanded there, and was supposed to know all about the locality and its capabilities of defense. Greene was a young officer, and wholly inexperienced in the art of war. He exfoliated rapidly into an accomplished officer, and here learned a sad but important lesson—that by skillful manœuvres a battle may really be gained before a shot is fired. The belief that Fort Washington, under the circumstances, could be held, was a delusion. Its fall rendered the longer occupation of Fort Lee impossible, and Washington ordered it to be immediately evacuated, and the troops that occupied it to join the army assembled at Hackensack.

[To be continued.]

SONNET.—H A G A R .

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

Lo! having lost her way, amid the red, hot sand,
The desolate outcast with her little son,
Lamenting sadly, slowly wandered on.
She cast her eyes around. No pleasant land—
No Arab tent in sight—no palm-tree shade
To shelter from the sun or mid-day heat—
One solitary shrub affords a poor retreat

For her now fainting boy. She gently laid
Her burden down, and lifting up her voice
She sobbed aloud—Allah! thy will be done!
Scarce had she said, when, lo! a spring begun
To bubble up just at her feet. Rejoice!
Then, Hagar! Ishmael shall a nation be,
And o'er this desert wander, "like the wild ass free."

A SKETCH.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE is a certain part of London devoted almost entirely to artists and their pursuits. To Londoners, of course, it is well known; but even the eye of a stranger cannot fail to be impressed by the gloom and dreariness of this district. Formerly the fashionable part of the city, the houses are large and handsomely built, spacious and well-finished; now, however, that the glory has departed from them, all that then gave distinction only adds to the melancholy of the present. Once the abode of the wealthy, they are now the resort of the poorest and neediest—those who are painfully struggling upward for fame, perhaps for mere life. It is depressing in the extreme to pass down these sad streets; the houses stand high and dark on either side, one half their windows never opened at all, and the other half generally partially blocked up, to furnish a proper light for the artist within. There is nothing but silence and gloom around. To knock at a door resounds on every side; the calling of the milkman or the baker is an event known to every inhabitant. There is so little traffic that you may always depend upon finding here the cleanest pavement in the city, and once upon it, you may enjoy your solitude perfectly undisturbed, save perhaps by the organ-boy. To him this peaceful region is a paradise; here he may grind on, unmolested; indeed, to the quiet workers within, his music is often a relief, something to mark those unspeaking hours.

Some time since there might have been observed a girl, or rather a young woman, passing daily, at an early hour, through some of these streets, and entering one of these large, heavy houses. There she would remain, and twilight would discover her first emerging again, and returning the way the morning had brought her. For some time this daily walk was never interrupted. Wind or rain, snow or hail, she was still to be seen. It was clear she was a student, and an industrious one. The inhabitant of the house she entered was a very old man. Small and insignificant in figure, his face was, if not irregular, certainly not interesting. In the neighborhood he was thought a little “daft,” though ostensibly there was nothing upon which to ground this notion. His habits were regular enough. His one servant, a middle-aged woman, was so little of a talker that she might be called

invulnerable to gossip; but without gossiping, those who live near each other have not much difficulty in discovering the ordinary habits of the day. It was evident he rose late, though punctually, and long after the young girl had been hard at work. By and bye his figure might be seen at one of the undarkened windows; perhaps the girl might be near him. They were both examining a drawing, and she would seem to listen deferentially, while he talked and gesticulated beside her. After this appearance he would vanish to his own den below, and be no more seen, until the advancing evening would reveal him slowly coming forth, and pacing down the street until he was lost to sight. As the daylight wholly disappeared, the girl would follow him, but only to return the next day and pursue the same routine.

Suddenly this morning walk to this dull house seemed to cease altogether. Had the girl left him and gone to some other artist? or could she have abandoned her painting entirely? While the matter remained apparently undecided, those upper windows were thrown wider open than they had been known to be for many years, and there were signs of reformation going on within. There seemed to be re-arrangements taking place. Finally all commotion subsided, and it was now evident that the student had taken up her abode in the house. Later, one evening, there arrived a coach at the door, and from it, in the half light, a figure might be seen handed down and lifted within by the girl and the silent servant. If one would judge beneath all those disguising shawls and wrappers, it was the figure of a woman. Henceforth the young girl was more lost to those without than when obliged to walk up and down the street daily. Now, it was very seldom she left the house; merely, it would seem, when compelled professionally, and then her walks were short and hurried, only to some of the neighboring picture-dealers. On one of these occasions, while examining some picture-frames, her attention was diverted by the entrance of a gentleman. He was handsome, certainly, and for a moment her glance rested full upon his countenance. For his part he seemed also attracted, and on her leaving the shop inquired her name of the picture-dealer.

It happened this person, by name Herman,

was one of those men who, with nothing but idleness on their hands, are only too glad to employ the current hours with any little emotion accident may offer. He was, in this case, struck by the girl's earnest expression of countenance, the more remarkable in one possessing all the roundness of extreme youth. He admired her appearance, her pursuit was an interesting one, he liked her, in short—so why not make himself known to her? Though still young, he had seen much of the world, and, like some other persons, could manage to claim acquaintance, direct or indirect, with almost every individual he encountered. He had a good memory, and when desirous of drawing a link between himself and another, could invariably call to mind some casual, or perhaps even dear friend of that person, which, of course tended to engage neutral interest or sympathy at once.

On this occasion, learning the old man's residence, he took the first idle moment to present himself. The old artist received him with a little formality, and looked up under his glasses at his visitor, unable to recall the face as one of an old acquaintance, and yet he knew the name, he said.

Then it appeared Herman was a distant relative of a gentleman on whose estate, many years ago, the artist had been engaged in taking views, at which time he had been very hospitably entertained by the owner.

Thus a connection between them was established immediately; he had made some progress already, thought Herman; and, without pausing, he proceeded to descant upon the beauties of the scenery in that part of the country, from thence to scenery in Europe, whence he had but lately returned, thence to Art, etc. Arrived so far, the old man was quite roused, and giving vent to much that he ordinarily restrained, broke forth into a torrent of artistic enthusiasm, mingled with bitterness against all human nature, that startled and perplexed his listener.

But listen he must. At the first pause he made an attempt to turn aside the storm, hoping that any chance thought or word might lead nearer the subject of his curiosity; but it was futile, and at length in despair he rose to take leave.

"Must you go? well, my young friend, I am glad to have seen you. Remember when next you are in this direction to come and look after the old man again, if I'm above ground, that is to say, and you see I'm pretty tough!"

"To tell the truth, I hardly expect to leave town immediately, and if you would allow me, I should very much like to come in, and see some of your sketches, another day. For the

present, I'm afraid I have detained you too long."

"Not at all, not at all. Come in whenever you happen to be near, if you think of it."

And with this Herman was compelled to retire, being hardly nearer the gratification of his curiosity than when he entered the house.

The following day he was more successful. He called early, and as he entered the dim room, marked by all the disorder of a crowded studio, he saw a female figure standing with the head turned from him, and the old man talking loudly and earnestly.

"Yes—no—I do n't understand," broke from the pupil's lips, as she listened.

"Not understand! Then, good Heaven! to what purpose have I been talking this half hour? And how am I to make you understand?"

In his anger he turned round and beheld Herman. The girl turned also; for a moment she did not recognize him, but looked sadly and indifferently out of her large eyes; in the next she recollected the countenance, and a slight blush, half of pleasure, brightened her cheeks. However, with the faintest bend of the head, she said to the old man, "I shall go up stairs with it now," and, taking a painting from the easel, was leaving the room.

The picture was already in a frame, and one very broad and massive. Herman started forward, and begged to carry it. She thanked him, it was not heavy, she said. But as he seemed wishing to be polite, she suffered him to take it, and led the way to a room above.

Like the principal apartments in these old houses, this one was large and dreary in the extreme. It was dark, the light only falling from half the further window, near which stood an easel. A few chairs, that had once been cushioned and gilded, heavy sofa and screen to correspond, a huge round-table covered with a few books and sketches, these formed the furniture of the room. One or two grim old pictures leaned against the wall; add to these several busts and casts, some pieces of red and green drapery, and you have the general aspect of the place. There was a heavy, gloomy atmosphere given by the closed shutters, the dim old curtains, the faded splendor, the waste of space, a sense of life shut out, making one feel a depression and melancholy that even the graceful forms around, and the signs of mind in the few books and sketches rather increased than counteracted.

Herman set down the painting and stood for a moment hesitating. He wished to say something, but he knew not what. The girl was silent. She had clearly no intention of saying one useless word, so upon himself he must depend.

Wishing to shine, he made the very foolish remark, "How well you paint!"

She lifted her eyes half inquiringly to him, and then answered, "No. I do not. You say so from deference; but you would do me more good if you said honestly how very deficient it must seem to you, in all that it should have. But perhaps you fancy I cannot bear the truth."

She said this sorrowfully, and looked again at her picture. He saw she was earnest, so recovering his natural manner, he proceeded to tell her he had studied for some years in Italy, and therefore could sympathize in what she felt, the mortification and abasement we must all feel at the world of incompleteness between our idea and our execution; he had felt it, indeed what labor was ever without it? The higher the flight the greater the fall. Then, continuing, he seated himself at the easel, and unreservedly proceeded to point out some of the many errors that struck him. He not only had taste, but what is more valuable, he had knowledge to direct it, and without hesitating the girl begged him to use the pencil.

"But you have a master—I would rather not touch it."

"Oh, no; he does not teach me. He imagines he does, and I imagined he did, but lately I find myself not in the same path with him, and he cannot lead me along my own. I must depend upon myself—and I feel, just now, almost in despair. I thought it was done, complete, but it seems to me to want more than ever. Do what you think best with it."

"You must not despair; but indeed we cannot help it. I know it *will* surmount us, but it has one value, it shows the height of our ambition, and often that ambition measures our innate power. But let us look. Now, you see, this looks like a woman's work, and it ought *not*. You see what I mean, don't you, a want of concentration, of force, where the force is most wanted. There is a beautiful tone there, that's lovely, it's exquisite, it is pearly, but there again, this is detestable! You must never do that! Now you see if you darkened this background, it would make all this tell, which it does not now—nothing should be wasted. A master makes every touch speak; he never works for nothing as you have been doing down here. See how much has to be done with this, and you have gone working away again and again over there, where you might almost have left it alone altogether—and if this shade had been paler, that tint would have come out, which it does not as it is. I am sure, from what I see here, that you feel the artist-power in you. ~~It~~ is the breath of life. What is it we wish to do? To give out

what we feel, what is in us. To give forth our being. Creation speaks to us, trumpet-tongued, and when the voice sounds to the depths of our hearts, we try to echo it back again. The deeper we feel, the more we must long to find some language adequate to the eloquence of our souls. The higher the nature, the higher must be the aspiration; just as water rises to its own level, so do all great hearts seek to rise again to the heaven they came from. There is nothing impossible to those who *will*—that's a proverb old as the hills, and more firmly set; but it is one whose conviction is forced on us anew every day of our lives. "Seek and ye shall find." Is not this the strong hope of the struggling and weary? "It will come if I desire it fervently." We must believe this if we would succeed. Not that it always comes in the way or the manner we expect. That is the fault of our short-sightedness; but it does come, and sought for truly with heart and soul we find it, though perhaps indeed where we least looked for it. But I am preaching," he added, smiling. "You hear how I talk, and yet there never was a human being, I believe, who acted up to his precepts so little as I do. However, that has not much to do with the matter in question."

And so, for some time did Herman continue his corrections, until, suddenly recollecting the old man down stairs, he rose to go.

"Thank you," said the pupil. "I am really and heartily obliged to you. You have done me good—I shall go on with more heart now!"

"Let me come in again and see how you proceed. May I?"

"Oh yes, pray do, I shall be glad indeed to see you." And with this permission Herman departed.

The girl still sat before her easel lost in thought, but in thought of her picture only. Much that Herman had said to her moved a chord in her heart; she was happy in his sympathy, his direction, and she felt revived from much of the depression and despair of herself that had lately crept over all her efforts. He had made her hopeful and vigorous again, she began to understand what she could do, and do it she would. Suddenly she was roused by a voice in the distance calling "Alice! Alice!"

Starting up, she hurried from the room down a long passage, and gently opening a half-closed door, entered a small but cheerful-looking room, where sat a figure propped up with cushions. It was that of a woman past middle life, the face pale and worn, the hands shrunken and transparent. But her countenance was still gentle and kind in expression.

"You want me, aunt?"

"Yes, dear child," she said, "Hannah is out, help me to lie down again."

Alice did so, and while arranging the aunt easily and comfortably, proceeded to recount the agreeable lesson she had had, and the assistance she knew it would be to her; how much, she was sure, Herman knew, especially on the subject of painting; how he had traveled and seemed well read, and full of feeling for all that was noble and great. "And he is coming soon again, and you must see him, aunt," she added.

The aunt seemed to sympathize sincerely in the girl's pleasure, her manner was full of affection, and her eyes fixed on her with pride and tenderness. Indeed at this moment, after a life of anxiety and trouble, Alice was the only stay she now had in the world, and she felt her to be so.

It need not be detailed how, from this time, Herman became a constant visitor to that gloomy old house. To one person it was gloomy no more. Alice felt that the light had entered into her soul—that the sunshine was on her door when he opened it. She was glad, happy, when he came—hopeful and expectant when he had gone. Her manner, generally reserved and cold, was toward him free and natural. She had no restraint in letting him see how much she liked him—how pleasant his society was to her. And with him it was the same. He had that great charm, a genuine *abandon* to the influence of the one he was with, which, delightful as it always is, is rarely if ever met with in a character of any stability or firmness. He was pleased and flattered to lead on one who showed so much feeling for art, so much appreciation for beauty, such ready apprehensibility of all his favorite theories and ideas. In return he could repose upon the directness of her judgment, strong in its simplicity; upon her quiet, uncoloured views of things, whereof our opinions must always be warped by contact, and more than all upon the moral power of her nature, a power more influential with him, from his own want of strength of purpose. His travels had enlarged a naturally quick perception, and given a color of reflection and wisdom to what might be, in fact, only a combination of a little reading and trivial experience. He had then much to say, both interesting and novel; and he could say it with that peculiar air of confidence which always pleases a listener. So passed many pleasant days, even weeks and months, until the sound of his foot upon the stair became the one fact, the one thing looked for, for which the day was created, and the sun rose, and she lived. How often, as he left with a pressure of the hand, by which she would unconsciously, yet anxiously, measure his

interest; how often would her heart bound, her eyes beam with happiness, when she thought of his earnest, affectionate gaze—when she remembered some word of friendliness; something in short "which he would not have done if he was quite indifferent to me," she would say.

"Surely, surely, he cares for me! Why did he look so, if he does not feel it?"

Then, confident and contented the hours would fly away, until she was roused again by the same blessing presence, only to be made more happy still.

As for others in the house, the old man was ignorant, and when not ignorant, indifferent to those dreamy visits passed in Alice's studio. He thought of nothing but his own more immediate labors, and the little they brought him, either of money or fame; besides he was old, and forgetful of what youth thinks and feels. For the aunt, she had been so long and so incessantly an invalid, that her niece had always been thrown greatly on her own resources. Occasionally when a day of reprieve from pain might occur, Herman would spend an hour in her room enlivening her by his conversation, and bringing books for her amusement. She liked and admired him; and if ever her thoughts connected him with Alice, she was too wise and too delicate to utter them.

Suddenly his manner altered. Alice felt an indescribable constraint had chilled his former friendliness; and yet, he came as often as before. How was it? At times, too, it would vanish, and he would give way to even more than his former kindness of manner or expression. Then, abruptly checking himself, he would become more cold and distant than ever. His conversation, too, would turn frequently upon the relations of men and women—on prejudices of cast and conventionality, etc., all which, to the least discerning, were evidently shadows of his passing thoughts, though he might flatter himself they were concealed. Alice felt pained and hurt; not only at his coldness of demeanor, but, as much, that he should seem to think it needful to excuse himself, however indirectly.

"It was unlike him," she argued, "to be so inconsistent and unreasonable. We might always be good friends. Would not that be enough?"

But she deceived herself. One day when the last few hours had been passed in a long and agreeable lesson, and the now coming twilight prevented any further working, Alice had gathered up her pencils, and was arranging them aside, when Herman took them from her, clasped both her hands in his, and bending down over her, said softly—"You know I love you, dear Alice—do you love me?"

Her heart beat, the blood rushed to her cheeks, and then left them; she trembled, but it was with the tumult of joy. She could not speak—words died on her lips—her voice had no sound—she could only burst into tears. But the smile through them answered him, if he needed an answer to what he very well knew. He kissed her, soothed her agitation, and ere long each was recounting to the other that little history of emotions, which is so delightful both to tell and to hear.

"But, Alice, to be quite happy, we must have patience. Eh? All things will come right in time; and then, when I can hold you in my arms, and call you mine—my own, we shall be happy indeed!"

"But what is wrong? To me every thing seems right. Tell me what is wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong, my life, nothing. I can hardly explain all now. But you know, dearest, I have others to consult beside myself; but all will end well, they will love and honor you as much as I do."

Alice was at this moment too blest to try and understand his allusions more clearly. They were vague and indefinite, so she thrust them aside in her mind, that no cloud might interpose between her and the bright sunshine. That was a happy hour, happy for both, happier for her. It flew too fast, and now he was gone.

Love makes us selfish, or, at least, self-absolute. Her thoughts, hopes, and fears, lately so long fixed upon herself, Alice had scarcely noticed the increasing decay of her aunt. This evening, with her heart full, she went in to her, and the contrast to herself, at this moment so overflowing with life, in the shrunken withered form, and death-like countenance of the invalid, struck her so forcibly, that she felt, instinctively, the end was near. Kneeling down beside her, she took her hands, and spoke to her tenderly. The sinking woman smiled cheerfully at the sight of her, and then Alice, with blushing shyness, told her hurriedly how happy Herman had made her. Hitherto she had never mentioned his name voluntarily; she could not, it was too much a part of her inner being to be rashly uttered; now, however, it was a duty.

"My child, God bless you! He will make you happy. You have been good and devoted to me, and will be so to him. I thank heaven this blessing has come before I die. I shall rest satisfied when I know you meet your reward, for you have been all the world to me, Alice!"

Half sad, but yet happy, with that repose which follows the fulfillment of a long and anxious hope, that night wore away.

"He will come to-morrow!" was all she thought.

How bright was the world, how easy was life. She walked on air, while her eyes looked love on every thing, a love felt too absorbingly for utterance.

But that sanctified day had its clouds, and heavy clouds, too, for—he did not come.

"Strange! but he will be here to-morrow!" So it went on. Day after day passed, and no Herman came.

We all know what is the pain, the torture of suspense. Day after day to hope, to long, to breathe out your life for that which never comes—which never will come. If we did but know it! yes, then, all would be over—a pang which is borne, and gone—but this long-drawn misery, hammered out like gold-leaf, until it covers every hour, every moment, every thought and feeling, making existence one heavy burden; it is this that tries the spirit and bears down the heart. She felt it as all the world has felt it, and will feel it. At the first, morning would bring hope, each morning fainter than the last; but each evening only closed with a heavier weight, a deeper gloom. There is a mercy, doubtless, in this slow process of growing grief, as we know a prostrate man can bear well a gradually applied load, that, if heaped on him at once, would kill him outright.

How many ways, too, we have of accounting agreeably for what we know in our hearts can only be explained hatefully. Deceiving herself, she suggested a thousand excuses, persuading herself any thing, every thing was wrong, but not Herman, while her heart told her daily he only was to blame. What did those words of his mean? She tried to recall them faithfully, but she could only involve herself in a deeper maze of unsatisfaction. Might they not, indeed, mean any thing? But whatever had happened, he should have been here, and—here he was not.

Time passed away. Her aunt sunk gradually lower and lower, until it often seemed doubtful if she yet breathed. In her stronger moments, she strove indirectly to strengthen the girl who she saw was suffering so much. She could not speak of what Alice never mentioned, but with all a loving woman's tact, she made Alice feel her sympathy. On one occasion she mistook the old man's footstep for that of Herman, and when Alice next appeared, surprised at her silence, she asked doubtfully—

"Have you seen him?"

"Who? He was not here."

"I thought I heard a voice."

"No," answered she turning away her head. There was an assumed indifference in her tone, that, however, could not deceive a loving listener.

The sick woman took Alice's hand between hers, and stroked it gently.

"My poor child!" she said.

At these words of compassion the struggling tears burst forth. They poured down the girl's cheeks; the lips quivered, she could not command her voice, but hiding her head in the pillow, tried to stifle the sound of her grief.

"My poor child," she repeated, "I know what you feel, and I feel for you—I feel with you, but there is no consolation to be given, none can come—from here at least. So it is all through life. You have advanced so far, in all the hope and sunshine of youth, but now that you begin to *know*, you will begin also to *feel*, what it is makes up the sum of our human life. From this time, you will, perhaps, find every rock of hope break away from beneath you, one after another, until you are left standing alone with Death, as I am now. Life is but one series of disappointments. While we are young, we think experience and a few more years will bestow all power upon us; we shall then be satisfied! But the years come, and bring only sadder tears—a more bitter experience. Again you think—all young girls think—when I have a lover—when he loves me—it will be all happiness! The lover comes, and brings perhaps a sound, hearty love; but even love is not peace. Then the husband must give it. It cannot be given; it must be created. Then we look for it in our children, they, at least, will give us all we desire; that is, every thing! So we centre the hope on one object after another; but, one and all, they fail. What we desire can never be given. It must come from within. Who can give us content? Who can give us the real life? It is not of the earth, earthy. There is nothing to be done but to be passive, resigned; and this, perhaps, is hardest of all. Dear child, may heaven bless you! Do not grieve so. There is one who says, 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' Surely the bitterness of grief is past!"

These were almost the last words of the dying woman. When she was gone, the last link between Alice and the past seemed gone also.

How many there are broken down thus even before their womanhood is gained. Alice was not peculiar, there were and are thousands like her; some perhaps have more in outward circumstances to draw them from the one train of thought, but knowing the power of weakness, as it may be called, she had full sense and reflection enough to turn her mind earnestly to labor, to employment, the only refuge for health of the mind, as exercise is for that of the body. In a measure she succeeded. Her days were given to her art, seriously and with energy, and if there came

intruding memories, she gained from them a deeper feeling of truth, and imbued her labors with it. The old man also became visibly feebler; there were no longer the regular daily walks; he sunk away, and finally died as he had lived, before his beloved easel. Indifferent and abstracted as he had long been to all around him, she could not but miss him. She was now actually dependent upon herself alone, with not even a friend on whom she might thrust the immediate rough demands of business.

Part of the house she resolved to let, and meanwhile she must sell whatever superfluities were about it. In this design she had proceeded one day to the picture-dealer, and after a conference with him, was about leaving the shop when there entered a lady attended by a gentleman. She was of great beauty and distinguished appearance. Alice's eye was immediately fixed upon her fine face and form, well adorned by her tasteful attire; so fixed was her gaze that she never perceived the gentleman who followed was no other than Herman. They walked to the end of the shop, and Alice, hoping to gain another glance at the living picture, stopped to examine an antique vase near her.

"That is beautiful!" she said.

"Yes ma'am," returned the shopman, "it is a rare specimen, and we have secured it for Mr. Herman, who is making quite a museum, previous to his marriage."

"Herman! marriage!" she murmured. She felt bewildered, yet was it not likely, most probable? Why should she be astonished? With difficulty she commanded herself, but if she looked pale before, she stood like a ghost now. Turning to leave she discovered the object of her thoughts close beside her.

Herman had seen her at once, and now with perfect composure seized the opportunity of advancing to her. But her ghastly countenance, her deep mourning startled and shocked him.

"Good God! Alice!" he exclaimed.

"Let me go," she said resolutely, while he held back the door. She walked firmly past him, but once out of sight, she almost fled up the street, and never paused until exhausted and breathless she reached her own door.

"Hannah," she said as the servant opened it, "if any one comes about the house, or about any thing, say I am out; you can answer every thing."

She felt instinctively Herman might follow her, "and I must not see him, I must not see him," she repeated to herself. "No, I will not, it would be wrong, useless, foolish—I will not." She spoke aloud to enforce her resolution, for she knew how weak it was; in her heart of

hearts how she hoped he would come. And hardly had she realized to herself all that had passed within those few minutes when she heard his familiar knock. How well she knew it; how the blood had rushed through her veins when it sounded—now it seemed to stand still. Had she followed her impulse, she would that moment have flung herself into his arms, that she might once more, if only for once, feel near him again.

With her eyes strained on the door she heard the discussion below, but Herman would not be denied. He rushed up the stairs and stood before her.

"Alice, Alice, look at me." She turned toward him, trembling and pale, her knees knocked together, but she compressed her lips that he might not see how they quivered. There was distress, affection, and anxiety in his countenance, but no shame, no embarrassment. Of the two, she looked the guilty one; she, the one who had suffered pain and mortification. Struggling to appear calm if she could not be so, she looked fully at him.

"Will you forgive me—can you forgive me? Alice, dearest Alice, I am a wretch, a base wretch, but I love you, you know it; have I ever loved any one else—speak to me."

"I do not wish to see you, Herman—pray go."

"I cannot, I will not. Alice, you despise me. Is this just and womanly? Listen to me you must, you shall. Dear Alice, you once said you loved me, can you forget it? You will not cast me aside at every whim?"

"At every whim?" she echoed. "It is rather I who could say those words. But no, I will not speak, I will not see you. Let me go!"

"Alice, I am not what you think I am—I am not my own master. Listen to me, and you will not think so hardly of me," and with a voice full of sorrow and repentance, he made her sit down beside him, and ere long placed her unreluctant arms around his neck. She wept bitterly, but his caresses half soothed her, and when she could speak she said softly, "Oh, yes, I forgive you!" She could not believe he would ask it unless he loved her, her only.

And he believed he did. And yet his marriage had been arranged, and he had not the slightest thought of averting it. In fact he had no thoughts, no intentions at all, but those of gratifying his own impulses at any expense. His love for Alice, he reasoned, was sincere, and therefore, justification sufficient for all he might do. "We love one another, we must not part," he said, and how gladly she echoed his words. He admired himself for having struggled so long against the temptation of seeing her, when he felt from the first how it must end; he forgot

entirely that his attention had been attracted elsewhere, and without his making any effort of conscience or affection, to spare her one moment of suffering. Surely after so much self-denial, now that accident had thrown them together, surely he was justified in seeing her. This was his reasoning, but it only ran through his brain, while he held her to his heart, looked at her pale cheeks, and kissed them into roses again. There was love for him, that was more than all; he would not desert her.

After much agitation, half fear, half pleasure, Alice begged him to leave her. Again he kissed her. "To-morrow?" said Alice, timidly, she remembered what a mockery that word had been to her.

"Oh, yes, to-morrow, dearest."

"But, Herman, tell me truly, is it so, is it true—that lady? I must know it," she added firmly.

"Dearest, I will not deceive you; she is the lady my family wish me to marry."

"Now, good-bye. Go," said Alice slowly. He did not understand her almost solemn manner, but pressing her icy hands he left the room.

"Now indeed it is over!" she exclaimed, when the door had closed after him. It is over. Oh, my God! my God!" she cried, as she fell on her knees and buried her face in the sofa, "why do I love this man? He brings me only misery and wretchedness. Why was I made to linger in this misery? And I, who thought I was calm and indifferent, that the long, long time that has passed had made me sound and whole, that I should now tremble at his voice, long for his touch, be a fool in his presence, and humble myself before him; and he is not true, not honest to me. God knows if he loves me—but he cannot stand before the world and say so. But I must do my duty—I will see him no more."

Rousing herself, she sat down to write; and wrote first a note to the agent on business relative to the house, which she said was now entirely unoccupied; the second was to Herman.

"Herman," she said, "I have resolved to do what is right, what is necessary—I shall see you no more. I know now your want of faith and truth; you have not moral courage to act out what you feel. I had long since passed over all the worst in what you have made me suffer, I had learned to face it bravely, I thought I was strong once more, but you have shown me I am still a child, or at least your slave. I will not remain here to distract you from your plans and hopes for the future, whatever they may be. I have but little place in them, heaven knows, and my heart tells me I cannot see you, and not

yield. And why should I? 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.' I gave you all, more than you desired, but you could not give the like to me—on this earth I trust in heaven we may never meet. I shall leave this, and you will find it useless to make any effort to discover me; while I was to be found you were indifferent, and

you may perhaps remain so still. God bless you. ALICE."

He received the note, read it, and, as might be expected, went at once in search of what he was now too late to find. The house was empty, and no trace of Alice was to be seen. He never heard of her after.

EULALIE.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

It was a problem that occupied the five sweetest and dearest cycles of my existence—from fifteen to twenty "inclusive"—whether my cousin Eulalie was a blond or a brunette; whether her hair was brown or golden, her eyes blue or hazel. Nay, although no enthusiast at his telescope ever studied the stars more perseveringly, or looked into the blue depths of mid-summer night-sky with a more absorbing desire to read the beautiful mysteries therein enshrined; yet I am compelled to confess, even at this very moment, that this intricate and crazing proposition has never yet been satisfactorily elucidated. Cousin Eulalie is now—no matter what or where. Suffice it that the brittle chain along whose shining links once sparkled the mutual electricity, that thrilled both our hearts, is broken and turned to an impalpable dust, which I cannot see, but that somehow gets into my eyes and makes me seem as if I were weeping. Silly dust! Broken chain! There! A few drops of heart moisture; and you are "laid," and forgotten forever.

It was a delicious dewy evening, in the apogee of one of the sweetest spring seasons that ever filtered from heaven down to earth, through the soft star-light which it made weep with fragrance. The air was as bland and bewitching as the smiles of my fair seventeen-summer cousin herself; the tendrils of a vine, vigorous as young desire, clung to the trellis of a garden bower wherein we sat, as loving as those mysterious curls—"brown in the shadow, golden in the sun"—that twined themselves about the fairy hand which supported her exquisite head. It was a dream fresh from paradise; and I held my breath, lest it should take knowledge of the fever in my blood, and vanish away in the dim and holy air that slept restlessly amid the flowery scene around. It wanted but *music*, and the spell was perfect. Hark! what invisible voice answers my desire?

"Cousin mine, you are dull to-night."

I started and trembled all over with a mighty fear that boys and soldiers feel but once—the

moment of their first going into action. Dull! I was one bundle of quivering darts and needles!

"What witch has sealed up that impetuous mouth, most gentle coz!" continued Eulalie, in that same placid, brook-like voice, which glided over the ear like the water over golden pebbles. "Come, say a speech to me; and let it be something eloquent and romantic, if you can remember one from all the books over which you dream so many sweet hours, when I am abroad talking poetry with the butterflies, and conning lessons of industry from the merry bee. If nothing else, make love to me, most knightly cousin."

Reader, have you ever seen a drowning man struggling to grasp a friendly hand held out to succor him? If so, you will understand the process by which I found myself upon my knees before my mischievous cousin, and felt the magnetic thrill of her elastic fingers as they were interlaced with mine. "There is one moment," says Plato, "in the life of every man, when he feels and knows that he is immortal, and a part of heaven." That moment on my knees then was the seal of my immortality.

With what wild and burning words I poured out the treasures of my love—how, like a torrent burying up the laughing flowers in its way, I overwhelmed her startled incredulity, and made her rose-like cheek burn with the "starry fire," which young hearts emit but once in their transit over this barren world—how my words seemed suddenly to acquire wings, and bear me and her to heaven—I can never tell. That night two pure and loving hearts burst from budhood into glorious flower, and shed their virgin fragrance upon the soliciting winds; and we took solemn vows upon our souls, which, were they not so beautiful, had been almost terrible to dream of or to remember. Ay, and in sooth were they *not* terrible!

* * * * *

"Well, uncle, if you say *must*, I of course obey you. But I tell you that you are crushing the

very fragrance and romance of life from my heart, by compelling me back to that dreary and gloomy college. I have been as frank as sunshine with you, dear uncle—for you are my father, and my only friend. I love cousin Eulalie—life has no horizon for me beyond her image; and if I am but a boy, as you say, yet I love more than I ever can again; and Plato says—

“Oh, hang Plato, and his jimcrackeries! There, there; now do n't get into an unnecessary excitement. I say, hang Plato, and all his foolish sophistries. Besides, you know nothing of life or your own disposition and destiny. A few sighs sprinkled over with star-light, have awakened *one* of the thousand slumbering impulses of which your being is composed, and you, like a crazy fool, as you are, imagine that life has no more to feel or to hope for. Bah!”

“Uncle!”

“Well, nephew?”

“There is no use in quarreling, and I sha n't do any thing half so ungrateful or wicked. I tell you, however, you are mistaken. But I will make you a fair offer. As to college, the idea of returning there is martyrdom. Release me from that, and let me go into the world for one year. After that, I will come home to you and marry Cousin Eulalie, and we will all be happy together. What say you—is it a bargain?”

“Well, Fred, I think I may trust you—yes. But take care of yourself, young sir! It is easier to talk about the world than to walk through it unscathed. You're a devilish smart fellow—there's no denying that—but a fool is, perhaps, safer among knaves than the keenest honest man. However, come back in a year, and Eulalie and I will see what can be done with you.”

* * * * *

A year! How much of joy or sorrow; rapture or misery; disappointment, life, death, despair, is crowded into that little span of time! A year! In it empires are overthrown, worlds struck into annihilation—systems revolutionized or destroyed—comets sent whirling madly through space—and hearts, greater and more precious than all these empires, worlds, and systems, are wrung to torture, or broken with a low sigh, which only sounds above the hursting bubble upon the stream.

Well! A year—that period so wildly wept over by two fond hearts, at the time of parting—fled like a ghost, and brought again the joyous spring, singing her mad melodies amongst the woods, and laughing amid the white torrents bursting from the hill-side. It also brought the punctual lover back from his wanderings, with his eyes a little brighter, perhaps; his step somewhat firmer, and that indescribable air of world-

travel, so soon acquired by man the imitator, on the great thoroughfare of life. His heart beat thick and heavy, (hang the first person singular in love story-telling! it is awkward,) and a sigh got entangled in the respiratory apparatus, as he mounted the little hill, and saw his native village sleeping like a peaceful dream, in the clear sunshine of a Sabbath morning. He rushed on toward his uncle's house, hardly daring to think of the variety of blissful emotions that awaited him there.

At the little gate that separated the leafy avenue from the street, he was met by a merry and laughing party—all but one, who walked sad and slow, and drew the white veil that denoted her a bride closely over her face. What did he see? His uncle! Eulalie! and by her side a tall, haughty young man, eminently handsome, and with his eye flashing with pride and triumph. In the moment that his glance fell upon Frederick, he uttered an exclamation, and turned deadly pale. Eulalie started and looked up, casting her veil aside as she did so, and rushed into her lover's arms.

For a moment Frederick paused to embrace the dear girl; and then, springing like an enraged tiger upon the stranger, he grappled him by the throat, exclaiming—

“Is it you, villain, who have again dared to cross my path? Once, you had well-nigh seduced me to destruction by your hellish arts; and I thank God for the strength that enabled me to resist your temptations. But now, devil! how came you here? What mean these bridal suits and preparations?—the tears that fill the eyes of yonder maiden, who is dearer to me than life, my affianced bride! Take this, in compensation for *all* I owe you!—”

“Hold, rash young man! Beware!” exclaimed Frederick's uncle, arresting his arm. “Fratricide, raise not thy hand against a *brother's* life.”

“Brother! Uncle, what mean you? It is impossible. Clear up this horrid mystery, dear uncle, or I shall go mad.”

“Come into the house, foolish boy, and you shall be satisfied. There, Wilfred, go and attend Eulalie. This matter shall be all explained.

The stranger made a motion to comply, but Eulalie darted to the side of Frederick, and, twining her arm within his, looked up tearfully, yet smiling, in his face. In this way the party entered the house; the wondering friends who had attended being politely dismissed by the old gentleman.

CHAPTER II.

“Now, then,” exclaimed Frederick, exasperated beyond endurance by all he had seen and

heard, and the irresistible turn which things had taken, "hear me. I am the victim of all these cruel mistakes and misapprehensions, and I have a right first to be heard."

"Frederick," said the old gentleman, "I command you to silence. What right have you that is not mine? Listen to me, and I will explain all."

"Sir," replied Frederick, with a formal bow, "you are very good, but you have no longer any authority over me. You have sought to abuse the confidence with which I regarded you as my father's brother, and thus I shake off the self-imposed obligations of my love."

"But, Frederick—"

"No more, sir. I am calm, considerate, collected. I have a few words to say, listen well."

"That man and myself," continued he, turning round to the stranger, "are acquaintances of nearly a year's standing. Upon my first entrance into society in the metropolis, whither I went to wile away the long year of probation you had imposed upon me, he crossed me, and in such a startling manner that I now no longer wonder I could not regard it as mere accident. He sought my society continually; ministered to my vanity and my passions with the cold-blooded sagacity of a Mephistopholes; taught me the deep and terrible excitement of play; and my young and fresh nerves the delicious frenzy of the intoxicating cup. In short, there was scarcely an hour in which the malignity of that atrocious devil pursued me not; and had it not been for a sweet dream that fell upon me one dreadful night, in which my dear angel-mother came down from heaven and smiled sweetly but sadly upon me, and held up her hand in warning, I should have miserably perished—perished like a dog—beneath the machinations of that villain, encouraged, as I am now almost forced to believe, by *you*, in whom I had centred all the reverence and the love I bore my dear father, who had committed me to you as a sacred trust. Nay, (observing the old man make a motion as if to interrupt him,) *hear me out*, and then you can talk till doomsday."

"What your motives were for thus seeking to destroy one who had never done either of you a possible injury, I will not even inquire. I have made involuntarily a horrible surmise; and, for fear it should prove to be correct, I will pursue it no further. At all events, I feel strong enough myself to defeat you all and defy you."

"And now," continued the excited young man, lowering his voice and approaching Eulalie, who had shrunk cowering into a corner and looked the statue of terror and despair. "I have one terrible question to propound to you, my gentle

cousin—you, whose heart I had made the sacred temple of my soul's sweet love and worship—my only hope on earth. Look at me, Eulalie, and answer. Did you consent to marry that man?"

The poor girl shuddered as if a serpent had stung her, and, recoiling as in horror, she looked pleadingly, yet wildly, into Frederick's face, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Frederick, if you did but know all!"

"I care not for *all*—I care for nothing but this. Did you consent to marry him?" exclaimed the young man, in a loud and imperative voice.

"Oh, cousin, how you frighten me! Give me time, and I will explain every thing;" and she nestled close to him, as if for protection against himself.

"Explain—explain! I do not understand you. Cannot you answer—yes or no?"

"But, cousin—"

"Woman! will you drive me mad? *Did you consent*, I say?"

"Yes, but oh, the horrible alternative!" and the poor girl fell fainting on the floor, while Frederick, casting upon her a glance of pity and contempt, paced the apartment with haughty strides.

"Will she betray us?" whispered the stranger, with white lips, to the old man.

"She dare not, on her life. I have her oath, and she dare not break it."

"Who talks of oaths?" exclaimed the poor girl, starting from her partial swoon, which seemed to have sharpened her senses, brightened her eyes, and given her an almost supernatural appearance. "Who speaks of oaths? What is an oath wrung from reluctant lips by such means as it makes me shudder to remember? Oh, Frederick, my beloved," she said, arresting him as he still paced the room, and clinging to his knees, "loathe me, cast me off forever from your love, but oh, as you are a man, protect me from the horrible schemes of these two men—one of them, my God, must I say it! my own father! Oh, take me away, dear Frederick, or I shall go mad!" and she fell on her face, sobbing as if her heart would break, at his feet.

"What is all this frightful tragedy? By heaven, you stand appalled! Of what fearful and unnatural crime have you been guilty toward this wretched young woman? Speak you, Edward Harmer, as you name yourself, what foul practices have you put in force against my cousin? and how comes it that I find her own father leagued with you against her and me?"

Harmer stirred not, spoke not; but stood pale with fright, and his glassy eyes staring unconsciously. But the old man advanced toward

Frederick, and laying his hand lightly on his arm, said:

"Frederick, my nephew, your passion runs away with your usual good sense. The surprise of your sudden return—for we all thought you dead—has disordered my poor Eulalie's brain. Do you think a father would plot against the peace of his only child? Come, come, act like a man, and I will unravel all this mystery to you."

"Thought me dead!" exclaimed Frederick, in astonishment. Why, how should that be? Did I not pledge you my word to return here this very day, twelve months ago?"

"Mr. Harmer, there, who arrived here but a month since, brought letters from you, stating your hopeless indisposition. Eulalie would have flown instantly to rejoin you, nor did I seek to prevent it; but on that very day a letter was received, announcing your death."

"And she—in one month she consented to give her hand and heart to another—a stranger! Oh, monstrous!"

"No, dear nephew, not a *stranger*—although, from a sense of delicacy to yourself, I have hitherto kept the knowledge of this fact from you, yet it is time you now should know it. Edward Harmer, as he is called, is the illegitimate son of your father—your elder brother; and what is more, the favorite of your father, and to whom he actually bequeathed all his estate. Believing you dead, therefore, I confess that I urged Eulalie's early marriage with Edward, who had long adored her in secret."

"You talk speciously; and, since I have heard that Eulalie held me thus lightly, I am prepared to believe any thing. As to my fortune, you are welcome to it all. You have already blighted my dearest hopes, and hung a cloud over the bright horizon of my youth. I ask nothing but to leave this place at once and forever. Had I found *her* heart faithful, I could and would have braved this hellish conspiracy: but as it is I care for nothing in this world. Beware you, sir," he went on, turning suddenly upon Harmer, "I say, beware! beware of me! Notwithstanding the specious tale trumped up by this weak-headed old dupe of your artifice, I know well that you are no brother of mine. The blood of my brave father could never be thus deeply debased. Therefore, avoid me hereafter, if you would live."

"Poor boy, how he raves," gasped Edward. "I pity you, sir; I do indeed!"

Frederick gazed at him with a glance of supreme contempt; and, turning one look upon Eulalie, whose mute but eloquent eyes replied with anguish, he rushed out of the house, and, mounting his horse, was out of sight almost

before those he had left behind were aware he was gone.

CHAPTER III.

As soon as Frederick was fairly out of sight, Harmer seemed to recover himself, as if by magic; and going up to the trembling girl, he merely took her hand and said:

"So, my pretty charmer! You have made a very interesting exhibition of return for love so devoted and overwhelming as mine. I am duly impressed with a sense of your amiability, and beg to assure you that, at a proper time, it shall be remembered."

"Leave me, if you are a gentleman, sir," half sobbed the terrified maiden; "I am already sufficiently distressed. Father, dear father!" she exclaimed suddenly, running and putting her arms about the old man's neck, "why do you thus misuse your daughter? Do I not love you? have I ever disobeyed you?"

The old man seemed for a moment to relent. His eyes glistened, and he extended his hand, as if about to fold the poor girl to his bosom, as for so many years had been his wont, but at that moment his eye met the cold, sneering, diabolical stare of Harmer, and he stammered and almost staggered back into a chair.

Harmer now advanced, while Eulalie stood confounded, gazing wildly from one to the other. At last, in a grave, imperative tone, he spoke:

"I find, my pretty cousin, that I am compelled to become the instrument of some rather disagreeable family developments. I hope, however, you will believe me when I tell you how much it grieves me to say any thing that can occasion you the slightest pain."

Then, bowing low, with mock politeness, he pointed to the chair near which the trembling girl was standing, and drawing up another, seated himself by her side.

"You must know, my pretty cousin," here he looked at the old man, who stood leaning against the mantle, in an attitude of despair, "that on the death of Mr. John Morton, the brother of your respected father, and the father of that gentle, amiable young man who has left us within the last few moments. Your father found himself, contrary to his expectations not included in the will of his brother, and absolutely prohibited from assuming any control over the property or movements of young Frederick. Attached to the will, (which your father was examining in secret, the very night of his brother's death, when I rather suddenly interrupted him,) or rather inclosed in it, was a letter addressed to Frederick, by his father, giving directions to the same effect as the will, and making

some other disclosures, of which it is unnecessary to speak at present.

"This was a severe blow to your respected father, and happening to be passing the house just at that moment, I saw through a window, the curtain of which had not been drawn, the distress of the old gentleman, and made bold to enter. You may be sure he was extremely glad to see me. He at once, with the freedom of an old friend, laid open to me his troubles; and there, in the chamber where lay the corpse of his dead brother, your father and I read and re-read the will which had occasioned him so much distress, and then broke open the letter to his son, and made ourselves acquainted with its contents.

"The situation of your father was an embarrassing one. On the strength of his expectations of being made the executor of his brother and sole guardian of his wild young nephew, Frederick, he had involved himself inextricably, and actually stood on the verge of bankruptcy and ruin. In fact, there existed, to my certain knowledge, an absolute necessity for your uncle's early death; and for this purpose—"

"Spare me—spare me for God's sake, Harmer!" exclaimed convulsively the old man.

"Certainly, sir; you shall be obeyed in all things, as if you were already my father." Then turning again to Eulalie, he continued, "you see your father is a little sensitive. Well, we will go on in such a way as not to offend him. After a great deal of reflection over the body of Frederick's father, we concluded that the only way of doing our duty to ourselves in the premises (I being the principal creditor) was to destroy, or at least to conceal, the letter and the real will, and to make another. This was an easy matter. Your father wrote very much such a hand as his lamented dead brother, and, in a few moments of sharp practice, could imitate his signature to wonderful perfection. (The advantages of committing a forgery on a brother, you see, are worthy of consideration!) I was always celebrated for being an excellent clerk, and before the gray light of morning fell across the cold body of your dead uncle, we had prepared another will, the exact fac-simile of the first, with the exception of the uncomfortable clause of which I have already told you. It was, indeed, a very trifling alteration—the mere omission of three little letters—*n-o-t*. A trifle, you perceive.

"You now begin to apprehend, my dear Eulalie, some of the obligations you are under to treat me with a little more civility than you have thus far manifested toward so devoted a lover. I planned all this: I ruined your father; I led him on to the commission of *another* deed, which,

at his request, I say nothing of at present: and I, in his hour of bitter despair, when he found that his almost certainty of becoming his brother's executor and his nephew's guardian was cruelly disappointed, came to him and taught him to forge a new will to suit his purpose and my own. And now," continued he, losing apparently the command he had thus far kept upon himself, and rising to his feet, "what think you was my motive for all this? I loved you, Eulalie—I had adored you for years in secret, and famished for need of your love. Now, do you understand me?"

During this terrible recital, the beautiful Eulalie had seemed to be gradually shrinking and withering away, so that, when it was concluded, Harmer looked up, and started back in affright, believing for an instant that he had seen a ghost. Reassuring himself, however, he approached Eulalie, and took her hand, saying—

"Well, my fair Eulalie, you now know all. Of the truth of my story you cannot entertain a doubt. But, to prove to you *how* true it is, here is the genuine will of Frederick's father, which I have carefully preserved for fear of accidents. You see, then, how you are situated. If you refuse to marry me, you are a beggar, your father a felon, who must ruralize for ten years at least in the romantic village of Sing Sing, and your young sprig of a cousin shall have the very best reasons for believing you false and dishonored. Now, then, what say you?"

At this moment a noise of many footsteps was heard without; the door opened, and Frederick, accompanied by several dark and strange-looking men, entered the apartment. Approaching Harmer, who recoiled as if he were stung, he laid his hand lightly upon his shoulder, and said in a low voice—

"Come, sir; I now know you, and have become fully aware of all your hellish practices upon yonder weak old man and his daughter, as well as upon my dearest interests. I have already forgiven *them*, and never, after this hour, shall I refer to the past. As for yourself, there is no escape. *She*, once your victim, now your accomplice—(and he whispered a name in the culprit's ear that made him shudder, and his lower jaw fell as in the death-struggle)—has told me every thing. Learning your design upon Eulalie, and wrought to madness by jealousy and the desire for vengeance, she sought me, as I was flying but now from the house, as I thought forever, and disclosed every thing. Gentlemen, there is your prisoner."

Harmer stood silent and helpless, with the will still unfolded in his hand. Frederick now turned to Eulalie, and was going to address her, when she pointed to the will, and whispered—

"'Tis yours."

Frederick took it from the passive hand that held it; and, glancing hastily over it, exclaimed:

"You have, indeed, my dear cousin, done me an inestimable service. And now, that the black cloud has passed away from our souls, let every thing be forgotten and forgiven, and let us once more be happy."

He gazed up into the once sweet face of his cousin. A rapid and fearful change was working there. The excitement had been too great for her to endure. An unnatural brightness glared from her eyes—a dark shadow seemed to settle upon, and, as it were, stamp itself into her face—and, with a wild, unearthly laugh, she fell forward into the arms of her cousin—a raving maniac!

* * * * *

Seven long years have since passed, and the cloud still wraps my sad and weary spirit. For five summers and winters I watched and waited

for my maniac bride to find again her lost self! Her father is dead, long ago—the victim of bitter and unrelenting remorse. Harmer is in the State Prison, wearing away his degraded life; and for two years past my Eulalie has been in Italy, with a dear friend who was given to me in that beautiful land, where I had fled in the first dark and bitter hours of my great affliction. Through the gloom of my black night, still the voice of Hope sometimes whispers, or gleams the silver light of her musical wings; and often in the dim labyrinths of those sombre dreams that haunt me in my feverish sleep, I hear an angel seem to murmur in my ear, "Eulalie shall yet be thine, oh thou of pure and constant faith! Weep on—pray on—hope on! for the star of thy destiny still smiles calm and tranquil in the deep blue sky, and ere long its rays shall once more light up thy poor suffering heart." I live because I hope!

PHILOSOPHY.

BY J. STANYAN BIGG.

PHILOSOPHY! philosophy! deep fool!
Thou most profound of all inanities—
Great bankrupt—soul-deluding fiend!—Ah, why
Hast thou thus robbed me of my early years,
Fringing the pathway of despair with flowers,
Strewing thy hollow reeds across the gulph,
Robbing corruption in a cloth of gold,
And painting the pale cheeks of pain with bloom?
Why didst thou conjure up thy phantom forms,
Thy false and fair appearances of truth,
Wrapping me in an atmosphere of light,
But to delude me with thy empty vaunts.
And then, when I had come to worship thee,
Vell thyself o'er in shadows, and depart,
Leaving me on a narrow neck of land—
The black and roaring waters at my feet,
And the eternal thunders o'er my head—
The puppet of the monitory stars,
The butt of nature, and the fool of time,
That sapient idiot—a philosopher!
Thus has it ever been with all who thought;
With those who strove to battle with the soul,
And wring from it the secret talisman

That should unfold to view the under-world
Of causes and occult relationships,
And show things as they are within themselves,
And not as they appear to vulgar eyes.
All earnest spirits have gone down to death
With a terrific curse upon their lips,
An imprecation on thy broken vows—
Thou mist-browed sophist, thou expiring lie!
Is not thy mighty roll of names a cheat—
A miserable record of the pranks
A certain pale flame played upon a marsh
Where all the mighty of the earth were swamped?
Are not the great names of thy progeny
Mournful as dates upon a coffin-lid?
Most mighty ships, but stranded into wrecks:
Bright hopes, but dissipated like the mists;
Sweet dreams, but gone, like last year's midnight toll
Passed off into the breath of bygone winds;
Thy Plato, Zeno, and thy Socrates,
Thy skeptics, cynics, sophists, and the host
Of sects that parceled out the ancient world—
What were they, but gigantic arms outstretched
To clasp a melting cloud—a puff of air?

BASENESS.

Yea; what meaner vice
Crawls there than that which no affections urge,
And no delights refine; which from the soul
Steals mounting impulses which might inspire
Its noblest ventures, for the arid quest

Of wealth 'mid ruin; changes enterprise
To squalid greediness, makes heaven-born hope
A shivering fever, and, in vile collapse,
Leaves the exhausted heart without one fibre
Impelled by generous passion?

ASPEN COURT;

AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

(A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.)

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

(Continued from page 602.)

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE ACTRESS'S FAREWELL SUPPER.

THE Earl of Rookbury made about as little of a scene with his newly-found daughter, as might have been expected. She visited him in a most unenviable state of trepidation, in Acheron Square, and he talked to her in a very paternal manner, the chief points of his address being that he was very glad to see her, that she had better take some chocolate, that there was no news in the papers, that he would send her an opera-box for an early night, and that she had better remain in her present abode for a few days, until he had made some arrangements for her future residence. And he gave her a twenty-pound note, which before she went away he thoughtfully transmuted into sovereigns, that she might be spared the trouble of procuring change, and this showed that he had a father's heart after all. And so Miss Livingstone (for the earl omitted to inform her what her name was to be, and, courageous as she was, and much as she desired to question him, she literally dared not) departed in a curious state of uncertainty as to her future fortunes.

One thing, however, she resolved upon, and that was to take her father's gift to her friend, Paul Chequerbent, and insist upon his borrowing it of her toward payment of his debts. But when she arrived at the sponging-house, she found that Paul had been freed the night before. Carlyon had kept his word, and the manager having honorably paid for the play, the price, backed by Mr. Kether's artful management, had obtained Chequerbent's release from his creditors' gripe. Perhaps Angela was a little disappointed, and wished that he had been detained one day longer, that he might have accepted her little offering.

Her next thought was, in accordance with the hospitable promptings for which her profession is remarkable, to close her theatrical career by a great supper. To this she had designed to invite all the better members of the company to which she belonged, and to add a variety of pri-

vate friends, authors, who had written for her, critics who had been kind to her, and other acquaintances for whom her good-nature established claims to her gratitude, but claims which the world usually thinks slight enough. But upon summoning Paul, and mentioning this notable design to him, he looked grave.

He procured the abandonment of the greater portion of her hospitable project. He prevailed upon her to see, or at least to admit, that theatrical friendships were all very well while you moved among theatrical people, but that they were founded upon the sandiest ground, and shifted with every theatrical earthquake. That really such friendships were good for very little, and certainly it was not worth her while, for the sake of pleasing a set of people he hoped she would never see again, (except from her private box,) to run the risk of annoying Lord Rookbury. Now that she had been declared his daughter, it was quite absurd for her to think of giving a party to a body of her inferiors. The earl would as soon think of her inviting the pit and gallery. So Angy, with a sigh tore up all her little invitations, and compromised with Paul for about a dozen, who were to meet on the next Saturday evening.

Carlyon, who, at the earl's request had visited her, took very much the same ground as Paul, though for somewhat less exclusive reasons. For himself, he had, as we shall see, grave matters in hand, and was obliged to decline her invitation, but he reintroduced Paul to some idle young men, with whom the latter had a slight, and Carlyon an intimate acquaintance, and Mr. Chequerbent, in order to give the party an aristocratic tone, invited them to the festivity. There was Horace Lynford, in the first place, and they set forth to call upon Horace.

Horace Lynford deserves a word for himself and for his home. His chambers were in the Adelphi, and were furnished in a style which set classification at defiance. They combined, however, the picturesque with the comfortable, and while the body is at ease, and the eye is amused, it is not difficult to forgive many offenses against

congruity. There was an outer room, beyond which neither tradesmen, grave relatives, nor other orderly people ever penetrated, and this apartment was supplied with a heavy leather-covered table, on which was a huge inkstand. The walls were painted in oak, bearing here and there an aged and formal portrait print, and upon the mantel-piece was a little black bust of Dr. Johnson. Except a book-case, the glass doors of which were lined with green moreen, and which might have contained books, (though it did not, but bottles,) and except four or five large old-fashioned chairs, each the surviving representative of a different family, the scantily-carpeted room held nothing which the broker-like pen of the modern novelist (whose *forte* is the substitution of inventories for invention) could catalogue for the edification of his imaginative patrons. To the hints of such members of the respectable classes we have mentioned, as "supposed that Mr. Lynford had another room," that truth-loving gentleman, with a movement of his head toward a door opposite to that of entrance, would reply, in a light and hasty manner, "bedroom, of course."

Doubtless there was a bed-room beyond the door thus indicated, but there was a room between, infinitely more worthy of note. For there Mr. Lynford had inserted faint sunshine-colored glass in his windows, and made arrangements for flowers before them for winter, and outside for summer. He had erected double doors, covered with red baize, which closed to a miracle, and prevented a sound from reaching the outer court of the Gentiles, as he termed the exterior room. He had fixed a stove, which, being placed low, and being environed by polished reflectors, would warm the apartment instead of the chimney, as usual, and before which a sturdy, but very short and widely-perforated fender acted simply as a luxurious footstool, not as a screen. The walls were of rich crimson, but one saw very little of them; what with pictures, and gilded brackets supporting little statues, and exquisite plasters from the Elgin marbles, and apocryphal restorations of the frieze of the Parthenon, and miniatures of ladies Mr. Lynford admired in private, and lithographs of ladies admired by Mr. Lynford and the public; and Cerberus-likenesses of Charles I., (offering his countenance three ways at once, after the political fashion of the original,) and bold German engravings from the old masters, and a sword of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, perhaps that with which he pinked Lord Shrewsbury—and a family of daggers assembled in a murderous star, some of the blades poisoned—and a Turkish match-lock, which either had or had not belonged to

Lord Byron, (Lynford was not exactly sure which)—and a whole row of china pipes, with faces of flat prettiness enameled on them, and affectionate inscriptions from the donors, students of Heidelberg and Bonn—and a whole swarm of tiny gems and good-for-nothing-nesses, inserted wherever a cranny afforded an advantageous opening.

A couple of huge chintz-covered sofas, of mammoth dimensions, and four or five chairs of all shades of laziness, from the low-seated, long-backed *prie Dieu*, to the luxurious reading chair, with its easel and lamp annexed, and its sliding scale of declination, which enabled you to approach the logic of Bishop Butler full front, or to slink away backward from the sophistries of the luckless archdeacon of the straw-sceptre, with several varieties of footstool and hassock, completed that department of the furniture of the man who "meant to read." Very well-filled ebony book-shelves, where, at no rare intervals, there appeared the yellow-paper covers of foreign literature, occupied an ample space; and the colossal table, carved in gothic work, presented a carelessly mingled collection of reviews, caricatures, *vaudevilles*, and newspapers. A magnificent Angola cat, with a face of angelic gentleness, and a tail of diabolical size, lay basking in the sunshine, which the outside venetian-shutters, partially closed, allowed to fall in a single warm lake, upon the soft carpet.

The "reading man" himself, Mr. Horace Lynford, was about thirty, but looked somewhat younger, thanks to a fresh complexion and a light manner. His features, not marked enough for masculine beauty, were regular and pleasing, and, despite an occasional affectation of sententiousness, his habitual cheerfulness was no small element of the popularity he enjoyed among his own set. Out of this, and where it pleased him to assume great airs of inscrutability, he was little liked, and less appreciated. But Horace Lynford was a good-hearted and not unfavorable specimen of the young men of his order. He had been highly educated, and lived upon an independent income, but had a vague notion that he was going to prepare himself for some profession or other—perhaps for the church, for he always liked sacred music—perhaps for surgery, as he had a taste for seeing operations under chloroform—but he did not know much about his intentions.

Upon the present occasion, the "reading man," in an exceedingly handsome dressing-gown, and lady-worked slippers, was making out the hits in a *vaudeville* which was to be performed that evening at the St. James's Theatre. He was expediting the process by the aid of a cigar,

and, for his greater ease and comfort, had laid himself upon his back on one of the sofas, so near the end that his legs, which he had elevated upon the raised end, bent at the knees and hung over. Three or four men, of nearly his own age, were lying about in various commodious corners, reading whatever happened to attract them, and enlightening one another with occasional criticisms on their studies, and on the world at large.

"Is that good for any thing, Horace?" demanded Mr. Martin Foley, one of the counsel, a very tall, thin person, who considered himself aristocratic-looking, because he had a great nose, and a bald head, and was "in the Treasury."

"Yes," returned the recumbent 'reading man.' "It seems smart enough. At least I see Dejazet is to blow tobacco-smoke out at her nose and ears, while she's swinging in a hammock."

"Good," said Charley Mylne, a young gentleman attached to one of the Embassies. He was an exceedingly clever person, who saw through the game of most people so well that it made him indifferent about playing his own—so stouter men won the stakes of life, while he lounged round its tables, uttering sarcasms. "Good—that's epigrammatic, very. I shall go and ask Mitchell for a box."

"Stop," said Lynford, "I think here's something incorrect: give us a dictionary, somebody."

"Read it out," said two or three voices.

"Stay, until I see whether it's fit for your minds," said Horace. "No, I see I misunderstood a bit of *argot*. All right; it's quite moral. I suppose I need n't read it."

"I don't know," said Charley Mylne, slowly. "I think I should wish to hear you read any thing moral. You'd be sure to lay the emphasis wrongly, as Garrick and Gifford did when Johnson defied them to repeat the ninth commandment."

"Which you are breaking by such an accusation. I have got St. Augustine, and a whole lot of the Fathers on that lower shelf, and a set of St. Chrysostom is being bound for me, come," said Horace.

"And I'll bet you half-a-crown you don't know who St. Chrysostom was," said Mylne.

"He helped to write the prayer-book, I know that," said Mr. Foley, rushing in with his literary aid. "I saw his name stuck to something in it, the day I gave my sister away. So he must have lived—let's see—in the time of one of the Edwards or Henries."

"We must really get you transferred from the Treasury to the Record Office, Foley," said Mylne, drily; "your historical precision is something wonderful. Your tobacco is excellent,

Lynford; where did you get?—of a sailor who had also smuggled handkerchiefs?"

The entrance of Carlyon and Paul Chequerbent afforded an agreeable diversion to the young men, and when the object of the visit was mentioned, it was received with acclamation. Carlyon had agreed with Paul that if Angela would give her supper, the best way would be to have a few men who would keep the affair in tolerable order, and who were sufficiently men of the world to forget the whole business afterward, if requested so to do. The Treasury gentleman, who thought he spoke well, proposed a vote of thanks to Carlyon, and made quite a parliamentary reference to his honorable friend who was associated with him in the measure before them, and the vote was carried unanimously, with an apology from Charley Mylne for the inaudibility of such of the mover's language as could not be heard, and the want of neatness in such as could.

The supper was duly eaten. Paul took the chair, Wyvern, and Lynford, and Mylne being spread around the table. There was an author, Mr. Curd, who had several times taken Angela's measure very accurately, for his pieces, and exclaimed loudly against her secession from the stage, but declared that he should now go into a convent, as had long been his strong desire, and devote the rest of his life to repenting his pieces and other sins. Anna Ford came, and took every opportunity of attracting attention to her white hands. Baby Waring came, and pretended to be very much vexed at various allusions to a dear but absent friend, but in reality felt complimented, as everybody saw. A few other lady members of the company appeared, including Mrs. Boddle, who came to play propriety and keep everybody quiet, which she did by out-talking and out-drinking everybody during the earlier part of the evening, and afterward snoring beyond all cure from salts, sarcasms, or shaking. But there was little need of any exhortations from her, for the ladies were all singularly decorous. Indeed, Anna Ford, whose grief was very great at the prospect of losing a triumphant rival, deemed it her duty to be sentimental, and several times attracted attention to her beautiful white hands, by dashing away therewith what were not believed to be tears. There was much talking and laughter, and stories were told, true and false, of everybody who was not present, and of some who were—vile puns were committed with impunity—and *jeux de mot* of a better order were flung to no dull audience. The supper proceeded merrily, and even Mr. Curd declared that he should have no objection to Angela's taking leave of the stage every Saturday night.

"We expect a better thing than that from ~~you~~."

Curd," said Martin Foley. "Come, be brilliant. Remember, Wyvern, and Mylne, and myself are present to listen."

"Do you think, then," said Curd, "that, like charcoal in oxygen, one only becomes brilliant in a bad atmosphere?"

"Yes, that's more like smartness," said Charley Mylne, coolly. "Be encouraged, Curd, you may be witty yet."

"You have already thrown aside the seal I gave you, Miss Livingstone, I observe. Your note to me was sealed with an unpardonable device."

"But the note was as civil as usual, I suppose," interrupted Curd.

"In spite of the seal. *Sealum, non animam, mutat*: if you understand that, Mylne."

"I do n't," said Mylne; "but Anna Ford thinks it's something improper, and begs you will explain it."

"Oh! I'm sure," cried Anna, coloring, "I—"

"Did I ever tell you the answer the man in the gallery made to Elliston?" broke in Mrs. Boddle, suddenly.

"A great many times," said Lynford. "Tell it again, Mrs. Boddle; you tell it so nicely, and we all like it."

"But, perhaps, there's somebody here that has n't heard it," said the undaunted Mrs. Boddle. "You see, Elliston had raised the prices to the boxes and the gallery during the race-week at Gloucester—"

"You said Shrewsbury last time," said Mylne.

"And York the time before," said Curd. "I wont play, if you do n't play fair."

"So there was a riot," proceeded Mrs. Boddle; "and Elliston had to come forward and apologize."

"Did he do it as Phosphor did one night," said Horace, "and tell the house—what did you say, Charley?—that they did not seem to know what was the matter with them?"

"No," said Mrs. Boddle; "he was very polite. There was a man in the gallery—"

"Ah!" said Charley Mylne, "that is what has been weighing on my mind, and preventing me from sleeping of a night. I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Mrs. Boddle; but was that man marked with the small-pox?"

"In the gallery," proceeded Mrs. Boddle, "who had been the noisiest person present, disturbing everybody near him."

"The Boddle of the gallery, in fact," said Curd.

"To him Elliston looked up. 'I'll speak to the ladies and gentlemen presently,' says Elliston; 'but, first, I'll have a word with you. What do you cry Old Prices for? I have not

altered the price to the gallery, so the grievance is nothing to you, sir. Of what do you complain, sir, eh?'"

"A very good story," said Charley Mylne. "Tell us another."

"'Of what do you complain, sir?' says Elliston. 'Of your infernal avarice,' says the man; 'for if you had n't riz the price to the pit, I'd be sitting there instead of here.' So he had him, you see." And Mrs. Boddle emptied another glass of its champagne, and everybody applauded.

"Before Mrs. Boddle tells us that story again, as we all hope and believe she will be kind enough to do by-and-by," said Charley Mylne, rising, "I want to say a word or two. We all know that this is the last occasion upon which we are likely to have the pleasure of Miss Livingstone's company among us. We all, also, know the happy circumstance which will occasion so much unhappiness to us, while it places her, a few years sooner than her talents would have done, in a position of affluence. And we all know how dear she is, and why, to everybody here. A speech could, therefore, tell nobody any thing, and would be out of place and formal. It seems to me that the best thing we can say is, 'God bless her.'"

Many a more eloquent speech has called up far less feeling in reply. Angy rose hastily after each guest had greeted her, and she thought she could answer them. But she looked right and left, and the full heart ran over. She could only cry—and they had their answer. And while Horace whispered a few words to her, everybody, with the good-natured intention of not observing her sensations, dashed off in full talk.

"Charley," shouted Martin Foley, "your oratory reminds me of what some wretched French preacher said of Bourdaloue, '*Il prêche fort bien, et moi bien fort.*'"

"So it ought to remind you," said Mylne, with his usual composure, "only I never heard you try at all. Begin now, and tell us something about the Treaty of Utrecht. It's an interesting passage in history, you know."

"I should n't like to be your wife, Mr. Mylne," said Anna Ford, earnestly.

"I'm so sorry, dear," said Charles Mylne, "for I had some thoughts of proposing to you this very evening. Why?"

"Because you laugh at everybody so."

"My love, I should have very little to laugh about, after you had married me. Don't refuse me on that account, don't. What's that Paul there drawing on the table with the wine you spilt?"

"Why, it's a gibbet," said Foley. "Can't

you leave your law studies at home when you come out to supper?"

"An omen, perhaps," said Paul, looking up, rather confounded at the breach of etiquette he had been committing; but he had been in a sort of dream for some days.

"An omen, no doubt," said Mylne, gravely. "A gibbet drawn in wine by your own hand."

"Let us hope you will falsify the proverb, *In vino veritas*," said Mr. Curd.

Who read Anthony Sadler's letter, about his new piece—I mean his new translation—in yesterday's paper?" asked Mylne.

"I," said Curd. "The letter is foolish and false; but as Anthony Sadler has added his initials to the postscript, he manages to tell two-thirds of the truth that way."

"How spiteful," said three or four voices; for nearly everybody understands the satire of calling names.

"Sadler's wife is a clever woman," said Foley. "She was in Naples a year or two ago, and heard that an enemy of hers, a Mrs. M'Pantile, or some such name, who is the wealthy widow of an ironmaster, was coming there. So Mrs. Sadler inscribed a number of visiting cards with Mrs. M'Pantile's name, adding, that any commands in the ironmongery line would be gratefully received; and these cards she caused to be left, a day or two before *la M'Pantile* arrived, at all the houses to which an English visitor is likely to get access. When the poor woman came, and presented her introductions, she was treated as a traveler for an iron shop, and, I am told, received a great number of very good orders from the Neapolitan aristocracy, for English saucepans and gridirons."

"That iron must have entered into her soul," said Wyvern.

"I am a miserable hostess to-night," said Angela, who had spoken very little. "But I trust everybody is taking care of everybody else. Anna, dear, are you attended to?"

"Not half so closely as she will be attended to on Monday night, I can tell her," said Mylne. "I am going to the theatre with a book of the piece and a pencil. I shall sit in the front of the dress-circle, and woe to her if she misses a word of her part."

"It is too bad of you," said Anna, "to tease and make me nervous."

"Never mind, my dear," dashed in Mrs. Boddle, suddenly waking up, "you'll do very well. Did I ever tell you the answer that Elliston received from the man in the gallery?"

"Never, never," said a dozen voices. "Do tell us that."

"Well," said the old woman, looking hazily

around, and making long pauses. "I seem—to think—that I—did tell—you that—story. But," she added, after a very long stop, "I'll tell you, if you like, a story about an answer which Elliston received from a man in the gallery."

"Shall I take her into the next room, Angy, dear," said a pretty little girl, sitting near the speaker, "and let her lie down?"

It was fortunate for that young lady that Paul Chequerbent knew something of one of Mrs. Boddle's characteristics when outraged under slight excitement. She took no notice of the remark for a few moments, but Paul was watching her. Suddenly her eye gleamed fiercely, and her ample hand flew through the air with a force which, had the blow fallen as intended, upon the plump, white shoulders of the last speaker, would have effected signal vengeance. But just as the heavy arm swung round, Paul rapidly pulled the young lady backward, and the full vengeance of Mrs. Boddle descended upon a plate of jelly. The sight of the glutinous morsels upon her hand awoke a new train of thought. Imagining that she had met with some frightful accident, Mrs. Boddle insisted upon immediately going to a surgeon, and this whim being humored, she was led from the room to the staircase, upon which she insisted on sitting, and where she was heard narrating the story about Elliston, by installments, at various periods of the night.

"I begged her to come and play Propriety," said Angy, a good deal distressed at the matron's unseemly conduct.

"And she was not perfect in the part, that's all," said Horace. "What does it matter? I'll take it, for her, at short notice."

"The indulgence of the audience is requested," said Mylne, "as the new performer is quite out of his usual line."

"It appears to me that we are all talking shop to-night," said Curd. "I presume it is out of compliment to Miss Livingstone, who is not likely to hear this sort of thing again."

"Unless she should command private theatricals at Rookton," said Horace Lynford; "in which case I hope we shall all be engaged."

"All our private characters are irreproachable," said Mylne, "which is now the test of theatrical ability, you know, Miss Carlyon."

"I hear that the Lord Chamberlain is to examine players as well as plays in future," said Foley; "and that a low comedian will be licensed if he can say his commandments—a walking gentleman will be expected to answer questions out of Paley; but a tragedian must be prepared for a searching inquiry into his knowledge of Athanasius and Origen, and to hand in a theme on Supralapsarianism."

"The play's the 'thing in which we'll catch the conscience of the actor,'" said Wyvern.

"When men begin to quote Shakespeare, it is a sign they are unfit for rational society," said Horace. "Turn us all out, Angela, it's getting late."

The party broke up, and as the last guest departed, Angela Livingstone felt as did Rasselas, when the gates of the Happy Valley clashed behind him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A PRIEST'S CELL.

A cottage *ornée*, while it continues a mere cottage, is the prettiest, if not the pleasantest place one can live in. But it should remain as originally planned. If all the advantages of a great house are to be aimed at in a little one, the latter becomes an absurdity, for living in a cottage implies a certain amount of restraint and of self-denial, and if one can dispense with these, why live in a cottage? What numbers of charming little homes, built in perfect taste, and with an eye to real cottage life, have been distended, distorted, and destroyed by tenants who, like the weeds over the late Mr. Gifford's Anna, "had no business there." The rising—and early-rising—politician, taking his morning ride, sees one of these modest nests, and is struck by the thought that it would be a delightful place to study Mill and Bentham in, and suck out the mystery of Blue Books. He takes it, and is so pleased at not hearing carriage-wheels that he wants a library. He builds one, three times as large as any room in the cottage—sits down in it and composes a crack speech—the minister notices him—Lady Caroline Lorimer marries him—the cottage is To Let. It is taken by a rich stockbroker, for somebody whom he sometimes introduces as his wife, never to his wife. The M. P. was content to put up his horses at the inf-stables, but Mrs. Montmorency (*née* Muggs) must have a coach-house for her brougham and her little chaise, and a stall with enameled mangers for the darling long-tailed ponies, Lord Archibald's farewell present. So a huge library, coach-house, and stables are added to our poor little cottage. But Pernambuco Bonds suddenly drop, and there is something rotten, old city men say, elsewhere, for the funds are at par—a case of high fever—the stockbroker is out of the "house," and the sheriff is in the cottage. Mrs. Montmorency, who was always predicting something of the sort, particularly when she wanted reassuring with a little jewelry, is gone to Paris. Mrs. Knautch, the wealthy half-caste widow from Calcutta,

whose life is devoted to keeping his in her sickly yellow little boy, James M'Jaggernaut Knautch, the only child of herself and the deceased Scotch Political Resident at Hadgicumbad, is pleased with the cottage and buys it. She builds a new bath-room, and runs out a great pavilion to the south, (the best side of the house, but what signifies that, under the circumstances?) with a glass roof and felt and flannel lining, where the young M'Jaggernaut can languish about with his Ayah in all weathers. Just as it is finished, James imprudently looks out at an east window, and speedily rejoins his father in whatever place (no doubt a comfortable one) Scotch Political Residents go to. The lady of the Indian weeds weds the sleek, plump clergyman, who has visited her in her affliction. The clergyman who, notwithstanding his sleekness, is a faithful pastor, wants a school-room for his Sunday scholars, and proposes to use the pavilion, but the poor Indian lady will not allow a bandelore and a chicken's merry-thought, her poor child's favorite play-things to be moved from the floor where he had last left them. So our cottage is further improved by a long school-house being annexed to Mrs. Montmorency's stables. The bishop calls, after a confirmation, is pleased with the particular Madeira and rigid orthodoxy of his host, and when the bed-ridden rector's gout flies to his stomach, our clergyman gets the living. There is a capital rectory-house, with pineries, close to the church, and the cottage is once more To Let. A crack party of guardsmen take it for a month, through a confidential box-keeper in a white cravat, who impudently mystifies the clergyman as to the object of his employers, hinting at a charity bazaar for the benefit of the Moravian Missions, which the church rather recognizes than not. Private theatricals are got up in the M'Jaggernaut pavilion, and Mrs. Joybells comes down, with her beautiful laugh and her beautiful sister, to play "Biddy Nutts" and "Mrs. Tric-trac." But a groom who gets confused between his various missions (none of them very Moravian in character) of scene-shifting, dressing his masters, laying the supper, beating the drum, playing supernumerary, and generally making himself useful and tipsy, sets fire to the library, and having vainly attempted to extinguish the flames with the contents of the decanters, with a "happy audacity" locks the door and says nothing on the subject, until the parish engine opens upon the supper party, and washes the lobster salad into Captain de Belvidere's embroidered shirt bosom. That side of the house is destroyed, but the guards send the clergyman a most polite and gentlemanly note with a cheque, which leave nothing to be desired. The damage is repaired,

at the least possible expense, by running up brickwork to hide the hole, and whitewashing it on the outside. And then the poor cottage, with all its *addenda* and *delenda*, utterly perverted from the pretty thing it was when Mr. St. Precis (now a severely baited Under-Secretary of State) took that morning's ride, accepts one of the two policemen of the village in the light of a tenant, until other occupants shall be caught.

Not such had been the fortunes of a cottage, in which, three days after the encounter at the theatre-door, Carlyon met Lilian Trevelyan. It stood at a short distance from the Thames, and about twenty miles from the metropolis. The village in whose neighborhood it was placed had little to recommend it but its quietness, and the permission which its seclusion afforded for the practice of not an ungraceful economy. A railroad, which had cloven that part of the county, had luckily flung down its iron rod some miles from Slingsfield, and the steam-scream was faintly heard through the intervening woodlands. The lazy barge and the fisherman's blunt-ended punt were the only vessels that glided under the cottage windows, except when a weary party of rowers, spending their strength for naught, rushed wildly past, with flushed faces and starting muscles, in piteous contrast with the calm repose around. The infrequent report of the gun, announcing the death or escape of field-fare or wood-pigeon—for there was little titled game in the neighborhood—was the noisiest sound heard during many a month at Slingsfield. It was, in truth, as tranquil a place as one could wish for—a quiet corner in the world's arena, where one could regain one's breath after the last life-grapple, and nerve one's strength for the next.

The cottage—Lily Nook it had been called by one set of owners, who liked that name better than Estramadura House, the ambitious title it first bore—was really a cottage. Except where the surrounding trees had been partially cleared away to afford a better view of the bright stream behind it, the house was completely shrouded from sight by foliage, and along the little-frequented road; in front a traveller might pass without noticing the building, unless the curling smoke caught his eye, or a tiny gate, dividing the luxuriant hedge, attracted his attention as he went by. But had a traveler on the morning we are about to describe pushed back that usually unresisting wicket, he would instantly have found himself in a pleasant resting-place, rendered chiefly pleasant by the innumerable tokens of a feminine presence and care. A large garden, a considerable portion of which was laid in smooth grass, studded with plots of rich-looking earth, thick with flowers—chosen as much for

their grace and brightness as for their conventional value—filled the space between the hedge and the rose-clustered veranda of the cottage. A grave macaw walked heavily about, occasionally uttering a gentle croak, apparently seeing no object in screaming. An Italian greyhound, its nose curiously hidden under its fragile paws, reposed on a garden-chair, beneath which slumbered a priceless King Charles' spaniel, whose tail, troubled by a dream, afforded subject for speculation to the great bird. A long-spouted, light-built watering-pot lay on the grass, near a large basket, scissors, and a pair of gardening-gloves; so that unless the traveler were as dull as if he were traveling for the purpose of making a book, he could not fail to divine that a lady had recently been interrupted in some light floricultural duty.

There, for the time, Miss Trevelyan and her uncle were pleasantly lodged, and their host was the priest—the Reverend Cyprian Heywood.

Heywood's father had been a man of note and of notoriety. His pedigree was derived from the stern, strange, fiery house which kept Europe in blood and broil for five hundred stormy years, and, as a modern fashionable historian records, "never shed the blood of a woman." Its fiercest representative, thanks to the Baron Marochetti, now sits in magnificent proportions in Palace Yard, and, to the irreverent eye, seems, with uplifted blade, to be calling all the cabs at once. The elder Heywood was placed, in early life, in one of those departments of our military service in which both intellect and its severe cultivation are necessary to success. The young engineer speedily distinguished himself, and an accident which brought a model of his preparation under the eye of a royal soldier, would have insured his merits a due appreciation, and have rewarded them by a speedy promotion; but, unhappily for Heywood, he was a thinker, in times when few authorities could safely allow a young man to think. And he thought intemperately—be this the proof.

Alfred Heywood, descendant of the Royal Plantagenets, lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, *protégé* of a royal duke, became a Radical. And Heywood was not a man who, having become a convert, could nurse his new creed in safety. The startled mess-table soon had the benefit of his illumination, and the colonel (who hated Alfred's good looks and drawing-room successes) lost no time in apprising the duke that his young friend the lieutenant disapproved of the hanging the Nottingham rioters. Almost anybody else would have been at once dismissed the service. But the House of Brunswick has at times manifested a regard for talent, a regard which,

had that house's immediate predecessors shown more frequently, 1688 might have been a less significant number. That model pontoon was the cleverest thing the duke had ever seen, and his royal highness declared he would never believe that a man who could make that could really talk such d— something nonsense. He sent for Heywood, and in the most good-natured manner told him he supposed that the young man had been indulging in the bottle, that he, the duke, was not an ascetic, and liked good wine and a good lot of it, but there were times and seasons, and so forth. But Heywood was too young to take the duke's kindly hint, and instead of darting through the loop-hole, thought he had obtained a capital opportunity of turning a prince of the blood into a Democrat. So, premising that a Plantagenet could have no sympathy with the rabble, as rabble, Heywood explained to the duke the real object of all governments, and laid down a variety of propositions which his royal highness remarked, "we had been in the habit of hearing only from their proper place, the criminal's dock at the Old Bailey." Heywood was undaunted, but at last the duke, who could put up with much from a man who could put down such a pontoon, indignantly demanded that the earnest orator should give his word of honor never to breathe another word of politics before his brother officers. This Heywood refused, and his horse-faced colonel had the speedy satisfaction of announcing to the mess that his rival was no longer in his majesty's army.

The dauntless Alfred brought his case before the public, and obtained some sympathy. Some of the Radical clubs wished to engage him as a public lecturer on democracy—a teacher whose duties, in those days, demanded no small amount of military pluck. But the refined ex-soldier found his patrons so dirty, and, moreover, was so incensed at their complaints that he denounced king-craft instead of King George, that he speedily renounced them; and refraining from personal intercourse, enlightened them and the world in a series of tracts, for which he was incontinently fined and imprisoned. This, of course, confirmed him in his principles; he escaped to America, and was offered all kinds of rewards if he would bring his engineering skill, then greatly in demand with the Americans; to bear against his countrymen. Oswego, then about to be taken by the English, was pointed out to him as a place which, if he could save, he might name his guerdon. He named his second, and shot the officer dead who brought him the proposal. Heywood then managed to reach Trinidad, where he was very well received, and might have become a planter; but choosing rather to advocate,

in society, the rights of the blacks, nothing could have saved him from being murdered, but an insurrection of the blacks themselves, in a portion of the island where resided a family to which he had peculiarly attached himself. The negroes threatened to sack the house, Heywood waxed furious, forgot all the rights of color, and hurried to the defense of his host's beautiful daughters. By a contrivance which savored more of the officer of engineers than the liberator of mankind, he skillfully blew up a whole barn-full of blood-thirsty blacks, and so terrified the other assailants, that the militia shot them down with great comfort and safety. The feat obtained for the deliverer the hand of a young lady, whom her sangaree-topping father had refused to the handsome reformer; and after the peace they came to England. There Heywood recommenced writing Radicalism; and one day, while correcting the sheets of a treatise proving that we had no right to attack Napoleon, he knocked down the publisher for using an offensive term about the Duke of Wellington. As good, zealous, vulgar party men said—what *was* to be done with such a man?

Alfred could spend money, and his wife could not save it. He became embarrassed, and retired into Wales, whence he issued manifestoes proving the illegality of imprisonment for debt. During this retirement, his wife, the Creole, died, having, perhaps, but scarcely softened the misfortunes of her ardent, affectionate husband, by her lack of endurance, and her murmuring reminiscences of the days of Trinidad luxury. But Heywood's love endured to the last. His affections were as strong as his energies, and he suffered more under this shock than under all his other troubles. But he continued to write; and, as various changes and reforms took place from time to time, and as he had written recommending them all, and more, he regularly attributed every measure to the result of his own suggestions. The passing of the Reform Act (which he considered as having been chiefly brought about by eight pamphlets of his, at three pence each,) induced him to apply to Earl Gray for a situation, but not obtaining this, he wrote a ninth pamphlet, showing that Whigism was mere oligarchy, and that no nation could prosper under it.

So the elder Heywood lived, and so he died—a slave to impulse, and mistaking impulse for conviction. Thoroughly honest, and utterly useless. Sometimes atoning for a horribly irascible disposition, by acts of almost feminine kindness, and at other times making the few who knew his worth ashamed to defend him against the many who were irritated by his folly. He had but one son, and of him we have already seen something.

What was the son of such a man likely to be? Hitherto he has been seen only as the skeptical scorner of his fellows, and of their works and ways. And this was no assumed character—no mask to be thrown off, stage fashion. Contemptuous antagonism was the habitual attitude of Cyprian Heywood's mind.

He had loved his father with an affection intensely reciprocated. Were it not profane to wish the absence of such a regard, it had been desirable, perhaps, that the two hearts had been more estranged. For the younger man's sake, it had been better that separation had occurred, and that his training had been intrusted to other hands than those of his accomplished and most untrustable father. What could he learn of self-control, of perseverance, of worldly wisdom, from the fiery ex-soldier, duelist, and moralist? And even the ordinary studies, which no one was more competent to guide than Mr. Heywood, and which were begun upon a sound and intellectual plan, were always abandoned by the elder man with a speed beyond the proverbial fickleness of youth. But nothing separated that father and that son until the death of the elder Heywood, and then Cyprian was left, with scant means, a fine person, a keen intellect, and an untrained moral nature, to do his share in the battle of life. He soon learned to step aside, and to scoff at honest and energetic combatants.

But the son of such a man as Alfred Heywood could not become the vulgar, heartless scorner, in whose seat we are warned from sitting. The process which had brought him to the condition of mind we have indicated, had also furnished him with reasons for the want of faith that was in him. He despised, but thought he knew why. His mind had been warped by defective training, his spirit soured by the circumstances which embittered his father's life, and his own early days, and false reasoning was the result, but still there was reason. He was no morose cynic, constitutionally bitter. On the contrary, when Cyprian Heywood gave himself to the revel, or to that other youthful folly, which, in Soyerian phrase, is "stock" for romances, none laughed louder, or whispered more passionately. He had the power of enjoyment—a gift less largely diffused than most people believe. But neither his nature nor his circumstances allowed him to think of pleasure as life's business; and yet what better occupation did he follow—that proud man, who imagined that when he retired within himself, and sneered at all that pleased himself and others, he was wiser than they?

Heywood's means, some relics of the Trinidad fortune, were scant, but they relieved him from the necessity of daily toil, another misfortune to

such a mind. A few literary ventures, all unsuccessful, (for the man who struggles against the utterances of the heart has small chance to reach the hearts of others, and Heywood selected themes on the passions for his subjects, as men of that class often will,) two or three efforts to obtain employment from the State, which met with a still more discouraging fate, and Heywood settled in his own mind that he was, as his father had been, a martyr, of whom the world was not worthy. There was no work for him on earth, that was clear.

Whether it were a providential interposition or an unlucky chance that at this crisis of his life threw him into the society of a Jesuit priest older than himself, but whose nature either was similar to his own, or was so fashioned for the occasion, is a problem which a reader will solve according to his own system of theological algebra. The young Heywood talked through a good many evenings with his friend, and with a sudden access of hereditary impulse determined on having a view of the world from a new position—the Rock of Rome. He entered a Jesuit establishment, and was speedily appreciated, and made to feel that it was so. He emerged, in due course, a member of the society, and after the lapse of several of the best years of life, we find him at the outset of our tale still serving in the ranks of the order. The service must have suited him. It is said that the order can find service that suits every mind, though I suspect that this is not the key to the Jesuit riddle. But be this as it may, Cyprian Heywood was held fast by the arms of the Eternal Church, and enjoyed his captivity more than he had enjoyed his purposeless freedom.

Lily Nook was the house which, on the expulsion of the Trevelyan from Aspen Court by the victorious Wilmslows, Heywood had provided for Miss Trevelyan and her uncle. We have seen them in their temporary sojourn in the ugly house of the grim apothecary, Mardyke, at Lynfield. They are now in a more graceful shelter, and Heywood is their host.

And now for a few words showing why we shall henceforth have little time for lingering. Who remembers—who does not remember—one of those grand events which, in late spring or early summer assemble our thousands and tens of thousands? The head of Church and State is there, with the best of the nobles, and surrounded by the richest gathering ever made, in these days, of a nation's youth, and beauty, and notability? All is enjoyment and excitement, the one derived from the other, and both in perfection. Need we name the Great Horse Race?

It is but three minutes, which is overmeasure.

of that splendid day, that we have to do. You have seen all the horses—they have cantered past you to the starting place, and you know all their names, and their pedigrees, and their previous performances; and you have talked over their merits and demerits—Rookbury is vicious, for example, and Wilmslow is of good stock, but bad temper, and Carlyon has good backers, and may win—and so on. There is something to say about every name in the list. But the signal is given. They are off. The envied Garter of the turf is allotted; let us hope not to a leg. The subdued roar runs on like wildfire—eyes are straining, hearts are fluttering, and thieves are snatching at forgotten watches. Lord Turfborough breathes so hard—why will he not open those tight white lips, and there is apoplexy in the family, too—the fates have settled the lodgings of Captain De Levant at Boulouge—and there is *that* in the dressing-case of Hugh Clarges which the wretched suicide of to-night has used

lawfully for the last time. They come. The ruck passes, and we can see them all, and speculate on many a chance not *now*. Five or six clear themselves at the main body, and henceforth, for that half-minute of concentrated life, we and those only. They fuse into a group; knife-like whip and bloody working fiercely; another moment, all over. Lord Turfborough breathes like a titan, the captain thinks what a bore it is to be sick, and Hugh Clarges, with a spasm of remorse as he thinks of a pale, gentle wife, determines to spare her poor heart, for the first time stroying himself elsewhere than at his getting previously mad with brandy, for resolution.

Some five or six forms must now be in the ruck, and the rest, for the time, must be ten; for the goal is not very far off.

[To be continued]

LILIES.

BY H. N. POWERS.

GRACEFULLY poised on bended knee,
In nature's sweet simplicity,
A maiden reaches a fair white hand
Where the spotless water-lilies stand.

The lakelet is deep where the lilies grow,
But the sky loves to look on its crystal glow;
The lakelet is pure, and clear, and fair,
How beautiful is the maiden there!

Beautiful! O faint word to speak
The half-blown primrose on her cheek,
The dreamy sweetness of her face,
Her fresh, ethereal, artless grace,
That such a wealth of tender things
Into the gazer's spirit brings;
Oh, there is more within her eye
Than maidenly sincerity—

A guileless look too good to name—
An innocence that dreams no blame.

The forest is full of lovely things,
The forest with morning light is drowned,
Large ruddy flowers and golden wings
A fairy lustre sprinkle round.

From bowery dells and hidden brooks
Call drowsy tones; and flowery nooks
Breathe languid odors keen and sweet.

The very mosses tease the feet
To rest within their silken ease,
Till some old ditty from the trees
Steal from the heart all earthly din,
And woo a dream of love within.

The craggy borders of the rocks
Are draped with interlaced locks
Of ferns, and flowers, and vines that creep
In mazy fringe from steep to steep:
Each grotto even, great and small,
Hath crystal porch and water-fall.

The maiden has cropped the lilies white
In the amber flush of morning light—
The maiden has cropped the lilies, why
Do the gaudier flowers not win her eye?
Why waits she not in the fragrant dell?
Why yields she not to the mosses spell?
Why not repose 'neath the cliffs bright trees
In the languor of her loveliness?
She will not wait, she hath her prize—
The virgin wealth in her bosom lies;
On, on, while voices around her say,
Most wooingly, deliciously,
"O, maiden stay, oh stay,
Thy white-leaved lilies cast away,
Pass *here* the beauty of thy May."

Far in the distance, sombre trees
Lift up their woven canopies,
Dark tangled thickets hedge around
The rugged cliffs, and dusky ground
Sleeps 'mid the long and hollow vales
That drink the floating woodland gales:—
But safe the way to every one
Who keeps the lilies they have won.

Her feet yet tread the land of flowers,
And softer languor freights the hours,
And more and more deliciously
The choir of tempting voices say,
"O, maiden, stay, oh stay,
Thy white-leaved lilies cast away,
Our land is beautiful for aye."

The way seems rough that spreads before
But her heart is strong with a sacred lore
To her bosom she presses her stainless prize
Her lilled wealth, and with trusting eyes
In her fair, pure youth, threads the narrow
That opens to regions of fadeless day.

BERNICE A THERTON;

OR SPRING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

(Continued from page 595.)

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Bernice lay upon her bed at night in the garret, and all was still in the house, and she wakened from the slumber into which she had fallen from the exhaustion of violent weeping, while she lay there so wakeful with a weight of heaviness upon heart, and an icy chill pervading it, she thought over that long, eventful day from its beginning to its end.

And chief among all her thoughts, and beyond all the most precious, was this, as a conviction, that Paul Tintoret would hereafter be her defender and her friend. Awake she lay through all the night, recalling more than the *events* of the past day.

Tassie had said that she was getting religious, and she had a dim notion of the meaning of the charge; it had made her blush! The words now recurred to her. They took her ten years' back to her mother's fireside, and the prayer which in those days she had learned to pray. If to be religious was to be like her mother, or like Pauline, she thought—if it was to open the way to making a home as pleasant as Pauline made that little cottage in the lane, then it must be a blessed, blessed thing—if it was to be like the good and beautiful angel whom Paul called Christine, then in truth it must be a wondrous blessed thing. And as she thought upon it, and wondered about it, involuntarily the child's lips moved, and she said, repeatedly, "make me like Pauline, and the angel—if they're religious make me religious—make me like Pauline and the Angel." Over and over again she said it, with a deeper and a deeper pathos, while she looked upward through the darkness, as if seeking to behold the brightness which none can see and live. Praying to the unknown God.

As the moments and the hours went on, she became more tranquil and composed, and less bitterly, more gratefully and forgivingly, she went back in memory to that distant day when, for the first time, she walked up from the old house where she and her mother had lived, and sat down in Tassie's kitchen, and heard Jep call her his little wife.

She shuddered as she recalled the years which

had followed. What warring, dark, unhappy years they had been! Growing older in sin, and consciously too—but unable to check the growth, or change its nature—while still she clung with a desperate tenacity to the one recollection that made the present endurable. But now had come this unlooked-for revelation of a living life, not a fictitious one—not an imagined one—equal to all her longing, nay, transcending it—more blessed, more perfect in happiness and in peace. Again, as she thought of these things, with still greater vehemence, the prayer burst from her lips, "make me like Pauline! Oh, make me like Pauline!"

And then Paul Tintoret—how he had stood gazing upon her when she looked up, thinking that he was gone! With such pity and such kindness. He had said not one word of reproof. That was the point to which her mind returned oftenest: he did not reprove—and yet how must it have looked to him who had lived in the same house with Pauline and her mother, to witness such a spectacle! His very silence made her shame and sorrow more intense and profound. Hereafter, let Jep do what he would, she would keep silence, and her hands should never rise against him. But, as Paul had said, it would be a deliverance when he went back to the mines.

The day began to dawn while she reflected thus, and made these resolutions. The cloud of darkness was fairly uplifted, and faint rays of light, streaming through the narrow apology for a window, fell upon the opposite wall, and remained there, growing brighter by degrees until the shadows of night vanished, and the east was bathed in golden light where the sun was about to appear.

It was the day-dawn of a new life to the poor child who arose with the sun—to her who, stooping down before the window, looked out on the wild scene of rock and water-fall before her, and up into the heavens, repeating still the prayer, "Make me like Pauline"—not audibly, nor with a passionate beseeching, but with a calm and hearty knowledge of the boon she sought, which was in itself the assurance that her prayer would have its answer.

CHAPTER XI.

"That, then, is Paul's 'little pagan,' whom he found worshipping a memory?" said Walter Mitchell as he walked with Pauline down the mountain-path. But saying this he manifested no desire to linger over the subject, for in the next breath he began to speak of Mr. Devlin, with whom he had spent the greater part of the day.

"How do you account for it?" he began, in the tone and with the manner of confiding friendship which the relation into which he had been brought with the family by Pauline's father warranted, and which his confidence in her power of discrimination and analysis, frequently tested, gave him confidence in using—"How do you account for it, that in every friendship I have formed with men, I have invariably felt conscious of impediments, and drawbacks, and limits, until I met with Mr. Devlin?"

"He is so frank and free—he has quite a grand way—you thrown down your arms before him, and make your soul bare. You cannot help losing yourself in him."

"No," said the doctor, "not that exactly—he asks no confidence—"

"That is what I mean, you give it voluntarily—because you can't help it. Is that a paradox?"

"No. I understand you. Demands have sometimes been made upon me which I have resisted as at the point of the sword. Demands, too, that would extort the result which that first half hour spent in his society at your father's house impelled, without a voluntary motion on my part. Explain that."

"His cordial manner—his entire want of that peculiar kind of curiosity which leads people to trouble themselves about the private fortunes of their friends. Because he is perhaps the first thorough cosmopolitan you have met. Contrasted with the people about here, he is a Gulliver among Lilliputians, father says."

"There may be something in that—but it is not quite satisfactory. You ascribe to the cosmopolitan, as such, too much influence; for I have before now seen a little of the world you will remember. If I were a native of this region what you suggest would perhaps cover the whole ground. Perhaps you will say that my mind happened to be in a state peculiarly prepared for the influence of such activity and strength as is manifested in him. But pardon me—I have become a great egotist within the last two or three days in my endeavor to solve this problem. I have taken you also into the account in my attempts at solution—" he checked himself abruptly as he said this, apparently with no inconsiderable effort, and then the ques-

tion arose to his lips unbidden—"Why is that you advise Paul Tintoret to leave Briarton?"

"Paul!" repeated Pauline, evidently surprised, and manifestly at a loss to understand the real drift of the question.

"Yes. The question is not a breach but a proof of confidence. For my own part, I conceive that it would be the worst thing for him."

He made a study of the silence which preceded Pauline's speech, as well as of the tone of her voice when she said,

"Why, doctor?"

"I have no proof, except that offered by his own action—the spirit that would guarantee our hopes of his future success would have proclaimed itself before now in act, if it had really descended upon him. He would never have lingered here for patronage until this time if he were possessed of the spirit of victory. He would have pushed forward, and worked his way through obstacles.

"You do not know Paul," said Pauline quietly, but as if she were fully prepared to maintain that point.

The doctor stopped short in his path—it was only to break a branch from an evergreen-tree that grew from a bed of rock.

"Some men live," he said, "who seem to labor from first to last under influences as fearful as those which have the dominion over these strange cedars. Their blood becomes brackish, and their heart the fountain of bitterness—but they are of value in the world—there is something in their barren, provoking, cold-blooded philosophy—they are healthful in their way. Such men are inevitably successful. Paul has grown in the sunshine with a better humanity than that cedar figures, but not with its strength. Am I right?"

"Paul's patience is to me a sufficient proof of strength. I should draw a better conclusion from his quietly remaining here, persevering in his work, and improving himself according to every new advantage, than I should from a different demonstration. Father calls his patience a 'divine gift.' Every day gives us some fresh assurance of his growth."

"But the young fellow has no more idea of the temptations he will meet than—"

"I would trust him to the ends of the earth! he wears a cloak which would preserve him if he were made to walk through the fiery furnace," said Pauline, with spirit.

Then side by side they walked for many steps in silence. When Mitchell again spoke, it was with the air of one who has resolutely passed beyond the range of a temptation, and gained a height whence he can survey it in safety.

"Miss Pauline," he said, "there is not much use, is there, in attempting to fly from a phantom?"

"I should prefer to stand still and fight it," answered Pauline.

"You would not think of flying away? Indeed there would be little use. These impalpable spirits who regulate our fortunes never lose sight of us; they are watchful and careful over their charge. They manage our atmospheric relations, and if they choose to poison the air we breathe, why, then, all we can do is to die according to the allotment, gradually and decently. But it is horrible, Miss Pauline."

Pauline answered—nothing. Not a solitary word escaped her. Nor did she even look her amazement when the doctor, mute as a dumb man heretofore in expressing his individual self in her hearing, thus continued—

"I thought when I met you that I would tell you a story to-day. But I cannot determine what it is that impels me to do it. As soon as I come to some conclusion I shall unburthen myself. But I must investigate," he spoke in a low, musing tone.

"Have you told the story before, doctor?" quietly asked Pauline.

"No," he said, with a quick uplifting of his bright, earnest eyes.

"That, then, is the reason of your misgiving. You are not quite certain whether you want another person to help you keep the secret."

"Secret!" as if he was disposed to deny what the word implied. When he added, "It is a positive indication of strength of character, when one quietly waits for justice to prevail in himself or elsewhere, in its own good time, waiting for occasions, not restlessly striving to create them, is it not? Fact is almighty, is it not, Pauline? It must give evidence of itself, must it not? Are you credulous, Miss Pauline?"

"Not the least bit in the world."

"And you don't believe in phantoms?"

"I don't know about that. I saw a ghost once myself."

"What sort of one?"

"Oh, it was harmless."

"Did you speak to it?"

"Yea."

"What then?"

"It vanished."

"And never appeared again?"

"Never again."

"Was it a dark, terrible shape?"

"No—white, and like a fairy."

"Did it speak to you?"

"No—but it smiled."

"Of course—mine never smiles."

"Is it in the habit of visiting you often? One would think so."

"Continually."

"Haunted, doctor!" The light tone of her voice was at variance with the anxious look of the mild face of Pauline. "Don't you speak to it?"

"Never."

"Why do you not?"

"It would be a waste of breath."

"Speak the next time."

"It is here at this moment."

"Speak to it!" said Pauline. There was a change in the tone of her voice, a controlless, urgent emphasis, that did not escape Walter; and he also observed, that instead of shrinking away from, she drew nearer to him. This movement, instant and involuntary as it was, prompted Walter to a different speech from what actually escaped him, for he would not deceive himself, and of late, in all his intercourse with Pauline, he has searched and sifted his motives, and defended himself continually against himself.

"I know not why it is," he said, "but it has seemed to me, for days past, as if I had come into some new relation with the elements around me, I have felt so stifled and oppressed. The atmosphere has seemed so heavy, like that of tropic regions. Precisely as if Euroclydon, that great storm wind, were abroad, and would be here. I am certain that I am subjected to some influence which a psychologist could account for more readily, perhaps, than the most austere physician. I have felt it before. But now it affects me differently. . . Well, here we are, I must congratulate you on your release from my egotism to-day."

They had reached the lane that led up to the mill, and at this point they separated; Pauline walking slowly up toward the cottage, quite unmindful of the fact that Paul had not come back to join her in her walk, but wondering rather at the enigmatical turn the doctor had given to the conversation, and smiling, too, as she recalled the zeal of the defense she had made when Paul—whose interests she had at heart, and whose advancement she watched and assisted with the jealous tenderness of an elder sister—was called in question. . . . Paul, wandering gloomily through the woods that Sabbath afternoon, perceiving the actual state of his case by intuition, but beholding it as though he saw it not, and by many a false device, upholding his false hope, might have been saved a deal of vexation, had he walked by Pauline's side up the narrow lane after Dr. Mitchell had left her.

Once more in his dingy, dismal office, Walter

Mitchell brought himself sternly to account for the words which had escaped him during the last hour. But all the while he stayed his soul on Pauline Fillan, as he thought. Even while he arrayed himself against her, he looked again and continually to her remembered words and glances, for the strength with which he carried on the conflict, and deceived himself into the belief that he was not now deceiving that self. But what was it that so continually tempted him to bring her into heirship of his old memories? The fact that she trusted him—the assurance of this fact in numberless ways confirmed. It was not the ordinary trust of an every-day friendship. In what then did the difference consist?

He could recall the day and the occasion when his soul, against its own wayward doubts and fears, was constrained to accept the assurance—when the solitude of his gloomy, hidden thoughts was invaded by the convictions of her faith in him. When, in consequence of these convictions, and that invasion, he was restored to himself, and lifted up from the dust of confusion into which ruthless spiritual and mental adversaries had trampled him in his early youth.

What *was* her trust in him, its nature, its result? Its result, so far as he was concerned, was apparent in his daily life, in his mein, in his habits of thought and of action—it strengthened him for hoping, and for striving—it restored to him lost interests—it softened his asperity—it brought him back to charities, to gentler speech, to new hopes, and to more vigorous use of dormant or unconscious faculties.

And the nature of that trust as he regarded it? He had seen its like before, thought Mitchell; though the force of the resemblance could never have been recognized by Pauline. In prisons, where loving women went to soothe the captive whom they loved. In courts of justice, where gentle voices indignantly protested against the accusation brought forward for the condemnation of those they loved. In asylums for the insane. In hospitals for the destitute he had seen its like, manifested by loving, and sorrowing, and hoping souls, which could suffer and endure all things but the harboring of a doubt of the object of their confidence.

And was this the trust, blind, credulous, that Pauline Fillan reposed in him? or had he totally deceived himself? Was it trust at all, and not simply indifference, unconcern, mere want of interest and common curiosity? Walter recollected his advent in the village, the schoolmaster's defense—yes, she had occasion for the exercise of trust. And now, that point established, what would the result be if, suddenly she were cut off from the experience of his daily

life as a source of thought, a living voice, an actual presence? He did not answer himself directly, but by comparison. If her advice Paul Tintoret was that of a loving woman, anxious for the honor and advancement of him she loved? Painfully he recognized the voice of his heart as it responded to this doubt; and impatiently he turned away from the suggestion his heart made, of Mr. Devlin's name. There was after all, nothing compensatory in this friendship, for the threatened loss which he was endeavoring to contemplate with philosophical calmness!

What, then, now that he stood so revealed before himself, what was the course that home pointed out to him as the one he should pursue?

At this point of his meditations Mitchell lighted his lamp, to assist him through his perplexity it would seem, for immediately after he went back into the closet adjoining the office, which he used for a sleeping apartment, and brought, from a small iron safe, an old well-worn portfolio of yellow leather, which was tied together with many fastenings. A good half-hour he spent loosening the manifold ribbons, blue they were and faded; and when this was done, he spread the well-filled repository open before him, and proceeded to an examination of the contents. There was no little significance in the fact that the last time that he opened this portfolio was in a far-off land, and that on that occasion he had but opened it to lay within some sheets of paper containing a few pressed leaves and flowers, and dried sea-weed. The letters which he now took up and opened one by one, the manifold pencilled sketches which he now pushed carelessly aside were untouched then. He had grown strong, or he had grown wise since that day of despairing weakness. This night the past has nothing which he fears to look steadfastly in the face. There might have been a dozen of the letters written all in a delicate, graceful hand, evidently a woman's—a sudden warmth kindled in the rigid face that bent over them, and such light was in the eye scanning the pages, that it had been hard to say whether smiles or tears would follow, but for the firmly locked lips which seemed to bid defiance to every emotion.

One by one he opened the letters. They were crowded to overflowing. The writer's thought had been poured out like water. Here was no repression, no concentration, no careful withholding, no prudential limitation. The boundary of the paper was the only obstruction that the writer had met; utterance, it would seem, was the only unsatisfied desire of his heart.

One by one he read these letters—mailed and

dated Liverpool were they, each and all—letters from old England—pausing to decipher every carelessly written word—from the first line to the last perusing them. This act of reading stood closely associated with his preceding thought and self-investigation in regard to Pauline Fillan.

By the tearful smile with which he tied them together again—by the manifest nature of that emotion which bowed his head upon them with an overwhelming tenderness and reverence—by the determination expressed in his features, and his step, when he restored them to their place of safety—by these tokens he had magnified the power and the evil of the phantom which, he said, continually disturbed him.

CHAPTER XII.

Jep had duly returned to his work in the mines, together with the other disaffected laborers who, in consequence of their difficulties with the arbitrary overseer, had quitted the employment until Mr. Devlin, by his return and tact, had called them together again. The majority of the miners lived in the neighborhood of the coal region, but it was Jep's custom, when the weather was not too stormy, to return to his father's hut at night. This habit he resumed, and on the Monday morning after Bernice's visit in the village, he left home before the house was astir, for he had six miles to walk.

Notwithstanding the mother's fondness for him, and the way the father had of overlooking his enormities, Jep's departures from home were always felt to be a relief, while his return was never hailed with any extraordinary demonstrations of joy. He had become so unmanagable in his approach to man's estate, that all parental authority exercised in the hut was merely nominal.

Since his childhood he had cherished his matrimonial plan in regard to Bernice Atherton, whom he called his little wife from the first, whenever he was in his most gracious and most human mood.

The manner in which Paul had come between them excited his jealousy, making him furious in the excitement. He had been quick to perceive the difference there was in her manner of treating Paul and himself; quick, likewise, in drawing the comparison between the personal advantages of Paul, and his own deficiencies; quick to see that Paul had taken an interest in the girl; quick to imagine the results most likely to follow this new acquaintance.

He thought of these things as he walked off rapidly in the direction of the mine, and of the project he had formed in the last night's restlessness. After a long absence, and journeyings, no

one knew whither, the old woman, Sue Carrol, the "oldest inhabitant" of the mountain land, had returned again, and taken up her abode in a deserted shanty, little better than a ruin, in which she had lived years beyond telling. During her long absence it had fallen into decay, and nothing preserved it from the hands of destructives but a superstitious fear prevailing among the work people, that ill fortune would befall the hand that was lifted against it.

She was a human fright—a walking skeleton, large-boned, and of Amazonian stature, but wasted away by time, and a disease which first laid its hand upon her half a century ago. There was a savage wildness in her large blue eyes, and the short white hair of her always uncovered head, in her gestures, and harsh impatient voice; in her habits and tastes, that marked her out, and separated her from her kind, as completely as if she had lived within an enchanted circle, and performed her three journeys, for three times had she mysteriously disappeared from the mountain land, and gone none knew whither, returning when all had ceased to think of her as among the living, on the witches magic broom.

She had now only returned on the preceding Saturday. Jep Tassie had heard of her return through one of the workmen whom he had met at the Briarton tavern, and it was to see her, to consult with her, that he was hurrying along toward the mine at a rate so unusual. In old time she had been famous for her fortune-telling, and often had Jep Tassie, seated on her knee—for her external horror seemed to find sympathy with his—listened as she read the palm of credulous men and maidens. Many a time had she prophesied his own future—but that was in the days of boyhood, when Jep needed not, as now, any assurances as to what he would do and be when he came to man's estate. Had he not already determined about that?

But now he was more in earnest—he was more anxious—and the rapid pace at which he went hardly equalled the rush of passionate thoughts which followed one another through his brain. So swiftly had he performed the little journey that when he reached the head-quarters of the miners, none of them, apparently, were yet astir. He was glad of this, and hurried along still faster, until he came to the isolated shed known as "Sue Carrol's house."

Halting before the door which, though broken from its hinges, still did duty as a barrier between the inmate and the world outside, as secure as an impregnable wall of stone, Jep said in a low voice, rapping against the door,

"Old woman, are you in?"

"Jep Tassie, if it's you, come in with you,"

was the immediate response. Jep's coming was most opportune—it had manifestly much to do with the disappearance of very evident perplexity and indecision from the face of Sue.

The instant Jep had obeyed the invitation, which he did with some delay on account of the dilapidated condition of the doorway, Sue, who was sitting on her bed-side, or in other words squatted on the floor, clad in her whimsical garments of daylight, exclaimed,

"Lord a marsy how you've growed! come here till you tell me about Paul Tintoret;" and then as if aware of ill-timed haste in the proposal of that inquiry, with redoubled interest she added, "sit ye down—how you have growed!"

"We give you up for certain this time—your been gone a monstrous while," replied Jep, seating himself beside the old woman and returning her scrutinizing look with interest.

"Yes, I've wandered far, up and down, a long way—but I'm back agin."

"And you haven't forgot your old tricks, Sue? You was first rate of a hand," said Jep, looking in her withered face, and holding out his hand as he did so.

"Aint you got your fortin yet, Jep? What's become of the gal—the little one?"

"She's there—down home: blast my eyes, what's that?"

"That's luck," said the old woman shrilly, laughing aloud, as Jep leaped up and stood gazing at the prostrate door, which had fallen from its perpendicular before a sudden gust of wind, as if he expected the entrance of an apparition. "Sit ye down, and you shall have yer fortin. But tell me about Paul; ye hear do n't ye? Tell me about him first. Is he well, and working, my lad?"

She folded her arms, and averted her eyes from Jep's outstretched hand.

"He's in Briarton—doing the same that he always did," said Jep, impatient and half angry, at the same time extending a bit of money to the old woman; but she had noticed his impatience, and was not to be bought into compliance one instant sooner than suited her own pleasure.

"You'll get your fortin," she said, putting forth her arm, and significantly, with a gesture, declining the money, "when ye give me a promise?"

"What is it?"

"I want to see Paul Tintoret; do you hear that ar?"

"Yes, I hear it," said Jep, yielding to her humor, because he saw the impossibility of controlling it. "I hear that, what else, Sue?"

"I want you to tell him to come up. I want to talk with him."

"To tell his fortune?" said Jep.

"No matter what for. Tell him, that's all will ye?"

"When I go down to the village."

"When'll ye go then?"

"Any time—to-morrow may be."

"He's doin' wonderful, they say. So might his father, if he'd found the wit. 'T was all his mother—she was a born genii. Guess ye wouldn't a catched her. Devlin's here, the say"—she turned sharply toward Jep, as she said this, her eyes looking wilder and larger than ever as they peered into the boy's face, seeking to read there something of which she found no trace. "Just tell Paul to come up, that's all ax of you, Jep," she continued more mildly. "What do you say to that?"

"I'll get him the word."

"Will you take it yourself?" she demanded. Jep hesitated.

"If you wont, say so, and take yerself off. Taint much for an old body like me to ask of a young man strong as you. You could run like a deer once—have ye forgot?"

"I'll let him know. I'll go down myself and tell him; there—does that content you?" asked Jep.

"Yes," said the old woman slowly, "but I forget—"

"Did I ever forget when I was to go to the village for you?" demanded Jep.

"Give me your hand," she said, with a smile that shone over her hard features like sunlight upon dreary wastes of rock. When he opened the palm she drew it near to her aged eyes and scanned it with a serious attention. Dropping it again, she said—

"Grand good luck, Jep!—but I'll have to think on't. Come in to-morrow, may be I'll know by that time what 'tis." She bent her head thoughtfully upon her hand when she had said this, and appeared to forget the boy's presence.

Something like human pity seemed aroused in him as he sat looking at the forlorn old creature and her wretched surroundings, so lonely, so ill clad, so destitute of every comfort of life.

"Sue," he said, touching her arm and bending forward that he might look into her face. "you aint a going to stay here alone, be you?"

"It's my home!" she said, looking up quickly at him, and angrily, as if she would not have her right disputed.

"It aint fit for you. Come with me to Jim Butler's and get something to eat. I came on in a hurry, and left my breakfast behind me."

"Go on!" she said, with quite a tragic emphasis—waving her hand, setting the seal to her

words thus—and he heard her mutter, “Jim Butler’s!” as if she felt the invitation to be an insult.

Jep heard the workmen now passing by the hut on their way to the mine, and rising to join them, he said—

“Good luck, then!—that’s fine as far as it goes. You shall have Paul Tintoret as soon as you want, Sue.”

“That would be this minit! Tell him I’ve got things to tell him that’ll make his hair stand on end. He wont believe it, but it will make him hurry,” she said, smiling at her own cunning. “Yes, you’ll have a fortin yerself, no mistake—get along with you then. I was allers a friend to ye, Jep. Ye know that, ye young jackanapes—come here till I look at ye agin. The little one’s with you, for sure—she’ll be for stayin’ allers where you be!”

He had spoken pityingly to her, and the old woman appeared now to be returning the same sentiment, with interest. But it was a pity that seemed on the verge of derision.

She had prophesied smooth things for him, and Jep was satisfied with the vague announcement, and went away well content with the prospect of serving her according to the promise she had extorted.

CHAPTER XIII.

During the week succeeding her Sunday visit to Briarton, Bernice lived on the happy remembrances connected with it. Jasper, well-assured in his own mind since the old woman’s prophecy, had not failed to make such use as he could of the fact of her visiting with strangers, and the iniquitous vanity the poor child had betrayed in arraying herself in the splendor of Mrs. Burgess’ red shawl. But she kept such significant silence during the progress of these accusations that Jep began to be troubled greatly in his own mind; he could not understand why and how she managed to keep him at such a distance; all that he could understand about it, try as he might, was the fact that a wall seemed to have erected itself between them—he could do nothing with her—she would neither quarrel nor wrestle with him, in wrath or self-defense. For several days this was the state of things in the Tassie hut; Bernice calmly striving to do all things in a better way than she had ever attempted, or heard of, before that visit, and Jep, continually frustrated in every design, intended to entrap her into a discussion or contention with him. It was astonishing what peace there was in the house.

But one day Jep succeeded in obtaining a partial victory over Bernice, and Mr. Tassie found her at the kiln in tears. It was not diffi-

cult for him to arrive at a conclusion as to the cause of her sorrow, and to comfort her he said:

“Get your bonnet and come along, I’m going to the village.” Her bonnet was lying on the ground beside her—Bernice needed no second invitation, but instantly, smoothing her hair, placed it upon her head and followed Oliver. Surely the angel had a hand in this; for it was not often that she brought her bonnet with her to the kiln! To be sure Jep had burned up the old cap which he tore from her head, because he had overheard Paul saying he liked the cap, with her head in it, it was so picturesque—but then it was certainly the angel who suggested the happy idea of bringing the bonnet with her, instead of the old shawl she had worn, in a turban fashion, since the destruction of the cap.

Tassie and Bernice went down to Briarton in silence together, occupied with their own meditations, the child following after Oliver. When they had reached the village street, he turned and said to her:

“Take care of yourself—do n’t get into mischief. Be here by this tree when it’s three o’clock, and I’ll come along. Mind now.”

“Yes, I’ll mind.” said Bernice.

“You can tell by the sun; when it gets about there,” said Tassie, pointing toward the eastern sky, and to a point which her eyes did not see quite as clearly as his, though she nodded her head, in the old yes, yes, style. “Don’t keep me a waiting now, be sure of that.”

“I wont,” said Bernice, and after a few minutes walk up the street, they fell into separate paths.

Bernice had made up her mind on the way down the mountain as to what she would do with herself if Mr. Tassie left her to her own ways, and accordingly, when he went into a blacksmith shop, and disappeared, before she was aware, from her sight, she went off rapidly toward Fillan’s house. But as she entered the lane she saw a figure going up just before her, which sight occasioned a change in her project, an instantaneous change, yet she deliberated upon it several minutes, during which she continued on her way in the path, before she cried out—

“Tim! Tim Burgess!”

Tim heard the voice, looked around, stood for a moment as if in doubt as to who had called, and if he should answer, and then went quickly back.

“You! how came you here?” was his surprised salutation.

“I came down with uncle. Tim, is Mr. Fillan in the church?”

“No; he’s got his school up to yonder, in his house there.”

"Is any one there? In the church?"

"No; what of it?"

"I want you to come with me."

"What for, then?"

"Come, and I'll tell you."

"What are you going to do?" he asked again.

"Come, and I'll tell you," repeated Bernice.

She both looked and spoke in such an urgent way, that Tim's curiosity induced him to comply.

"But where are you going to?" he asked, after following her in silence some distance.

"To the church, to be sure."

"To-day aint Sunday! What's she thinking of?"

"Never you mind," said Bernice, "but come on," and on they went until they came to the church, Bernice still leading the way. "Come in," she directed, opening the church-door; "shut it after you. Now I'll tell you. I want you to blow the organ for me—do just what you do for Mr. Fillan—exactly the same—I'm going to try it."

"Did he say you might?"

"Never mind. Do what you do for him, and see if you can tell the tune." She went up the gallery-stairs while she spoke, and Tim followed her, his curiosity by no means abated—he unlocked the organ-doors for her, piled some music books upon the organ-bench, pulled out some of the stops, and then went to work at the bellows, fairly engaged in the sport, for it only looked like sport to him. Timidly at first, and lightly, so that scarcely a sound was heard, Bernice touched the notes one after another, but as her interest became engaged, her courage increased, and the belief which possessed her and haunted her from the Sunday when she heard Tim and Mr. Fillan playing, began to make itself good. She *could*, after some fashion, not a very coherent one, it must be allowed, play the strain which she attempted—the strain Paul whistled when he went down the mountain, the first day they met, which had occurred repeatedly in one of the chants that Mr. Fillan played.

Tim Burgess himself could distinguish it. Yes, he said so, after considerable hesitation in which his imagination did its best, until he finally concurred fully in it—he did know the tune—he had heard it before, and he opened his eyes, and looked at Bernice in amazement.

"Now, Tim, listen," said Bernice, wonderfully encouraged. "Listen, and tell me—I'll play something else."

And so she played again—but though poor Tim listened with all his might, he could make nothing out of it—when she asked him, he told her so outright. In vain she struggled and strove

with the notes, Tim only laughed and persisted he had never heard any thing like it before—there was no use of her hammering away at that rate, she would only put the machine out of tune. And leaving the bellows he went round to the front of the organ.

"I've got to go back to the mill, or they'll be raising the Old Harry about my being away. Come—you must!" said he.

"But will you try again some time?" said Bernice, rising with reluctance, "I can play, I know I can."

"You can!" said Tim, incredulously, "whose a going to teach you, I'd like to know?"

"Why you, Tim, of course. I shall ask your mother."

"A good deal I could tell about it! I have my part to do, and I know how to do it, but Mr. Paul's part is different—you'd better ask him—he can play better than I!"

"Mr. Paul?" said Bernice. "I thought 't was Mr. Fillan."

"Old Fillan does it sometimes—but Paul does it always. It was Mr. Fillan that showed Paul Tintoret."

"Oh," said Bernice, and while Tim was locking the organ, and replacing the music-books, and closing the gallery-door, she walked down the stairs and so on into the street, without waiting for him, or thinking again of him. So Paul played the organ, and not Mr. Fillan!—that was what she would ask him about, for one thing of the many that she intended to ask him. But before she had gone half the way to Paul's shop, Bernice's attention was all at once arrested, and entirely withdrawn from the subject.

At some distance from the church, but lying between it and that extremity of the village where the marble factory stood, not upon the main street, but alone by itself, upon the border of a lane which seemed to have been opened solely on its account, stood a factory where woollen cloths were made. It was a new building, and had not been in operation much more than a month; a large building of wood, freshly painted a bright brown color, emerging from the roof of which was a bell, that was sheltered from rain and storm by a wooden canopy. The bell was being rung as Bernice went up the street. She paused to hear it; and while she stood listening, a little, pale-faced girl went past her, and turned down the narrow lane; she was barefoot, and carried in her hand a little soiled basket, covered with a bit of coarse wrapping-paper, which, as she turned the corner, was whiffed away by a sudden gust of wind.

Glad of the opportunity of learning something more about the great building and the bell, why

it should ring so long, and loud, and fast, Bernice picked up the paper, and ran after the girl, and coming up beside her, she saw, unavoidably—I do not wish it to be inferred, however, that if she could, she would have averted her eyes, and remained in ignorance of the contents of the basket—saw that bits of meat and bread were laid there together, and an apple, beside. She was taking somebody's dinner somewhere, was the conclusion Bernice arrived at.

"What is that house?" she asked as she gave the paper to the little girl.

The child took the wrapping whose loss she had not missed, and laid it over the basket again, looking as she did so, as if in great astonishment that there was a living being who actually was in ignorance about "that house."

"It's the factory, that is," said she, "and I'm going there to work."

"What for?" asked Bernice. "What can you do there, Kitty?"

"My name aint Kitty, it's Mate, Mary, I mean. I join the threads."

"Is it your father that owns it?"

"No, my father do n't own nothing."

"I don't see how it happened then," said Bernice.

"They pay me, and I work. I get three shillings a week."

"Do other girls work there? big girls, I mean, like me?" asked Bernice quickly, her face becoming all at once very red, as if it meant to countenance the eagerness with which she spoke.

"Yes, sacks and bags; they work longer than I do, and get more. I shall get more just as quick as I'm tall enough to attend to a wheel all by myself. I only help the rest now, but I get three shillings a-week. The rest don't get more'n two and six—the rest of the small girls, I mean—but it come of my ma's being sick, and my pa, too. And Mr. Flipper's knowing 'em so well made it different."

"Is it hard work?" asked Bernice, thoughtfully, looking now into the child's face, and endeavoring to discern there the answer to her question.

"Not so very, there's harder. We have fun by ourselves, too, sometimes—not always. Em and I do. But the big girls have the best of it. I wish I was big. Only the smell of the grease, that's the worst of it; and the noise! I couldn't hear myself think when I first went there, and I had a headache all the while. Come and look in. It don't give me the headache now, you know, I've got used to it. We bring our dinners, and that's to save time; at noon we go out doors if it's pleasant. Em and I do if it isn't, sometimes; but the big girls stay in and talk. I must go on,

the bell is going to stop—come and look in—it will look queer to you!"

The child began to run, and Bernice ran with her to look in, to see the machinery, to see the girls, to smell the grease, to hear the noise, to see how queer it could look to her, and all because she had taken an idea into her head.

And, having looked, she took the idea with her away into the village street, and on toward the marble factory, there to lay it before Paul Tintoret.

For, according to the best of her belief, a wiser man than he—Paul Tintoret—never did or could live; she could do no better thing than trust her fortunes wholly to his judgment.

CHAPTER XIV.

When she came up to the factory, Bernice did not go immediately in, but raising herself on tiptoe, looked through the window. Paul was there, and the fear, born of the look, that he would perceive her overseeing his shop in such a way, made her to shrink back, and lean against the wall, in a crushed, humiliated sort of manner.

She heard the stroke of his hammer, the click of the chisel; and at length overcoming her scruples, she thought to look again, but as she raised herself from the wall for that perilous feat, she observed that one of the clapboards against which she had leaned was broken, that there was no danger that he would see her if she bent down and looked through that aperture.

There stood Paul alone, working, as he always did, with all his might. Before him on the high bench was a large slab of marble, and he was pleased with the work about which he was engaged. Bernice could tell that by the face he wore. Often he let fall the little stone mallet from his right hand, and swept the golden hair from off his forehead, and stood back from the workbench and looked at the broad piece of glittering white marble, and his eyes, when he did this, seemed to Bernice larger and brighter than ever they had before.

The work he had begun pleased him, and yet he was in doubt and perplexity about it. Whenever he dropped the mallet he seemed to fall into a musing mood, and he walked about and surveyed his work from different points, as if to settle his mind and come to some clear opinion about it. Finally, after repeated reconsiderations, he took up the hammer, and with a firmer grasp than at either previous time, he began to see his way through the difficulty that had presented itself.

Presently, as Bernice watched him, she saw him suddenly look up, in a quick, startled manner, as though he saw, thought, or heard something. She believed that he had heard her, and for a

second disputed within herself whether she should run away, or go forward and meet him. The thought of herself, however, instantly flitted away. It was impossible that he should have seen or heard her, for she was altogether out of sight, and was so quiet that she could not hear herself breathe. Therefore, reassured, she drew near to the wall again, and again looked in through the aperture of the broken board. There he stood, apparently he had not moved since her last glance; but he was looking up, and he seemed to be speaking. It would have been difficult for Bernice to persuade herself that he was not speaking—he had the intelligent, animated expression peculiar to his face when conversing with a friend.

"He is talking with the angel," said Bernice to herself, and his countenance did not belie the fancy—he looked equal to the maintenance of celestial intercourse.

So, thinking thus, with a redoubled interest, that got the better of her caution, Bernice stood up, that she might more distinctly look at him. Immediately after this change of position, Paul resumed his work, this time with pencil and rule; but as he did so, his eyes glanced toward the window. Bernice did not observe the quick flash, and was, therefore, quite unprepared for his striding across the floor, and for the look of welcome that fell upon her, which said, "I knew that you would come," nor for the actual words that fell from his lips.

"Oh, Bernice! is it you? I thought it was a shadow that crossed my window. I am glad to see you; be so good as to come in."

Thus bidden, after a moment of hesitation and confusion, Bernice went in.

"I'm glad you happened to come to-day; did you come alone?" asked he in his frank, sincere way.

"Mr. Tassie came too. I'm to go back with him at three. This is the marble factory?"

"This is the marble factory," repeated Paul. "Here is a bit of work I finished a few days ago—what do you think of it?" He pointed to a grave-stone upon which two or three devices were cut with considerable taste and skill.

"I like it," said Bernice. "What is it for?"

"A monument for a little girl's grave. She died last summer. I have got a new order though, better than all I ever had before. This great slab you see—it is Italian marble—it came from a quarry in Italy, which is away off, on the other side of the globe. When I finish it, it will have to be polished, and then it will shine like a dollar."

"Who for?" asked Bernice.

Paul laid down his pencil, and looked at the questioner.

"For some one," he said, speaking in a low tone, "for whom I had rather do it than for anybody else in the world. Can you guess who?"

"Christine," said Bernice.

"Yes," responded Paul, "it's for her. Don't you suppose now, that I will be likely to take pains with it?"

Bernice nodded her head. "Paul," she said, "what is it that I'm going to do, do you suppose?"

"Going to have a new dress?" asked Paul, gravely.

"Have!" repeated Bernice, pausing at the word, and reflecting upon it, as she looked down at the old dress she wore. Mr. Paul Tintoret really noticed such things, then! How could he help it, with such a perfect model of neatness as Pauline always before his eyes?

But it was Paul's advice that she really wanted, and so she persisted in speaking in spite of her consternation. "Have! I'm not going to have any thing—do, I said—I'm going to do something."

"To get a pair of wings and fly off, may be—no? that's not it? You are then about to—to—let me see—" with his arms crossed upon his breast, Paul leaned against the work-bench, and silently surveyed her. "Don't shake your head in that way," he began again, "I cannot think what it is you're going to do, you make me so dizzy. It is like the sun this morning, your head. There are no less than a hundred suns in my eyes at this very minute. If you come here often I shall be compelled to cut away those locks."

"For shame!" said Bernice, but she laughed in spite of herself, and evidently enjoyed Paul's humor.

"I haven't a chair to offer you—you look tired—ah, I have it! please sit here, Miss Bernice," and, with a wave of his arm, Paul caught her, and seated her upon a high shelf.

"For shame!" exclaimed Bernice again, but this time she did not laugh. "What do you mean by perching a girl of my age up in such an outlandish place? Get a ladder and let me come down. If you don't I'll jump."

"If you jump you'll sprain your ankle, and then I shall have to carry you all the way home. Where's Jep to-day? Get a ladder, did you say? If I had one at my elbow, and tried to place it, I couldn't. You dazzle me to-day. What makes you so bright?"

"Have you been drinking?" asked Bernice half angrily.

"Drinking! no—but I want to talk with you, and do you suppose that I'd keep you here standing? That would be very uncivil."

"Let me down then, or I'll not say a word. I wish Jep would come."

"You must mean it," said Paul, looking up at her with a comical glance. "You must mean it if you want him to come. What is it you are going to do, Bernice?"

No answer did he get.

"Tell me," he persisted, "what is it that you are going to do?"

"Never, till you let me down."

"Well, here, take my hand."

"No, get a ladder."

"There is n't such a thing within a mile. Would you have me go that distance, and lose so much time?"

"Yes, or I'll stay here and starve with the rats."

"Very well—I have no time to talk about it now. Please yourself."

For some time there was a dead silence in the room. Paul went on with his work, and Bernice looked about her, her vexation, which had not at any moment been very profound, becoming less and less, and finally disappearing like a mist before the light of Paul's presence. And by degrees the work in which he was engaged again attracted and absorbed her attention. She bent forward—she could see his work much better there than when standing below upon the floor. She read the letters already chiseled—how plain they stood out on the marble! they changed the whole current of her thoughts, and she leaped lightly from the shelf, so lightly that Paul, whose face was turned away, did not hear her.

"Is it *our* Christine?" she said, going up to the stand where Paul stood. She knew that it was, and Paul knew that she knew it; and, besides, he understood that she was in this very way seeking to lead the conversation back to the first channel.

"The angel? yes," said he.

"Where is her grave?"

"Away up where she lived. You must go up there with me some day. You'll see her up there plainer than you ever saw her any where else. I should have walked up to tell you so, if you hadn't come down. I keep the garden. You must go with me some day. The garden looks now just as it did when she left it, only the things have grown—the rose-bushes and others, of of course—but the beds and the walks are just the same—we planned them together, some of them. It will be pleasant for you to walk about where she used to walk, in the very places she loved best, wont it? Besides you shall really see her. The garden would have run wild if I hadn't seen to it while Mr. Devlin was away. But what am I telling you this for?" he asked abruptly.

"Because," said Bernice instantly. "I knew that she was an angel as well as you."

"Oh, yes, that was it, true enough," said Paul, with serious earnestness, and he went on. "So I wrote out an inscription for this monument—the marble has been here eight months. Mr. Devlin wrote one, too, but he liked mine the best. Shall I read it to you?"

"Yes—do," said Bernice, never taking her eyes from Paul.

"'Christine went Home on Sunday, the 20th of June, 1840.' I wanted to add, 'To die is gain,' but he said no—he wont have it. I wanted to cut a dove, with an olive-branch at the top, but he wont have that either; so I must put along here, you see, two inverted torches, because he says that the light went out with her. But what business have I to be telling this to you?" he asked, in a greater surprise at his proceedings than before.

"You know I want to hear," said Bernice, with profound simplicity.

"Any old gossip might say the same thing," said Paul.

"But Christine would have liked you, I know, for Pauline does, and, as you say, you know Christine is an angel as well as I, so that's enough."

"Is Mr. Devlin staying up there?"

"Yes, he lives there part of the time—he was gone away a long time after she went home—he's come back now to live, I guess; but that's none of our business."

"May I go up there with you when you take the stone?" asked Bernice, and then as if shocked at her own boldness, she added, "may be you wont go up with it."

"Yes I shall," replied Paul, "and I'll manage it so that Pauline and you shall go with me," when he had said this he repented him of the promise; the name of Pauline had for a week past been so associated with painful thoughts and fears, which were not the less grievous because he suspected his own integrity for entertaining them.

"Now—what is it you are going to do?" he said, suddenly recollecting his forgotten visitor, "you have kept me all this time in suspense."

"I think I wont tell you to-day, Mr. Paul. Another time."

"Do you always serve folks so when they are anxious?"

"Are you anxious?"

"What should ~~you~~ think from my face?" said Paul, looking very serious.

"That you'd like to get rid of me. But I'm not going yet. I came down with Mr. Tassie, and it is n't three yet, at three I must go. This

is not a very pleasant place, is it, Mr. Paul? tell me something more about Christine, will you?"

Paul stopped working and looked thoughtfully upon the marble before him. He had no objections to going over the ground a thousand times in his meditations.

"She was an angel because she lived like one. She was a beautiful woman, a child like you, but a woman at the same time. I don't know why she died, if it was n't because everybody wanted her to live so much."

"How did she look, Mr. Paul?"

"Just precisely as I told you the other day. Do you want to hear all that over again? No, you don't, I know. Tell me now, what is it that you are going to do?"

"You know," began Bernice, with some hesitation, "how it is up there, about Jep and me, and all of us; when I was coming—there's Mr. Tassie! I'll tell you sometime—good-bye!" and bringing her confession to this sudden end, she ran from the shop, having neither given Paul her confidence, nor obtained his counsel, two things which, of all others, she had desired to do.

Paul followed her to the door from which she

had made such sudden exit, but the child, turning back at him, shook her head, intimating desire that he should stay where he was, and nothing; and so, when she was out of sight but not before, he went back to his work-bench and all that day you would have thought the angel was indeed with Paul, he worked away briskly and successfully, and with so light heart.

As for Bernice, as she trudged up the mountain slowly after Mr. Tassie, carrying the basket and mop-handle of which she relieved the man Oliver, though apparently much against will, as she walked along and thought upon that day, it stood only two removes from a place in her meditations; she had not asked about the organ, nor given him her confidence, nor obtained his advice in regard to the woollen factory business! These points, then, must be reserved as topics for their next meeting—if they should ever meet again—then she would tell him of the melodious strain that haunted her day and day, and tell him also all that she believed the wild fancy and conjecture, that she some day sing such songs as the angel sang at the old home before her mother died.

[To be continued]

GOOD NIGHT.

BY M. S. WATTS.

SEE the sun is gently setting,
Watch the last, faint, glimmering streak,
As he sinks in all his glory,
Far behind yon mountain peak;
Fainter still, his rays grow fainter,
As recedes the parting day;
See him smiling as he lingers,
And while smiling seems to say—
Good night! Good night!

Look out on the fading landscape,
The green meadows and the leas,
The huge mountains and the valleys,
And the tall, majestic trees,
As the night is o'er them closing,
With her silent mantle gray;
Watch them as the darkness hovers—
One and all they seem to say—
Good night! Good night!

Repose the feathered tribe are seeking,
As the day breathes forth farewell;
To their mossy nests they're winging,
Far down in the shady dell;
From the fussy brake and covert
All the day their sweet songs ring.
Now, as they are homeward flying,
Listen, as they sweetly sing—
Good night! Good night!

Gaze now o'er the distant ocean,
Where the salt waves love to roar;
Loud the storm-fiend's wild cry echoed
But a few short hours before.
Watch it now—the waves sigh gently,
And, as fades the parting day,
Listen, for they seem to murmur
(And in echoes die away)—
Good night! Good night!

When you seek your silent chamber,
In the still, calm hour of night,
And there peep forth from the lattice,
To enjoy the lovely sight,
On your cheeks the moon seems gazing,
As she climbs the ether way,
And the stars with merry twinkle,
Smiling on you, seem to say—
Good night! Good night!

And while on your couch you're slumbering,
And sweet sleep your eyelids bend,
Hov'ring o'er you guardian angels
Their unwearied watch attend.
Sleep on calmly, gentle slumberer,
Let this thought dispel thy fear:
All night long the angels whisper
In your inattentive ear—
Good night! Good night!

CHARLES DE BOURBON.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING.

CHAPTER I.

It was a golden September day, in the early part of the reign of Francis the First, a monarch than whom France never boasted one more gallant and chivalrous, and the old forest of Fontainebleau rang, as it often did, with the music of a royal hunt. All its echoes gave back their prolonged and mellow answers to the loud baying of the hounds, the shrill blasts of the horns, and the shouts of the huntsmen, who now wound the death-note which proclaimed the overthrow of the stateliest stag that ever ranged the greenwood. Through a vista that opened deep into a sunny glade of the forest, might be seen the king and his princely train of lords and ladies gay, clustered around the dead quarry, admiring his mottled sides, yet warm with life, and the magnificent antlers that proclaimed him the monarch of the woodland territory.

The queen was not of the party, her quiet and devotional habits rarely inclining her to join in scenes of like gayety and excitement, but her sister, the lovely Princess Renée, graced the royal *cortège* with her presence, as did also the mother of the king, the proud Duchess of Angoulême, attended by many fair and noble ladies of the court.

"A forest veteran this, your majesty," said the Count de Fresnay, as standing beside the king he gazed upon the stag; "and the same, methinks, that led us such a chase on Michaelmas, till the hounds lost scent of him at the Falconer's Gap, and for that time we were balked of our game."

"Ay, for *that* time," returned the king moodily; "but we have our revenge now, and an ample one, count; for though the very leader of the herd, he has found to his cost that he could not long brave us with impunity."

As the king uttered these words, he darted an angry glance at the Duke de Bourbon, who stood within earshot, at the bridle-rein of the Princess Renée, in animated conversation with her highness. The taunt did not escape him, and the fierce light that for a moment kindled in his eye, and the impatient gnawing of his nether lip till the red blood started to its surface, told how deeply the royal shaft had pierced him. The

whole day's sport, indeed, had been marred throughout by similar sallies on the part of the king, elicited by strong suspicions touching the faith and loyalty of Bourbon, which recently had taken root in his mind—suspicions which circumstances had but too fully confirmed, and this, too, at a time when his position rendered all the wisdom, valor and loyalty which he could summon to his aid of incalculable worth and importance to him.

Never before, since his reign commenced, had the youthful monarch found himself in a state of affairs so critical—for, jealous of his glory and renown, of his splendid conquests and rapidly increasing power, all Europe had banded in a general confederacy against him; but undaunted by their menaces, and perfectly confident in his own resources, he was preparing boldly to defy them, when the startling fact was revealed to him, that in the person of his high-constable and sword-bearer he must recognize a domestic foe, whose enmity was more dangerous, and more to be dreaded, than the united machinations of Emperor and Pope.

It is true the king bore no love to his noble kinsman, nor ever had, for, endowed with a commanding genius, and cherishing an ambition boundless and aspiring as that which animated his sovereign—possessed, likewise, of a nobler and severer virtue, and withal the object of popular love and admiration, not only to the nobles but to the people, the duke could hardly fail to maintain a supremacy which the absolute Francis regarded with a jealousy and distrust easily detected by the keen penetration of its object. Thus a secret coldness grew up between the monarch and his powerful subject, and this was aggravated by the malice of his intriguing mother, the Duchess d'Angoulême, to whom, not less than to himself, might be imputed the blame of Bourbon's defection.

On the duke's first appearance at court as the Count de Montpensier, the graces of his person, and the rich treasures of his mind, had inspired the mother of the king, still a youthful woman, though many years his senior, with a violent passion, which she used no effort to disguise, and whose ardor seemed not in the least to abate by

the indifference with which it was met. On the contrary, she trusted to subdue it by exerting all her influence with the king in favor of her protégé, who, being both poor and ambitious, scrupled not to avail himself of her aid in the advancement of his fortunes.

The duchess, deceived by his warm expressions of gratitude, and by his courteous bearing, flattered herself that she had at last succeeded in establishing her empire in his heart, and, elated by her fancied success, she redoubled her efforts to promote the fulfillment of his every wish, and by her importunities prevailed upon Francis, sorely against his secret inclination, to confer upon the object of her affection the dignity of High-Constable of France, at the same time to intrust to his keeping, and this at the early age of twenty-six, the sword of the empire, which hitherto he had held in his own royal grasp. Installed in his new and exalted office, the duke assumed his family name of Bourbon, and, with it, laid claim to the hereditary possessions of his house, which had devolved upon a youthful kinswoman, Suzanne de Bourbon Beaujeau, who as yet had scarcely passed the period of childhood.

But the sagacious mother of the young heiress, apprehensive from her knowledge of the duke's persevering and decisive character that he might succeed in substantiating his claim, proposed a marriage between the parties, which would not only put an end to all the difficulties, but, as she secretly hoped, inflict a terrible blow upon the Duchess d'Angoulême, a rival whom she hated. Bourbon, annoyed and disgusted by the undisguised passion of the duchess, readily acceded to a proposal which was to secure to him the possession of a splendid fortune, and his acceptance of which would, as he trusted, be the means of changing to hatred the love with which he was now persecuted.

Nor was he mistaken—though to his cost he found that no hatred is so deep and bitter as that which springs up in the heart of a slighted and neglected woman. Rage, mortification, wounded pride and disappointed affection all combined to enhance the malignity with which the duchess set every engine of enmity in active operation against the ungrateful object of her favor, whose ruin she now as ardently desired to achieve, as she had before been solicitous to promote his aggrandizement. With the art which she so well knew how to exert she sought to inflame the king's jealousy against his newly appointed officer, by exaggerating the power and popularity he enjoyed, and so well succeeded in her base design, that many petty insults and slights were aimed at the duke in a spirit

really unworthy the amiable and generous Francis.

Bourbon scorned to complain, for he knew too well the instigator of these injuries to be so deeply moved by them as he would have been had they originated with the king. But he was ere long doomed to receive from the hands of his sovereign a deeper wrong, which stung him to the soul—when at the famous passage of the Scheldt, without a shadow of justice, the command of the van-guard was taken from him and given to the imbecile D'Alençon. At an indignity so public and so gross, his proud blood rebelled, and for the first time the thought crossed his mind that he might serve a better master, or one at least who would appreciate as they deserved his loyal and efficient services. And with every fresh cause of offense this suggestion gained strength, and assumed a more definite form, till finally a long course of injuries ripened it into a fixed and settled purpose.

But on the death of the young Duchess Suzanne, which occurred in less than two years after her marriage with Bourbon, the hopes of the Duchess d'Angoulême again revived. Notwithstanding the enmity with which she had pursued the duke she still madly loved him, and now even humbled herself so deeply as to offer him her hand, promising, should he accept it, to make ample reparation for all the injuries she had done him, and by her influence to restore him to the entire favor and confidence of the king. But he spurned her overtures with a scorn and contempt bitter as the remembrance of the wrongs she had heaped upon him, till stung to frenzy by his disdainful refusal, and burning with shame at her own voluntary degradation, she renewed with deeper vengeance her vow of eternal hatred, resolving to give herself no rest till she had finally accomplished his ruin.

In accordance with her threat, and hoping thus to reduce him to poverty, she laid claim to the estates he inherited in right of his wife, under the plea that as Suzanne died a minor, she, being her first cousin, stood the next in succession; and this unjust claim she prevailed on the Chancellor du Pratt to uphold her in maintaining—a subtle and designing man, who was at enmity with Bourbon because he once refused him the grant of an estate in Auvergne. Nay, she even persuaded the king to put in his claim also to the inheritance of Suzanne, which he was so ungenerous as to do, on the ground that it had fallen to the crown by escheat.

Bourbon thus saw himself environed by snares woven by an unprincipled and disappointed woman, but undaunted by the dangers that menaced him, he steadily pursued the path of duty, main-

taining his station and his office with the dignity of conscious innocence, resolved that the triumph of his enemies, if triumph they must, should redound to their own shame and disgrace. Another and more cherished motive also urged him to forbearance, and this was the dawning in his heart of an ardent passion for the sister of the queen, the young and lovely Princess Renée. Through every change of favor and of fortune, Queen Claude had proved a warm and steady friend to the duke. She had sympathized in his trials, and lamented the unjust conduct of the king toward him, and she earnestly desired to see him united to her sister, trusting that such an alliance would heal the widening breach, and create a lasting bond of amity between him and his sovereign.

The Princess Renée was yet in early youth—but just emerging from the nursery—fair, timid, beautiful as a creation of the fancy. She possessed the docile disposition, the simple and playful manners of a child, united to a mind of rich intellectual endowments, and a heart warm with tender sympathies, and with the fervor of a pure and rational piety. Of all her admirers, and many clustered around her, Bourbon was the favored one, and the sentiment of reverence which hallowed her love for him, gave to it a depth and sacredness that appertain not to a lighter passion. She regarded him as a being of higher order than any that surrounded her; for preëminently gifted as he was in person, and endowed with genius and ambition that likened him to a god; in the midst of that splendid court he stood alone, the cynosure of admiring eyes, though hundreds as elevated in position, and as brilliantly appointed, filled their places by his side.

The Duchess d'Angoulême was not slow to detect the incipient passion of the lovers, and she threw in the way of its progress every impediment in her power. The king, likewise, already dreading the aspiring temper of the duke, resolved never to permit an alliance that should bind him in a nearer relation to the throne, and immediately he began seriously to consider upon which of the aspirants for the princess' hand he should confer the honor. At length, swayed by motives of state policy, Ercole da Este, the young Duke of Ferrara, was selected as the happy man, but the repugnance of the destined bride to this or any other alliance proposed to her, induced the king, for the present, to suspend the marriage negotiations, though the Duchess d'Angoulême caused it to be well understood that they were only delayed, not terminated, as some seemed to insinuate.

The princess, in the meantime dreading, for

her lover even more than for herself, the anger of the king, and the vengeance of the relentless duchess, at her resistance to their wishes, seldom appeared in public, and when she met the duke in the private circles of the palace, she timidly shrank from his approach, or constrained herself to receive his attentions with a coldness foreign to her heart. But in the retirement of her own apartments, she gave way to her emotions, often weeping in sorrow on the bosom of the gentle and pitying queen, or sitting like a wearied child, silent and tearful at her feet.

At first Bourbon was startled by the change that had come over her, but soon his penetrating love solved the mystery of her reserve; and while it lent strength to his resolve to win her, it the more deeply exasperated him against the king. As yet, however, he could not brook the thought of openly defying the sovereign whom he had so long loved and honored, and to whom he felt his loyal service still due, and perhaps he would never have swerved from his allegiance, had not the monarch's ill-timed, and taunting accusations at length driven his proud spirit to revolt.

The Emperor Charles V., had from time to time been made acquainted with the growing animosity which had sprung up between Francis and the Constable de Bourbon, and, in the hope of winning the duke over to his service, he failed not to aggravate the king's ill-faith and ingratitude, shown toward him on many occasions, and especially manifested in the rankling insult which deprived him of his command at Valenciennes. By the most magnificent offers, Charles sought to attach him to himself, naming, among other imperial bribes, the hand of his sister Eleonora, the widowed Queen of Portugal, which he proffered as the pledge of their union, provided Bourbon would renounce his fealty to Francis, and accept a command in the army shortly destined to act against France.

But not yet prepared for such a step, neither the hand of Eleonora, nor any other of the brilliant offers made by Charles to his ambition, could tempt him to open revolt against his lawful sovereign, and though the emperor's envoy was lying perdue at his castle of Chantille, the duke only awaited his release from court to repair thither, and decline his master's overtures. But that overruling power which shapes our destiny, ordered it otherwise, and hastened the denouement of the drama in which Bourbon was playing so important a part.

CHAPTER II.

The king distrusting the loyalty of his high-constable, had gradually withdrawn from him

his confidence, and, for some time, set spies about his person, who, on the morning of the stag-hunt, brought him rumors of the duke's intrigues with the emperor; rumors which, for that day, had darkened with unwonted clouds the gay brow of the joyous monarch. Even his favorite sport failed to restore his serenity, and unable to disguise his chagrin, many a random shaft, tipped with poisoned words, sped from the royal lips straight to the indignant heart of the proud Bourbon.

Yet with rare self-command he smothered every outward sign of wrath, and yielded himself to the intoxicating pleasure of the princess' presence, while she, exhilarated by the fresh forest air, and the free, fleet motion of her steed, above all happy to find her lover ever at her side, recovered her enchanting playfulness, and again betrayed toward him that seducing tenderness of manner, which had of late been chilled by timidity and fear. He had ridden beside her through all the doublings of the chase, and now, when the courtly train, leaving the slain stag to the care of the huntsmen, prepared to quit the forest, he bounded to his saddle and again occupied the envied station by her side. Only a few steps, however, had they paced forward, when the king stung by the cold and haughty bearing of the duke, spurred his stately hunter with a somewhat less than his accustomed courtesy, into the narrow space between Bourbon's horse and that ridden by the princess, saying, with a smile of scornful irony, and in a tone which signified command—

"By your good leave, my lord, we will free you from your charge. We have something to say to our fair sister, a legend to recount, which may not be without a moral to her maiden inexperience."

The duke fell back a pace with a haughty yet scarcely perceptible inclination of the head, while his flashing eye and the marble hue of his noble countenance told how keenly he felt, and longed to chastise the royal insolence. The timid princess, terrified by the angry glances of her lover, and by the frown which, despite his affected gaiety, lowered on the king's brow, trembled so excessively that she could with difficulty retain her seat—the rein hung loosely in her relaxed hold, and when, by a resolute effort, she strove to grasp it more firmly, she gave it a wrong direction, upon which the high-spirited animal, already irritated by the rude pressure of the king's horse against his flanks, made a sudden bound, and darted off with inconceivable rapidity through the forest.

But he accomplished only a brief distance of his mad flight, when the princess was thrown with

violence upon the ground, where she lay pale and motionless when the agitated Bourbon, who was foremost in reaching her, knelt down and lifted her in his arms. Gently disengaging her riding-hat, the broken feather of which drooped over and half concealed her features, he gazed with wild terror on the marble face which showed no signs of life, and a strange mist blinded his aching eyes, as he lifted them imploringly as if to ask for aid. Many pressed around to offer it, but he would resign her to none, and knelt there fanning her with the green forest boughs that drooped over them, till the stern voice of Francis ringing in his ear, roused him from his temporary delirium of terror.

"Take her from him, D'Alençon!" was the royal command, "she will die in his arms, there is water near; let her have it, and she will recover."

At these words, uttered in a tone the most imperative, the duke hastily rose, and cradling the fairy form of his beloved upon his breast, he bore her to the brink of a stream that murmured through the trees, and still sustaining her, knelt on the turf, and bathed her death-like face in the cool and limpid wave; and a thrill of exquisite joy shot through his heart when, in answer to his cares, he saw the veined eyelid quiver, and caught from beneath it the soft glance of the awaking eye. For an instant the look of the princess was bewildered, but as recollection returned, and she saw whose arms encircled her, a vivid blush crimsoned her cheek, and she sprang eagerly to her feet. Instantly, however, a cry of pain escaped her, and again she would have fallen, had not the duke's ready army received her ere she reached the ground. When thrown from her horse she had, without perceiving it till now, sprained her ankle, and as she again yielded herself to Bourbon's support, overcome with shame and extreme suffering, she relapsed into insensibility.

The Duchess d'Angoulême, with every evil and malignant passion rankling in her heart and written on her haughty brow, stood a silent observer of this scene. The king had, likewise, marked with stern displeasure the unequivocal demonstration of Bourbon's passion for the princess, so fearlessly displayed, in spite of his disapproval and express command to the contrary. As he encountered the duke's anxious glance, he turned away with a gesture of impatience, and signed to the Count de Fresnay, when immediately the attendants approached with a litter which had been hastily prepared, and furnished with cloaks for the accommodation of the princess.

"I will myself convey her highness to the

palace," said Bourbon, jealous lest any save himself should bear the precious burden. "It would peril her comfort, if not her safety, to change her position now," he added, and rising, he prepared to move forward with her in his arms.

"Will your majesty stand by, and tamely brook this open defiance?" angrily demanded the duchess.

"Peace, madam!" exclaimed the king impatiently, then turning to the duke, "my lord, it is our pleasure that the princess be placed upon this litter and so conveyed to the palace, where the queen's physician waits to attend her."

The duke rendered instant obedience to his sovereign's command, and though the red blood burned hotly on his cheek, he laid down his loved one as silently and tenderly as a mother cradles her sick infant to its rest, and so the gentle princess was borne slowly from his sight, attended by all save the king and his personal suite. Bourbon had now nothing to linger for, and he was in the act of mounting his horse to follow the departing retinue, when the king said with an ill-suppressed sneer:

"Trouble not yourself to attend her highness, my lord; she will be well-cared for, and when recovered, we pledge our royal word, shall render you fitting thanks for your kind services. In truth they deserve grateful acknowledgement, inasmuch as they were scarcely to be looked for from the betrothed of the fair queen Eleonora."

At these words Bourbon cast from him the rein which he had grasped, and turned his "lion port" toward his sovereign, with an air of such kingly dignity that even the eagle eye of Francis quailed beneath his glance.

"Sire," he said, "I understand you not, nor know I wherefore I should so foully dissemble as to wear love in my heart and on my tongue for yonder fair and guileless princess, and yet with solemn mockery give to another, as your majesty insinuates, my plighted faith."

"Ambition is a mighty mover of men's passions, and plays with them mad pranks," said the king, "and in the course of our short experience, my lord, we have both seen that he who abandons himself to its sway will not shrink at last from sacrificing love and loyalty, and honor even, on its dazzling shrine."

"And dare any one assert that I have or shall blacken my fair fame with sins so foul?" warmly demanded the constable, while his clear, proud eye glanced fearlessly from the king to those who stood in wondering silence around him.

"If such words are not yet openly spoken, my lord," returned the king, sternly regarding him, "they have come to our ears in whispers,

and whispers that we think may be relied on, and which assure us that our high-constable and trusty sword-bearer is shortly to receive the hand of Eleonora of Portugal, in reward for service rendered her imperial brother, whom we esteem, and justly so, our bitterest foe."

"It is false, your majesty," fiercely retorted the duke; "I have never rendered service to the emperor, nor yet pledged myself to do so—added wrongs may, but they only can, drive me to that extremity—the hand of Eleonora has no attraction for me, and can never bribe me to disloyalty."

"We know that it has been offered to you, my lord; but—" and the king's lips blanched to deadly paleness, "fulfill the infamous conditions that accompany the gift, and by the honor of a king we swear—"

"Sire!" interrupted Bourbon, and his voice trembled with uncontrollable passion, "sire! you suspect and menace me in a manner which my faithful services have not deserved. When have I neglected the trust reposed in me, or proved false to the interests and welfare of your majesty's realm? Patiently have I endured insult and wrong; from the act which aspersed my honor and my name, at the passage of the Scheldt, to that which now seeks to beggar me by wresting from my possession the rightful inheritance of my ancestors. Thousands, your majesty, have been driven to open revolt by lesser wrongs than these; but as yet, my love for France and for her sovereign has nerved me to endurance which many might have deemed a degradation."

"Boast not, my lord duke, of a loyalty to which you have no claim," said the king. "By acts, not by words, would we test the spirit of our brave and faithful servants; and, therefore, he who at the very moment when he makes his vaunting pretensions harbors beneath his roof the secret envoy of our open and implacable foe, does ill to affect anger at the charges urged against his fealty. Thus you see, my Lord of Bourbon, we are not ignorant of your traffic with the emperor, and though we might have pardoned other offenses, rely upon it, this will not lightly be forgotten, so you shall find it to your cost."

"I deny not, sire, that the emperor, having learned somewhat of the wrongs I was permitted to endure, has sought to make them the means of winning me to his service, deeming it a thing of course that indignities so unmerited should alienate the most loyal heart from its allegiance. Hitherto he has found me invincible to his most alluring overtures—but, sire, there are injuries which it would be abject for the most tried and

zealous loyalty to suffer unavenged, and such, now, are those of which I have to complain. My lords," he continued, addressing the nobles, who stood around, "I call upon you, one and all, to bear witness that my defiance of his majesty is not a voluntary thing—he has, as you have seen and heard, goaded me on to the act, but even yet the powerful sovereign of France may live to rue the day when by accumulated wrongs, by open insult and menace he drove to such painful extremities a prince of his own blood, and a faithful defender of his throne."

As the duke finished these words he strode haughtily from the circle, and mounting his horse, with a slight obeisance to the king and his courtiers, galloped hastily away, followed by the few lords and attendants who composed his suite. The king, amazed and indignant to be thus audaciously bearded by the man whom of all others he most feared and hated, looked fiercely after him, and for the moment contemplated his immediate arrest, but no lip commended his purpose, and well aware of the high favor in which the constable stood with the powerful nobles of his court, he feared by so summary an act to draw odium upon himself; suppressing, therefore, as best he could, his royal wrath, he merely muttered between his closed teeth:

"Come what may, we have driven the renegade from his cover, and we must in truth be shorn of our authority, if he fail to meet the punishment he merits."

Thus saying, he called to horse, and the small train wound their way through the forest, and entered the stately gates of the palace, not with the gay brows and laughing lips which they had worn when they issued from them a few hours previous to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, but in gloomy silence, each one pondering in his own breast the strange scene which he had just witnessed.

CHAPTER III.

The duke in the meantime spurred fleetly on through the green arcades of the forest, nor slackened his pace till his foaming steed entered the court-yard of Bras de Fer, a castle belonging to him, which stood scarcely a quarter of a league from the royal palace of Fontainebleau. Throwing himself from the saddle, without pausing to exchange a syllable with any of his train, Bourbon entered the spacious hall, and passing in silence through the throng of his retainers, ascended the broad stair-case and proceeded along a lofty corridor to an apartment at its extremity, appropriated exclusively to his pri-

vate use, free from all intrusion except such as he was pleased to sanction.

It was a lofty and spacious chamber, and wore an air of luxury and comfort peculiarly inviting. The walls were adorned with paintings, for the duke was a patron and a lover of the fine arts—several of Titian's, and of Leonardo de Vinci's, with one or two from the pencil of Jean Cousin, the first historical painter of the age. A winged mercury, exquisitely sculptured, which stood upon a pedestal of green marble, was a conspicuous object, though every recess was filled with forms of beauty, cut from the Parian stone, that seemed to "mock with art," the gazer's eye. Charts, plans of sieges and campaigns, warlike trophies, and insignias of noble orders were interspersed among these gems of genius, and on an antique table occupying the centre of the apartment, among books and parchments confusedly piled together, lay some beautiful enamels of Francis Clouet's, the brilliant badge of the order of St. Michael, with which the duke had been invested by his sovereign, and the royal, diamond-hilted sword of France.

The brief September day was already drawing to a close, and the red rays of the setting sun streamed in through the richly stained glass of a high gothic window upon the tessellated pavement of the floor, and glanced effulgently from the brilliants that incrustated the handle of the weapon. When Bourbon entered the chamber his pre-occupied mind was dwelling painfully on the pale and lovely image of the tender Renée—and wounded pride, insulted honor, a blighted name, and lost station were for the time forgotten in the wild rush of agony that overwhelmed him with the fear that his rupture with the king should prove the cause of severing the princess forever from his love. But as the blinding ray reflected from the jeweled sword smote his eyes a new current was given to his thoughts, and impatiently seizing the ensign of his official dignity he cast it into a cabinet.

"Lie there, glittering symbol of authority, which is no longer mine," he said. "Lie there till this days' insults are atoned for, or I am branded with a name which will forbid me ever to grasp thee more."

Turning away, he traversed the apartment with a rapidity that expressed the disorder of his mind, and so hour after hour passed on, while swelling thoughts, like dark and angry waves, arose to bury in their frightful surges every gleam of brightness and of hope that yet lingered in his soul. Love! Glory! those stars of his horizon, they had set in darkness! His recent treaties with the emperor were betrayed, and though as yet he had forborne to compromise

his loyalty, he had lost his sovereign's confidence and forfeited all claims to his favor. What alternative was left him, then, but to become an alien and a traitor?

He shuddered at the thought—yet did not his bitter wrongs justify even this last and desperate step? Would not the world defend his conduct, and cast its scorn upon the ungrateful monarch who had driven him to the extremity? He would win glory in other lands, and France should learn to tremble at his name. Then, as if deprecating such a decision, rose to his view the lovely image of his young and gentle Renée, the bland countenance of the queen, the cherub faces of her royal children, to defend and support whom he was bound by the double ties of loyalty and blood.

Thus vacillating, distracted by contending passions and duties, wore away the evening. He had disregarded the summons to supper—the necessity for food was forgotten in the tumult of a soul, whose calm and lofty tone had rarely been so shaken and disturbed before. The attendants brought wine and other refreshments, and placed them on the table; of the former Bourbon sparingly partook, but the grosser viands still remained untouched. The night waned fast, and his mind settled into no fixed purpose for the future. A persuasion that the king, sooner than drive him to open rebellion, would shortly make some conciliatory overture, forced itself upon him, and he cherished the thought till his irritated feelings assumed a degree of calmness that surprised himself.

It wanted but one hour of midnight—the sound of mirth had died away in the banqueting halls, and the solitary tread of the warder alone disturbed the unbroken silence of the castle. The duke was not yet composed enough to seek his couch, but he had ceased his restless walk, and sat with his face buried in his folded arms, leaning on the table over which hung a silver lamp, the chain that suspended it apparently held by cherubs that, painted in one of Raphael's most exquisite frescoes, formed the centre of the ceiling.

Suddenly his train of thought was disturbed by a low sound in the corridor—he raised his head and distinctly heard a whisper—then an approaching step which paused at the door; it was locked on the inside, and starting to his feet he stood for a moment irresolute what course to pursue. A slight tap on the panel decided him, and in answer to the summons, he unclosed the door, when a solitary figure, wearing the loose garment and enveloping hood of a monk, glided into the apartment, and stood motionless before him. The stature of the intruder was tall,

though the proportions of the form seemed slight, but the singularity of the visit at that hour, after the agitating events of the day somewhat startled the duke, who, suspicious of a foe beneath the sacred garb, retreated a pace or two, and sought in his girdle for the hunting-knife he had neglected to lay aside on his return from the chase.

At this gesture the stranger's disguise was cast away, and glittering in the robes with which she had been decked for the royal table, stood revealed to his astonished view, the commanding figure of his haughty and relentless persecutor, the Duchess d'Angoulême. Jewels gleamed amid the dark braids of her hair, and her lofty brow wore the authority of a queen, yet traces of tears were visible in her brilliant eyes, and the scorn wont to wreath her proud lip, was softened by an expression of suffering that lent a touch almost of tenderness to her imperious face.

The duke beheld her with dismay. Had the arch-fiend himself suddenly appeared before him his consternation could not have been greater.

"God of heaven!" he involuntarily exclaimed, "to what new affliction am I doomed? For as comets are said to portend woe and disaster to the earth, so on my destiny has ever operated the evil and malign influence of Louisa of Savoy.

"Greet me not with reproaches, Charles de Bourbon," she said, with unwonted gentleness, "the evil which has befallen you was of your own choosing. I would have wrought you only good, but you cast it from you, because you scorned the hand that proffered it."

"I scorned, madam, to barter my soul with all its high hopes and pure affections, for the gilded servitude in which you would have thrall'd me, and, therefore, I have been made to drain the cup of your vengeance to its dregs. Yet better I deem it, to be the wretch I am, loaded with ingratitude and wrongs, with insult and contumely, than to fill a place of power to-day, and to-morrow fall from it, at the will or caprice of an artful and ambitious woman."

"Your words are bitter, but I pardon them, my lord. I will not let them move me, for I came hither this night to serve you, to save you, if it may be, from the utter ruin that is impending over you."

"Madam, your arts, your enmity, your baleful influence exerted over the king, have wrought the ruin of which you speak. Why, then, with idle mockery, pretend to lament the work which your own hand has accomplished? Triumph rather, that your machinations have not been woven in vain—that you have driven a prince of

your own blood to ally himself with the enemies of France, to turn his stainless weapon against the faithless heart of his sovereign, who, at your instigation, has basely repaid his services with such rewards as traitors only merit."

"Nay, it has not, must not come to this!" exclaimed the duchess, her lofty tones rendered soft and tremulous by deep emotion. "Tarnish not the proud name you bear by such an act of infamy; you, whose deeds have added to its lustre, and who have so many high and holy motives for preserving it unsullied."

"Who *had*, madam, but now—"

"Ay, even now! higher and holier, and more binding than ever," she interposed. "Hear me, Bourbon!" and she approached him with clasped hands, and a look of passionate entreaty; "listen to me calmly, but for this once—only this once, for your own sake, if not for mine!"

"And wherefore, madam?" asked the duke, turning impatiently toward her. "What have I to hear, not often told before, and which it boots not to repeat. Yet it would be ill, should this nocturnal visit avail you naught," he added, with a scornful smile, "therefore, be satisfied to know ere you depart, and let the knowledge, lady, gladden all your future life, that you have tinged my destiny with woe, and spread over all its bright and hopeful aspirations a funeral pall, beneath which lie cold and dead the perished promises of my manhood."

"Alas! have not I, too, wrongs deep and bitter as your own of which to speak," she exclaimed with a passionate outburst of grief—"yes, wrongs from you, who have shaken to the winds the pure blossoms of that love which sought to bless you with all earth's best and dearest gifts, and who, without measure, have lavished on me your scorn and your disdain; ay, and with a cruel mockery that pierced my very soul. And yet you marvel that I dared to seek revenge! Revenge! how much too lightly has it fallen on deserts like yours! But ah!" and again the flashing light of her dark imperious eye was quenched in tears, "how often when its brimming cup was at my lips, have I turned loathing from the draught, and then would one gentle word from you, one kind forgiving look from those averted eyes, have changed my deadly purpose, and melted me to penitence and sorrow."

"Madam, forbear!" exclaimed the duke, disdain and anger lending their dark and withering expression to his face. "Is it not enough that you have sought and achieved my ruin, that now, casting aside the decencies of sex and rank, you force yourself upon my midnight privacy to pursue me with a passion that has been the source, since first we met, of all my misfortunes and disasters."

She stood with her face bowed down upon her hands, and hid in the rich folds of the embroidered mantle which she crowded close around it. But when his voice died away, she slowly raised her head, and in that tearful, subdued, imploring countenance, it was hard to recognize the marked and haughty lineaments of her who held an almost regal sway over both king and realm. She turned upon the duke one look of agony, then with a wild despairing gesture faltered toward him, and cast herself prostrate at his feet. Shocked, annoyed, disgusted beyond the power of language to express, Bourbon started back as from the approach of some venomous and deadly reptile, but the next moment bending toward her—

"Rise, madam, for God's sake rise!" and he strove to aid her as he spoke. "Spare me," he said, "the deep humiliation, the utter shame of witnessing such degradation in any of your sex especially in one whose rank, whose name—"

"I care not for the empty sound," she passionately cried. "Rank! name! power! what are they to me without the one boon which you withhold, and for which I would renounce them all Bourbon, I have prayed and striven hard to hate you—God knows how hard, but all in vain; love is still triumphant, and once again I humble myself to speak of sorrow for the past, to deprecate its deeds, to recall its words of bitterness, and to sue—yes, yes—the proud Louisa stoops a second time to sue for the love of that cold, ungrateful heart from which she has endured such slight and wrongs."

She had obeyed the impulse of his hand, and risen as she spoke, but still she grasped that hand as if to wring forth the dear reply she craved. Yet, that a touch of womanhood lingered still in her bold intriguing nature, was shown by the burning glow that suffused her cheek, and the downcast look which fastened her eyes upon the floor, as though she would gladly sink beneath to hide her shame.

"Seek, madam, a worthier object to honor with your love, than the disgraced and outcast man whom you now address," said the duke, in a calm and passionless accent, that cut her more deeply than would have done the fierce tones of hate. "The heart which you assail more cold and callous even, than when first you won your regards. The affections which you bloom within it are consecrated to another, but the bitter doom of solitary woe is upon it, unmerciful offering as it is, with its blighted hopes, its smitten pride, its crushed and wounded sensibilities for the acceptance of the lovely and the pure."

This allusion to a rival stung the proud duchess to madness, and a gleam of her native spirit

up her eyes, as in excited accents she exclaimed: "This, then, is your answer! but beware how you abide by it, if you would shun the ruin that impends. The king's wrath is roused, and I only can avert it from you—my influence alone avail to restore you to his favor, and secure you in the exercise of a power omnipotent as his own."

"Madam," said the duke, with a bitter smile, "I have now little to fear from your threats, and ought to hope, even from your flattering promises, for I have learned from the stern teachings of the past, never more to place my trust in the faith and gratitude of princes."

"Nay, then, accept this gift," and she held toward him her small and trembling hand, "and fame, and wealth, and glory shall be to you inalienable possessions, subject to no royal caprice or power; but, persist in your stubborn purpose"—and her bright, bold eye once again met his with fearless defiance—"and I shrink from presenting the reverse of the picture, so dark and terrible are the hues in which it is wrought."

"I repeat, madam, that your threats possess no terrors for me—they have never moved me yet, nor can they now drive me to adopt a course which both my heart and reason disapprove. Nor will I move a muscle to appease or win back the favor of the king—if he has wronged me, as God knows he has, and foully, too, it behooves him as a just and generous monarch to make atonement for his fault, and so let him do, or else take up the gauntlet I have cast at his feet and stand on the defensive, for henceforth he will find in me an open and implacable foe!"

"Atonement, indeed!" she reiterated with indignant scorn. "My lord, such as your sovereign will ever make to you is rendered already, and worthily, for this very night the Bourbonnais, Auvergne, Beaujolais, ay, all the principalities and estates belonging to you, even to this your castle of Bras de Fer, were laid under sequestration by the royal command. Take, then, my warning, or rush madly on to destruction, for I know well that unless the king's anger be appeased by some conciliatory overture, he will pursue you to the last extremity with his vengeance."

"I defy both it and him, madam, and not for the gift of his crown and realm would I stoop so low as to ask aught of his mercy or his justice!" thundered the duke, in a tone that awed even the resolute soul of the duchess. "And for this last act of royal tyranny," he continued, "I swear by the heaven above us, that the throne of France shall shake to its very foundation. Yes, madam, now is my wavering purpose irrevocably fixed—the path of my duty plainly pointed out—and the valiant Francis and his

illustrious mother may share the glory of having armed against themselves and their country one who, had justice been rendered him, would willingly have shed the last drop of his heart's blood in their defense."

"Be it at your peril, my lord, if you dare to pursue the desperate course you contemplate," said the duchess, in her haughtiest tone. "The prison of the Chatelet has dungeons dark and deep for traitors; and know, sir, that low as I have stooped for your ungrateful sake, my heart is not yet so enervated by its unworthy love, as to feel no triumph in the thought that he who has scorned and trampled on its best affections, may yet linger out his life a fettered wretch amid the horrors of their midnight gloom."

"That triumph, at least, will be denied you, madam, for no dungeon of France shall ever hold these free limbs in durance," said the duke. "She is my country, and I could safely rely upon her love and gratitude—but to her king I no longer own allegiance, and I would to God the whole realm were as free from his authority as I am! But, madam, bid him speedily reform his abuses, and imitate with closer diligence the acts and virtues of his royal predecessor, or the voices of the multitude will ere long cry out for a champion to redress their wrongs, and the cry will find a response in many hearts, and most surely will it not be heard in vain by him who, beggared though he be, might, if he so willed it, reign a king over the soil from which he is exiled."

"Ha!" ejaculated the duchess derisively, "yours is a lofty boast, my lord, for one who is about to unsheath the sword of a renegade, and whose very life is a forfeit to offended laws. But we know that you have evil counselors at court—nay, it is even whispered that the queen, in revenge for her husband's levities, would herself yield no unwilling aid to help your passage to the throne."

"The queen, madam," he answered warmly, "has never harbored in her pure breast the fiendish passion which you name. She is a paragon of virtue, worthy of all love and reverence, and incapable of cherishing a thought which could militate against the glory and honor of him who so highly appreciates her excellence."

A cold, sarcastic sneer wreathed the proud lip of the duchess as she replied—

"And the fair Renée, good, my lord? have you not also an eulogium for her? Methinks, from the scene enacted this morning in the forest—"

"Forbear, madam!" sternly interrupted the duke, "nor touch a theme too sacred for mocking words. I can endure the probe to search all other wounds—but this—oh, God!"

And with an indistinct murmur he turned away, subdued by the constantly intruding thought, that in the desperate career on which he had resolved, she might be lost to him forever. No touch of pity softened the cruel heart of the duchess; she deemed his sufferings light compared with those which tortured her own soul, and she gloated on them with a fierce and wicked triumph.

"Comfort yourself, my lord," she said, with a malignant smile, "for ere your shadow has flitted from the soil of France, your fair and faithless princess will have found a solace in the love of Ercole da Este."

"Fiend!" muttered the duke between his closed teeth—but then, reluctant to increase her triumph, he said with forced serenity—

"So let it be, if Heaven ordains it. I would not ask of her to be the sharer of my uncertain fortunes, yet shall I bear her image with me to the end of life, and may he who shall have the happiness to call her his, cherish her tenderly, even as I would have done, within his heart of hearts."

"'T is well!" exclaimed the duchess in accents tremulous with rage. "Words like these, my lord, but lend a keener edge to my resolve, and though we part now, it may not be forever. I go, but my curse remains with you, and amid the many trials that await you in the future, you may perchance learn to repent in bitterness the scorn cast upon one who would have saved you, even with her own life, from the fate that must befall a renegade and traitor!"

She drew the friar's garb around her as she spoke, and bending a glance of proud disdain upon the noble face of him who had by turns aroused her passionate love and her vindictive hate, she turned haughtily away, and with an imperial step and air swept from the apartment. But delaying her immediate return to the palace, she proceeded to the house of Cornelius Agrippa, her physician, and a celebrated astrologer of the time; the confidential servant who had accompanied her to Bras de Fer still attending her thither.

The fires of vengeance were again kindled in her soul, for the calm yet resolute repulse of Bourbon had rendered almost intolerable the sense of her own degradation, but more than this even, had the frank avowal of his passion for another added fuel to the flame. Earnestly she prayed that evil in every shape might follow him, and burning to know if her malignant wishes were destined to be fulfilled, she hastened to consult Agrippa, in whose occult science she placed unbounded faith.

The man of art erected the duke's horoscope,

in accordance with the request of his noble patroness, but aware of the persecution which Bourbon had been compelled to endure from the duchess, and himself detesting her with all his heart, Agrippa, on purpose to torment her, predicted for the constable all kinds of triumph and happiness, instead of foretelling the miserable fate which his tormentor had desired the heavenly bodies to reveal.

Enraged and disappointed by his answer, which she more than half suspected were prompted by malice toward herself, the duchess quitted the astrologer in a paroxysm of rage, and the very next day deprived him of the pension he enjoyed from her bounty, and dismissed him with reproaches from her service. Agrippa was a man of wit and genius, and this act of gross injustice on the part of the duchess roused him to write the cutting satire against her, for which, in order to escape her terrible vengeance, he was compelled to seek his safety in flight.

CHAPTER IV.

When the angry duchess retired from the presence of Bourbon he felt like one suddenly relieved from the horrors of the incubus. Left once again to the solitary companionship of his thoughts, he no longer yielded to their subduing influence, but feeling that the moment for action had arrived, he nerved himself for duty and danger with a courageous heart. The intelligence conveyed to him by the duchess, of the king's extremes exasperation, and the overt measures already resorted to by him, to express it, convinced the duke that his personal safety would be endangered even by his remaining at Bras de Fer till morning, and accordingly he summoned his attendants and bade them prepare for instant departure.

A few hasty arrangements were soon completed, when, escorted by a train of faithful followers, the duke set forth for Chantille, just as the castle bell tolled one hour past midnight. To that stronghold he had long intended to repair in case of an open rupture with the king; and there the Lord of Beaurien, the emperor's envoy, now awaited Bourbon's answer to his master's overtures, which, decided by the events of the day and evening, he was prepared to render in the affirmative. Driven to desperation by a long series of injuries, and at that moment smarting beneath the last aggravated act of royal tyranny, which stripped him of honors and estates, the duke rushed to open revolt, not only to gratify his revenge, which was a virtue of the age, but as the sole alternative which remained to him from disgrace and want.

The imperial envoy joyfully received the

duke's pledge to join his master and departed, while Bourbon, scorning to flee immediately like a cowardly renegade from France, remained at Chantille, shut up in the very heart of the kingdom. Strongly fortifying the place, he there calmly awaited the assault which he felt assured would ere long be directed against him. Nor was he mistaken, for a considerable force, led on by the king in person, shortly invested the castle, which Bourbon gallantly defended against all odds, with that courage which had made his name a terror to his foes, resisting the assailants almost to the death. But their united power and strength were more than a match for the stout and valiant hearts that did desperate battle from the walls of Chantille, and though they quailed not, they were at last driven to the extremity of submission or flight. Many chose the former, but the duke, although he received an intimation that Francis would pardon the past, on condition of his returning to his allegiance, was too deeply exasperated to accept any terms from his sovereign. Choosing, rather, to fly, he assumed a humble disguise, and followed by a smart train of gentlemen, who still adhered to his doubtful fortunes, he safely made his escape.

During this brief and stormy period in the life of Bourbon, there were moments when softer thoughts held sway over him, and the gentle image of, the Princess Renée came, like an angel visitant, to calm his troubled soul. He had learned through a private courier, that she was still sojourning with the queen at Fontainebleau, though the king and court had departed for Paris; and on the eve of bidding, perhaps, an eternal adieu to France, a resistless wish to behold her took possession of his heart. Scarcely the shadow of a hope remained that he should ever call her his, for he feared that his own hand had raised an insurmountable barrier between them, but he longed none the less to tell her he was not quite the guilty wretch he seemed, and to hear her pure lips pronounce his pardon. Many plans were devised and rejected, for the accomplishment of this object, and though not yet able to fix upon any, he resolved before joining the emperor, to hazard life and liberty rather than leave his purpose unattempted.

The knowledge of his defection soon reached the ear of the princess, and it smote her to the heart. She was suffering much at the time from her accident in the forest, and tenderly and proudly as she loved him, the startling tidings retarded her recovery, and threw her into a state of nervous weakness and dejection, that furnished a sufficient plea for her remaining with the queen at Fontainebleau, when the king and his courtiers departed for Versailles. Retaining

only their favorite ladies and attendants, the royal sisters were thus left to the enjoyment of that quiet for which their tastes peculiarly fitted them, and many were the hours during those few weeks of calm seclusion that they passed alone with each other in the pleasant interchange of mutual confidence and affection.

One evening when the princess had passed a day of more than usual languor and indisposition, the queen quitted early her circle of ladies and repairing to her sister's apartment, sat down beside the low couch on which the lovely invalid reclined. The sun was just setting with almost tropical splendor, and his rays, streaming through an opposite window fell upon the child-like figure of the young Renée, touching the fair pale face with a rosy glance, that seemed to invest it with a halo of glory. The queen bending over her saw traces of tears on her eyelids, and tenderly kissing them away, she gently said:

"You are nursing sad thoughts my Renée; I left the Countess Eliza charming you with Clement Marot's witty rhymes; why is it that I find you thus alone, and in tears?"

"I sent her from me," said the princess; "my heartached so for solitude—for ah, dearest Claude, I can think only of that sad flight from Chantille—of his wanderings, his sufferings, his disgrace! Would that I might share all with him!"

"Nay, and would you so dishonor our royal father's name as to link your fate with that of—"

"Hush! speak it not aloud!" eagerly interrupted the princess, laying her small hand upon the queen's. "Pray for me, dearest, that I may bear this sorrow meekly—God it is who chastises me, and I would not murmur at his will."

"Do not, dear child," said the queen. "Glorious rewards await those, my sister, who endure with holy faith and patience, the sorrows and trials of life. They are designed to purify the soul, to refine it from the passions and desires of earth, and as they are sent in love, so we, in meekness and submission, should receive them."

"I will strive and pray to do so, dearest sister," said the princess. "Light indeed are my afflictions compared with the sorer trials of your lot, and yet you smile amid them all, with most serene and saintly patience."

"God is my helper," said the queen. "Ask of him, my sister, and he will grant you all needful aid."

She turned aside to wipe a starting tear, for hers was, indeed, a lofty but a bitter lot. A queen, without power—a wife, unblest by the affections of her lord, her rightful place in his heart supplanted by the worthless and abandoned, what marvel that her hold on earth was weakened, and that choosing the better part, she

had learned to garner up her hopes in heaven. The brief pause was broken by the princess.

"It is strange that Father Gregory is not here," she said. "At noon, he should have come. I have much to say to him. Many thoughts to unburden; precious counsel to crave; and some things to learn, which, not knowing, will bar me from quiet sleep to-night."

"Some mission of mercy has detained him, or he would not have failed to come at the appointed time," said the queen. "But I will send to him, my sister, if it is of moment to your peace, that he come to-night."

Before the princess could reply, a side-door softly opened, and the tall figure of the father-confessor glided noiselessly into the apartment. His rosary was in his hand, and with his head bent down he passed it through his fingers, muttering a prayer to every bead, as he slowly moved toward the princess. The queen rose to retire, and as she passed the churchman he paused and bent reverently before her.

"You are welcome, father," she said, "our poor invalid craves your counsel and your prayers, and I leave you to shed peace upon her soul, from that only source whence we can look for strength."

She bowed her head meekly to receive the murmured blessing of the holy man, and quitted the apartment, while he approached the princess and knelt down in silence beside her. His face was buried in his hands, and his whole frame shook with emotion; she raised herself and gazed on him with concern. She thought he was wrestling in prayer for her sinful soul, and her own tender and imploring orisons went up to heaven for faith and resignation.¹ Shortly he raised his head, but the cowl still concealed his features.

"Father!" she softly said, and at the sound of her voice he started convulsively—the hood was raised, and her amazed and doubting eye gazed on the features of the loved, lamented Bourbon! With a wild cry of joy she cast herself into the arms that opened to receive her, and lay like a subdued child, motionless on the breast that loved her so faithfully. He held her there in silent rapture, and those manly eyes that seldom wept, now melted with more than woman's weakness, while pride, ambition, and revenge faded before the one distracting thought, that perhaps this tender and devoted being who clung to him with such truthful and unchanging love, was lost to him forever; or, at least, till he had won for her in his uncertain future, a station worthy of her birth. Her voice recalled him to composure. Shrinking timidly from his embrace, she turned her sweet and happy face toward him, radiant

with such a smile as had not brightened it for many a day of gloom.

"Ah," she said, in tender and broken accents, "dearest Charles, I have so pined to see you—to hear once more your voice, and now that you are here, I scarcely can be glad. I fear so much for you—so much lest you have ventured too far—incur too great a peril in entering within these walls—for should you be discovered!—I shudder to think of the consequences!" and turning aside her head, she hid it on his shoulder to conceal her tears.

"Have no fear for me, my beloved one," said the duke, tenderly caressing her. "Father Gregory is surety for my safety; he sanctioned my purpose to seek you; and he it was who permitted this assumption of his character, and furnished me with his own priestly garb, which has, as you see, won me ready access to your dear presence."

"Blessings on him for it," murmured the princess, "and God forbid that his Christian kindness should involve either of you in peril."

"No danger can accrue to him," returned the duke, "and for me, sweet Renée, it has now no terrors. Life has become a changed scene to me since last we met—for then, though smarting under injuries deep and deadly, I was struggling hard against pride and anger, and bearing heaped up wrongs in silence, lest I should raise between my cherished hopes and your dear love, a barrier never to be passed. But spite of my endurance, I was goaded on, how furiously it boots me not here to tell, till the irretrievable step was taken, and now all is forfeited—fortune, honor, name, and country, and with them, too, the right—I fear it must be so—the right to claim this hand, this precious hand, which would have strewed my path with flowers, and led me on with loving guidance through the devious ways of life."

His utterance was low and rapid, but his accents were impassioned, and as they fell in saddest pathos on the princess' ear, she wept bitterly and with child-like violence. But when he paused, she turned toward him with a smile that was like sunshine to his heart, and laying her fairy hand gently within his clasp,

"Still is it yours," she said, "and wherefore not? Is our plighted faith held by so frail a bond that aught on earth has power to sever it? Are not our hearts united, Bourbon? Then let our hands become so likewise, that I may go with you to share your changeful fortunes—to soothe in sickness—to comfort in sorrow—to be your guardian spirit, and minister to you, as woman can, and should, to him whom she has sworn to love and honor to her latest breath."

"God bless my precious one for constancy and faith so noble," he exclaimed, in accents of sur-

prised and joyful tenderness. "But ah, not yet may it be so; and though my Renée's words of hope and love have lent new brightness to the future, I cannot bear her with me on my doubtful way, but soon for my tender bride I will win a fitting home, and then—"

She broke in with passionate energy on his words; "My home is in your heart, and there let me abide! Solemn vows have we exchanged that no event save death should disunite us, and wherefore, then, when you go forth to scenes untried and new, should I live on and pine alone, amid the slanderers of your name, the spoilers of your honor and your fortune."

"Alas, that I must turn away from the faithful and devoted heart that would cling to me even in adversity and dishonor, and this, this is perhaps the greatest of my trials," he said, despondingly. "But by the very depth and intensity of my love, I am forbidden to involve in my uncertain destiny her who would nobly renounce life's luxuries and splendors to share the stigma and the scorn that rest upon my name! Sweetest Renée, tempt not my weakness farther. I sought you to exchange one fond farewell—to hear from your lips that I was not utterly condemned—to tell you that death must still the beatings of this heart before it can cease to cherish your dear image with tender and inviolable fidelity—to ask of you sometimes to recall our past moments of happiness, and to breathe a prayer for brighter days, when the lone wanderer shall have achieved a happier fortune and return to claim this hand as the dear reward of his sufferings."

"And for this only—to wring my heart with the anguish of a sad, perchance a last farewell, have you now sought me!" she exclaimed with a wild vehemence that Bourbon had believed wholly foreign to her nature. "But it shall not be!" she continued; "I have naught to live for here, and will not forsake you in your hour of darkness and need. Urge me no further, Bourbon, unless you would that I distrust the sincerity of your love."

"That you can never do, my Renée," he said, "for at your feet I would now lay down my life, were such proof wanting to show my entire and changeless affection. Blessed to me would be any lot brightened by your angel presence, and yet I would not, no not for the wealth of worlds take advantage of your generous and self-sacrificing love, to link your fate with mine, in this the hour of my darkest and gloomiest despondency."

The princess bent her face upon her hands, and tears trickled fast and bright through her slender fingers while he spake. The sight of her grief well nigh unmanned his heart, but the

purity and fervor of his affection, aided by his high chivalric sense of honor and of duty, enabled him to resist her dangerous pleadings. Drawing her tenderly toward him, he softly said:

"Cherish firm faith in my unchanging love, dear one, even as I shall ever do in yours, and when in other realms, and in the service of a nobler monarch, I have won with my sword, the only possession that remains to me, a name and rank among my peers, I will return to claim my plighted bride, whom, if my hopes deceive me not, the proud Francis will not then dare to withhold from me. For in the face of the world I will demand my own betrothed, and kings shall stand beside us at the altar! Smile, dearest, at the bright picture my prophetic hopes have limned, and say if it be not worthier thus to wait and act, than now, like a lurking bandit, steal you forth in darkness from the palace of your ancestors?"

He paused, but her pale lips uttered no response; silently she wept on, and again his low and soothing words whispered in her ear.

"Rest quietly here for awhile, my loved one, quietly and cheerfully, and trust me, our separation will be short, and amid the busy turmoil and uncertain changes of my life, my thoughts will gladly seek you here, peacefully cradled in your princely home, surrounded by kind friends and solaced by the tender ministries of loving hearts."

"Ah, little do you know how small my chance of peace is in the home to which you doom me," she said in trembling accents. "To hear your name reviled, our love denounced and scorned—to be wounded with many a bitter word for daring to cherish your remembrance—and worse than all to suffer persecution for the sake of one from whom I shrink with cold indifference if not with utter hate—this is the peace which I shall enjoy, the rest amidst which your thoughts must learn to seek me."

The duke was pierced to the soul by her melancholy words. Could it be true that she, his gentle, cherished love, would be doomed to bear all this, while he was far away and powerless to defend her from unjust and cruel wrong. Almost he felt it a duty to yield to her entreaties, and to the pleadings of his own fond heart, and bear her from the power of those who would seek by any means to mould her destiny to their wishes, but a moment's reflection nerved him to resist the dangerous impulse, and tenderly folding her to his heart, he strove to speak with a cheerfulness he was far from feeling.

"Let us hope for the best, my own love," he said. "Something whispers me that we shall not long be parted, and though I would fain now

and forever shelter my drooping flower in my bosom, yet it cannot be—for your sake, sweet one, it must not be—and so I quit you, but only for awhile. Bear bravely on for a brief space, and all will be well—your wrongs and mine avenged, our destinies united, and peace and joy again shedding their unclouded light upon our path.”

Before the princess could reply the side-door softly opened, and the queen slowly reëntered the apartment. On retiring at the entrance of the supposed confessor, she had remained in the adjoining apartment awaiting his departure, but she had not sat long alone, when an unguarded tone of the duke's conveyed some expressions to her ear, which awakened suspicions of the truth that were confirmed by many audible words in the conversation that ensued. Terrified by the discovery of Bourbon's daring visit, she scarcely knew what course to pursue, yet as her commands had interdicted intrusion when she sought the princess, she felt that for the present there was security, and sympathizing with the unhappy lovers, she found courage to wait patiently the termination of their interview. Collecting her thoughts as she best could, her devout mind assumed the attitude it most loved, that of humble communion with Him, who was her stay and support at all seasons, and her only refuge in times of extremity and trouble.

As time passed on she grew uneasy, for brief as the interval was, her anxiety for Bourbon's safety burned to lengthen the minutes into hours, till at length, startled by some distant sound, which she fancied an approaching step, she arose and entered her sister's apartment. At her sudden appearance, the duke, never dreaming that she knew him, had sufficient presence of mind to bend down his head, as though absorbed in the duties of his assumed office, but the princess, surprised by the queen's intrusion, looked fixedly at her, and read in her face a confirmation of her fears.

“Ah, my sister, all is known to you!” she exclaimed. At these words the duke sprang to his feet, and turned his uncovered face calmly toward the queen.

“I only, am the aggressor, madam,” he said, “her highness was wholly ignorant of my purpose to come hither, and deserves not to suffer blame for my act.”

“But you, my lord!” returned the queen, in a suppressed voice, “what temerity in you, to venture here! Had the discovery been left to any other than myself, I tremble at the bare thought of the consequences which must have involved more than yourself in suffering and shame.

“God forbid that through deed or word of mine, any should suffer wrong,” exclaimed the duke; “and least of all, those whom it is my

bounden duty and my dearest joy to honor and obey,” and with a gesture of graceful reverence he bent humbly before his sovereign.

“Then waste not another moment here,” she said; “my weak heart has lured me to grant you dangerous indulgence, but I must now use my power to command your instant departure hence.”

“I will obey your majesty forthwith,” he said, “and may God forever bless you, madam—bless and reward you for all your goodness, and for your gracious acts and words of kindness to him who has shown himself a too unworthy servant of so good and bounteous a mistress. I beseech your grace to grant me your forgiveness for all my past offenses, that I may depart in peace.”

“I have naught to forgive, my lord,” said the gentle queen, tears filling her soft eyes as she looked upon the wronged and noble Bourbon; “naught, in all your bearing, to pardon, but much to grieve for, and most of all, that a loyal son of France should turn traitor to the soil he had so long and valiantly defended.”

“Madam, I should not have deserved this reproach had your illustrious father still sat upon the throne he so honored with his virtues,” said the duke, with emotion. “But the subject is a sore one, and, if it please your majesty, we will not dwell on it; I have matters of dearer import to speak of, and time wastes fast. Madam, to your kind care I commend my plighted bride—my farewell words to her are spoken, and with God's leave, I will return at no distant day to bear her to the home, and it shall be a princely one, which I am yet to win for her. Till then I commend her to your care, and I beseech your majesty to shelter her, even as you would your own princely infants, from every rude and cutting blast which malice, worldliness, or levity may with cruel aim direct against her. So shall the prayers of an exile and a wanderer ascend daily to heaven for blessings on your head. Madam, farewell, and much as false appearances may lead you to doubt my sincerity, believe me when I swear that never shall the queen of France or her royal children want a defender while the arm of Charles de Bourbon can wield a sword.”

He knelt before her as he uttered the closing words, and pressed the folds of her robe reverently to his lips, then slowly rising, turned toward the mute and weeping princess. She knew it was to speak one more farewell, his saddest, and his last, and almost frenzied by the thought that she might never see him more, she cast herself in wild abandonment of grief upon his breast. He held her there in speechless agony, for amid that fearful strife of love and woe, the words of comfort which he strove to utter died away in inarticulate and murmured

sounds. Never before had his firm soul been so shaken as by the wild tempest of that last and sorrowing farewell.

At length he laid her from his clasping arms, death-like and still, for her aching heart had lost in temporary unconsciousness its bitter sense of suffering. For a few moments he bent over her, fixing his sad and loving look upon her quiet face, and imprinting on her brow a last and lingering kiss, then drawing the cowl over his features, he quitted the apartment, and threading his way through the corridors, reached unsuspected the low postern by which he had obtained admission to the palace.

CHAPTER V.

The career of the Constable de Bourbon, both before and after his flight from Chantille, is a matter of history—his triumphs, his reverses, his wanderings, his poverty and death have found faithful record on her pages.

For a time, after entering the service of the emperor, all went well with him. The proud nobility of Spain did indeed scorn him as a renegade, and the generals of the imperial army, jealous of his power and fame, refused him their confidence, but neither could withhold their admiration and respect to his great abilities. The emperor invested him with a high command, and loaded him with flattering honors and distinctions; but in the midst of glory and renown, the one false step which had branded him with a traitor's name, was ever present to him—made so by many a slight intentionally given, and by sarcastic taunts that cut him to the soul.

The fame which his success in arms earned for him in Italy, and the unbounded authority which it gave him, at last aroused the emperor's jealousy, who, in order to weaken his power, and harass his movements, meanly withheld from him the supplies necessary to maintain his army. But even in this extremity his soldiers refused to desert him—he was their idol, and in the face of of want and famine, they clung with unflinching constancy to his fortunes. In return, he cheerfully shared their hardships, and destitute of money, distributed among them his massive plate, his jewels, and even his clothes, reserving only for himself a surcoat of cloth of silver, which he wore over his armour.

He had become, in fact, a mere soldier of fortune, and history in all its ample records, presents not a sadder or more touching picture than that of the great and gifted Bourbon, "fallen from his high estate" of loyalty and honor, and leading on a mercenary army, who fought only for plunder and subsistence. It was with this unworthy object in view, that, deserted and de-

ceived by the emperor, he encamped before the gates of Rome. Brilliant visions again dawned upon him, and the radiant forms of love and glory seemed to beckon him to conquest. The "Eternal City" won, and all its rich spoils at his disposal, wealth and power were once more within his grasp, and the lovely Renée was to be the sharer of his recovered fortunes. Through every change he had been faithful to his love, and made her his cherished image, rare, bright, and beautiful before him,

"Like setting star,

The last in all the thick and moonlight heavens
O'er the lone traveler in the trackless desert."

But even this transient gleam of brightness was doomed shortly to be extinguished. A few minutes before making the assault, as the duke stood contemplating a point in the walls, which he deemed most assailable, the name of Ercole d'Este repeated near him, even at that important moment, withdrew his attention from the object that engrossed it. Two officers were conversing in a low tone immediately behind him, and as his ear caught their discourse, he heard the startling intelligence that the young Duke of Ferrara had just espoused the beautiful Princess Renée of France, whom, with a brilliant cortege he was shortly to escort to his dominions.

A pang sharper than the arrow of death shot through the unhappy Bourbon's heart as these fatal words fell cold and chill upon its warm and freshly budding hopes; but his grief would have lost somewhat of its poignancy, could he have known how fondly even yet, the Princess clung to his dear memory; how from the moment of his departure she had pined and drooped, and grown indifferent to all external scenes and interests; and, withal, how much coercion had been used to force her to the altar with another. But these mitigating circumstances were left untold, and there was nought to soften his anguish as bitterly exclaiming, "So much for woman's faith!" he spurred forward to the charge.

The tardy retreat of a sentinel, discovered to him at this moment a breach in the wall, and on he rushed impetuously to the assault. The fatal surcoat of silver made him a shining and conspicuous mark, and he was in the very act of mounting the breach, when a ball, shot, it has been asserted, by the celebrated and eccentric Benvenuto Cellini, struck him from the wall, and the brave, the gallant, the ill-fated Bourbon, fell mortally wounded to the earth. A few hours terminated his sufferings, and the last accents which faltered from his lips, showed his thoughts to be still lingering in the dear land he had deserted, and with her whom he had so long and faithfully loved.

ART AND ARTISTS OF AMERICA.

BY E. ANNA LEWIS.

FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

WHAT is the chief end of high Poetry, of high Painting, and of high Sculpture? Those who argue that information and entertainment constitute their highest aim, deprive them of their divinity. Entertainment and information are not all that the mind requires at the hands of the artist. We wish to be elevated by the contemplation of what is noble—to be warmed by the presence of the heroic, and charmed and made happy by the sight of purity and loveliness.

We desire to share in the lofty movements of great minds—to have communion with all their images of what is godlike, and to take a part in the raptures of their love, and in the ecstasies of their innermost beings.

The real value and immortality of the productions of all art lies in their truth, as embodying the spirit of a particular age, and a faith that lived in men's souls and worked in their acts—a faith, whose expression and impress time cannot obliterate, but leaves standing the eternal Mecca of Thought, Love, Imagination; grand, awful, soul-lifting, heart-speaking, as the Pyramids of Egypt.

We do not propose to consider, in these essays, art with reference to any creed, religious or classic; nor with reference to taste, whether it leans to piety or poetry, to the real or ideal; but simply as art—art, the interpreter between nature and man—art, evolving to us nature's forms with the utmost truth of imitation, and, at the same time, clothing them with a high significance, derived from the human purpose and the human intellect. Art is only perfect when it fills us with the idea of perfection—when it presents to our minds a perfect structure of life, form, action, beauty, heart, soul; when it calls not upon our judgments to supply deficiencies or to set limits to the bounds of fancy and imagination. This lifting up of the heart and soul—this fullness of satisfaction—this brimming of the bowl of supreme delight, we have never found, save in a few of the old masters, and in the subject of this review, who, in this attribute, is the antipode of nearly all of his cotemporaries.

We have proposed to ourselves in these articles, to say something of art, and its needs, in this country; and of artists, and their individual

merits, from our point of view, rather than to utter prophecies touching the ultimate destiny of their fame. This cannot always be determined even from the utmost height of prophetic vision.

At best, we can only give in such a series of essays, a small segment of that splendid circle, whose circumference is ever expanding. Any classification of genius must prove chimerical and ideal. Genius in its highest forms is many-sided, and baffles the subtlest analysis. It revels in its own boundless omnipotence. It has no height, no length, no breadth. It roams through every region of nature; is cognizant of every department of human knowledge and human greatness. It reaps the rich, ripe harvest-fields of life, draws draughts from the deep, dark wells of humanity, and spreads its wings through all worlds of fancy and imagination.

Dante and Petrarch were celebrated political factionists in their day; but time has rested their fame on the "*Divina Commedia*" of the one, and on the "Hundred Sonnets" of the other. Michael Angelo was once the renowned poet, and profound philosopher of his country; but he has come down the vista of ages, as a sculptor, painter, and architect. Milton was known to his cotemporaries as the schoolmaster, the ultraist in religion and politics; but posterity has baptized him the immortal bard of "*Paradise Lost*." The age of Elizabeth paragraphed Shakspeare as post-boy, scene-drawer, stock-actor, and wit; but fame has registered him the eternal—the master minstrel of the heart. St. Louis, King of France, a zealous soldier of the cross, stands on the tablets of time, the destroyer of the feudal power. Pascal, the ablest mathematician and natural philosopher of his age, is only known to posterity by his "*Provincial Letters*," and stupendous "*Thoughts*."

Art, as well as science, has its various departments—sculpture, painting, and architecture; historical, illustrative, or deliniatory, and descriptive art. Under the divisions of illustrative and descriptive art, we shall consider the claims of Darley, who stands at the very head of the first, with the ability to reach the apex of the latter. He is neither a plagiarist nor a mannerist in art. He neither paints like an angel nor an

academician; but like a man to whom God has given sense, knowledge, mind, ardent human sympathies; like a man whose soul has drunk at the fountains of nature until it has reached its full stature.

His pictures not only seem to breathe, but they seem to think, which is the highest commendation. They exhibit in the midst of broad humor and satire, a moral pathos which awakens the mind and expands the heart. Satire and humor come with the meaning of history. They are found in man's loftiest moods; they breathe in epic poetry, and mingle with the most tragic occurrences of life; therefore, every artist and poet, who is true to the spirit of nature, must combine them with his highest moods of sublimity and devotion. Shakspeare is a wonderful instance of this versatility of genius—of this community of moods—of this Fourierism of the heart and brain—of these ever varying seasons in the realms of the soul. In the world that his imagination has opened unto us, now we drink the charms of pensive autumn, then shiver in the frowns of sullen winter; now we hear the footsteps of spring, then press the roseate lips of summer; now we talk with a God, then dance with a fairy; now we dwell with a king, then with a beggar; now we weep with a sage, then laugh with a fool; now we hear the songs of angels, then list the wails of the damned.

For historical and poetical subjects our artist possesses strong powers, discipline of hand, and patient laboriousness of study, without which, works of the highest order can never be achieved. He has a keen sense of character, eminent skill in grouping, and in giving to his figures one combined, clear and consistent employment. He is master of the art of elevating and ennobling. The grandeur of a Macbeth and a Hamlet are in his mind, while he measures every grade of his theme to its lowest depths. He includes in his theory Thersites and Agamemnon, l'Allegro and Il Penseroso. He is bold, vigorous, unique. It is difficult in any of the walks of art to find his exact parallel—Hogarth, Leutze, and Chapman come the nearest to it. There is something in common between these four great minds, yet they all differ. Genius is daring; thinks and works out its own common path. Every master spirit that appears on the earth goes to work in its own peculiar way; and though the structures which it rears are founded in nature, yet they differ in their exterior effect and internal arrangement from what has preceded them, as the Gothic architecture differs from the Grecian.

Darley's themes are founded in universal nature, and evolved by her immaculate laws. One bold stroke of his pencil embodies more

nature, more truth, more beauty, than the performances of the whole crew, professing elegant connoisseurship.

Felix Darley was born in the city of Philadelphia, where he resided till 1848, when he came to New York. The divine afflatus made itself apparent at a very early age, in those troublesome and striking idiosyncrasies, which so often render the childhood of Genius a woe, a wonder, and a joy.

His father, who had justly come to the conclusion that Pelf seldom paves the path of Genius, sought every means to strangle the unwelcome embryo in its birth, but without avail. It succeeded in making its smothered cries heard. Sympathy rushed to its aid, helped it into the light, and sustained it till it gathered strength to make its voice heard to the utmost bounds of civilization.

It has been said that there are three kinds of people in the world—*"The Saints, the Sinners, and the Beecher Family."* We would add, *The Darley Family.*

The father of the artist, is a learned and stately gentleman of the old school. His mother, Elenora Darley, is a woman of strong, clear, vigorous, and cultivated mind. One of his brothers is a music composer of much merit. Another, John Clarendon Darley, is a painter of celebrity, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Sully, one of his sisters, is an artist of note. Another sister is a forcible and fertile writer, etc.

His first sketches that attracted marked attention, were illustrations of *"Manfred," "The Maid and the Magpie," "The Drunkard's Progress," "Cromwell," "Scenes in the Life of an Indian Chief," "Philadelphia Character," "The Life and Character of Captain Simon Suggs," "The Big Bear of Arkansas,"* and *"Major Jones' Courtship."*

These productions were remarkable for boldness of design, effective grouping, individuality, and an exquisite adherence to nature. Through all of them the genius of the artist reigns supreme.

The quaint humor, the idiosyncrasy of character preserved through every variety of incident, and the grasping of every accessory, render these drawings the most truthful and admirable that ever delighted the lovers of humorous delineation. Their merits at once attracted general attention, and won for the young artist many friends and patrons. Among the *literati*, who took especial interest in the youthful debutant, were N. P. Willis, Major Noah, Robert Morris, editor of the *"Pennsylvania Inquirer,"* Joseph C. Neal, and others. Carey and Hart, and the other

principal book-publishers in Philadelphia, immediately became his patrons.

He now began to crave a larger field of action than his native city, and he came to New York, where his genius was at once appreciated.

Among the most notable works he has produced since he came to the Empire City, are illustrations of the stories of "*Rip Van Winkle*," and "*Sleepy Hollow*," from Irving's "*Sketch Book*," and published by the American Art Union, in 1848-9, and "*Margaret*." The illustrations of "*Margaret*" have not yet been published. They are, it is said, superior to any thing the artist has yet produced; and it is thought that on these, which are thirty in number, his reputation will finally rest.

In attitudinizing power, Darley possesses consummate mastery. His fancy is pictorial in the highest degree. His imagination broad, vigorous, vivid, seizes the pencil, and by a few bold strokes lifts the curtain of the mental world, and reveals the soul; now gathering flowers on the banks of laughing streams; now lying on the sunny lawns, watching the play of lambent thoughts; now gliding the breezy groves, locked-arm with Love, or Hope, or Beauty, or Fancy, or Imagination; now pausing by the way-side, with pale Revery; then speeding onward with Aspiration; then clasping to its breast some beautiful new-born vision; then weeping for some dear departed dream; then climbing, with bleeding feet, up the thorny mount of Fame; then dashing itself headlong down the abysmal heights of Despair, and on the dark whirlpool of Passion below, clenched in a death-struggle with Envy and Hate, and Wrong, and Scorn, and Contumely.

In verification of these remarks, we refer the reader to the illustrations of "*Sleepy Hollow*," and "*Rip Van Winkle*." Irving, with his vivid pen, traced the characters in these inimitable stories beautifully and clearly against the sky of the imagination; but Darley, with his magic pencil, has brought them into the very focus of our material vision, breathing, glowing, quivering with life and human interest.

The first scene of this world-wide "*Legend Farce*," so truthfully and vividly represented on the stage of canvas, opens in the renowned schoolhouse of "*Sleepy Hollow*." On a high stool, in the centre of the room, sits the immortal pedagogue, making a pen, while the Dutch urchins, dropsical with laughter, seize upon the moment of Ichabod's diverted attention to play a thousand pranks in his front and rear. In scene second, the pedagogue is seated by the fireside, with a child on each knee, listening to the ghost stories of the old Dutch housewives. The third

represents a sentimental *tête-a-tête* with Miss Katrina Van Tassel. The fourth, the dance after the great dinner party given by old Baltus Van Tassel. The fifth, the headless ghost of the Hessian trooper, chasing old Gunpowder over the haunted streams. The sixth, and last, the heartless ghost hurling his head into the face of the terrified pedagogue, the girth giving way, and poor Ichabod, with his hair erect, in the agony of going earthward with the saddle.

The story of Rip Van Winkle is no less vividly represented. The unhappy home, the long nap, and the perplexing return of poor Rip are brought square into the eye of our sympathy. As he stands before us, in basso relievo, so weather-beaten, so shriveled, so forlorn—himself the best commentary on his own mysterious existence, we go up to him, touch, with the fingers of Fancy, his old frost-bitten locks, take hold of his rusty gun, ogle him from head to foot, and say, "Rip, did you not dream of home and dear Mrs. Van Winkle's tongue? Did you not hear the thunder? Did you not feel the big rain? Were you not cold? were you not afraid?" While we hear him say, with a shake of the head and a crack in his voice, "*Alas, I do n't know!*" There is a deep vein of melancholy in the heart of poor Rip.

The last, and one of the very best pictures we have ever seen from the pencil of Darley, is an illustration of the "*Wreck of the Cutter*," a poem in the volume of "*Child of the Sea, and other Poems*." The scene represented is one of those sudden and fearful storms, common in the West Indies. A reaper, startled by the quick thunder and the hurtling of the tempest, lifts aloft his sunburnt brow, and beholds a bark in a death-struggle with the furious breakers. Every muscle in the form of that rude reaper speaks out the hopeless condition of that storm-driven cutter, and we even hear bursting from his lips: "God save the helpless mariner!"

Darley's imagination is penetrative in the highest degree. He draws his subjects and portraitures from nature, and all that nature does is imaginative; that is, she produces a perfect whole out of imperfect features. His pictures are never tame, no matter how low he descends into the heart of his theme—the evolvment is natural, intense. If he were to picture to us a hell, he would not horrify us with showers of sulphureous hail and red lightning, and smoke and cinders; but he would show us white, hurtling, formless flame, the essence of fire, that would take away our breath and leave us gasping. He would show us the soul of hell, rather than hell itself. In this high imaginative faculty he is Dantean. The Tuscan bard says:

"Ferlami l'sole in su l'omero destro
Che già raggiando tutto l'occidente
Mùtava in bianca aspetto di cilastro,
Ed io faceo con l'ombra pien rovente.
Parer la fiamma."

Here Dante has not gone to Ætna for fuel, but into the volcanoes of his own soul. Such is the mode in which the highest imaginative faculty seeks and seizes its materials. It knows no obstacles, it acknowledges no bounds, it plunges into the fiery heart of man, drinks the *liquæ* of its arteries, sips at its crystal springs, gathers diamonds from its deserts, fruits, flowers, and sweet music from its oasis, and celestial fires from the bosom of its simoom. It looks not into the eyes, it lists not the voice, it takes no cognizance of the outward features; yet it talks with the soul, with hope, love, sorrow, bliss; lays its finger on the heart's pulse, and counts its finest vibrations. It peoples the dark bosom of trackless mountains with ghouls, goblins, and witches; untrodden forests with tribes of nymphs, sylphs, and fairies; the ocean with sea-gods, green-haired water-nymphs, mermaids, naiads, and leviathans; and amid the thunders of Jove, sits on the stars, gathering the fires of heaven. In fine, it peoples every atom of earth, sea, air, with the beings of its own boundless brain,

and then fuses them down into its own white fire.

Darley, as we have already stated, has so far mostly confined his efforts to the department of illustrative, or delineatory art. Hogarth gave the world comedy after comedy, and farce after farce, on the stage of canvas. Our artist will yet give us epics and tragedies. It would be difficult and unfair to pronounce, so early in his life, a decision on his artistic merits. We offer what he has already accomplished as an earnest of the great moral lessons that he shall yet teach to posterity. The mental eye may not be able to ken the height to which his genius may yet soar. He possesses the two great cardinal qualifications necessary to the highest mortal achievement—genius and application. He has the ability to ascend to the summit of the real, and purely ideal, and to tread the highest paths of art with the confident and assured step of a master.

In person, Darley is above the medium height, finely formed, and of graceful and easy manner. His features are nearly regular. His expression, at times, very animated, revealing to the close observer that fullness of soul which gives vitality to his pictures. As we remember him, his hair and complexion are light—his age about thirty. He is not married.

THE QUEEN'S TOUCH.

AN INCIDENT IN THE EARLY LIFE OF H. C. M. ISABEL II.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

On a Good Friday, as it once befel,
The gentle lady, royal Isabel,
Stepped from her palace with a fair array
Of Spanish nobles. Plumes, and banners gay,
And lines of burnished halberds made a lane
Through which the sovereign and her glittering train
Swept like a gorgeous cloud across the face
Of some bright sunset. Even was her pace,
And a deep calm dwelt in her steady eyes,
August with queenly power, and council wise
To sway a realm: yet round her playful lip
The child still lingered, and a smile would slip,
Like a stray sunbeam o'er a dimpled rose,
When the crowd shouted, or an eager close
Of loyal people broke the martial line,
And stayed her progress. One could scarce incline
Whether to call her queen or child; so bright
And innocent a spirit lit the night
Of awful sovereignty, as on she went
Bearing the diadem of Charles unbent.—
Ay, smiling under it, as if the weight
Of empery heaven lightened to the date
Of her few years. For surely heaven may bend
In mercy to the merriest, and lend

Its strength to her who for the weak can feel,
As gracious Isabel. The traitor's steel;
The storms that broke around her princely head,
When they who should have shielded her, instead
Of muttering plots and tempting her with guile,
Turned from her side; the anarchy the while
That rent her kingdom, and made Spain's great throne
Rock as if startled by the earthquake's groan—
All these, and more, she dared, and could withstand,
Because God led her by the trusting hand,
And showed the mercy she has ever shown.

You who look doubtfully, with sighs or sneers,
Citing the history of her after years,
Remember this—and let the thought atone
For many a weakness, many an error done
Out of the lessons of her early days,
When all conspired to lead her evil ways—
Her faults were taught, her virtues are her own.

Across the flower-strown way she slowly walked,
Wondering at many things; anon, she talked
To the grave minister who moved beside
His youthful mistress with a haughty stride

Of strained decorum. Curiously she asked
 Of this and that, and much the lord was tasked
 To answer all her questions, which did flow
 Like ripples on the shore, ere one could go
 Another leaped above it. For her state
 Was new to her, and not a rustic's mate
 Among the throng, more marveled at the sight,
 Nor drew from it a more sincere delight,
 Than royal Isabel. More pleased she seemed
 At the hoarse shouts, and at the love that beamed
 From the tanned faces of the common crowd,
 Than at the courtly whispers, or the proud
 Looks of fixed dignity. The beggar's rags
 Were dearer to her than the silken flags
 That coiled above her; and his rîtas drowned
 The swell of music, and the ringing sound
 Of the saluting steel. And once she turned
 Full on a lord, while every feature burned
 With a new thought; and, pointing unto one
 Ill clad, indeed, yet with a face o'errun
 With honest love, said, laughing at the close,
 "Why wear you purple, and he ragged clothes?"
 Much the don talked about society,
 And laws, and customs, and how all agree
 To make one world. Although he talked the thing
 Clear to himself, and shaped a pretty ring
 Of binding words, no answering look he caught
 From the Queen's eyes; and when he gravely sought
 To draw a word of sympathetic cheer,
 Upon her cheek he marked a long, bright tear:
 So he passed on in silence, she in thought.

At length the minster's arch above them bent,
 And through its gloom the shining courtiers went,
 Making strange light within that dusky pile.
 And all along the borders of the aisle
 Old chiefs and heroes in white grandeur slept
 Upon the tombs. Their marble faces kept
 A settled quiet, as they upward gazed
 Upon their arms and spoils, above them raised,
 Along the rafters, each in solemn ward.
 Some with their hands upon a sculptured sword,
 Some clasped in prayer, and others, full of grace,
 Crossed on their breasts. The courtiers' noisy pace
 Broke the long silence with a painful jar,
 Unmeet and alien. Trophies of old war—
 Pennons, blood-stained, torn flags, and banners fell
 And rose again, o'er royal Isabel:
 As if the soul that fired her ancient strain

Were roused, and all the chivalry of Spain
 Breathed in their hollow sepulchres beneath,
 And waved the banners with a mighty breath.
 Saint George's cross was shaken as with dread;
 The lilled silk of France shrank, as when spread
 O'er Pavia's bloody field; a second shame
 Thrilled the Dutch standards, as if Alva's name
 Were heard among them; the horse-tails of the Moon
 Streamed to the wind, as when they fled before
 The furious Cid; spears glittered, swords were stirred
 Within their scabbards; one in fancy heard
 The trumpets murmur, and a warlike peal
 Through the closed casques—"Saint Jago for Castile
 If she stepped on more proudly, it was not
 That Isabel herself was proud. The spot
 Of crimson on her forehead was a gleam
 Of the old glory, a reflected beam
 Cast from the trophies, that brought back the day
 When her sires' sceptre swept the world. A ray
 Of keenest sunshine through the aisle shot down,
 And blazed amid the jewels of her crown,
 Like a saint's aureole, as the Queen drew nigh
 The holy altar. With a gentle sigh
 The organ whispered through the incense-smoke.
 Trilling above her, like a lark awoke
 Some misty morning, till she touched the stair
 Of the high altar; when, with sudden blare,
 In one grand storm of music burst the whole
 Torrent of sound o'erhead, and, roll on roll,
 Crashed through the building, from its hundred thro
 Of shivering metal thundering forth the notes.
 Radiant with sunlight, wrapt in holy sound
 And fragrant vapors, that in spirals wound
 Up through the pillars of the choir, the Queen
 Paused, as in doubt, before a sable screen
 Upon the altar, and a courtier led,
 By a sweet look, beside her—"Sir," she said,
 "Why are those papers on the altar-pall?"
 "They hold the names, your majesty, of all
 Condemned to death by law. The one you touch
 Shall surely live.—The ancient rite is such."
 Without a pause to weigh it, the great thought
 Burst from her nature, as she sprang and caught,
 Hither and thither, at each fatal scrawl—
 Gathered the whole—and, ere she let them fall,
 A gracious look to the rapt court she gave.
 And softly said, "See, senors, see, I have
 A litte hand, but I can touch them all!"

T O O N E .

"Farewell—a word that hath been and must be
 A word that bids us linger—yet farewell."

The setting sun his chariot stays,
 A parting blessing to bestow,
 While blushing clouds reflect his rays,
 And earth and air with beauty glow.
 He sprinkles gems on town and tower,
 He covers with gold the mountain's brow,
 And glory fills the fleeting hour;
 All bright things linger, so should thou.

The summer hours we deemed were fled
 Return again to say farewell;
 E'en winter, with his icy tread,
 In wind and storm shall ring their knell.
 So linger thou, and still return

To glad each loved and loving heart,
 To light the eyes that for thee yearn,
 That brimm'd with tears, saw thee depart.

And yet farewell the word must be,
 The sad, sad moment comes at last,
 Our homes no more may welcome thee,
 Kind words, adieu—all, all are past.
 Farewell! when on the surging wave,
 Or in thy far off prairie home,
 Our Father's care thy life shall save,
 And guide thy steps where'er they roam.

Again farewell! God bless thee now,
 And ever, till life's sun shall set:
 Farewell! and oh, remember thou,
 Our hearts can never learn forget.

LEAVES FROM MY ITALIAN JOURNAL.

A FEW BITS OF ROMAN MOSAIC.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(Continued from page 488.)

BROOK hit the white, which he often shot very wide of in his Italian Guide-Book, when he called Rome "*my country*." But it is a feeling which comes to one slowly, and is absorbed into one's system during a long residence. Perhaps one does not feel it till he has gone away, as things always seem fairer when we look back at them, and it is out of that inaccessible tower of the past that Longing leans and beckons. However it be, Fancy gets a rude shock at entering Rome, which it takes her a great while to get over. She has gradually made herself believe that she is approaching a city of the dead, and has seen nothing on the road from Civita Vecchia to disturb that theory. Milestones with VIA AURELIA carved upon them have confirmed it. It is eighteen hundred years ago with her, and on the dial of time the shadow has not yet trembled over the line that marks the beginning of the first century. She arrives at the gate, and a dirty, blue man, with a cocked-hat and a white sword-belt, asks for her passport. Then another man, as like the first as one spoon is like its fellow, and having, like him, the look of being run in a mould, tells her that she must go to the custom-house. It is as if a ghost, who had scarcely recovered from the jar of hearing Charon say, "I'll trouble you for your obolus, if you please," should have his port-manteau seized by the Stygian tide-waiters to be searched. Is there any thing, then, contraband of Death? asks poor Fancy of herself.

But it is the misfortune (or the safe-guard) of the English mind, that Fancy is always an outlaw, liable to be laid by the heels wherever Constable Common Sense can catch her. She submits quietly as the postilion cries *yee-ip!* and cracks his whip, and the rattle over the pavement begins, struggles a moment when the pillars of the colonnade stalk ghostly by in the moonlight, and finally gives up all for lost, when she sees Bernini's angels polking on their pedestals along the sides of the Ponte Sant' Angelo, with the emblems of the Passion in their arms.

You are in Rome, of course; the *shirro* said so, the *doganiere* bowed it, and the postilion swore it—but it is a Rome of modern houses, muddy streets, dingy cafés, cigar-smokers, and French

soldiers, the manifest junior of Florence. And yet full of anachronisms, for in a little while you pass the column of Antoninus, find the *Dogana* in an ancient temple whose furrowed pillars show through the recent plaster, and feel as if you saw the statue of Minerva in a Paris bonnet. You are driven to a hotel where all the barbarian languages are spoken in one wild conglomerate by the *Commissionaire*, have your dinner wholly in French, and wake the next morning dreaming of the tenth legion, to see a regiment of *Chasseurs de Vincennes* trotting by.

For a few days one undergoes a tremendous recoil. Other places have a distinct meaning. London is the visible throne of King Stock; Versailles is the apotheosis of one of Louis XIV.'s cast periwigs; Florence and Pisa are cities of the Middle Ages; but Rome seems to be a parody upon itself. The ticket that admits you to see the starting of the horses at carnival, has S. P. Q. R. at the top of it, and you give the *custode* a paul for showing you the wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus. The *Senatus* seems to be a score or so of elderly gentlemen in scarlet, and the *Populusque Romanus* a swarm of nasty friars.

But there is something more than mere earth in the spot where great deeds have been done. The surveyor cannot give the true dimensions of Marathon or Lexington, for they are not reducible to square acres. Dead Glory and Greatness leave ghosts behind them, and departed Empire has a metempsychosis, if nothing else has. Its spirit haunts the grave, and waits, and waits till at last it finds a body to its mind, slips into it, and historians moralize on the fluctuation of human affairs. By and by, perhaps, enough observations will have been recorded to assure us that these recurrences are firmamental, and historians will have measured accurately the sidereal years of races. When that is once done, events will move with the quiet of an orrery, and nations will consent to their peridynamis and apodynamis with planetary composure.

Be this as it may, you become gradually aware of the presence of this imperial ghost among the Roman ruins. You receive hints and startles of it through the senses first, as the horse always

shies at the apparition before the rider can see it. Then, little by little, you become assured of it, and seem to hear the brush of its mantle through some hall of Caracalla's baths, or one of those other solitudes of Rome. And those solitudes are without a parallel, for it is not the mere absence of man, but the sense of his departure, that makes a profound loneliness. Musing among them, you cannot but feel the shadow of that disembodied empire, and remembering how the foundations of the capitol were laid where a head was turned up, you are impelled to prophesy that the Idea of Rome will incarnate itself again as soon as an Italian brain is found large enough to hold it, and to give unity to those discordant members.

But, though I intend to observe no regular pattern in my Roman mosaic, which will resemble more what one finds in his pockets after a walk—a pagan cube or two from the palaces of the Cæsars, a few Byzantine bits, given with many shrugs of secrecy, by a lay brother at San Paslo, *fuori le mura*, and a few more (quite as ancient) from the manufactory at the Vatican—it seems natural to begin what one has to say of Rome, with something about St. Peter's, for the saint sits at the gate here as well as in Paradise.

It is very common for people to say that they are disappointed with the first sight of Saint Peter's, and one hears much the same about Niagara. I cannot help thinking that the fault is in themselves, and that if the church and the cataract were in the habit of giving away their thoughts with that rash generosity which characterizes tourists, they might, perhaps say of their visitors, "Well, if *you* are those men of whom we have heard so much, we are a little disappointed, to tell the truth!" The refined tourist expects somewhat too much when he takes it for granted that St. Peter's will at once decorate him with the order of imagination, just as Queen Victoria knights an alderman when he presents an address. Or, perhaps, he has been getting up a little architecture on the road from Florence, and is discomfited because he does not know whether he *ought* to be pleased or not, which is very much as if he should wait to be told whether it was fresh water or salt which makes the exhaustless grace of Niagara's emerald curve, before he benignly consented to approve. It would be wiser, perhaps, for him to consider whether, if Michel Angelo had had the building of *him*, his own personal style would not have been more impressive.

It is not to be doubted that minds are of as many different orders as cathedrals, and that the Gothic imagination is vexed and discommoded in the vain endeavor to flatten its pinnacles, and fit itself into the round Roman arches. But if it

be impossible for a man to like every thing, it is quite possible for him to avoid being driven mad by what does not please him; nay, it is the imperative duty of a wise man to find out what that secret is which makes a thing pleasing to another.

In approaching St. Peter's one must take his Protestant shoes off his feet, and leave them behind him, in the Piazza Rusticucci. Otherwise the great Basilica, with those outstretching colonnades of Bramante will seem to him a bloated spider lying in wait for him, the poor reformed fly. As he lifts the heavy leathern flapper over the door, and is discharged into the interior by its impetuous recoil, let him disburden his mind altogether of stone and mortar, and think only that he is standing before the throne of a dynasty which, even in its decay, is the most powerful the world ever saw. Mason-work is all very well in itself, but it has nothing to do with the affair at present in hand.

Suppose that a man in pouring down a glass of claret, could drink the south of France, that he could so disintegrate the wine by the force of imagination as to taste in it all the clustered beauty and bloom of the grape, all the dance, and song, and sunburnt jollity of the vintage. Or suppose that in eating bread he could transubstantiate it with the tender blade of spring, the gleam-fitted corn-ocean of summer, the royal autumn with its golden beard, and the merry funerals of harvest. This is what the great poets do for us, we cannot tell how, with their fatally chosen words, crowding the happy veins of language again with all the life, and meaning, and music that had been dribbling away from them since Adam. And this is what the Roman Church does for religion, feeding the soul not with the essential religious sentiment, not with a drop or two of the tincture of worship, but making us feel one by one all those original elements of which worship is composed; not bringing the end to us, but making us pass over and feel beneath our feet all the golden rounds of the ladder by which the climbing generations have reached that end; not handing us drily a dead and extinguished Q. E. D. but letting it rather declare itself by the glory with which it interfuses the incense-clouds of wonder, and aspiration, and beauty, in which it is veiled. The secret of her power is typified in the mystery of the Real Presence. She is the only church that has been loyal to the heart and soul of man, that has clung to her faith in the imagination, and that would not give over her symbols and images, and sacred vessels to the perilous keeping of the iconoclast Understanding. She has never lost sight of the truth that the product human nature is composed of the sum of flesh and spirit, and has accordingly regarded

both this world and the next, as the constituents of that other world which we possess by faith. She knows that poor Panza, the body, has his kitchen longings and visions, as well as Quixote, the soul, his etherial, and has wit enough to supply him with the visible, tangible, raw material of imagination. She is the only poet among the churches, and, while Protestantism is unrolling a pocket surveyor's plan, takes her votary to the pinnacle of her temple, and shows him meadow, upland, and tillage, cloudy heaps of forest, clasped with the river's jeweled arm, hill-sides, white with the perpetual snow of flocks, and beyond all, the interminable heave of the unknown ocean. Her empire may be traced upon the map by the boundaries of races; the understanding is her great foe; and it is the people whose vocabulary was incomplete till they had invented the arch-word Humbug, that defies her. With that leaden bullet John Bull can bring down Imagination when she flies her highest. And the more the pity for John Bull. It is now time that some one whose eyes are sharp enough can read in the Times a standing advertisement—"Lost, strayed, or stolen from the farm-yard of the subscriber, the valuable horse Pegasus. Probably has on him part of a new plough-harness, as that is also missing. A suitable reward, etc. J. BULL."

Protestantism reverses the poetical process I have spoken of above, and gives not even the bread-of life, but instead of it the alcohol or distilled intellectual result. This was very well as long as Protestantism continued to protest, for enthusiasm sublimates the understanding into imagination. But now that she also has become an establishment, she begins to perceive that she made a blunder in trusting herself to the intellect alone. She is beginning to feel her way back again, as one notices in Puseyism, and other such hints. One is put upon reflection when he sees burly Englishmen, who dine on beef and porter every day, marching proudly through Saint Peter's, on Palm Sunday, with those frightfully artificial palm-branches in their hands. Romanism wisely provides for the childish in men.

Therefore, I say again, that one must lay aside his Protestantism in order to have a true feeling of Saint Peter's. Here in Rome is the laboratory of that mysterious enchantress, who has known so well to adapt herself to all the wants, or, if you will, the weaknesses of human nature, making the retirement of the convent-cell a merit to the solitary, the scourge and the fast a piety to the ascetic, the enjoyment of pomp and music and incense a religious act in the sensual, and furnishing for the very soul itself a *confidante* in

that ear of the dumb confessional, where it may securely disburthen itself of its sins and sorrows. And the dome of Saint Peter's is the magic circle within which she works her most potent incantations. I confess that I could not enter it alone without a kind of awe.

But, setting entirely aside the effect of this church upon the imagination, it is wonderful if one considers it only materially. Michel Angelo created a new world in which every thing was colossal, and it might seem that he built this as a fit temple for the worship of those gigantic figures with which he peopled it. Here his Moses should be high-priest, the service should be chanted by his prophets and sybils, and those great pagans should be brought hither from San Lorenzo, in Florence, to receive baptism.

However unsatisfactory in other matters, statistics are of service here. I have seen a refined tourist who entered, Murray in hand, sternly resolved to have Saint Peter's look small, brought to terms at once by being told that the canopy over the high altar, (looking very like a four-post bedstead,) was ninety-eight feet high. If he still obstinates himself, he is finished by being made to measure one of the marble *putti*, which look like rather stoutish babies, and are found to be six feet, every sculptor's son of them. This ceremony is the more interesting, as it enables him to satisfy the guide of his proficiency in the Italian tongue by calling them *pooty* at every convenient opportunity. Otherwise both he and his assistant terrify each other into mutual unintelligibility with that *lingua Franca* of the English-speaking traveler, which is supposed to bear some remote affinity to the French language, of which both parties are as ignorant as an American ambassador.

Murray gives all these little statistical nudges to the Anglo-Saxon imagination, but he knows that its finest nerves are in the pocket, and accordingly ends by telling how much the church cost. I forget how much it is, but it cannot be more, I fancy, than the English national debt multiplied into itself three hundred and sixty-five times. If the pilgrim, honestly anxious for a sensation, will work out this little sum, he will be sure to receive all that enlargement of the imaginative faculty which arithmetic can give him. Perhaps the most dilating fact, after all, is that this architectural world has also a separate atmosphere, distinct from that of Rome by some ten degrees, and unvarying through the year.

I think that, on the whole, Jonathan gets ready to be pleased with Saint Peter's sooner than Bull. Accustomed to our lath and plaster expedients for churches, the portable sentry-boxes of Zion,

mere solidity and permanence are pleasurable in themselves, and if he gets grandeur, also, he has gospel-measure. Besides, it is easy for Jonathan to travel. He is one drop of a fluid mass, who knows where his home is to-day, but can make no guess of where it may be to-morrow. Even in a form of government he only takes lodgings for the night, and is ready to pay his bill and be off in the morning. He should take his motto from Bishop Golias—

Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori—

though not in the suistic sense of that misunderstood churchman. But Bull can seldom be said to travel at all, since the first step of a true traveler is out of himself. He plays cricket and hunts foxes on the *Campagna*, makes entries in his betting-book while the pope is giving his benediction, and points out Lord Calico to you awfully during the Sistine *Miserere*. If he let his beard grow, it always has a startled air, as if it suddenly remembered its treason to Sheffield, and only makes him look more English than ever. A masquerade is impossible to him, and his fancy balls are the solemnest facts in the world. Accordingly he enters St. Peter's with the dome of St. Paul's drawn tight over his eyes like a criminal's cap, and ready for instant execution rather than confess that the English Wren had not a stronger wing than the Italian Angel. I like this in Bull, and it renders him the pleasantest of traveling-companions, for he makes you take England along with you, and thus you have two countries at once. And one must not forget in an Italian inn that it is to Bull he owes the clean napkins and sheets, and the privilege of his morning bath. Nor should Bull himself fail to remember that he ate with his fingers, till the Italian gave him a fork.

Browning has given the best picture of St. Peter's on a festival-day, sketching it with a few verses in his large style. And doubtless it is the scene of the grandest spectacles which the world can see in these latter days. Those Easter pomps, where the antique world marches visibly before you in gilded mail and crimson doublet, refresh the eye and are good as long as they continue to be merely spectacle. But if one think for a moment of the servant of the servants of the Lord in cloth of gold, borne on mens' shoulders, or of the children receiving the blessing of their Holy Father, with a regiment of French soldiers to protect the father from the children, it becomes a little sad. If one would feel the full meaning of those ceremonials, however, let him consider the coincidences between the Romish and the Buddhist forms of worship, and remembering that the pope is the direct heir, through the Pontifex Maximus, of rites that were ancient

when the Etruscans were modern, he will look with a feeling deeper than curiosity upon forms which record the earliest conquests of the Invisible, the first triumphs of mind over force.

To me the noon silence and solitude of Saint Peter's were most impressive, when the sunlight, made visible by the mist of the everburning lamps in which it was entangled, hovered under the dome like the holy dove goldenly descending. Very grand also is the twilight, when all outlines melt into mysterious vastness, and the arches expand and lose themselves in the deepening shadow. Then, standing in the desert transept, you hear the far-off vespers swell and die like low breathings of the sea on some conjectured shore.

As the sky is supposed to scatter its golden star-pollen once every year in meteoric showers, so the dome of Saint Peter's has its annual efflorescence of fire. This illumination is the great show of papal Rome. Just after sunset, I stood upon the *Trinità dei Monti* and saw the little drops of pale light creeping downward from the cross and trickling over the dome. Then, as the sky darkened behind, it seemed as if the setting sun had lodged upon the horizon and there burned out, the fire still clinging to its massy ribs. And when the change from the silver to the golden illumination came, it was as if the breeze had fanned the embers into flame again.

Bitten with the Anglo-saxon *æstrum* that drives us all to disenchant artifice and see the springs that fix it on, I walked down to get a nearer look. My next glimpse was from the bridge of Sant' Angelo, but here there was no time nor space for pause. Foot-passengers crowding hither and thither as they heard the shout of *avanti!* from the mile of coachmen behind, dragoon-horses curtsying backward just where there were most women and children to be flattened, and the dome drawing all eyes and thoughts the wrong way, made a hubbub to be got out of at any desperate hazard. Besides, one could not help feeling nervously hurried, for it seemed quite plain to everybody that this starry apparition must be as momentary as it was wonderful, and that we should find it vanished when we reached the piazza. But suddenly you stand in front of it and see the soft travertine of the front suffused with a tremulous, glooming glow, a mildened glory, as if the building breathed and so transmuted its shadow into soft pulses of light.

After wondering long enough, I went back to the Pincio and watched it for an hour longer. But I did not wish to see it go out. It seemed better to go home and leave it still trembling, so

that I could fancy a kind of permanence in it, and half believe I should find it there again some lucky evening. Before leaving it altogether, I went away and came back several times, and every time it was a new miracle, the more so that it was a human piece of faëry-work. Beautiful as fire is in itself, I suspect that part of the pleasure is metaphysical, and that the sense of playing with an element which can be so terrible adds to the zest of the spectacle. And then fire is not the least degraded by it, because it is not utilized. If beauty were in use, the factory would add a grace to the river, and we should turn from the fire-writing on the wall of heaven to look at a message printed by the magnetic telegraph. There may be a beauty in the use itself, but utilization is always downward, and this is why Schiller's Pegasus in yoke is so universally pleasing. As long as the curse of work clings to man, he will see beauty only in play. The capital of the most frugal commonwealth in the world burns up five thousand dollars a year in gunpowder, and nobody murmurs. Provident Judas wished to utilize the ointment, but the Teacher would rather that it should be wasted in poem.

* * * *

As for the ceremonies of the church, one need not waste time in seeing many of them. There is a dreary sameness in them, and one can take an hour here and an hour there, as it pleases him, just as sure of finding the same pattern as he would be in the first or last yard of a roll of printed cotton. For myself, I do not like to go and look with mere curiosity at what is sacred and solemn to others. To how many these Roman shows are sacred I cannot guess, but certainly the Romans do not value them much. I walked out to the grotto of Egeria on Easter Sunday, that I might not be tempted down to Saint Peter's to see the mockery of poor Pio Nono's benediction. It is certainly Christian, for he blesses them that curse him, and does all the good which the waving of his fingers can do to people who would use him despitefully if they had the chance. I told an Italian servant she might have the day, but she told me she did not wish it.

"But," said I, "will you not go to receive the blessing of the Holy Father?"

"No sir."

"Do you not wish it?"

"Not in the least: his blessing would do me no good. If I get the blessing of Heaven, it will serve my turn."

There were three families of foreigners in our house, and I believe none of the Italian servants went to Saint Peter's that day. Yet they commonly speak kindly of Pius. I have heard the same

phrase from several Italians of the working class. "He is a good man," they said, "but ill-led."

What one sees in the streets of Rome is worth more than what one sees in the churches. The churches themselves are generally ugly. Saint Peter's has crushed all the life out of architectural genius, and all the modern churches look as if they were swelling themselves in imitation of the great Basilica. There is a clumsy magnificence about them, and their heaviness oppresses you. Their marble incrustations look like a kind of architectural elephantiasis, and the parts are puffy with a dropsical want of proportion. There is none of the spring and soar which one may see even in the Lombard churches, and a Roman column standing near one of them, slim and gentlemanlike, satirizes silently their tawdry *parvenuism*. Attempts at mere bigness are ridiculous in a city where the Colosseum still yawns in crater-like ruin, and where Michel Angelo made a noble church out of a single room in Diocletian's baths.

Now as to what one sees in the streets, the beggars are certainly the first things that draw the eye. Beggary is an institution here. The church has sanctified it by the establishment of mendicant orders, and indeed it is the natural result of a social system where the non-producing class makes not only the laws but the ideas. The beggars of Rome go far toward proving the diversity of origin in mankind, for on them surely the curse of Adam never fell. It is easier to fancy that Adam *Vaurien*, the first tenant of the Fool's Paradise, after sucking his thumbs for a thousand years, took to wife Eve *Faniente*, and became the progenitor of this race, to whom also he left a calendar in which three hundred and sixty-five days in the year were made feasts, sacred from all secular labor. Accordingly they not merely do nothing, but they do it assiduously and almost with religious fervor. I have seen ancient members of this sect as constant at their accustomed street-corner as the bit of broken column on which they sat, and when a man does this in rainy weather, as rainy weather is in Rome, he has the spirit of a fanatic and martyr.

It is not that the Italians are a lazy people. On the contrary, I am satisfied that they are industrious as far as they are allowed to be. But, as I said before, when a Roman does nothing, he does it in the high Roman fashion. A friend of mine was having one of his rooms arranged for a private theatre, and sent for a person who was said to be an expert in the business, to do it for him. After a day's trial, he was satisfied that his lieutenant was rather a hindrance than a help, and resolved to dismiss him.

"What is your charge for your day's services?"

"Two scudi, sir."

"Two scudi! five pauls would be too much. You have done nothing but stand with your hands in your pockets and get in the way of other people."

"Lordship is perfectly right; but *that* is my way of working!"

It is impossible for a stranger to say who may *not* beg in Rome. It seems to be a sudden madness that may seize any one at the sight of a foreigner. You see a very respectable looking person in the street, and it is odds but as you pass him his hat comes off, his whole figure suddenly dilapidates itself, assuming a tremble of professional weakness, and you hear the everlasting *qualche cosa per carità*. You are in doubt whether to drop a *bajoccho* into the next cardinal's hat which offers you its sacred cavity in answer to your salute. You begin to believe that the hat was invented for the sole purpose of ingulfing coppers, and that its highest type is the great *Triregno* itself, into which the pence of Peter rattle.

But you soon learn to distinguish the established beggars, and to the four professions elsewhere considered liberal, you add a fourth for this latitude—mendicancy. Its professors look upon themselves as a kind of guild which ought to be protected by the government. I fell into talk with a woman who begged of me in the Colosseum. Among other things, she complained that the government did not at all consider the poor.

"Where is the government that does?" said I.

"*Eh già!* excellency, but this government lets beggars from the country come into Rome, which is a great injury to the trade of us born Romans. There is Beppo, for example; he is a man of property in his own town, and has a dinner of three courses every day. He has portioned two daughters with three thousand scudi each, and left Rome during the time of the Republic, with the rest of the nobility."

At first one is shocked and pained at the exhibition of deformities in the street. But by and by he comes to look upon them with little more emotion than is excited by seeing the tools of any other trade. The melancholy of the beggars is purely a matter of business, and they look upon their maims as Fortunatus purses, which will always give them a penny. A withered arm they present at you as a highwayman would his pistol; a *goitre* is a life-annuity; a St. Vitus-

dance is as good as an engagement as *prima ballerina* at the Apollo; and to have no legs at all is to stand on the best footing with fortune. They are a merry race, on the whole, and quick-witted, like the rest of their countrymen. I believe the regular fee for a beggar is a *quattrino*, about a quarter of a cent, but they expect more of foreigners. A friend of mine once giving one of these tiny coins to an old woman, she delicately expressed her resentment by exclaiming, "Thanks, *signoria*, God will reward *even* you!" A begging friar came to me one day with a subscription for repairing his convent.

"Ah, but I am a heretic," said I.

"Undoubtedly," with a shrug, implying a respectful acknowledgment of a foreigner's right to choose warm and dry lodgings in the other world, as well as in this, "but your money is perfectly orthodox."

Another favorite way of doing nothing is to excavate the Forum. I think the *Fanientes* like this all the better because it seems a kind of satire upon work, as the witches pay their Christian offices of devotion at their Sabbath. A score or so of old men in voluminous cloaks, shift the earth from one side of a large pit to the other, in a manner so leisurely that it is positive repose to look at them. The most bigoted anti-Fourierist might acknowledge this to be attractive industry. One Conscript Father trails a small barrow up to another who stands leaning on a long spade. Arriving, he fumbles for his snuff-box and offers it deliberately to his friend. Each takes an ample pinch, and both seat themselves to await the result. If one should sneeze, he receives the *felicità!* of the other, and, after allowing the titillation to subside, replies *grazia!* Then follows a little conversation, and then they prepare to load. But it occurs to the barrow-driver that this is a good opportunity to fill and light his pipe, and to do so conveniently he needs his barrow to sit upon. He draws a few whiffs, and a little more conversation takes place. The barrow is now ready, but first the wielder of the spade will fill his pipe also. This done, more whiffs and more conversation. Then a spoonful of earth is thrown into the barrow and it starts on its return. But midway it meet an empty barrow, and both stop to go through the snuff-box ceremonial once more, and to discuss whatever new thing has occurred in the excavation since their last encounter. And so it goes on all day.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

NEVER can we forget our first hearing of this mighty Irish chief, the last of the Milesian monarchs, not merely an orator, but a barbaric prince, ruling over barbarian millions—Daniel O'Connell. It was on a bright September morning, in the year 1835, that we, at that time a newly-licensed preacher of the Word, left the little red-tiled village of Pitlessie, in Fife, where we had been discharging the duties of our calling, for Edinburgh, to be present at the O'Connell Festival. Every incident and step in that little journey lie before us still, as if they were inscribed on canvas or sculptured in marble: such as the talk of some miles to the spot where we were to meet the stage, through the rustling fields of ripe corn; the ride on the top of the coach along the merry lands of Fife; the queer feelings with which we passed through Kirkaldy, repeating to ourselves the words, "the lang toun, the lang toun, the lang toun o' Kirkaldy," and wondering if it were ever to come to an end; the emotion with which we saw again, after a long absence, the glories of that unrivaled Frith of Forth, which we had never seen before from the north side, with all its marvelous promontories, hills, and buildings, bathed in the softest and richest of autumn sunshine; our passage amid the afternoon hues of deepening splendor across the waters, and our entrance once more into that Modern Athens, which, though now it seems to us greatly changed, looked then like a picture of the New Jerusalem, adorned as a bride prepared for her husband, and covered in all its streets, and squares, and back-grounds, with

"The light that never was on sea or shore,
The Consecration and the Poet's Dream."

Arrived we lost no time in securing what was the main desire of our heart at the time, a ticket for the O'Connell Dinner. A day or two had yet to elapse ere the period fixed for that entertainment, and this time we spent in intercourse with old friends, in revisiting all our favorite points of view about the city and neighborhood: the Calton Hill, where we had read Johnson's "Rasselas;" the half-moon battery on the castle, where we were once deep in the "Revolt of Islam," when a great thunder-storm came up from the west, and shed some lurid drops on the more

lurid page; Salisbury Crags, whence we had seen again and again the day dying in sunset, as Smith would say, like Cæsar wrapping his purple and golden mantle around him as he fell (a scene once there we saw, which Smith has since exactly described in one of the most gorgeous passages in his "Life Drama"). These delightful days passed like a swift, bright dream. At last, Thursday, the 17th of September, the day of the festival, dawned. It dawned in keen, but somewhat cold splendor. We were up early, and wandering with high expectations through the crowded streets; for, although it was autumn, Edinburgh was in flood, and the centre of all its multitudes and of all its material grandeurs was for the day Daniel O'Connell. Every group was talking of him, every eye we saw told that the soul within was thinking of him, either for or against, and you heard the very poorest, as they passed you, breathing his name. It was a sublime and affecting spectacle, to see what Carlyle has called the loyalty of men to their sovereign man! For O'Connell was, for the time, the real king, not only of Ireland, but of Scotland, nay, of Britain. It was arranged that, ere the dinner in the evening, there should be a preliminary meeting on the Calton Hill, where the greatest of out-of-door orators should appear in his own element, and have the blue sky for his canopy. It was the most imposing spectacle we ever witnessed. We stood, in common with some hundreds more, on a platform, separated from the general crowd, and surrounding, at no great distance, the still more elevated spot on which O'Connell and a few of his committee and friends were stationed. The day was clear and bright when he began his address. The scene, all who have stood on the Calton Hill can conceive; the couchant lion of Arthur Seat, and the ribbed granite of Salisbury Crags immediately behind; the Bass, and North Berwick Law, in remoter distance eastward, insulting the sea; the Lomonds of Fife to the north, balancing the Pentlands on the south; the fair Frith winding up, through varied beauty and grandeur, toward Stirling and the Trosachs; Edinburgh lying under the eye of autumn to the west, sombre and still; while, on the very verge of the horizon, the peaks of Ben Lomond, Ben Voirlach, and Ben Ledi, made us

aware of a stern primeval Presence calmly overlooking this page of modern life, completing the scene unto pictured harmony, and touching it with a tint of the Infinite. But few among that mighty multitude had an eye or a thought to spare to these accessories of the superb meeting, although, doubtless, they were unconsciously mingling with their thoughts,

"Like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it."

all were too eagerly gazing on that one point to the eastward, where the hero of the day was expected to appear. By and by, first a hum among the multitude, then a sudden disparting of its wave, and then a cheer, loud, universal, and long-continued, announced that HE was there. And quietly and suddenly as an apparition, up stood the CZAR of Ireland, in the presence of fifty thousand Scotchmen, and of the grandest scenery in Scotland, tall, massive, clad in green, his bonnet girdled with gold—with those eloquent lips, and that indescribable eye of his. "Will this immense multitude hear him?" was a question we overheard asked by a gentleman, at Rentoul of the "Spectator," who was standing immediately before us. "They'll hear his arms at least," was the reply. The cheers had now subsided, and a death-like stillness obtained. After an address to him, which had been hurriedly read, he commenced his speech with a serene dignity and depth of tone which no language of ours can represent. His first words were, "Men of Scotland, I have news for you, I have come to tell you the news. The Tories are beginning to repent that they have permitted the Reform Bill to be passed, and I believe their repentance is *very* sincere." What struck us first about the address, was the simplicity of the style. It was just the after-dinner talk of a gifted man, produced to the ear of thousands, and swelled by the echoes of the hills. But such talk, so easy, so rich, so starred with imagery, so radiant with wit, and varying so freely and so quickly from the ridiculous to the sublime, from the stern to the gay, from coarse abuse to lofty poetry, from bitter sarcasm to mild insinuating pathos! What struck us next, were the slowness and excessive richness of his tones and cadences. Such a voice we never heard before or since. It seemed to proceed from lips of ivory. The tones were deep, lingering, long-drawn out, with sweetness and strength strangely wedded together in every vibration of their sound. The words, as he uttered them, "*Red Rathcormac*," still ring in our ears. And then, Rentoul had prophesied truly; his arms, as he kindled, seemed to become inspired. Now he waved them both aloft over his

head, now he shook one of them in the air, now he folded them, as if they had been eagles' wings, over his breast, now he stretched them out imploringly to his audience, and it was all so thoroughly natural! His abuse and sarcasm were, as usual, exceedingly fierce, but accented by the music of his tones into a kind of wild harmony. He called Peel, we remember, "the greatest humbugger of the age, and as full of cant as any canter who ever canted in this canting world." Yet, mixed with all this truculence, there were passing gleams of truest pathos and poetry. He alluded to the glories of the scene around him in terms of enthusiastic admiration, and quoted—giving thereby a thrill to our hearts which we feel at this moment again there—the words of Scott in "*Marmion*"—

"Where is the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"

About the middle of his speech the sky became overcast; a black cloud, with rain, hailstones, and a muttering of thunder, came over the assembly, and the thought occurred to us, "what a catastrophe it were, and how the Tories would exult, did an arrow of lightning leap from that darkness, and slay O'Connell, in this the very culmination of his triumph?" But it passed away, and the September sun shone out again gloriously on the stalwart form of the Titan, who closed his speech by depicting the coming of a day when Ireland and Scotland should be reconciled, and when the "Irish mother" would soothe her babe to rest with

"Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled."

The effect of this touch at the time was indescribable, although, on reflection, we thought that a war-song, though the finest in the world, would be a strange lullaby for a child. The multitude, as he ended, seemed to heave out their feelings at one loosened heart, and, although there were tumultuous cheers, they seemed but a faint echo of the deep emotion. And, although the breaking up of a crowd is always intensely interesting, from the various sentiments and opinions expressed by the various groups, the sudden analysis of one immense body into its constituent parts, and the emblem supplied of the last awful separation which is to take place after the general judgment, yet we seldom mingled in any dissolving multitude with such emotion. Every one seemed not only pleased, but moved to the depths of his being, and filled, for the time at least, with an earnest determined purpose to prosecute the cause which the great orator had pled.

The hour for dinner came. It took place in

the Canonmills Hall. Good speeches were delivered by Dr. Bowring, James Aytoun, Dr. James Brown, and others. But, compared to O'Connell, they seemed all schoolboys learning to speak in a juvenile debating society. His speech was not, of course, equal to that of the morning. It wanted the accessories. Instead of mountains, he was surrounded by decanters, and had wine-glasses before him, in place of seas! Yet it showed quite as much mastery. What struck you again about his style and manner, was its exquisite combination of ease and energy, of passion and self-command. Again, the basis was conversation, and yet, on that basis, how did he contrive to build energetic, although unlogical thought, fierce invective, sarcasm which scorched like grape-shot, and touches of genuine imagination! We noticed the power with which he used the figure of interrogation. His questions seemed *hooks*, which seized and detained his audience whether they would or no. His first sentence was, "I am not going to make you a speech—I am going to ask you a question—what brought you all here?" Altogether it was Titanic talk. Its very coarseness was not vulgar, but resembled rather the coarseness of some mighty Tartar prince like Tamerlane. And then his voice! Again that wondrous instrument, which Disraeli admits to have been the finest ever heard in parliament, rolled its rich thunder, its swelling and sinking waves of sound, its quiet and soft cadences of beauty alternated with bass notes of grandeur, its divinely-managed brogue, over the awed and thrilled multitude, who gave him their applause at times, but far more frequently that "silence which is the best applause." We left with this impression—we have often heard more splendid spouters, more fluent and rapid declaimers, men who coin more cheers, men, too, who have thrilled us with deeper thought and loftier imagery; but here for the first time, is an orator in the full meaning and simplest verge of that term—*totus, teres, et rotundus*.

This, indeed, we think was the grand peculiarity of O'Connell. As an orator, he was artistically *one*. He had all those qualities which go to form a great speaker, united into a harmony, strengthened and softened into an essence, *subdued* into a whole. He had a presence which, from its breadth, height, and command, might be called majestic. He had a head of ample compass, and an eye of subtlest meaning, with caution, acuteness, cajolery and craft mingling in its ray. He had the richest and best managed of voices. He had wit, humor, sarcasm, invective, at will. He had a fine Irish fancy, flushing up at times into imagination. He had fierce and dark passions. He had a lawyer-like acuteness

of understanding. He had a sincere love for his country. He had great readiness, and had also that quality which Demosthenes deemed so essential to an orator—action; not the leaping and vermicular twistings and contortions, and ventriloquisms and ape-like gibberings by which some men delight the groundlings and grieve the judicious, but manly, natural, and powerful action. And over all these faculties he cast a conversational calm, and this rounded off the unity, and made his varied powers not only complete in number, but harmonious in play. Hence he "moved altogether, when he moved at all." Hence, while others were running, or leaping, or dancing, or flying with broken wing and convulsive effort, O'Connell was content majestically to *walk*. Hence, while others were screaming, or shouting, or lashing themselves into noisy fury, O'Connell was simply anxious to *speak*, and to speak with authority. A petitioner is loud and clamorous; a king may be quiet and low in utterance, and yet his very whispers be heard. On *this* hint O'Connell spake. For, unquestionably, a king he was among a peculiar people. Since Cromwell, or perhaps Burns, no man has been born in Britain whom nature did, by divers infallible marks, more distinctly destine, whether he were ever to be crowned or not, to be a monarch; to rule, whether with a sceptre or a sword or a tongue, great masses of men, than Daniel O'Connell. His very faults and errors had a princely air. His craft was "king-craft." His early excesses and sins were royal in their gusto and extravagance. Like many a youthful monarch, he had blood on his hands; murder, or at least manslaughter, on his soul. The subtlety in his eye was that of a northern despot. And his high stature, his dignified carriage, and his massive brow, all seemed to bear the inscription—"This man is made to reign."

Morally, we do not rate him high; for, as we may see afterward, he was false, reckless, and a self-seeker. But as a man of intellect and energy, or, at least, as a powerful popular force, we doubt if Ireland has yet produced his match; and *more* than any other, is he her representative man. The really great *men* of that country (we speak not so much of her writers or orators) have been Berkeley, Swift, Burke, and O'Connell. Berkeley, however, although an Irishman by birth, had little relationship with his birth-place in his feelings, predilections, or style of thought; he belonged not to Ireland, but to earth;—rather he was the "Minute Philosopher" of the Universe. Swift obtained vast power in Ireland through his talents and the terrible energy and desperation with which he wielded them; but although in it, he was not of

it. He hated his native land with a hatred only inferior to that with which he regarded the men in England who had compelled him to rusticate there; and of the Irishman there was little or nothing in his constitution; at best, he was only a dried specimen of the class—the gigantic fossil of an Irishman. Burke's universal genius carried him up clear and high above his native bogs, and made him free of

"Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms."

He left Ireland early; his soul, manners and mental habitudes had left it before, and never returned. But O'Connell, while not to be named with Berkeley in subtle thought; while not to be named with Swift, the Demon of Common-Sense, in inventiveness and satanic power, or with Burke in depth, comprehension, richness, and grandeur, excelled them all in his knowledge of his country, in his sympathy with it, in his determination to link himself with its fortunes, and in power of popular effect, not to speak of his religious creed, and of the influence it gave him over the minds of the "seven millions." Just as certainly as Burns or Scott was the Genius of Scotland; the ideal of its powers, tendencies, weaknesses, and passions; the express image of most that was noble, and of much that was ignoble, in its idiosyncrasy—so surely was Daniel O'Connell the express image of an Irishman; the biggest beggar-man in a land of beggars; the calmest yet most powerful orator in a kingdom of eloquence; the craftiest scion of a crafty race; the most self-seeking and the most patriotic of a people who love "the sod" and themselves with an identical affection.

The moment that such a specimen of a land is matured, the principles and roots from which it sprang begin generally to fade away and expire. The best becomes the last specimen. The Scottish people were, so to speak, in labor for ages, till their Burns and their Scott appeared; and since, the men of genius they have produced, except T. Aird, have had little about them distinctively national. O'Connell, too, the "Member for all Ireland," is the last member for that strange county. His sons, it is well known, have degenerated from their parent. His "Tail," never very substantial, has become the ghost of what it was. His projects and plans have all been buried with that eloquent tongue, which made a hundred heaths and hills, as well as halls and senate-chambers to resound with their advocacy. His speeches, too, are defunct, or live only in mutilated abridgments, or in the memories of those who felt that thrill they gave, which can never be printed, and never be forgotten.

To dwell at length upon the faults of this extraordinary man's eloquence, or of his career,

is not necessary. Suffice it to remind our readers that his language was often blotted by personalities, and his counsels marred by indiscretion; that he griped at the gains of patriotism with an avidity, an earnestness, and a perseverance which justified the general charges brought against him, and that special nickname in which his image stands up before the view of many as in a niche of shame; and that his last journey, to "hide his head under the petticoats of the pope from the great Fact of Death which was coming upon him," as Carlyle said of him, was nearly as foolish as for millions to confront eternity with bare head, blaspheming lips, and without either fear or hope, belief in the devil or in God, in the Antichrist or in the Christ. Nevertheless, nothing discovers to us more the energy of O'Connell's genius than his vituperation. Witness his onset on Disraeli: unjust though that in many points was, yet it was so powerful, so refreshing, and so original, that you fancied the spirit of the author of the "Legion-Club," or of him who wrote the "Irish Avatar," to have entered O'Connell for the nonce. It was a touch of genius worthy of Swift or of Byron, to call Disraeli the "lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." All men, great and small, can call names. But there is the widest difference between the vituperation of a porter and that of a poet—between a kick given by an ass from below and the stroke dealt by an angel from above. The one recoils from the object of assault and impinges upon the stupid assailant; the other rests on the brow, the scar of an irresistible and supernal blow. The one strikes, the other strikes *down*. The one, to use the words of Christopher North, is "like mud thrown by a brutal boor on the gateway of some glorious edifice;" the other is a flash of lightning from on high, which can neither be repelled nor replied to but leaves a Cain-mark on the devoted brow, which may be its only passport into future ages.

It may be asked, but what, after all, *did* this man, whose powers you rate so highly? What deliverance did he work on the earth? Did he even gain that beggarly "Repeal of the Union" at which he aimed? And did he not do much to increase the hold of a dismal and degraded Lie upon the minds of his countrymen? Yea, verily, he did. Much of this is true, but it is not the whole truth. Daniel O'Connell was sent to teach us, and he has taught us some very important lessons, altogether apart from that special line of political conduct to which he latterly devoted his powers. First of all, he was one of the most determined, disinterested, and unwearied denouncers of slavery in all its forms and shapes, in all countries and climes, that our land has

ever witnessed. Here, certainly, he was in earnest, and here his word was with power.

O'Connell's invective excels Lord Brougham's in directness, in heartiness, in raciness, and in imagination. The attacks of the noble lord, powerful as they were, resembled the abuse of Apemantus, clever, caustic, and keen; those of O'Connell, the sublime and fire-tipped utterances of Timon; the one never exceeded lofty passion—the other often rose into absolute poetry, showing thus the intense distinction between a mind of great talent, culture, and fire, and one of nearly equal talent, of much inferior culture, but of what the other wanted—a very high order of poetic genius.

O'Connell, secondly, for ever demolished old Toryism. The energy of his assaults, the pertinacity with which he returned to the charge, the bitter sarcasms by which he scorched and withered his opponents, and the mighty force derived from the "seven millions" whom fancy saw peopling the horizon behind him, all tended to abash the front of the then Tory idea, and to precipitate its long-projected transmigration into the form of Conservatism. Whatever else O'Connell failed to do, he did this, he impaled the old shape of political exclusiveness; he opened the doors of Parliament to the children of his people; he annihilated tithes, in their worst form; and he showed that the Milesian race, after centuries of degradation, could yet bear a man, before whom the proudest of their Saxon superiors were fain to quail, and who arrested the progress of a party to irresponsible and absolute power in Britain.

Thirdly, he gave wholesome proof of the effect of perseverance. In 1828, the name of O'Connell was a name of reproach. His talents were underrated; he was spoken of as a mere "mob orator;" his own kind of vituperation, only desti-

tute of its vital force and burning genius, was applied to him without mercy; every small prophet was predicting that, as soon as he entered Parliament he was sure to "find his level." In 1830, he became a senator; in 1831, he was listened to as the first orator in the House of Commons; and in 1835, as he stood on his proud pinnacle on the Calton Hill, he had become (Wellington not even at *that* time excepted) the most noticeable and powerful man in the country—the most loved by his friends, and the most dreaded by his foes. And had not some selfish elements mingled with his motives, and some imprudences characterized his conduct, he had been as broad a benefactor to his kind, as he was a special deliverer to his caste. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. Still, he has left behind him a reputation so wide and wondrous, that we may almost call it fame. He has proved what a single man may, and may not do. He has driven the notion of the capacities of individual power almost to its extreme point. Never, since the days of Oliver Cromwell, was there in Britain a man who exerted more power, who was more of, and who, on the whole, deserved more to be, a monarch. The fact that he failed, instead of teaching us the lesson of his weakness, ought to teach us a lesson far more true, wide, and instructive—this, namely, that all merely human power, unless supplemented from above, is utterly incapable to produce any result which shall deliver the world permanently from any one of its *primal* evils; and that, out of the broken fragments of the statue of an O'Connell, we should proceed, as out of all similar half-finished or totally-wrecked structures, to rear a shapelier fabric, and to inscribe upon it no earthly name, past, present, or to come, but the simple and sublime words, "To the coming One, even Jesus, the Prince of the kings of the earth, who shall come, will come, and will not tarry!"

SONNET.—HEBE.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

WHAT peccadillo was the moving cause
Of thy dismissal from the courts on high?
Did Jove's all-seeing, ever-wakeful eye
Discern in thee neglect of any laws
That his cupbearers wont were to observe?
Or did thy golden tresses, beauty rare,
Excite the envy of the queens who were

Partakers of the feast. Did he deserve
Thee, Hebe! beauteous goddess, to supplant,
Who by the Thunderer's eagle carried up,
Bears now to gods and goddesses the cup
Of nectar, lymph divine? The why we can't
Discover Error, or, perchance, a slip,
Has made heaven's bird from Ganymede's goblet slip.

THE HEADSMAN'S SACRIFICE.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

Nothing, save the balmy breath of flowers, can be compared for softness and that voluptuous charm that fills all the senses completely, to the chimes that bathe the city of Antwerp in melody, when the cathedral bells are in motion. When the air is bland and the dawn just at its first blush, the full mellow sound of these bells give the listening sense a sweeter foretaste of heavenly music than any thing we ever knew in this life.

The Antwerp chimes have another significance, holier and more solemn than their melody. They are the first voices that call to prayer, earlier even than the birds of heaven, earlier than the first golden arrow shot forth by the sunrise.

The rich hear these chimes as they listen to music in their dreams. They float above their pillows, and whisper among the heavy drapery that beclouds their couches. But the poor—those who snatch the prayer moment from a stinted allowance of rest after toil—to them it is an angel-voiced summons to the renewal of life. The mean couch is abandoned, the poverty-stricken garments put on, and every alley and squalid side-street pours forth its quota of human life into the dewy morning.

It seemed on the morning we write of as if the cathedral were the great living heart of the city—those bells its pulses, and the stream of humanity passing in and out the vital fluid, retiring at stated periods from the veins and arteries of the city—for when that city awoke every step was bent toward the great square, at one side of which the cathedral stands. Before the artisan or the laborer began his toil, he sought the religious shade of that beautiful edifice, and there with his knees upon the cold stone, and his face turned altar-wise, satisfied his soul with a whispered prayer-breath of perfume from the censers and a draught of delicious music from the choir.

There is something sad and touching in the sight of a European people thus gathered at dawn or nightfall around the ancient shrines of their religion. Unlike the usual precedence of life, the sons of toil and of sorrow come first. Those whom the bell-chimes find wakeful in their tears come with their dim eyes to the altars of

the cathedral. Those who look forward to no release from the treadmill of existence, which only yields bread and that grudgingly, creep to their work through the folding-doors of the cathedral. The happy come late; after being charmed and lulled into luxurious dreaminess, by the chiming music, they saunter forth when the altars are dim with incense, and the worn pavements are lighted up by gorgeous sunbeams that penetrate the stained windows, and pour their sluggish prayers on the clouds of incense consecrated by the tears and sighs of those who have preceded them.

But with this class, as yet, we have nothing to do; our story carries us among the toil-worn and the grief-stricken that sought the cathedral one summer morning just after daylight, when the bells had been filling Antwerp with their sweet voices full twenty minutes.

The altars were lighted, and pale clouds of incense floated hazily above them. The dim naives and lateral aisles half in gloom, half filled with struggling light, were haunted by worshippers. The marble pavement was darkened with kneeling forms, while consecrated tapers drearily lighted up their pale, patient faces. In the whole crowd there was not a cheerful or happy face. Yet the music above them was enough to wake smiles on the face of an angel.

When this throng was most wrapped in devotion, a young girl came quickly through a side-door that opens from the square to the transept, where Rubens' great picture of "The Descent from the Cross" hangs.

Very young and beautiful was this girl, and not of the class that usually meet for prayer so early in the morning. Her garments, too, were of richer material than any that surrounded her, and bore that indescribable grace which high birth and custom gives to all material appearances of rank. But her dress of rich purple was half concealed by a black silk mantle, gathered closely about her. The hood drawn hurriedly over that fair young head was partly dragged back by the abundance of fair tresses, that had been so carelessly knotted behind the head that they were getting loose, deranging the silken hood with their golden weight.

The transept was dim, but in the gush of light that came with her through the door—as the old artists flooded their angels—you could see that tears had already stained those pale young cheeks that morning, for dim shadows lay beneath her large azure eyes, and there was that tremulous motion about the mouth which we see in a patient little child, when it strives with all its puny might to hold back rebellious grief.

She paused a moment by the door, gave a hurried glance along the groups that dimmed the transept, and then walked forward very quickly, but with a tread so light that no worshiper was disturbed by her passing, more than he would have been by a broken lily floating by on the wind.

She did not stop to search among those persons who were gathered in groups, but cast an eager glance at every solitary worshiper in her way. Evidently with a fresh disappointment crossing her each moment, the girl passed on with scarcely a pause till she reached the great nave. Here, like a lost angel standing between the broad wings of the cross, she halted, looking to the right, the left, and down, as it were, to the foot of that mystic emblem, shadowed forth dimly in the architecture of the edifice. Many kneeling figures met her disappointed search, old men bowed to the pavement as much by age as devotion, young girls drawing mysteriously together at the side altars, and men of all classes wrapped, sombre and unmindful of her.

A look of indescribable anguish swept across her forehead as those almost wild eyes were withdrawn in disappointment, first from one direction, then from another. At last the girl drew her mantle suddenly upward, buried her face in it, and drawing toward a pillar began to weep.

No one noticed her; people who had tears to shed often brought them to that sacred place, and they excited no wonder. It was this isolation among so many fellow-beings that struck the girl with a more forcible pain. She slowly dropped the mantle from her face, and with a languid, hopeless air moved toward one of the lateral aisles, searching it as she had other portions of the cathedral, but every glance was given through a mist of tears; the poor girl, with the quick impulse of youth, which thinks all lost which does not come at once, searched on without a hope of finding the person on whom every hope of her young life rested.

It seemed as if she were doomed to this great disappointment, how great no one knew save the poor creature herself—for though she threaded every aisle and gazed down every vista, it was

always to pass on with the same hushed step and weary sigh.

At last her wanderings brought her back to the transept, and as if utterly exhausted and hopeless, she sunk upon her knees before that sublime embodiment of divine suffering, "Ruben's Descent from the Cross." She had no strength, no hope on earth, nothing but the great mercy of Him whose human sufferings were typified on that immortal canvas, could help her now. Her hands were clasped beneath the black folds of her mantle. Her hair had at last given way, and fell in golden masses on her shoulders, carrying the hood with it. She heeded it not, her soul had found a strange comfort in that picture of lifeless suffering. Her tears stood still in her eyes and on her pale cheeks. Awe at the embodiment of sufferings so much more sublime than hers checked her very breath. She had seen the picture a hundred times before, but never with this solemn depth of reverence, never with that keen appreciation of the divine suffering that filled her soul now.

In every life there is a season when the great depths of the soul break up, fertilizing the nature as rich floods enrich the banks they overflow. If any thing, external, can produce this strange transfiguration, it must be the picture before which Nina prostrated herself. The suffering is all passed. The stillness of death broods over every thing. The hush of exhausted emotion lies on those living faces upturned toward the dead Christ. Where lies the mysterious effect of that picture—is it that so much is left to retrospection? Is it that the shadows, the mysterious revelations of a foregone pain so truly written upon the dead Christ awe the imagination more than the material, existing pang impresses the sense?

Nina, amid all her grief, was hushed into solemn tenderness before The Christ. Her very tears seemed sacrilegious, her breath too loud in that presence. Thus she remained wrapped in a sort of chill trance during some moments. But there is no slumber so deep for a woman's soul, no trance so absorbing, that one human footstep cannot break it. Nina started to her feet, and feeling hastily for her hood, stepped a pace or two forward, her features all eager and white, her lips parted, but without the power to speak.

The person who stood before her was in his earliest manhood, slender, and delicately formed in sinew and limb, but with a look of earnest, nay, intense character in his young face, far more mature than the features upon which it was revealed. He was dressed as a student of the academy which at that time held an imposing

place in the estimation of all men of genius in Germany. His student's cap had been removed on entering the cathedral, and this left his fine features revealed, while the cap was clutched eagerly in his hand, as if some fierce agitation was wreaking itself thus upon the harmless thing.

Nina saw how pale he was, and that great drops of perspiration came rolling down his white forehead, from beneath the curls that shadowed it. It was this that held her dumb and filled those blue eyes with such questioning anguish.

"He has returned then!" she said at last.

He saw her lips move, and knew the question she could not articulate, save in a hoarse whisper.

"Come this way, Nina. We shall find some altar where no one else cares to kneel. Come, my poor Nina."

"Thy poor Nina! alas it is so then," whispered the girl, folding her mantle close, and preparing to follow him down one of the lateral aisles.

He did not answer, but turned and trod rapidly along the pavement, and she, like a pale shadow, followed him in silence.

At length she paused close by a remote altar, and leaning heavily upon the railing, murmured through her white lips—

"Oh, Alexander, I can bear up no longer, tell me here!"

The young man looked around as if still resolved to pass further, for the figure of a man muffled in an old brown cloak lay almost prostrate before the altar, silent and still, as if wrapped in prayer. But Nina was trembling in every limb, and he saw that in truth she could not walk another step.

"Speak in French, Nina," he said, addressing her in that language. "See you not there is some one else at the altar."

Poor fellow, it was a natural weakness, he hovered around the painful subject, but shrunk from touching it.

"I know it all, Alexander," she answered, in the sweet foreign tongue, "but my poor heart will not quite believe till the sorrow is spoken in words. Let it be in the French tongue. Our own should have no power to shape so great a cruelty into words."

"The holy father has returned," said the young man. "I stood by his gate all last night, hoping to bring thee good tidings before dawn. He was delayed, and arrived drearily, travel-worn and heart-sore, but a half-hour ago. I knew thou wouldst be waiting here, and came at once—but, oh my Nina, with evil tidings!"

"I knew it," said the young girl, gasping out the words, and growing whiter and whiter as she sunk to the pavement. "Oh, I am dying!"

There was a motion of the old cloak, and for an instant there appeared from beneath its folds a masked face, and a pair of dark eyes, full of intense compassion were turned upon the young pair.

The student was all unconscious of this, for when Nina sunk, so like a crushed flower to his feet, he fell upon his knees beside her, and waiting in mute anguish for the pang which had smitten her to pass away, for he had no hope or comfort to give, and the sacredness of the place withheld him from supporting her as he would have done in the open air.

At length the poor girl struggled upward till she grasped the altar-railing, and leaning her head upon it, said, in a low, dreary voice—

"Now tell me, Alexander, while I kneel thus at God's footstool, am I an orphan—will it be to-morrow?"

The young man let his forehead fall upon the railing beside her, and answered—"The emperor refuses every thing, even the slightest delay."

"Did the holy father see him face to face?" she said.

"Yes, face to face."

"And plead with him?"

"Aye, as if his own soul had been in the balance."

"And still he would not have mercy?"

"None, but reproved the holy man sharply for daring to interfere."

"Woe, woe!" murmured the girl; and for a little time she remained silent, with a sort of numbness creeping over her.

The face had disappeared within the old cloak, but at these words—"woe, woe"—a shiver ran through its folds, and a low murmur was heard from underneath, as if a soul were in painful tumult beneath it. "And must it even be thus—my father. Alexander, Alexander, can nothing save him?"

"Listen, Nina, I had a thought at one time to attempt a rescue at the scaffold. We have brave fellows in the academy."

"But, but, would they?" almost shrieked the young girl, starting to her feet with a wild grasp at the railing.

"I tried them, but our number is too small. The authorities have ordered out double the usual number of troops. The baron was a favorite with the people of Antwerp. A rescue is feared, and they are prepared."

"My father, my father!" broke from Nina, in a plaintive cry. "Oh, if they would but take me, his miserable, miserable child instead."

"Or me," cried the youth, lifting his fine eyes to a picture of the nativity over the altar. The holy mother knows I would give it for his sake,

and for thine, my beloved, though it does seem that heaven with all its angels would be dark and sad without thee by my side to share it."

"Is there no hope, none?" cried the poor girl, strengthened into fresh anguish under his words. "Oh, Alexander, how readily wouldst thou and I mount that scaffold to-morrow in his stead. Together thou knowest we could be happy in any world, so our death saved him in this. Surely the emperor might take our two young lives for one that is half worn out with time, and many a hard pang, for this is not the first time, my Alexander, that tyranny has been busy with its red hand in our house. Not twenty years ago, my uncle, my father's only brother, perished as he must on this terrible morrow—save that the murder was done in-doors. He disappeared from his dungeon, but the Headsman of Antwerp entered that dungeon the night before, in his mask and blood-red dress."

"And it was this that made thy father so sad at times, even in his greatest prosperity."

"Truly it was, for never did brothers love each other so tenderly. Again and again have I heard my father say that his own life had been poured forth like water, could its waste have bought that brother off from a single pang."

They did not hear it, but a low prolonged sob broke from beneath the brown cloak, that some how had crept nearer to them, and it shook as if the wind were passing through its folds.

"Oh!" said Nina, dulling the sense of her father's danger with the eager love with which she dwelt on his virtues; "this brother must have been brave and good, thus to live in his great heart so long. It was this, my Alexander, that left so many gray hairs upon his temples. I never remember him otherwise, for it happened before I was born; but all this sorrowful frost came in one week."

"It was not strange," said the young man. "I feel as if my own hair would be white as snow before another day and night."

"I think," whispered Nina, leaning toward him, with a strange smile, as if she felt both awe and pleasure in the thought. "I think that my heart will never bear the pang which whitens the head so quick. It will break at once."

"Nina," said the young man, "it is a wild hope, and I did not think to mention it, but now that all else is gone, let me tell thee even my weakest thought."

Nina looked at him with an eager glance.

"There is one man in the world, Nina, whom I love better than the holy father who has, thou knowest, always been my guardian and temporal father."

"One that you love better than Father Jo-

seph," said the girl amazed, "and never spoke of him before."

"It was his wish, my Nina, and at all times a wish from him was sacred to me. I know not how or why this man first became interested in my poor fortunes, but since I was ten years old, or thereabout, he has been a sort of spirit presence to me, divining, as it were by intuition, the seasons of my grief, and always appearing suddenly, mysteriously even; for he most frequently comes at night and unannounced, to give me comfort and aid. When I first met thee, my beloved, here at thy morning prayers, more beautiful than the saints thy pure soul worshiped, my heart was filled with disquietude, not the sweet unrest brought by gazing on thy beauty, but it was saddened with the thought that thou wert so far above my hopes; that thou, so endowed with loveliness by God, wast also lifted up so far above the poor student by birth and worldly substance. In the depth of my trouble this man appeared suddenly in my chamber at midnight, and gave me such counsel as won favor with the noble baron, and lifted me above all the high-born youths of Antwerp that were aspiring to thy love. Dost thou remember how it was, Nina, that thy father received the homeless student when he dared to worship thee?"

"He was so good—my noble father," said the girl, with sad animation. "Often have I heard him say thy genius and truth were of more value in his estimation than rank or gold, besides he cared for thee so much for other reasons, as if his poor daughter's soul looked through his eyes, he would say thou wert of such noble presence; that never since his brother was a young man of thy age, had he seen a youth that so truly came up to his own estimate of what God intended his own image should become. I sometimes thought that thy presence reminded him of this martyr brother."

"And yet he never mentioned him to me!"

"Nor often to any one. But after thou wert gone I ever marked that a more gentle sadness would settle upon him; he grew more tender, more silent too, as was his habit when any thing brought the remembrance of that brother to his mind."

"And that brother, what was his fault?"

"That of my own dear father," replied the girl. He dared to think for himself with regard to the rights of his race. He dared to speak those opinions freely to the nobles and the people. They tortured this into treason. Both brothers suffer for opinions more generous than the emperor dares encourage. He calls them seditions, and punishes them as crimes."

"It is strange that Father Joseph never

mentioned this, he who seems in a way linked with the history of your house," said the young man.

"It is strange," replied the girl. "That my father never mentioned it arose doubtless from the pang which must ever follow a memory so fraught with grief; but Father Joseph, he who was confessor to my uncle, surely he must have dropped some hint of the tragical history, in all the time that thou wast with him in the convent."

"It is strange," answered the student thoughtfully, "but now that I have learned this sad event, my heart turns more hopefully to my strange friend, the man I spoke of. Never did he appear to me that some great obstacle to my hopes was not swept aside, as with an invisible power—never have I had a great wish that it was not accomplished, as I found, by the miracle of his presence."

"Oh, find him—find him! When all else fails let us follow this wild hope. It may be that our Holy Mother has put the thought in thy heart, as she witnesses our terrible sorrow." Nina lifted her eyes reverently to the benign face of the Virgin, who looked down upon them from over the altar as she spoke.

"Alas! I know not where to seek him," was the sad reply. "He comes and goes like shadows upon the wall of my room. When I least expect him he sometimes stands before me, mild, sad, and with a look in his eyes that makes my heart pause in its pulsation, for it seems as if I were in the presence of some profound and holy sorrow. I have felt thus while looking upon the lifeless Savior yonder, from whose mortal remains even death could not wrest the divinity, but never before other mortal man."

"And canst thou not summon him? Surely if sorrow can bring him to thee, ours is enough to win down an angel from heaven," said Nina.

"I know not where to seek; no man in Antwerp has ever seen him, that I can learn, save myself. I have inquired often, but find no one who can recognize my account of the face, and yet it is one that should win notice anywhere, so marble pale, so full of solemn sweetness. Turn those eyes away, my Nina, for I see them now evincing the same sorrowful sadness that I have marked in his."

"It is the light of my coming orphanage," said Nina, with a faint shudder.

"Not yet—not yet, my Nina, will we despair. To-night I will pass watching in my room. Hitherto my sorrows have brought this strange being to my side before they were uttered. Ever since I left the religious house where the first years of my life were spent, it has been thus with him. Let us kneel down here before the

Holy Mother, and pray that in this our terrible strait, he will not fail to come."

They knelt down together and in silence, but never did a prayer so earnest or so sublimated with the very poetry of faith, ascend to the throne of God. Their eyes were uplifted to the Virgin, and up from the depths of their young souls came a silent cry for help, help!

Then the prostrate figure, shrouded in the brown cloak, arose with great caution, and was about to depart; but strong emotion, or some other cause seemed to have deprived him of all strength; he staggered, fell forward upon his knees, and his cloak dropped off. The mask upon his face trembled, and his raiment was a dull, lurid red. The noise that he made startled the young couple from their devotions. Their eyes simultaneously turned from the tranquil face of the Virgin to that masked figure. Their lips grew cold as marble, their eyes dilated with horrid fear, and they both cried out as if the same pang shot through them both.

"The Headsman! Oh, Holy Mother, is this thy answer?"

CHAPTER II.

The city was unusually tumultuous that night. Knots of artisans gathered before the beer-houses eagerly talking over the expected execution. Men and women made appointments for the next day, as if some great festival were at hand. In the Place de Meer, many of the better order might be seen gathered in knots in the shadows flung from the gables of those fine old mansions that gave to this street its air of antique grandeur, all talking together in low and earnest voices. Every where might be found evidences of some great and unusual excitement that spread through all classes, and seemed to fill the very atmosphere with gloom.

Along one of the most retired streets, and forcing his way through the gloomy groups that obstructed his progress that night, was a shadow-like old man, in priest's garments, and followed by a younger person, evidently of the church, who carried beneath the folds of his gown, the holy appliances used at the last sacrament. This man, whose face was almost concealed by his cowl, followed close upon the priest, who, muffled in his black garments, moved through the throng with a more rapid step than seemed befitting to his solemn errand or sacred character.

"It is Father Paul going at this time of night to administer extreme unction to his prisoner," muttered the crowd, as the holy man passed through them. "He has been father confessor to that proud family since he first took orders many years ago."

"Methinks he seems in great haste," observed a stout burgher, whose garments had been brushed by the black gown of the priest; "and takes a strange way to the prison—see, he turns down yon alley, and that leads another way!"

"Yes," answered a young woman, who came to the door in which the burgher had ensconced his stout form, bearing in her hand a can of foaming beer, which the man had ordered by a sign, as he was talking. "But, then, if yon alley leads not to the prison, it is a close neighbor to it, in one sense. Know that the Headsman of Antwerp always comes from thence, when he is arrayed for his death work!"

"Indeed, and is it yonder the fiend makes his den?" rejoined the man, drawing in the breath with which he had been blowing the foam from his beer with a deep sigh, and turning a furtive glance toward the dark mouth of the alley, through which the priest had disappeared. "Whew! but the air grows heavy as we talk of him, and thy beer, woman, as I am an honest burgher, has a taste of blood at the bottom. Has the headsman ever drank from thy can?"

"Nay, would you ruin the character of my house, by talk like this?" replied the woman, casting an anxious look toward some customers who sat drinking at a table within. "The Headsman of Antwerp beneath my roof! why, at the very sight of his blood-red uniform and black mask, every creature within the house would run and hide himself!"

"Then have you never seen him without the mask, dame?" inquired the man almost in a whisper.

"Who ever did? who in all Antwerp, ever saw the executioner without his mask?"

"Hush! who is that? Surely his face was very dark!" whispered the man, seizing his companion by the arm, and drawing her within the door, as a muffled figure rushed hastily by, and disappeared in the neighboring alley.

"Poh! it was but the shadow of his hat; the face was a handsome enough face—and young, too. I would you had been in less haste to block up the door, neighbor; he might have been athirst for aught we know!"

"Athirst! like enough. It seems as if thoughts of the execution brought a hankering for good liquor. So fill my can again, and I will drink it within. These black shadows gliding in and out, seem to render the malt bitter. Come in, and let us close the door!"

While this dialogue was passing at the beer-house, the priest, who had given rise to it, paused before one of the low and dilapidated buildings with which the alley was crowded, and, without knocking, entered a narrow passage, from whence

a flight of steps wound upward into the darkness. Up and up, till he reached a small apartment in the gable, glided the holy man, followed like a magnified shadow by the heavy figure of the monk. The priest paused before this apartment, and directing his attendant to remain without till he should be summoned, lifted the latch and entered.

It was a small room, lighted by one narrow and pointed window, high up from the floor, and shooting like an arrow-head into the unequal roof. There was little furniture in the chamber; but that little, though cumbrous and old, had been peculiarly rich in the day of its construction. A few houses of the old nobility still preserved these ancient and magnificent relics of past grandeur. But among the citizens, and more especially in that squalid neighborhood, articles so rare and precious might have been subjects of wonder, had any inhabitant of the place ever been known to enter that chamber.

Near a small table, black with age and rich with heavy sculptures, stood a lamp of antique bronze. This formed a knot of serpents, whose grotesque convolutions made the base, and from whose open jaws, yellow and rich with gold, shot forth threads of fire that seemed almost like the subtle venom of the reptile, shooting together in a faint luminous mass, that scarcely revealed the broken outlines of other objects equally rich and curious.

By the table, with his pale forehead bathed in the unearthly light, sat the man whom we saw fall before the altar at the cathedral. But now his mask was off, and his face wholly revealed; a benign expression sat on his thin features; an air of languid suffering hung around his tall and stooping form; but in the large brown eyes that were uplifted as the priest entered, there shone something of stern and solemn strength, that seemed at variance with the shrinking feebleness that his air and countenance bespoke.

When he saw the priest the old man arose and bent his head reverently, leaning meantime one hand upon the table. For a moment the priest seemed surprised; but a well pleased expression followed the first look, and he came toward the table almost smiling.

"Father, you will deem it strange that I sent for you at this time of the night!"

"No, not strange, knowing what I do for the morrow. This is a fearful trial, my poor friend!" and a faint shudder crept through the frame of that holy man.

The holy man looked earnestly in the face of his friend, and it seemed in the pale light as if a smile flitted across his lips; still it could not

be. In his terrible situation how could that old man smile? Thus it was that the priest reasoned, as he sat down by the table, and shaded his eyes from the gleam of those bronzed serpents, thinking that it had deceived his sight.

"I expected the summons, and without it should have come; but there must have been a mistake. I was desired to be in preparation to administer the last sacrament; but here it cannot be required," said the holy man, relieved, and yet wondering to find his friend so well.

"And you have come prepared, I trust," was the mild reply.

"One of our brotherhood remains without, prepared to aid me in the solemn service."

"Send him back to thy holy home, father; that which I require in preparation for the long journey would I take from no hands but thine," said the old man solemnly. "Thou, my only friend on earth, shall be the last to speed his soul heavenward. I pray thee send the good monk away!"

The priest went out, and directly heavy footsteps were heard descending the stairs. It was not till the street-door closed that the holy man returned to the chamber. Its inmate had moved a little; and when the priest sat down the thin hand of the old man dropped upon his, and the two sat looking upon each other with a steady and mournful gaze. The old man spoke first.

"He must die!"

"He must die!" answered the priest; "all that human effort can effect has been tried in vain."

"And the judges, the emperor, knowing—all knowing, that he was the friend of my bosom—that the same blood beats in our veins, they will not relent. This hand they doom to its fearful task again. They have no pity—no mercy!"

"None!" replied the priest, covering his eyes; "all that human eloquence could urge did I say to move them, but they seemed as deaf men."

"They knew from the first that this—the last victim of our house—was the son of my father's brother; and yet relented not. They claim the last strength of this feeble hand to shed my own blood, and think that I will do it. Twenty years should have done its work upon the stubborn heart! Father, father! did I purchase my poor life for the privilege of watching my son from a distance—of protecting his childhood—of—of—Do—do they think I would pay this fiend's price now, when I can feel the life ebbing from me, drop by drop, like grains of sand from the glass that seeks but a moment to complete its hour. Father, thou hast much knowledge of bodily ills, with all that appertains to the spiritual man, lay thy hand here, and say how long, according

to God's own time, this poor frame could totter along its pilgrimage?"

The old man knelt down before the priest as he spoke, and taking the holy man's hand, drew aside his vestments and laid the palm upon his heart.

The priest turned pale, and visible terror swept over his features. After a little he removed his hand, and leant his ear close against the old man's chest. Thus the two remained for the duration of a minute, in which a hush like that of death lay within the room, and the pulsations of that poor heart might be heard, ebbing away with a weak, gurgling sound, as every throb would be the last.

The priest raised his head at length, and his eyes met the questioning eyes of the old man who smiled wanly, and said in a sweet, calm voice

"How long, father! how long?"

"At any hour—at any moment!"

"You see, father," said the old man, and his smile seemed to deepen and break down into the very depths of his soul; "you see that God has no mercy when man has none. Think you this—" and the old man laid one pale hand upon his heart, "could nerve my arm to its task to-morrow without breaking?"

"No!" answered the priest, and he almost looked grateful for the thought. "Strong agitation—grief—fear—terror—nay, the slightest start of surprise, perchance, would quench this feeble life struggling there, as a puff of wind passing over this lamp."

"I thought so," said the old man, and the holy light grew strong upon his face. "To-morrow, then, my old friend—to-morrow will thou claim of the Austrian tyrant the pledge that he gave with my life twenty years ago. Dost thou remember, old friend?"

"Do I remember! Had I a thousand lives that day would never pass from my brain," answered the priest.

"And my son; he is a brave, a noble youth. Tell me, is he not worthy the sacrifice?—gloriously worthy?"

Heavens! what a look of noble love kindled up the old man's face! There was proud bloom in his cheek then, glowing and warm, as if his poor heart were that moment pouring out its last drop of life in a gush of more than mortal affection.

"He is a noble youth," said the priest, catching something of the old man's enthusiasm.

"And he loves me—he loves the poor old man! Is it not so, my friend?"

"Often, often has he said so, and that without one thought of the great cause that exists for his affection," was the kind reply.

"I know it—I knew it all the time," and as the red went out from the old man's cheek a heavy tear rolled slowly over the place it had warmed. The priest also turned his face away, as if to avoid the sight.

"To-morrow," said the old man, "to-morrow he will know that I was his father; he will weep then, but I shall not feel his tears."

"Nay, it is possible—death may not follow so close as we think," said the priest, with an effort.

The old man shook his head, and smiled a wan, incredulous smile, as if he reproached his friend for disturbing a sweet hope.

"Now," he said, very gently, "now that I am certain death is so near—for I shall never see another sunset—thou wilt not refuse the last holy offices of the church. I would meet that which is sure to be, with composure worthy a son of the church—worthy the proud race to which I once belonged. Wilt thou listen to me, father?"

As the headsman spoke he knelt down, meekly as an infant, before the priest, who bent his head, and the white faces of those two old men almost touched each other, and their gray hair mingled in the lamp-light. What the headsman said was in a low murmur, which went not beyond the ear that listened; but, though a human voice might never reveal the secrets uttered in confession, much could have been gathered by a keen witness from the countenance of the priest. At first it was pale and solemnly tranquil, the eye half veiled by its drooping lid and the thin lips calmly closed. But as the confession went on, you could see the glow of some vivid feeling spread over the high forehead—quick, eager flashes shot from beneath the half-shut eyelids, and those firm lips parted imperceptibly with an expression difficult to understand.

At last the murmured voice ceased, and the headsman lifted his face with meek supplication in every lineament; he saw irresolution, and even awe upon the face usually unmoved by earthly passions.

"Father, friend, thou wilt not fail me now! Oh, grant me absolution!—give me thy blessing!"

The priest drew gently back and shaded his features, while he mused silently with his own conscience. How far the friendship of former years, the brothers' love that had linked those old men through life, prevailed over a stern sense of duty, none but the Great Searcher of all hearts can tell; but when the priest removed his hand, the features it had concealed were tremulous with human feeling; he laid his hand upon the head of his friend, and looked into his eyes till tears blinded them both. Then he bowed

his lips to the old man's forehead and kissed it, while their white lock mingled together.

"The Mother of Christ bless thee; the great God of Heaven bless thee, even as I do, my poor old friend!"

As this blessing broke from his lips, the priest stood up, and lifting his clasped and trembling hands on high, added, "Oh, father, if thy servant is wrong, let the penalty fall on him, not on this long-suffering man!"

A few minutes after, the priest stood up to go.

"Not now," he said, "will I administer the last solemn rites to the dying; shall I not be near thee to the end?"

Then the Headsman of Antwerp was left alone.

After a little the noise of a slow, heavy foot-fall sounded on the winding stairs, and an elderly man, evidently belonging to the better class of domestics, entered the chamber.

"Robert," said the headsman, in a faint voice, for the scene through which he had just passed had, in truth, shaken the sands of his frail life fearfully, "Robert, come hither, my old and faithful friend; come hither and sit by me."

The man sat down in silence; his face, dark with gloom, was turned toward the old man. At length he spoke, and there was something fearful in the tones of his strong voice:

"Master, master, oh, for the Blessed Virgin's sake, give back that promise—I cannot do it!"

"What, thou wouldst not fail me; thou whom for twenty-one years hast inhabited this den, with no hope beyond. Robert, is this thy love?" said the old man reproachfully.

"Ask me to lay my own head on the block and I will do it without flinching; but to lift my hand against—against—oh, that is beyond my strength!"

"Robert, I thought thou wouldst do any thing to render thy old master happy."

"And so I would—any thing, but lift my hand against the meekest, the best, the—the—oh, spare me, master, spare me!"

The man cast himself on his knees before his master, and great, heavy sobs shook his frame.

"Thou wilt do this thing for me, now that I beseech thee with tears, even as one friend claims the last service of another," pleaded the headsman in a supplicating tone.

"Oh, do not ask it, do not ask it!"

"But I do ask it. Give me thy hand, Robert; why, it should be a stout hand; see how thin is mine, as I lay it in thy palm; touch the pulse, and feel how evenly it beats. Come, come, my friend, have more courage. It is but a little thing after all."

"A little thing! Holy Mother, how calmly he talks! as if I could live after that!"

"Oh, yes, thou wilt live, Robert; and with the sweet burden of an old man's gratitude wilt go to my son and be to him the faithful and true friend that thou hast been to me for twenty lone years. I see by thy face that the promise which my prayer had won will be kept."

The man shook his head in sullen woe.

"Nay, if it must be, then will I command. Robert, it is now many years since thou hast heard the tone of authority from these lips. But now I command thee, my old, true friend, and my last behest thou canst not find in thy heart to refuse."

"I cannot—I cannot. It is the most cruel command that ever master put upon his servant. This last command I will even obey. But it will break my heart."

"Why, look at me, Robert, do I seem afraid, do I shrink?"

"No, I cannot look upon that face, master, my heart would rebel again—let me go. I will do it, but do not ask me to look on that face again."

"Yes, go, good Robert, and an old man's blessing give strength to thy arm. To-morrow thou wilt be more firm."

"Oh, that fearful morrow! Yes, I will be firm or—or God help me, all were lost. I could not strike the blow twice."

"Remember, Robert, in weakness alone there will be cruelty. Courage, my friend, courage. This last act of devotion is worthy the sacrifice thy whole life has been."

"I will have courage," answered the man, turning gloomily away; meantime may I seek Father Joseph?"

"As thou wilt, Robert. Not an hour since I told him that he might expect thee!"

The man bowed his head and left the room; his heart was too full for speech.

The headsman was scarcely alone once more when he arose, and covering his head with one of those large slouched hats used by the working people, and folding a cloak about him, descended to the street. He moved onward at a more rapid pace than might have been anticipated from the bodily weakness so manifest a few minutes before, and gliding unnoticed along the streets now only occupied by a few stray passengers—for it was drawing toward midnight—he knocked gently at a door in the neighborhood of St. Luke's Academy.

A woman opened the door who seemed familiar with his appearance, for, without waiting to be questioned, she pointed to a flight of stairs and said, "Mr. Alexander has been home these two hours—go up, go up. He may be asleep, but that matters nothing, he is

always glad to see you. Besides it may do him good, for he seems sadly out of spirits of late."

The old man listened mildly to this speech, and bending his head mounted the stairs. He found the student's door unlocked, for the unhappy youth, worn out with terrible excitement, had sought his home as the hunted deer springs to the thicket. He left Nina at an early hour, for the anguish endured by that poor girl was more than he had fortitude to witness; but at every homeward step the youth was met with something to goad his already frenzied thoughts with a keen remembrance of the tragedy which was to be enacted on the morrow. A candle was burning in his room when he entered it, and the first object that it presented to his view was a picture of Nina, which he had abandoned days ago upon his easel, though a few light touches alone were wanting to its completion.

He had left the poor young creature heart-stricken, and so changed with agony that there scarcely remained in her feeble form, crouching as it were to the burden of sorrow cast upon her, a vestige of the Flora-like and graceful beauty that but a month before had rendered her absolutely a thing of light. Alexander shrunk from the smiling shadow his own hands had drawn, it was so unlike the crushed being he had left. But, turn as he would, those soft brown eyes, bright and sparkling with smiles, seemed to follow him. The garland of flowers twined amid those raven tresses, the little hand gathering up the folds of snowy drapery over her bosom, the joyous and aerial grace of the whole figure, all seemed to mock his anguish; he took up the light and set it away in a remote corner of the room, where it gleamed and wasted itself upon a broken statue intended to represent the agony of some tortured saint. The trouble and anguish lighted up in those stony features suited better the mental torture from which he could not flee. Casting a heap of drapery from an old crimson couch that occupied a nook of his studio, the youth flung himself upon it, and turning his glittering eyes upon the cold features of the statue, lay perfectly frozen, as it were, into quiet by a bitter consciousness of his own impotence. As he lay thus in silent suffering, the door of his room opened, and, as usual, quiet and unannounced, the singular man who had ever taken so deep an interest in the fate of the unhappy youth stood before him.

"The Blessed Virgin be praised!" cried the student, starting up; "never was that face seen near me without bringing joy and hope—oh, friend, father, whatever thou art, fail me not now, in my greatest need."

"Alexander," said the old man, gently, "I have come to give hope."

"Then you know?" gasped the young man.

"I know all, and therefore say do not quite despair—another has gone to the house of Nina, and he will say to the young girl—"do not despair!"

"The Sweet Mother of Heaven bless him and thee! Oh, my friend, it was not without cause that my heart leaped at thy approach! Nina, my poor Nina! Oh, my noble friend, methinks I love thee more gratefully than ever since thy lips have pronounced her name."

"Thou dost love me somewhat, then?" said the old man, in a voice that quivered with intense tenderness.

"Heaven only knows how truly," replied the young man, and tears broke into his eyes.

"And thou wouldst grieve—nay, I would not have that—but if the old man were dead thou wouldst sometimes think of him?"

"Oh, it is a cruel thought, it cuts my heart like a dagger—my poor heart that was so sad and wounded before. Am I marble that I should not forever love one so noble and kind? The grave, I do believe, but makes such love immortal."

"It does—it does—and in another world, my son—" the old man checked himself.

"Son! it is a sweet word; no one ever called me son before. I pray you speak again, it brought a strange thrill to my heart."

"Did it—then, though it was but a chance word—I will call thee son."

"My heart tells me this is no delusion, no chance word," murmured the youth, bowing his face, "and yet how sad I am."

The old man heard not the murmur, for it was scarcely louder than the beating of that young heart; but for a moment he seemed to yield himself to a sweet delirium, brought on by the utterance of that one word so long forbidden to him. "Son—my son," he repeated at length, and the smile that stole over his lips as the sound left them, was unearthly in its brightness. "I have yet left a portion of my errand here unfulfilled. To-morrow, Alexander, thou wilt not be found in the crowd that—"

The young man understood, and interrupted him, shuddering—

"I, oh, not for the best seat in Paradise would I look upon the scene that makes poor Nina an orphan."

"I knew that such would be thy answer, my son. Now listen. To-morrow early, before the sun begins to sink westward, go to the house this unhappy baron once occupied—go, and with what hope my words have given, comfort the poor maiden, thy bride; for such, Alexander, she will be, dark as the cloud seems above us all now."

The young man lifted his eyes, and through the dark anguish that filled them, flashed a flame-like glow.

"Thy word never failed me yet!" he said, and covering his face with both hands, the youth burst into tears.

The old man saw by the shiver of his limbs that there was hope, and the thrill that follows a relief from mental pain in those tears, and again that martyr-like smile came to his lips.

"Thou art comforted now, my Alexander."

"I am—I am! God bless thee, old man, angel, father!"

"And thou wilt obey my behest?"

"Aye, as if an angel had spoken!"

The old man still lingered—the smile still hovered around his pale mouth, but a heavy tear rolled down his cheek. "Alexander, wilt thou not call me father once more before I go?"

The student looked up—arose, and flung himself upon the old man's bosom.

"Father!"

"My son!"

"No more—no more!" murmured the old man, gasping for breath. "Not here—not thus must my life give way!"

He was gone. The young man hardly knew how his arms had been unlocked from around that venerable form, but he was alone; the faint sound of a closing door came to his ear as he fell back upon the old couch. The tension had left his nerves, his agony had melted into the tenderness of grief, and once more he murmured over the word "father." Thus he fell asleep for the first time in three nights, and while tears hung upon his inky lashes as they closed, the word "father" melted in a smile upon his lips.

[To be continued.]

REVOLUTION.

CALM!—while the whirlpool of the hour engulphs
The growth of centuries! Pause ere ye rive,
With strength of fever, things embedded long
In social being; you'll uproot no form
With which the thoughts and habits of weak mortals
Have long been twined without the bleeding rent

Of thousand ties which to the common heart
Of nature link it; wrenched, perchance you'll mock
A clumsy relic of forgotten days,
While you have scattered in the dust unseen
A thousand living crystals.

REALITY, ROMANCE AND REASON.

THOUGHT seeketh thought—from out the realm of Mind
Proceed two couriers hastening on their way;
One turneth oft his earnest face behind,
The other, all-impatient of delay,
On winged steed flies o'er the briery road,
Like one, long absent, reaching his abode.

The first, embrowned by sun and grimed with toil,
Robust and stalwort as a mountain pine,
Clad in rough robes, of many a hunt the spoil,
And crowned with purple clusters of the vine,
Bears on his shoulders and in hands, a store
Of simples, plucked from forest, marsh, and moor.

The other, fair and delicate of frame,
With golden ringlets waving in the breeze,
Wrappeth the silken robe, that hither came
From distant climes, beyond the foaming seas,
About his form, and lavishly flings around
The flowers he plucked when morn the hill-tops crowned.

A simple maid, with timid step and look,
Demure as cloistered nun within her cell,
Paced by a rippling stream, and held a book
On which her eyes were fast as by a spell;
A blast fell on her ear, a trumpet's tone;
Two couriers passed in silence, and alone!

Neither the trumpet held. That clarion-cry,
Whence sprang its startling voice? The calm, gray rocks
Anear, in unison repeated high
The same, as Alpine cliffs the the thundrous shocks
Of falling glaciers echo loud and clear,
Each peak awaking from its stillness drear.

Quickly the maiden turned, the azure garb
Of him who flew apace, glanced like a bird,
(So hastened he upon his fiery barb,)
Across her vision, and her spirit stirred
As it had been a visitant from heaven,
Who but a glimpse of his bright form had given.

Anon, with steady speed, went plodding on
Him of the garments rude, and hardy frame,—
E'en his light footprints on the pathway shone
With greener glory, and where'er he came
Thistles like lilies in the sunshine gleamed—
Weeds, thorns, and briars like sweet roses seemed!

Now passed a hunter, with his bugle horn
Sleeping in silence on his heaving breast,
And pausing by the rill, the maiden lorn
Would fain compel him stop awhile, and rest;
But at the water slaking soon his thirst,
He left the maiden, lonely, as at first.

Her book she held, but all its charm was o'er,
As it had been a blank, her eyes refused
To linger on its treasured wit, or lore;
And e'en forgetting all therein perused,
She threw it carelessly beside the stream,
And gazed, like one half-conscious of a dream.

The flowers that azure-robed Romance had flung
Along her path, were withering, fading, all—
The course he took the mountain heights among,

Dark clouds o'ershadowed as a funeral pall;
And gaunt, grim figures flitted swiftly by,
Burdening the north wind with their fearful cry.

One humble plant Reality had dropped
From out his store of simples, by the brook;
This from among the hundreds he had cropped
With heedful care, and nimble fingers, took
And left it there—the maiden saw the flower,
The Heart's-ease meek—and owned it from that hour.

She twined the purple blossom in her hair,
Turning the while toward the crystal tide,
Which as a mirror clear her beauty fair
Reflected back again; she starts! the stride
Of horsemen clattering down the steep ravine
She hears approaching till their forms are seen.

One draweth nigh the brook, dismounteth slow,
A burden in his arms toward it bore,
A mangled corse, enwrapped—oh! sight of woe!
In robes ensanguined deep with crimson gore!
The golden ringlets round the marble brow,
Disheveled, stained, reflect no beauty now.

'T was young Romance, who, climbing up the height
On his swift courser, all defiantly,
Up, upward sped, reckless of storm and night,
Yearning with his own hand to touch the sky—
But his presumptive will his curse became,
One slight misstep o'erthrew his lofty aim!

Reality paced on, and in his way
Saw the pale, bleeding form, and strove to bring
Back to its lips the breath of living day,
And from the brow the shadow of death's wing
To turn away, but all in vain he wrought—
Life comes not back, though tirelessly besought!

Reason went slowly by, from chase returned,
And gazed enraptured on the sunset view,
But when the anguish of the courier learned,
With ready voice to cheer, and hand to do,
He bore the bleeding corse toward the stream,
Where still the maiden mused as in a dream.

Brave, stout Reality, more strength had gained
In climbing mountain-heights, where fair Romance
Had fallen, perished, by his weakness stained;
He, who would fain have caught the first warm gleam
Of sunshine on his head, lay cold and blind
To light, and warmth, and all affections kind.

Reason, the sire, beside the brook, a grave
With his own weapons made, for that pale form,
Where the sad willow's drooping branches wave,
And sing his requiem in the midnight storm—
And firm Reality up-raised a cross
Beside the mound, inscribed with his loss.

As in a dream, all this the maiden saw,
Beside Life's running stream, one summer's day,
Where Truth's stern mountains filled her soul with awe
And deep, primeval Silence held her sway—
Till that dark vision in the dim ravine,
Upon her heart engraven deep was seen.

WILD BIRDS OF AMERICA.



THE MOTTLED OWL.

(*Strix Noveboracensis*.—WILSON.)

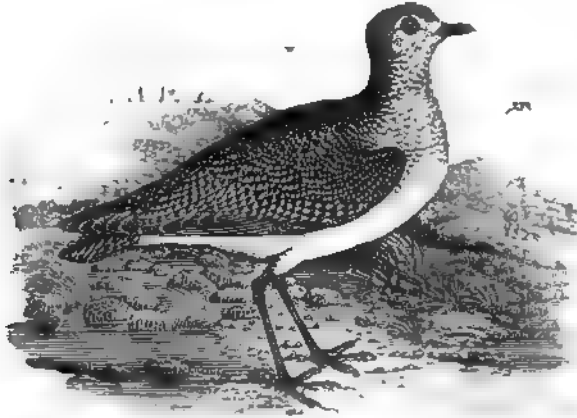
This bird, called also the Little Screech Owl, is peculiar to America. Though rare in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, it abounds in Maryland, Virginia and Ohio, increasing in numbers as we approach the north. It arrives here in the fall, but is not very often seen about the farm-house, although sometimes a solitary straggler is seen on the fence in daylight, when he can easily be caught. The uplands and mountain districts are its favorite abode. It roosts in hollow trees, generally in the woods, and often among the thick evergreens growing in retired places. According to Audubon, the nest is placed at the bottom of the hollow trunk of a tree, often not at a greater height than six or seven feet from the ground, at other times as high as thirty or forty. It is formed of grass and feathers. The eggs are four or five in number, nearly globular, and purely white.

On the form and habits of this bird, Wilson makes the following excellent observations: "On contemplating the grave and antiquated figure of this night wanderer, so destitute of every thing

like gracefulness of shape, I can scarcely refrain from smiling at the conceit of the ludicrous appearance this bird must have made had nature bestowed on it the powers of song, and given it the faculty of warbling out sprightly airs while robed in such a solemn exterior. But the great God of Nature hath in His wisdom assigned to this class of birds a more unsocial and less noble, though perhaps not less useful disposition, by assimilating them, not only in form of countenance, but in voice, manners and appetite, to some particular beasts of prey; secluding them from the enjoyment of the gay sunshine of day, and giving them little more than the few solitary hours of morning and evening twilight to procure their food and pursue their amours; while all the tuneful tribes, a few excepted, are wrapt in silence and repose. That their true character, however, should not be concealed from those weaker animals on whom they feed, He has stamped their countenance with strong traits of their murderer, the cat; and birds in this respect are perhaps better physiognomists than men."

No bird is more hated by the small songsters than the Little Screech Owl, and with an instinct truly surprising, they watch those opportunities to attack him, when he can least defend himself. The Titmouse, the Nuthatch, the Blue Jay, sometimes discover his retreat. Instantly the alarm is given; the neighboring birds gather round; they tease, and peck, and taunt the poor shuffler, until at length he is fairly driven to seek other lodgings. The sport ceases, however, at sundown.

The Mottled Owl is ten inches long and twenty-two in extent, from wing to wing. The general color of the upper portion of the body, neck, and head, is dark-brown, mottled with black and ash. The wings are spotted with white. The face is whitish, marked with irregular dusky spots. The breast and belly are a beautiful white, touched and streaked with black. The *horns* are very prominent, each composed of ten feathers increasing in length from the first backward. The male is less in size than the female, and darker in color.



THE GOLDEN PLOVER. (*Charadrius Pinnialis*.—Wilson.)

Of the habits and characteristics of this bird not much is known. It is an arctic bird, being found throughout northern Europe, Siberia, Kamtschatka, and the Sandwich Islands. In September and October it appears for a short time along the sea-coast of the United States; but the flocks are not numerous, and long before winter they pass to other regions. It is supposed that they seek the wide heathy plains of the north, on the wide solitudes of which they can rear their young undisturbed. The Golden Plover is sometimes mistaken for the young of the great Black-Bellied Plover, which in form and general appearance it much resembles.

The female of this species lays four eggs, of

a pale-olive color, variegated with black spots.—The Golden Plover is ten inches and a half long, and twenty-one inches in extent. All the upper parts are black, thickly marked with rough gold-colored spots. The wings and hind part of the neck are pale-brown streaked with yellow.—The breast is gray, marked with olive and white, the sides under the wings marked with light olive, and in different parts of the plumage are bars or spots of several colors, forming altogether a plumage indescribably neat and rich.—On the whole this is perhaps the most beautiful of the plover family, and in form and plumage is one of the most refreshing to the eye of all our American birds.

LADY ALICE.

Now what doth Lady Alice so late on the turret stair,
Without a lamp to light her, but the diamond in her hair;
When every arching passage overflows with shallow gloom,
And dreams float through the castle, into every silent room!

She trembles at her footsteps, although they fall so light;
Through the turret loopholes she sees the wild midnight;
Broken vapors streaming across the stormy sky;
Down the empty corridors the blast doth moan and cry.

She steals along a gallery; she pauses by a door;
And fast her tears are dropping down upon the oaken floor;
And thrice she seems returning—but thrice she turns again:
Now heavy lie the clouds of sleep on that old father's brain!

Oh, well it were that never shouldst thou waken from thy sleep!
For wherefore should they waken who waken but to weep?
No more, no more beside thy bed doth Peace a vigil keep,
But Woe—a lion that awaits thy rousing for its leap.

An afternoon of April, no sun appears on high
But a moist and yellow lustre fills the deepness of the sky:

And through the castle-gateway, left empty and forlorn,
Along the leafless avenues an honored bier is borne.

They stop. The long line closes up like some gigantic worm;
A shape is standing in the path, a wan and ghost-like form,
Which gazed fixedly; nor moves, nor utters any sound;
Then, like a statue built of snow, sinks down upon the ground.

And though her clothes are ragged, and though her feet are bare,
And though all wild and tangled falls her heavy silk-brown hair;
Though from her eyes the brightness, from her cheeks the bloom is fled,
They know their Lady Alice, the darling of the dead.

With silence, in her own old room the fainting form they lay.
Where all things stand unaltered since the night she fled away:
But who—but who shall bring to life her father from the clay?
But who shall give her back again her heart of a former day?
W.

Monthly Summary.

UNITED STATES.

SINCE our last Summary the Nebraska Bill has been carried through Congress. It was taken up on the 8th of May, for final determination, on the motion of Mr. Richardson, (Ill.) On the 10th a resolution was passed referring the British monopoly of guano on the Chincha Islands to the consideration of the President. Mr. Clayton said that during his term of office he had made a treaty on that subject with the Peruvian minister, which was, however, defeated by the Peruvian government, influenced by British capitalists. On the 11th commenced a turbulent and memorable session of the House of Representatives, on the Nebraska question. It continued for 36 hours—from noon on Thursday to near midnight on Friday. The speaker's hammer and the sergeant-at-arms were nearly worn out in that interval of legislation. The struggle continued for several days. On 16th Mr. Mallory (Fl.) offered a resolution in the Senate in denunciation of the Cuban policy of Spain, so dangerous to the interests of these States. On 17th he introduced an important bill, having reference to the condition of our navy, and counseling such a reinforcement and reform of the same as may be most suited to the present exigencies and future prospects of the nation. On the same day Mr. Clayton introduced a joint resolution providing that the President be requested to present gold medals to the captain of H. M. ship *Virago* and his officers, and a sum of money to the crew, in consideration of the humane assistance rendered by them to Lieutenant Strain, of the *Cyane*, and his suffering companions on the Isthmus. On 18th, in the House, the speaker presented a communication from the Secretary of State, transmitting copies of the correspondence which had passed between the United States and England, with regard to the rights of neutrals. The queen's proclamation declared that free bottoms would make free goods, in the approaching war. Mr. Marcy's letter declared the satisfaction of the President with the same, and only regretted it had not reference to all future wars, as a general rule; also declared the resolution of these States to remain strictly neutral. In the concluding document, addressed by Mr. Marcy to Mr. Seymour, our minister to Russia, he says that the danger of misunderstanding with Russia in any complication of events, is much less than with England and France. The Committee on Military Superintendence reported favorably to the restoration of civil superintendence on public works. On 19th, in the Senate, Mr. Cooper laid on the table a substitute bill for that which proposed to suspend the duties on railroad iron. He proposed that a duty of \$12 per ton shall be levied on all railroad iron, the price of which at the place of manufacture shall be \$40 per ton. In the House, Mr. Dawson (Penn.) moved that the Secretary of the Treasury should inquire into the propriety of establishing a mint in Philadelphia to strike off medals commemorative to patriotic services. On 20th, in the House, the Nebraska Bill approached its consummation, and several amendments were proposed at the last moment. Mr. Edgerton, of Ohio, moved that the bill already passed by the House, organizing only Nebraska and not repealing the Compromise, should be substituted; Mr. Peckham, of New York, moved to have but one territorial government; Mr. Mace (Ia.) proposed that the territorial legislature should have power to exclude or admit slavery by law; Mr. Parker, of Indiana, offered an amendment of bounties, with a view to encourage a free immigration to Kansas, such as would exclude slavery; Mr. Campbell (O.) offered the Wilmot Proviso amendment; but all these and some others were

rejected. In the Senate, on 22d, a resolution was adopted to inquire into the expediency of providing steamers for service on the upper lakes. Same day, in the House, after several additional rejected amendments, the Nebraska Bill passed by what is facetiously called the "Devils Dozen"—the yeas being 113, and the nays 100. On Tuesday the Senate received it. On the same day the Finance Committee of the Senate reported a bill authorizing the coinage of \$50 and \$100 gold pieces; and the Indian Appropriation Bill was reported. Mr. Everett's resignation was also received. On 24th, in the Senate, Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, introduced a series of resolutions passed in the recent session of the legislature of that state, respecting the unsettled and menacing condition of Cuba, and urging the annexation of the island as the only means of averting coming evils. The House went into committee on the Pacific Railroad and Telegraph Bill—which proposes a railway and telegraph-line from the Mississippi river, at a point not north of the 37th parallel, to San Francisco, and a similar way from the northern shore of Lake Superior, or the Mississippi in Minnesota. The bill is strongly advocated by Mr. McDougal, of California. On 29th the Nebraska Bill was signed by the President of the Senate, and the Indian Appropriation Bill passed. News from California has been interesting. It is becoming an agricultural state, and fears are expressed that it will produce more corn than will be necessary for its own consumption. In San Joaquin county the farmers expect to have 1,250,000 bushels; and with this as a premise, they have concluded that the state will not produce less than twenty millions of bushels. Other vegetables are expected in proportion. By a decision in the courts of law the city of San Francisco has lost 2000 acres of land in its vicinity. The squatters were protected in their purchases. On 10th of April two shocks of earthquake were felt there. Watkins and Emory, convicted of filibustering, were fined \$1,500 each. On the 1st of April the ordinance for suppressing all places of ill-fame went into operation. The police pounced upon one of the fandango houses, in the midst of that gay dance, and took the proprietor and his guests prisoners. They were then brought into court, and placed in sight of all men. There were eleven of the rougher sex, of a variety of nations, all looking very sheepish. Then followed fourteen ladies; eight of them of Spanish extraction and six from the flowery empire of China. The keeper was sentenced and all the rest let go. A high-handed and wholesome exercise of authority. On the 3d of April the Mexican Consul Del Valle was put on trial for violating the Neutrality Law, and enlisting men in San Francisco for Santa Anna. He had employed some Frenchmen to charter the ship *Challenge*, on board of which 450 men, mostly French and Germans, were sent out of the bay of San Francisco, under engagement to serve in the Mexican army for a year. The facts of the case were fully proved, and the consul found guilty. He was admitted to bail in \$10,000 to appear before the U. S. District Court, for sentence, on the 3d Monday of May. Out of this consular difficulty another has directly sprung. At the commencement of Del Valle's trial, the authorities, considering the evidence of M. Dillon, the French consul, necessary to the prosecution of the case, sent to invite him to testify. He, however, refused to attend the court, pleading an international convention which exempted him from such a business. Then Del Valle, desiring Dillon's testimony, procured a *subpoena* and served him with it. He still refused, whereupon he was brought into court by attachment. He then protested against the proceeding, declared himself

outraged and a prisoner, and took down the flag of his country, leaving the Sardinian consul to do duty for him till the orders of the French government shall reach him. Dillon wrote a protest, in which he haughtily held the people and government of these States responsible to France for the affront put upon him. For some years past the French have shown themselves desirous of exercising an influence on that Pacific coast, as the attempts of Raousset de Boulbon have shown plainly enough. Should the Californians embroil us with France, they will see the necessity of carrying on as fast as possible the fortifications they have commenced in the bay of San Francisco. The Chinese population are fast increasing in California. Latest advices from Hong Kong stated that 6,000 men and women were waiting at that port for a passage across the Pacific. The Celestials, numbering about 25,000 in the country, have established a journal of their own in San Francisco. It is called, "The Golden Hills Gazette," and is well supported, seeing all the barbarous Chinese can read. The legislature has passed an act making Sacramento the seat of government, and another abolishing the office of Inspector of the port of San Francisco. The accounts from the mining districts are good. Mr. T. W. Landers, a topographical engineer in the staff of Governor Stephens, on the northern exploring expedition, is of opinion that a central railway route, after all, seems best for the Washington territory. From Oregon, we have news of the drowning of Major Larnard, U. S. A., and eight of his men, in Puget's Sound, and the blowing up of the steamer *Gazelle*, at Canemah, by which over twenty persons lost their lives. The crops were very promising, and some exciting gold discoveries were made in the Yakima river. Washington Territory has been cheered by the announcement of gold at Stellacoom. Reports from Texas still speak of Indian atrocities and onslaughts. On 9th of May a small body of U. S. troops was attacked near Corpus Christi by a force of Indians, four times their number. Lieutenant Crosby, with ten men and a sergeant, was pursuing the marauders, when they turned upon him and gave battle. But, four of them being shot down and five wounded, the whole were soon put to flight, leaving their horses, equipments and so forth. Sergeant Byrne was killed, and the lieutenant himself wounded. He was struck in the groin by an arrow; but he had money in his purse, very fortunately, for the barbed messenger of death hit upon a \$20 gold piece, and the harmless point was found doubled up in the pocket-book. It is said his wound is not dangerous. On the 2nd of May a government train, consisting of 14 wagons and 100 mules and horses, left Fort Ewell for El Paso, and was attacked, when about five miles from the fort, by the Indians. Of twenty men who formed the escort seven were killed, and all the horses and mules carried off. The wagons and their contents were destroyed.

NEIGHBORING STATES.

On 5th of May His Highness, Santa Anna, who had blockaded Acapulco with the armed vessel *Carolina* and her tender, and bombarded, in a rather harmless way, the castle of that place, broke up his encampment, and led his soldiers back to Mexico, harassed in his departure by the troops of Alvarez. The government press, having asserted that Alvarez was in league with the American filibusters, who had lately invaded Sonora, and that he expected Raousset de Boulbon, to join him in the Bay of Acapulco, Alvarez, in a proclamation to his rebellious district, retorts by declaring that it was Santa Anna himself, who had entered into negotiations with the Frenchman. Be this as it may, Santa Anna entered Mexico, on 16th May, and ordered that a general rejoicing should be made for a victory over Alvarez at Mount Teliquiro. This took place after Santa had commenced his retreat, and when, very probably, it was necessary to attack Alvarez, to open a passage through that hilly region. General Banco, one of Santa Anna's officers,

describes the affair as a decided victory, the soldiers of Alvarez having been driven from their position of Teliquiro. No doubt Santa Anna was anxious to meet Mr. Gadsden in Mexico, and know the terms of the amended agreement. There is little doubt that the dictator will accept the ten millions offered him by our government; seeing that, without money, he cannot stand against the popular discontent which always attends a condition of bankruptcy. Meantime, Alvarez holds his own in Acapulco, and, doubtless, claims the honor of having baffled and driven His Highness out of that part of the country. But it is not improbable that, when the American dollars come up against him—those "silver spears" which are so much stronger than cold steel—he may find it hard to keep his place, and so come to an end as a public notability. Reports from Lower California set forth the desperate condition of Colonel Walker, lately President of that republic. We have accounts of him to the 22d April; at which time he had crossed the Colorado, near its mouth, where most of his men deserted him. Some ten or twelve deserters had arrived at Fort Yuma, in a starving condition. It is supposed that, under these circumstances, Walker, with the few who still accompanied him, turned back toward Lower California, where he had left his aid-de-camp, Smith, at San Vicente, with twenty-five men. But the hope of meeting the latter was a forlorn one; for Melendrez had attacked Smith, killed some of his men, and dispersed the band in different directions.—In Cuba, the Captain-General was making a great show of putting down the African slave trade. The *Diario*, of 10th and 12th May, contains the royal orders in council, prohibiting the slave-trade in the island, and regulating the importation of colonist-apprentices in that and the other West India possessions of Spain. The first refers to the treaties entered into with England and provides for the registration of slaves in the island, as to make an addition to their number almost a matter of impossibility. The other orders that, every year, the number, age, nation, and sex, of the apprentices shall be furnished by their masters, together with the nature of the labor in which each is employed. Another decree tends to limit the possession of lethal weapons by the people. The possession of pruning-knives, and tobacco-knives, regulated, and licenses are to be issued to those who shall be considered worthy of being trusted with arms. The slave-trade certainly seems placed under the severe discouragement of the Cuban authorities—watched and urged as they are by the jealous power of England—and a system is established which, in a short time, will make the native American races of that island as predominating a population as they are in Mexico and Central America. In the middle of May, one of the Cuban rumors, wherever originated, said that the Creoles were about to rise in the island and do something; and just about that time it was rather remarkable that two French vessels of war, the *Iphigenia* and the *Actæon*, paid a visit to the port of Havana, where they were received with welcome by the Spanish authorities. It is very probable that any action which circumstances may oblige us to take with respect to Cuba, would be largely and perilously interfered with, both by France and England.

Central America has had two or three states in revolution. Nicaragua was again divided against itself. Castellan, Perez, Diaz, and some others who had been banished from the state, on suspicion of conspiring against President Chamorro, returned to make their disaffection a matter of certainty. Coming from Honduras, they brought an armed following, and pronounced against Chamorro, in the usual high Spanish style. They captured the towns Realejo and Chinandega, and proceeded thence toward Managua, the capital, whence the President had withdrawn to the stronger fortress of Leon. There were a thousand men on each side, and a good deal of gunpowder would have been expended before that volcanic little state could find its

in constitutional repose. Along with the civil war it had also some warlike doings on its coast. at San Juan, where the Nicaraguans and our own citizens had a rather violent controversy. On the 16th of May a native bungo came alongside the Routh, river steamer, and the marshal of San Juan and a crowd of armed men springing on board, exhibited to Captain Smith a warrant for his arrest, for having run down a Nicaraguan boat and shot the owner of it, on his way down the river. At this juncture the Routh was lying close by the Northern Light, then about to start for New York, with Mr. Borland our Minister for Central America on board. The latter immediately interfered to prevent the arrest, telling the marshal that the United States did not recognize at San Juan any authority sufficient to arrest an American citizen, and even pointing a rifle against the angry people in the bungo, who were not disposed to content themselves with such a view of the case, and who were on the point of rushing on board the Routh. The marshal carried off his men; but when Mr. Borland went ashore, on the same evening, to the American consulate, some of the townspeople surrounded it in a tumultuous manner, threatening to arrest him. Standing at the door of the house, he was struck with a missile. Then, not considering the consulate in perfect safety, he induced fifty American passengers going to New York in the Northern Light, to volunteer to stay behind and guard it. They returned on shore, under the command of Mr. Crawford Fletcher, and Mr. Borland came northward in the steamer. It seems to be our fate to quarrel with all the nationalities that we come in contact with.—From New Granada we have had tidings of another revolutionary movement. An insurrection broke out in Bogota, headed by General Melo, who dispersed the national Congress, and burned the constitution in the Plaza. The general being at the head of the army was in command of a force of nine thousand men. He offered the dictatorship to President Obando, but the latter refused to accept it, and was then put in prison. Melo has been busy in arranging the plan of a new government; but the fragments of the dispersed Congress have rallied against him, and General Mosquera, a New York merchant, and formerly President of the State, has taken the field against him. Melo proceeds on the dictatorial principle of Santa Anna, while his opponents appeal to liberal and constitutional ideas—things, it must be confessed, that have never found themselves much at home on any Spanish American ground of this hemisphere. Mosquera, however, having been a resident in New York, is half a North American, and should he be successful, may successfully apply some of our principles to the government system of New Granada.—Honduras has been smothering several insurrectionary attempts. From Guatemala, with which it is in a state of war, it was invaded by a Honduran, named Guardiola, now in the service of Carrera. But he was driven over the frontier in a week. Several internal pronouncements failed in like manner, and Honduras has been for weeks in a state of enviable tranquillity. General Barrundia has proceeded from that State as Minister to Washington, where he will, doubtless, do every thing in his power to aid the new railway undertaken in his native country. The Honduras Railroad Company, the President of which is Mr. Amory Edwards, of New York, has received from the Congress of Honduras, a grant of two and a-half millions of acres of land to aid the construction of the proposed line which will run from Porto Cabello, across that State and part of San Salvador, to the Gulf of Fonseca on the Pacific. The distance to be traversed is about two hundred leagues, and the ground is mostly table land with few engineering difficulties, and very healthy. Such a railway would greatly shorten the voyage to California and the Pacific, and render the Panama route comparatively unimportant to us.—Violent movements have been agitating San Salvador. But they have been Nature's this time. An earthquake

took place on the night of Easter Sunday, which destroyed San Salvador, the capital, and burying two hundred persons in the ruins of their houses. The loss of property on the occasion was estimated to exceed four millions of dollars.—Peru is again in the throes of revolution. Latest accounts say that General Castilla, commander-in-chief of the army of the rebellion, was approaching Lima, while departments, provinces, cities, and towns were declaring against the government. The United States sloop-of-war St. Mary's had visited the Chincha Islands, greatly to the contentment of the North American guano gatherers.—A little difficulty occurred at the Falkland Islands, between the English and Americans. In the beginning of March, the captain of the ship-of-war Germantown, was informed that the English brig-of-war Express had gone to New Island, one of the Falklands, to arrest Captain Cliff, master of an American whaler, for having carried off pigs from the islands about a year ago. The Germantown reached the Falklands just as the whaler and the Captain were brought in captive. The captain was taken before a magistrate, and would have been heavily fined, but for the representations of Captain Lynch, of the Germantown, who showed that Captain Cliff was one of those who were in the habit of putting hogs on these islands, to increase and multiply, so as to furnish them with a little pork in season, whenever they passed that way. The fine of one hundred dollars, however, was imposed and paid, and the American Captain returns home to claim damages from the British government, for the spoiling of his season's work. The French have been strengthening their occupation of the Society Islands. Their missionaries in Noukahiva laid the corner-stone of their first church, in January. The king of the island and many of his people are converts. There was a garrison of fifteen hundred men at Tahiti, and three war steamers. At New Caledonia there was a garrison of five hundred men, and the *Marseilles* sloop-of-war, on station.—In the Sandwich Islands the French are watching the American annexation movement with jealousy. On the publication of some sentiments attributed to Mr. Armstrong, one of the present members of the Cabinet, the French Commissioner, Perrin, protested against them, and went so far as to demand the dismissal of Armstrong—threatening, it is said, to ask for his passports and go home, if the demand be refused. Opposition every where threatens to thwart our annexation plans.—From St. Domingo comes the report that Emperor Faustin I. has raised an army of forty thousand men, to make war on the Dominicans.—The British Provinces have appointed delegates from each to meet and decide on the terms of reciprocal trade which they will offer to the United States. Mr. Crampton, at Washington, has been busily negotiating this matter with our government; and Lord Elgin, Governor of Canada, who was lately at the national capital, has been trying to bring about a mutual agreement concerning the tariffs and the fisheries.

THE OLD WORLD.

On 22d April, the first-guns were fired in the war of the great European powers. On that day, the Russian seaport of Odessa, in the Black Sea, was bombarded by the English and French fleets. On the announcement of the declaration of war, the steamer *Furious* was sent to Odessa, to bring away the English Consul, and any others who may wish to leave that place. This was on the 14th of April. The Russians, showing their customary contempt of the English preliminaries, fired round about the steamer, as a signal to be off. Then the allied fleets came up to Odessa on the 17th, and began a parley to know why the Russians fired upon a flag of truce. But Osten Sacken gave the Great Powers an evasive answer, for which they waited till the evening of the 21st. On the 22d, not finding any cause of further expostulation, the admirals gave the signal to shoot, and nine war-steamers—the *Mogador*, *Fau-*

bas, Descartes, Caton, (French,) Samson, Terrible, Tiger, Retribution, and Furious, (English)—drawing within cannon range before the Imperial Mole, commenced a terrible gyration in the bay, discharging their bombs and cannon as they paddled slowly round in a circle—the artillery on the mole answering their thundering salutes with vigor and punctuality. In a little time the Imperial Magazine on the mole blew up, and some war-vessels, and over twenty merchantmen perished in the conflagration which followed. The dockyard was also set on fire. At six o'clock in the evening, after the action had continued for twelve hours, the firing ceased. During the bombardment part of the town took fire, and factories, warehouses, and shops were involved in the destruction of the Russian ships and arsenals. After striking this blow, which Admiral Dundas declared to have been inflicted, by way of episode, for the insult offered to the flag of truce, the allied fleets left Odessa, and on 26th were on their way toward Sebastopol. The Czar ordered a *Te Deum* for the successful resistance of his garrison at Odessa, and the retreat of the enemy's squadron. He has set down his loss in the engagement at very small figures; and the allies have set down theirs at lower figures still. If both parties tell truth, then the bombardment of Odessa was a mild and trifling piece of business, of little consequence one way or the other. Indeed, the general altercation over the affair of the flag of truce wears nearly as large and vehement an aspect as that carried on with the bombs and rockets. Accounts from the Danube state that the Russian forces were drawn down toward the Dobrudcha from Lesser Wallachia, which the Turks, advancing from Kalafat, were about to occupy in part. The Russian movement obliged Omar Pacha to place himself, with his main force, near the fortified positions along the Lines of Trajan. Here, he is said to have attacked General Luders, at Czernavoda, and forced him back into the Dobrudcha with great loss. The victory was not, however, of much importance; for the Russians laid siege to Sillistria. They stood on the left bank, and the city lies on the right. But they have the ford leading across, and the river is narrow enough to allow the bombardments and cannonadings to take effect on the town. The Russians had seventeen heavy batteries, under cover of which they intended to cross the river, thirty thousand strong, on the 1st of May, to try and take the place by storm. The Turkish garrison is strong, but the fortress is not well-victualled. Meantime the Ottoman generalissimo is looking with anxiety to the Western Allies, now arrived in the Dardanelles and Bosphorus; for the Russians are formidably in earnest on the Lower Danube, and the Turks alone cannot check their advance. Ten thousand soldiers, English and French, had arrived at Constantinople; and the movement of troops from Gallipoli toward Adrianople had commenced. Rumors were afloat that the Austrians were about to occupy Servia, Bosnia, Albania, the Herzegovina, and Montenegro, on pretence of securing them for the Sublime Porte. Should Francis Joseph really take possession of those territories, he would hold them to the end of the war, and make the establishment of an independent federation in that part of the world—(should the course of destiny direct the policy of England and France to any such result)—extremely difficult of accomplishment. Neither Austria nor Russia would permit such an arrangement in Eastern Europe. They would fight side by side to prevent it. Austria will watch those provinces, and her occupation of them is a thing to be expected. In the Baltic Sir Charles Napier was waiting till the approach of summer should thaw the ice in the Gulf of Finland, and clear away the fogs. He had secured the adhesion of Sweden, and was holding the entire Russian coast in that quarter in strict blockade. In addition to his formidable batteries at Revel, Helsingfors, and Cronstadt, the Czar was arming a vast number of gun-boats for the defense of the shallow and dangerous waters of the estuaries around the capital

of the empire. His intention is probably to storm and occupy Revel and Helsingfors in the first instance, and then organize a deliberate and ruinous assault on Cronstadt. It is stated that the fleets in the Black Sea will attack Sebastopol, and take possession of the Crimea, a peninsula lying between that sea and the Sea of Azov. The French emperor has made preparations for a protracted state of hostility. He has ordered the establishment of two armies, one at St. Omer, and the other at Marseilles. He will take the command of the former in person, with the Imperial Guard which he has been organizing. General Rostolan will probably command the other. It is said that this display of military determination is partly for the purpose of overawing the King of Prussia. Greece is held in a state of blockade by the ships of the allies; her only open port is that of the Piræus. On 25th April, a Turkish steamer arrived there from Constantinople, with a note from the Ottoman Port to the Greek Government, announcing that if a satisfactory reply was not returned in a week, the Sultan would declare war against King Otho. All the Greek residents have been driven out of Constantinople, to the number of sixteen thousand persons—a few only (of the Catholic Church) having been allowed to remain, on the representation of the French Minister. In Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia the Turks and the insurgents have had some hard fighting, and the English newspapers say that the latter have had the worst of it. It is easy to see, however, that the Greek ferment will be a wonderful aggravation of the great European difficulty. It is stated in the journal of Constantinople, that the Shah of Persia has decidedly declared against Russia, and ordered his army of fifty thousand men to march toward the frontiers of Persia and Turkey, in order to coöperate with the latter. Abbas Mirza is informed that, in the coming struggle, Russia is to be stripped of those territories she has been for some time acquiring at the expense of her neighbors, and he goes in for Shirwan, Ghilan, Mesenderan, Asterabad, and the rest. In England, John Bull was beginning to look grave over the statements of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The mere sending of twenty thousand troops to the Bosphorus has cost him three millions of pounds sterling. He will be very much perplexed and shorn of his warlike enthusiasm, before the end of twelve months from this date, and this the Czar knows and calculates on. Following in the wake of all these rumors of war comes a faint rumor of peace. Baron Meyendorff, the Russian Minister, is said to have intimated to the Austrian Emperor, that the Czar is not indisposed to send a plenipotentiary to a General Congress, now that the great belligerents have struck, and made the question European. If the Czar is sincere, the war will have an end. But he probably desires to see the summer weather spent in negotiation, and so delay the business of war for another year. It is stated that Sardinia and Spain are ready to join the alliance of England and France, for the purpose of securing the integrity of the Turkish dominions. Such a movement on the part of Spain would be a very politic one. She would be sure of the support of the Great Western Powers in all emergencies. The Black Warrior business has not been yet decided. Now that the Nebraska ferment seems likely to die away—like all other human ferments—it is probable the menacing demonstrations against the Cubaneers will die away too—for a little time longer. Very little news of interest has reached us from Asia. The war of the two venerable dynasties was proceeding slowly and heavily in China. The Celestial Empire is very wide, and there is room enough for both, so that there is no very great necessity for mutual extermination. No account of Commodore Perry's second reception at Japan has yet reached us. It is probable that he has received the answer already given to Admiral Pontiatine—that, in a year or so, the ports of Japan will be open to the ships of all traders going that way.—Latest accounts

from Batavia, say that two new islands had risen from the sea, near the Moluccas, flung up by the action of submarine volcanoes. A great number of the Dutch residents had liberated their slaves. In Dutch Borneo, the Chinese residents have for some time been trying to make themselves independent, and beating the Dutch troops. But by a

strong effort the Celestials have been defeated, and it is likely they will be completely put down. Great numbers of them are employed in mining the gold district of Montroduk. This rebellion of theirs shows a good deal of manliness. The courage and cupidity of the Chinese raise them nearly to the level of our own races.

Review of New Books.

Theological Essays and other Papers. By Thomas De Quincey. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 2 vols. 16mo.

The reach of De Quincey's thinking, and the range of his scholarship, receive additional confirmation with each succeeding volume of his works. The present essays are not repetitions or expansions of his previous efforts, but positive additions. In many respects they are among the ablest of his productions. The theological essays are on the subjects of "Protestantism," "Christianity as an Organ of Political Movement," "The Supposed Scriptural Expression for Eternity," "Judas Iscariot," "Hume's Argument against Miracles," "Casuistry," "Secession from the Church of Scotland," and, we suppose we may add, the "Toilette of a Hebrew Lady." The remaining topics are "Greece under the Romans," "Milton," "Charlemagne," "Modern Greece," and "Lord Carlisle on Pope."

The theological essays are generally of a high order, in respect both to thought and composition. The best of them is that on "Christianity as an Organ of Political Movement," which is full of original views of the subject, and has more completeness than is usual with De Quincey. He seems commonly to think that the object of an essay is not to exhaust a subject, but to indicate its exhaustlessness; and he often leaves the reader in a state of intellectual torment, filled with stinging suggestions, but unable to proceed, without further help, in the direction to which they point. The essay under consideration is hardly open to this objection. It is clear, strong, and accurate, arriving at definite conclusions by logical processes. The style, though not without starts of levity, moves onward with more sustained majesty than is usual with him. The opening paragraph is in his best manner. "Forces," he says, "which are illimitable in their compass of effect, are often, for the same reason, obscure and untraceable in the steps of their movement. Growth, for instance, animal or vegetable, what eye can arrest its eternal increments? The hour-hand of a watch, who can detect the separate fluxions of its advance? Judging by the past, and the change which is registered between that and the present, we know that it must be awake; judging by the immediate appearances, we should say that it was always asleep. Gravitation, again, that works without holiday forever, and searches every corner of the universe, what intellect can follow it to its fountains? And yet, *shyer than gravitation, less to be counted than the fluxions of sun-dials, stealthier than the growth of a forest, are the footsteps of Christianity amongst the political workings of man.* Nothing that the heart of man values is so secret; nothing is so potent." The reading of this paragraph, so perfect and so original in its perfection, considered merely as rhetoric, might be adduced to indicate the difficulty of teaching the art of writing by rhetorical rules, and to prove that style is, in construction and movement, the creation of the mind it expresses, refusing all artificial aids, and defying all artificial limitations.

The essay on "Protestantism" is a piece of splendid gossip, in which the elephantine wit of the writer is curiously intermingled with his gravest reflections. The remarks on

the Bibliolatry of Protestants, which he seems to consider almost as bad as the Mariolatry of the Catholics, will surprise many readers, who are accustomed to rank De Quincey among the most orthodox of authors. He contends for the *virtual*, while he opposes the doctrine of the *plenary*, inspiration of the Scriptures.

In the essay on Judas Iscariot, De Quincey expounds the novelty of some German writers, that the character and intentions of Judas have been misconceived; and certainly this paradox is hard to answer. According to this view, Judas, in common with the rest of the apostles, believed that Christ came to establish an earthly kingdom, but went beyond the others in speculating on his reasons for delaying its inauguration. These reasons Judas found in the character of Christ himself, "sublimely over-gifted for purposes of speculation, but, like Shakspeare's great creation of Prince Hamlet, not commensurately endower'd for the business of action and the sudden emergencies of life. Indecision and doubt (such was the interpretation of Judas) crept over the faculties of the Divine Man, as often as he was summoned away from his own natural Sabbath of heavenly contemplation to the gross necessities of action. It became important, therefore, according to the views adopted by Judas, that his master should be precipitated into action by a force from without, and thrown into the centre of some popular movement, such as, once beginning to revolve, could not afterward be suspended or checked. . . . He supposed himself executing the innermost purposes of Christ, but with an energy which it was the characteristic of Christ to want. His hope was, that when at length actually arrested by the Jewish authorities, Christ would no longer vacillate; he would be forced into giving the signal to the populace of Jerusalem, who would then have risen unanimously, for the double purpose of placing Christ at the head of an insurrectionary movement, and of throwing off the Roman yoke." It was spiritual blindness, combined with audacity, and not treachery and perfidy, which really characterized Judas. On the first blush, this view of the matter seems merely an exercise of intellectual ingenuity, but the argument, when examined in all its force, and with the numerous collateral proofs adduced by De Quincey, has great weight. It will surprise many, and illustrate how fond we are of projecting our own preconceptions of things into the Scripture narrative, to be told that this notion of Judas is not contradicted in the Bible.

The subject of "Charlemagne" furnishes De Quincey with an occasion to institute a comparison between Charlemagne and Napoleon, in which the latter is harshly handled. The Rev. Mr. Abbot, who has written a life of Napoleon on the idea that he would have been a capital Sunday-school teacher, or member of a sewing-circle had not Providence called him to an empire, has not hesitated to speak of the Syrian massacre in a style of apology which would provoke some surprise even in New Zealand. De Quincey talks in this way about it: "The entire body of gallant (many, doubtless, young and innocent) soldiers, disarmed upon the faith of a solemn guarantee from a

Christian general, standing in the very steps of the noble (and the more noble because bigoted) Crusaders, were all mowed down by the musketry of their thrice accursed enemy; and, by way of crowning treachery with treachery, some few who had swum off to a point of rock in the sea, were lured back to destruction under a second series of promises, violated almost at the very instant when uttered. A larger or more damnable murder does not stain the memory of any brigand, buccaneer or pirate; nor has any army, Huns, Vandals, or Mogul Tartars, ever polluted itself by so base a perfidy; for in this memorable tragedy the whole army were accomplices."

The present volumes of De Quincey's Essays are the sixteenth and seventeenth of the series, making about a hundred and ten essays in all. We suppose that the editor's list is not yet exhausted, and we trust that the publication will not cease with the present issue. Able as all these essays are, and, in their present shape, acknowledged both in England and America to be among the most important contributions to the literature of the century, it is curious that so few of them made an impression on the public mind at the period of the original publication in the *Reviews* and *Magazines*, sufficiently strong to excite inquiries respecting their authorship. Had it not been for Mr. Fields, the American editor and publisher, they would, in all probability, have been left to die and be forgotten. De Quincey never would have collected them himself.

Wensley. A Story Without a Moral. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

The readers of Putnam's excellent magazine will recognize an old acquaintance in this novel. The merits of the work, however, are not of that brilliant and dashing kind most likely to attract attention in the pages of a monthly, and we are glad that it has been issued in a volume by itself. *Wensley* is a picture of a New England village as it appeared about thirty years ago—a village which, in its scenery, people and manners, preserved the characteristics of an earlier time. The style of the representation is admirable—close to reality, yet softened by its passage through a genial imagination. There is no attempt to produce striking effects by jerks or spasms of diction or incident, but the narrative flows on in an unbroken course to the end. An arch humor, peeping out here and there from the surface of the fluent diction, gives it an additional charm. The characterization evinces that the writer has an instinct for individualities, and a power of embodying them so distinctly that they readily take shape and life in the reader's imagination. It seems, in perusing the novel, as if the persons were old but forgotten friends, whom the writer was vividly recalling to our minds. Parson Bulkley, the most felicitous of them all, suggests every good country clergyman we have ever known, yet still has an indefinable quality in his personal composition which discriminates him from the real individuals he suggests. His man Jasper is another character that comes upon us like a Platonic reminiscence. Colonel Allerton is a bold and free delineation of quite a different kind of man, whose peculiarities serve by opposition to bring out more decisively the characters with whom he is associated. The portraits of the village magnates and gossips are all executed with the same delicate freedom and certainty of touch. The author must know the Yankee nature in its inmost recesses of individuality.

But perhaps it is not so much in the felicity of the individual characters as in the mode of their combination, and the skill with which they are all harmonized into unity of effect, that constitutes the peculiar charm of the work. The story is read with quiet delight. We take it in leisurely, and brood over it with a sense of intellectual and emotional comfort. In one word, it *satisfies* the mind—a term which can now rarely be used to describe the impression left by a novel.

It is difficult to do justice to "*Wensley*" by quote but we cannot resist the desire to extract the place where Parson Bulkley relates how he induced Holt, of his congregation, a butcher, to allow the hy Sternhold and Hopkins to be supplanted by those Watts:

"I found the deacon," says the parson, "sitting front door one fine Sabbath evening, about sundown delicious west wind did, to be sure, bring an occasional whiff from his slaughter-house, hard by, but the liked it none the worse for that. So, by way of my approaches regularly, I said, 'An uncommon evening, deacon.' 'Ya-as, parson,' he replied, 'the weather is dreadful fine, as you say. It somehow makes a feel kind o' nohow. I was just saying to Miss (Nora for Mrs.) Holt, it was such-a-most-a-beautiful afternoon it was n't that it's Sa-a-ba-a-day. I feel just as if I like to sla-a-ter suthin!' (slaughter something.) I told that now was my time, and so I broached the subject once. 'Deacon,' said I, 'I am surprised to find a man of your piety and discretion should oppose the substitution of Watt's for the old version;' and then proceeded to give reasons in favor of the one over the other. He shook his head. 'Parson Bulkley, said he, 'I'll tell you what: I've two reasons why I won't never agree. 'May I ask,' said I, 'what they are?' 'My first objection,' said he, 'that Watts is n't an *expired* man.' 'Not an *expired* man!' I exclaimed. 'My dear sir, I am astonished to hear a man of your intelligence say such a thing. I do assure you that there is nothing more certain than that he is an *expired* man.' 'Be you sartainly astonished deacon asked, somewhat shaken by my defence. 'I am not more certain of my own existence,' replied; 'it is a perfectly well established fact.' 'said he, slowly, 'if you be sartain sure, I suppose I give up that point.' . . . The deacon said, 'My second objection is, that there's a word in it that isn't in *Scripture*. 'deed!' said I; 'that is vital. Pray what is the word?' 'PAUSE!' said the deacon; there's the word *pause* in it aint no where in the Bible!' and he looked triumphant at me, as if he had cornered me now. [Dr. Watts changed his longer psalms and hymns into two or more portions by the interposition of the word 'Pause.']. 'My good friend,' I replied, 'I am more astonished at this objection than at the other. *Pause* not in the Bible! Please just reach for the Bible. Look here, now: 1. Sam. xvii. 37. 'The Lord has delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear.' The paw of the lion and the paw of the bear together, make 'paws,' don't they? How can you say and you so well read in the Bible, that the word *pause* is in it?' The deacon was silenced, and he has never heard to say a word against Dr. Watts and his psalm that day to this. My victory was complete."

The Dodd Family Abroad. By Charles Lever. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is one of the gayest, shrewdest, most sparkling and rollicking of the many works of Lever. The story of an Irish family of encumbered estate, are taken to the Continent by the senior member of the concern, in the hope of living more economically abroad than at home. The book is made up of letters, written by the various members of the Dodd connection, and as various in style and sentiment as the characters of their writers. The result is a picture, or series of pictures, of German and Italian life and manners, strongly provocative of laughter. The absurdities of the family in their desire to be fashionable and distinguished, and their queer adventures and mishaps, are exhibited with great humor. Doctor Dodd, father, is a splendid specimen of the elderly Irish man, impulsive, irascible, full of animal spirits, and sensible enough in his mode of thinking, foolish and reckless in his conduct. His letters are perhaps the

in the book. Dodd, mother, is a vixen of a peculiar stamp, wrong-headed and wrong-hearted, who spoils her children, plagues her husband, and worships herself. Dodd, daughter, is a beautiful and sentimental young lady, eager for conquests, a coquette, a jilt, and almost a jade. James Dodd, the son, is a young scapegrace, who gets into all kinds of ridiculous scrapes, but is so good-natured in his good-for-nothingness that he never entirely loses the sympathy of the reader. The failures are Capt. Morris and Carry Dodd, characters in which the author attempts to delineate excellent people, and succeeds only in delineating bores. They fortunately occupy but a small space in the book, and can be easily skipped. We do not know but that the interposition of their dullness is a contrivance of the author to have some foil to his brilliancy, and, if so, he has succeeded to a charm.

Notes from the Letters of Thomas Moore to his Music Publisher, James Power. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

This publication, suppressed in London, is published here. T. Crofton Croker supplies an introductory letter to Redfield, in relation to these letters—to Lord John Russell's Life of Moore—and to the nature of Moore's connection with Power. The latter appears to have had a hard time with the exacting poet; and, between them, the old relation of author and publisher seems to have been reversed—Moore drinking his wine out of Power's skull, instead of Power's enjoying the old privilege of making a wine-cup of Moore's. "By —, Mr. Croker," said Power to him, on an occasion when he received an insulting letter from the author of "The Loves of the Angels," "I am his banker, bill-acceptor, and fish-agent—letter-carrier, hotel-keeper, and publisher, and now he wants me to be his shoe-black."

There is a good deal of interesting matter in the volume. Among other little scandals, there is a poem by Lord Byron, provoked by a sneer of Moore's in the "Hebrew Melodist." The closing verse is very sharp:

Of the dead we'd fain speak and always hope well:
Tommy's errors, we trust, are forgiven;
But if there's one thing that will send him to hell,
'Tis his singing so vilely of Heaven!

The following epigram by Mr. Atkinson, on the birth of Moore's third girl, and in reference to the poet's disappointment in not having a boy, is very good and very new:

I'm sorry, dear Moore, there's a damp to your joy,
Nor think my old strain of mythology stupid,
When I say that your wife had a right to a boy—
For Venus is nothing without a young Cupid.
But since Fate the boon that you wished for refuses,
By granting three girls to your happy embraces,
He meant, when you wandered abroad with the Muses,
That your wife should be circled at home with the Graces.

Africa and the American Flag. By Commander Andrew H. Foote, U. S. N., Lieut. Commanding U. S. Brig Perry on the Coast of Africa, A. D. 1850—51. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a timely production. It not only describes the Slave Trade as carried on at the present time, and as formerly conducted, but gives an account of the physical geography, the climate, geology, zoology, botany, and trade of Africa, the distribution of races on that continent, and their arts, manners and character. Its narrative of the operations of the American squadron on the coast is also of much interest. The comparison of the old with the present trade in slaves, seems to us, in one paragraph, to settle a question which has been often discussed. "The slave-trade," says our author, "is now carried on by comparatively small and ill-found vessels, watched by the cruisers incessantly. They are therefore induced, at any risk of loss by death, to crowd and pack their cargoes, so that a successful voyage may compensate for many cap-

tures. In olden times there were many vessels fitted expressly for the purpose—large Indiamen or whalers. It has been objected to the employment of squadrons to exterminate that trade, that their interference has increased its enormity. This, however, is doing honor to the old Guineamen such as they by no means deserve. It is, in fact, an inference, in favor of human nature, implying that a man who has impunity and leisure to do evil, cannot, in the nature of things, be so dreadfully heartless in doing it as those in whose track the avenger follows to seize and punish. The fact, however, does not justify this surmise in favor of impunity and leisure. If ever there was any thing on earth which, for revolting, filthy, heartless atrocity, might make the devil wonder and hell recognize its own likeness, then it was on any one of the decks of an old slaver. The sordid cupidity of the older, as it is meaner, was also more callous than the hurried ruffianism of the present age. In fact, a slaver now has but one deck; in the last century they had two or three. Any one of the decks of the larger vessels was rather worse, if this could be, than the single deck of the brigs and schooners now employed in the trade. Then, the number of decks rendered the suffocating and pestilential hold a scene of unparalleled wretchedness."

The speculations of the author regarding the future prospects of Africa are more cheering than those which we are accustomed to hear, and as they are based on positive facts and investigations, they are not merely prophecies of a philanthropic heart, but conclusions of a logical mind. We cordially commend the volume to our readers.

The Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers; with a Biographical Sketch, and Notes. Edited by Epes Sargent. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is the most beautiful edition of Rogers ever published in the United States—the large type, white paper, and general elegance in the mechanical execution of the volume, discriminating it from all others. It is uniform with the same editor's edition of Campbell. The biographical sketch extends to sixty closely printed pages, and is full of information regarding the relations of Rogers with the other celebrities of his time, contains extracts from the critical estimates of Rogers' genius published in the prominent reviews, and gives a detailed account of the treasures of art and literature collected in his house, the scene of so many celebrated "breakfasts." The compilation of this biographical notice must have cost the editor a great deal of labor, as it is constructed from materials collected from many books, in more than one language. All the literary biographies of the century seem to have been consulted.

The poems of Rogers display no great elements of individual nature, no depth of passion, few electric flashes of imagination, but they spring from pure and tender sentiments, and embody with singular skill emotions at once delicate and universal. "The Pleasures of Memory," and "Human Life," will always be read with tranquil delight by readers of all degrees of culture. Though pensive in their tone, and reflective rather than impulsive in their strain of thought and feeling, they please the young as much as the old. Simple, however, as they seem, they are probably the most elaborate poems of the century. The author's sensitive and exacting taste weighed every word and rhyme, and his "frantic fastidiousness" made the task of correcting and polishing his lines a never-ending torment. A coterie of the most distinguished men in London, critics and poets, often sat in solemn conclave to help him out of the difficulties of a couplet, and to decide on the propriety of an epithet. Yet out of the agonies of such elegance have come poems which flow with apparently spontaneous ease, and give no evidence of the pangs which accompanied their birth. "Easy writing is—hard writing,"

and so Rogers found it. His reward is, that all he has written has become classic. It is not the highest kind of poetry, but it is perfect in its kind. The nature it expresses is not powerful, but it is sweet and tender, and we cannot but think he will be read as long as Byron and Campbell are read, though in genius he is plainly their inferior. The poets who tranquillise the heart are as popular as those who stir it.

The Knout and the Russians; or the Muscovite Empire, the Czar, and the People. By Germain de Lagry. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol., 12 mo.

Among the crowd of works on Russia now tumbling from the press, this vigorous, lucid, and vivacious account of the institutions, policy, people, and government of the empire, deserves particular notice. It is impossible to say how far the French prejudice, and the French brilliancy of the author color and distort his views of facts, but he evidently writes from a full mind, and his representation is probably substantially true. The barbarians promise to be routed, and thoroughly used up in literature, before they are reached by arms. The present volume, taken in connection with other works, animated by a similar spirit, will, doubtless do much to direct against Russia the opinion of the civilized world.

Behind the Scenes. By Lady Bulwer Lytton. New York: Riker & Co. 1 vol. 12 mo.

It is generally understood that the Mr. Ponsonby Ferrars, who serves as the hero and rascal of this novel, is intended as a representation of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the husband of the amiable writer of the work. It is needless to say that the inspiration of hatred is evident in every line and lineament of the portrait, and that the thing is overdone, and carried to caricature. Ferrars is represented as a liar, hypocrite, seducer, and poisoner, without any personal or political principle. It is the portrait of a fiend, painted, or rather daubed, by the hand of a fury. There is a good deal of epigrammatic felicity in the style of the work, and some caustic sketches and scratches of character. D'Israeli, especially, is caricatured with a good deal of venomous skill. But the work, as a whole, is beneath serious criticism. The good people are flunkies, and the bad people are devils.

The Hive of the Bee-Hunter, A Repository of Sketches, including peculiar American Character, Scenery, and Rural Sports. By T. B. Thorpe, of Louisiana. Illustrated by Sketches from Nature. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol., 12 mo.

This is a capital series of sketches, written in a free, bold and attractive style, and full of information regarding the life at the South and South-west. The "Big Bear of Arkansas," is one of the most favorable specimens of the author's power of exhibiting character in the rough, and many of the descriptions of scenery are singularly graphic.

The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828 and 1829, with a View of the Present Affairs in the East. By Colonel Chesney, R. A., D. C. L., I. R. S., with Maps. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

A valuable work, written by an officer of distinction, personally conversant of many of the events he narrates, and competent to give judgment on the nature of the struggle which has long been carried on, in peace and in war, between Russia and Turkey. The appendix contains the Diplomatic Correspondence between the Four Powers, and the secret correspondence between the Russian and English governments.

Narrative of a Voyage to the North-West Coast of in the Years 1811, 1812, 1813, and 1814, or the African Settlement on the Pacific. By Gabriel F. Translated and Edited by J. V. Huntington. N. Redfield. 1 vol. 12 mo.

This is a connected, simple, and minute account of the early settlement of the Oregon Territory, under the enterprise of John Jacob Astor. It is the work of one of the original adventurers in the expedition, and is a contribution to the historical literature of the West. It corrects some unintentional inaccuracies which have crept into Washington Irving's account of the expedition, and his charming "Astoria." Mr. Huntington's translation is well executed, preserving a good portion of the like simplicity of the original.

The Catacombs of Rome, as Illustrating the Christian first three Centuries. By the Right Rev. Wm. Kip, D. D. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 16mo.

This little volume gives the result of some observation and much study. The Catacombs of Rome, the scene of so much Christian heroism, have formed the subject of many elaborate and costly works, but little known to the public. Dr. Kip describes them with much minuteness and accuracy, and the text is profusely illustrated with cuts, bringing the matter palpably before the eye. The writer's graphic pen should fail to impress the imagination. Whether read to gratify the curiosity, or to feed the Christian sentiment of the public, Dr. Kip's work will be found equally interesting and valuable.

The Turkish Empire: its Historical, Statistical, and Political Condition; also, its Manners, Customs, and Literature. By Alfred de Basse, Member of Embassy at Constantinople. Translated, revised, and enlarged, with memoirs of the reigning Sultan, Omar Pacha, the Turkish Government, &c. By Edward Joy Morris, late United States Consul at Constantinople. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Co. Price 50 cents.

This volume is a useful addition to the number of books upon Turkey and the Turks, containing a mass of accurate and reliable information in regard to the population, life, official documents, and the administration in the Turkish Empire. The addenda, by Mr. Morris, is able, full of information, and written in the style of a practiced scholar and writer. We commend it to our readers.

The Curse of Clifton. By Emma D. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This is a republication of a very intense novel which has made its mark upon the reading public, in the midst of our contemporary, the Saturday Evening Post. Full of the faults and excellencies of this popular fiction, and, though not to our taste, has already met with a very large body of readers, who will be glad to see it in book form.

THE NEW VOLUME.—With this number of Graham's Magazine we commence a new volume with increased attraction and determination to make this popular American Magazine all its appointments equal to any magazine in the world. Our readers will perceive by this number that our talent, literary and artistic, we have our full share. The general tone of the magazine is, if possible, more intellectual than ever. Our engravings for the volume are from original designs, by the best artists, and our steel illustrations will be entirely of topics relating to the revolutionary events. We trust our old subscribers will be in extending our circulation in their respective



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No. 2.



Washington and Capt. Forest inquiring for the Hessian Picket. (See page 117.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

(Continued from page 19.)

CHAPTER II.

Retreat of Washington through the Jerseys—Disorganization of his Army—Finally takes post beyond the Delaware, near Trenton—Unaccountable apathy—Washington takes advantage of it—Reinforced—Reorganization of the Army—Washington resolves to march on Trenton—Passage of the river—The Attack—The Victory—March on Princeton—Astonishment of Cornwallis—Death of Colonel Bahl—The effect of the Victory upon the Country—Poverty of the Army—Robert Morris, the Noble Financier—etc., etc.

IN the meantime, Howe pushing up with spirit the advantage he had gained, crossed the Hudson six miles above Fort Lee, with six thousand men, and moved rapidly down upon it. Cornwallis, who had command of this division, pressed forward with such vigor that Washington was compelled to leave behind all his heavy cannon, three hundred tents, baggage, provisions, and stores of all kind. The Jersey shore being entirely commanded by the British men-of-war, from which troops could be landed at any time, Washington with his desponding, almost disorganized army, drew off toward the Delaware. The militia, wholly dispirited, deserted in large numbers—even the regulars stole away, so that Washington soon had but little over three thousand men with whom to oppose twenty thousand. He had nothing that could be dignified with the name of cavalry, while the enemy was well supplied, and could overrun the whole flat country through which his course now lay. In the mean time the inhabitants despairing of the success of the American cause, began to look toward the British for protection. An insurrection was breeding in Monmouth, to quell which Washington was compelled to detach a portion of his troops. The Tories took heart, and fell without fear on those who remained true to the cause of freedom. Encouraged by this state of feeling among the inhabitants, the two Howes issued a proclamation, in which pardon was promised to all offenders who would within sixty days submit themselves to the royal authority. Multitudes obeyed, and with an army falling to pieces through its own

demoralized state, in the midst of a disaffected population, pressed by an overwhelming victorious army, Washington saw a night closing around him, through the blackness of which not a single ray shot its cheering light. But it was in such circumstances as these that the true grandeur of his character appears. Superior to the contagion of example, he neither doubts nor falters. Rising loftier as others sink in despair, moving serener the greater the agitation becomes around him, he exhibits a reserve power equal to any emergency—a steadfastness of soul that nothing earthly can shake.

He immediately ordered Lee, by forced marches, to join him; sent to Gen. Schuyler to forward him troops from the frontiers of Canada; called on Pennsylvania to assemble her militia if she would save Philadelphia, and on the governor of New Jersey, to furnish him with troops, if he would not see the entire province swept by the enemy. But the country was paralyzed, and with his feeble band he continued to retire before the enemy. Lee, intent on delivering some bold stroke of his own, and thus eclipse Washington, whom the provinces began to suspect of inefficiency, refused to obey the orders of his commander, and finally, a victim to his own folly, fell into the hands of the enemy, thus adding another to the list of calamities, for the country generally had placed great reliance in his skill and experience as a general.

Driven from the Hackensack, Washington took post behind the Aquakannunk. Pressed hotly by Cornwallis, he was compelled to abandon this position, and retiring along the Raritan took post at New Brunswick. Here the Maryland and New Jersey troops declared the time of their enlistment had expired, and shouldering their muskets, left the camp in a body. Their departure shook the rest of the army, and it required all of Washington's efforts to prevent it from disbanding wholly. Unable to offer any resistance, he retreated to Trenton. Here, receiving a reinforcement of two thousand men

from Philadelphia, he began to assume the offensive; but finding Cornwallis advancing in several columns, so as to cut off his retreat, he crossed, on the 8th of December, to the right bank of the Delaware, destroying all the bridges and boats after him. Here he sat down knowing it was the last stand that could be made between the enemy and Philadelphia.

The English general taking up his head-quarters at Trenton extended his army up and down the river, but made no serious demonstrations to cross. He neither collected boats, nor materials for bridges, nor attempted to pass by means of rafts. A sudden and unaccountable apathy seemed to have seized him, and the energy with which, since the taking of Fort Washington, he had pressed the American army, and which threatened to crush the rebellion at once, deserted him. Nothing was easier than to ford the river and seize Philadelphia, and compel Washington to carry out his sublime purpose, "retreat, if necessary, beyond the Alleghanies."

The delay of the British here enabled Washington to strengthen his army. He sent Mifflin and Armstrong through Pennsylvania, rousing the patriotic citizens to arms. Sullivan joined him with Lee's division, and Gates arrived with four regiments from Ticonderoga. Still the prospect was inexpressibly gloomy. Rhode Island, Long Island, New York, nearly all the Jerseys, had one after another fallen into the hands of the enemy, and nothing seemed able to resist his victorious march.

The reinforcements, however, that had come in encouraged Washington in the hope that he might yet strike a blow which, if it did not seriously embarrass his adversaries, would nevertheless rekindle hope throughout the country. Although the force under him was inadequate to any great movement, something must be done before the winter shut in, or the spring would find Congress without an army, and the American cause without defenders. The British were waiting only for cold weather to bridge the Delaware with ice, when they would cross; and, crushing all opposition by their superior force, march down on Philadelphia. Though the heavens grew dark around Washington, and fear and despondency weighed down the firmest hearts, his sublime faith in God and the right never shook, and even in this hour of trial and of gloom he lifted his voice of encouragement, declaring he saw the morning beyond it all. He sent Putnam to Philadelphia to erect defenses, behind which the army might, if driven back from the Delaware, make a desperate stand for the city.

In the mean time the reorganization of the army on the plan adopted by a Committee of

Congress and Washington at Harlem Heights, was carried forward.* Congress, however, at this time retired in affright to Baltimore, and the Tories of Philadelphia, embracing nearly all the Quakers, took courage, rendering Putnam's situation doubly precarious.

While trouble and uncertainty pervaded both Congress and the army, Lord Howe, having resigned the command to Cornwallis, retired to New York, where he remained tranquil, in the full belief that an easy victory awaited him. The latter officer having lost all fear of the American troops, stretched his army in a chain of cantonments, from Trenton to Burlington, and also retired to the snugger quarters of New York. Colonel Rahl, with fifteen hundred men, was stationed at Trenton; Count Donop occupied Bordentown with a brigade of Hessians, while still lower down, and within twenty miles of Philadelphia, lay another corps. Other portions were quartered at Amboy, Brunswick, and Princeton. This was the position of affairs as the cold blasts and heavy frosts of the latter part of December began to gather the ice on the Delaware, promising soon to construct a solid bridge, over which the victorious enemy could march without resistance. The American army, thinly clad, poorly fed, and worse housed, presented a sorry spectacle as it paraded on the frozen ground, amid the drifting snow-storm; and the bands of music, failed to stir into enthusiasm the blood of those who could see no morning beyond the night that enveloped them. The Tories were in high spirits, and the patriots correspondingly downcast and depressed.

Washington, firmly resolved to smite his overconfident adversary, if fortune would give but the faintest promise of success, carefully scrutinized every position, and pondered well every plan suggested to his mind. The fiery Stark remarked to him one day, "You have depended a long time on spades and pickaxes, but if you ever wish to establish the independence of the country, you must rely on fire-arms." "That," replied Washington, "is what I am going to do. To-morrow we march on Trenton, and I have appointed you to command the advance-guard of the left wing." He had resolved to cross the Delaware at night, and surprise the Hessians at Trenton. Christmas was fixed upon, because he

* By this plan all the continental troops were to constitute one grand army of eighty battalions, in all sixty thousand men. To induce enlistments during the war a bounty of twenty dollars was offered, together with a lot of land, to be given at the close to the survivors, or to the family of him who had fallen. The amount was in proportion to the grade, advancing from one hundred acres, the share of a common soldier, to five hundred, that of a colonel.

knew this to be a time of carnival among the German troops, and hoped to fall upon them overcome with wine and sleep. The Pennsylvania militia, under Cadwallader and Ewing, the former stationed at Bristol, opposite the corps at Bordentown, and the latter just below Trenton, were ordered to cross at the same time, and by a simultaneous attack, confuse and distract the enemy. Washington, with two thousand four hundred men, marched to McKonkey's Ferry, nine miles above Trenton, and at dusk began to cross. It was an hour big with results to the cause of his country, and he felt the heavy responsibility he had assumed. He was calm but solemn, and as he stood dismounted beside his horse and gazed on the turbulent river, adown whose bosom the ice, which the sudden cold had formed, was angrily drifting, and listened to its crushing, grinding sound against the frozen shores, blending in its monotonous roar with the confused tramp of the marching columns, and heavy roll of the artillery wagons, and hoarse orders of the officers, his aspect and air were those of one who felt that the crisis of his fate had come. He was about to put a large and almost impassable river between him and the foe, and the morning dawn would see his little army victorious, or annihilated, and his country lifted from the gloom that oppressed it, or plunged still deeper into the abyss of despair. As he thus stood absorbed in thought and pressed with anxious care, Wilkinson approached him with a letter from Gates. Roused from his contemplation, he fixed a stern look on the officer, and exclaimed, "*What a time is this to hand me letters!*"

The night closed in dark and cold—the wind swept in gusts down the river, while the rapidly increasing ice threatened to prevent entirely the crossing of the troops in time for a night attack. A few boats reached the opposite shore, when a blinding snow storm set in, casting such utter darkness on the river, that those which followed became lost, and drifted about in the gloom. General Knox, who had a voice like a trumpet, stood on the farther shore, and kept hallooing to those struggling in the middle of the stream, and thus indicated the point toward which they should steer. It was a long and inconceivably distressing night to Washington. He had calculated on a surprise, but as hour after hour wore away, and the boats entangled in the ice delayed their arrival, he saw that this on which he had placed his chief reliance, must be abandoned. His position grew more and more critical every moment. Cadwallader and Ewing might have crossed, and relying on his coöperation attacked the enemy alone and been defeated, or unable to cross at all, left him unsupported to meet in open day-

light a prepared enemy, whose heavy artillery could effectually sweep every street up which his untrained troops might attempt to advance. For nearly twelve hours he watched on the bank of the Delaware, listening to the shouts and uproar of his scattered army, floundering in the gloom, and though an eternity seemed to intervene between the arrival of the boats, he showed no irritation, but stood like a column of marble amid the storm, his great heart almost bursting with anxiety, and yet not an indication of it in his voice and bearing. He could have pushed on with less men, but dared not advance without the artillery, which was the last to get over. This at length arrived, and at four o'clock in the morning the army took up its line of march. He was still nine miles from Trenton, and the whole distance to be made against a storm of sleet beating full in the soldier's faces. The army was divided into two columns—one under Sullivan, taking the road along the bank, while Washington, in person, accompanied by Greene led the other by the Pennington road nearly parallel and a little farther inland. As day broke dimly over the dreary landscape, Washington saw that his troops were suffering severely from the fatiguing work of the night, and ordered a halt that they might take a few moments' rest. No one, however, was permitted to leave the ranks. The order had scarcely passed down the line before every man was leaning heavily on his musket, and the whole column standing as suddenly frozen in its place, while the storm silently sifted its white covering over all. Men were but half-clad, and without shoes or stockings stood shivering on the frozen ground. Only a short respite, however, could be given, and soon the order, "FORWARD," passed down the ranks. As the column put itself in motion Washington, to his surprise, saw one half quietly slip away from the other half, leaving it standing motionless and fast asleep in its place. It was with difficulty the poor fellows could be roused, but when, not long after, the guns of the advance guard broke on their ears, there was no lack of wakefulness and energy.

Under the driving sleet many of the muskets of Sullivan's troops became wet and unfit for use. On making the discovery, he dispatched his aid, Colonel Smith, to Washington, stating the fact, and saying that he could depend on nothing but the bayonet. Turning suddenly on the astonished officer, Washington thundered in his ears: "*Go back sir, immediately, and tell General Sullivan to MOVE ON.*" In relating the occurrence afterward, Colonel Smith said that he "*never saw a face so awfully sublime*" as Washington's when he gave that stern command. Al-

the lion in his nature was roused, every strong faculty had been summoned from its repose, and the marble calmness of his demeanour was like that strange hush of nature which betokens the approaching storm. Captain Forest moved in advance with the artillery, and Washington rode beside him. Passing a countryman chopping wood before his door, the latter pointed to Trenton, now dimly looming in the distance, and asked him if he knew where the Hessian picket lay. The man replied he did not. Said Forest, "You may tell, for it is Washington who addresses you." Overcome with sudden joy, the poor man lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "God bless and prosper you." He then pointed to a house in which the picket lay, and to a tree near it, where the sentry stood. The guns were then unlimbered and the whole column passed rapidly forward. Washington still rode in advance amid the artillery, and some of his officers becoming alarmed for his safety, urged him to retire. But he paid no heed to their remonstrances—it was not a time to think of himself, and he still led the column, and was just entering King Street, when he heard the thunder of Sullivan's guns in another direction, as Stark broke into the town, and with his strong battle-cry roused the Hessians from their drunken slumbers. Forest then opened with his artillery, and Washington, watching anxiously the effect of each shot, pointed out the different objects at which he wished him to direct his aim. All now was confusion and terror in the enemy's quarters. The roll of drums, the shrill blast of bugles and discordant cries of "to arms, to arms," rang out on every side. Detached companies of dragoons careering through the street—officers galloping almost alone, and wildly about—men hurrying to and fro in the uncertain light—irregular volleys of musketry mingling with the heavier explosions of cannon, combined to create a scene of confusion and disorder in the Hessian camp, that no effort could allay. A few soldiers succeeded in wheeling two cannon into the street along which Washington was advancing. Young Monroe, afterward President of the United States, and Captain Washington sprang forward with their men, and though the matches were about to descend on the pieces, charged up to the very muzzles. A volley of musketry met them, and when the smoke cleared away, those two gallant officers were seen reclining in the arms of their followers wounded, though not mortally. A shout, however, told that the guns were captured. Washington then ordered the column to advance rapidly, when one of his officers exclaimed—*"Their flags are struck!"* Looking up in surprise, he replied, *"So they are,"* and spurring

into a gallop, dashed forward. He was victorious—the burden was suddenly rolled from his heart, and turning to one of his officers, he grasped his hand, exclaiming—*"This is a glorious day for our country."* His "country" was his only thought. The suddenness of the victory surprised every one. But the Hessians finding themselves hemmed in by the Assanpink, Sullivan, and Washington, and their leader gone, saw that resistance would be vain. About six hundred light-horse and infantry made their escape to Bordentown. Ewing had not been able to effect a passage, or his division would have crossed the track of these fugitives, and captured them. Cadwalader had also found it impossible to get his army over, so that the troops in Bordentown, Burlington Block House, and Mount Holly escaped. The victory, though incomplete through the inability of those two commanders to coöperate with Washington, as anticipated, was nevertheless great. A thousand prisoners, six brass field-pieces, a thousand stand of arms, and four colors, were the glorious results while the Americans lost only four privates, two of whom were frozen to death. Among those of the enemy killed was Colonel Rahl, the commander. He had been spending the evening, by invitation, at the house of a Tory, and while Washington stood on the bleak shores of the Delaware, watching his army struggling in the icy stream, was pleasantly engaged in a game of cards, to which he gave greater zest, by frequent and heavy potations, to the merry Christmas that had passed. A Tory had discovered the approach of the American army toward morning, and hurried off to find Colonel Rahl. Being directed to the house where he was, he knocked at the door and gave a letter to a negro waiter, with the request that it should be handed to his master immediately. The servant at first refused to disturb him, but on being told it was of great importance, delivered it. It being Rahl's turn to deal, he thrust the note into his pocket and continued the game. Half-an-hour had scarcely elapsed when a heavy explosion of cannon shook the house where he sat. He started bewildered to his feet, when another and another followed in quick succession. He called for his horse, but before he could be saddled and bridled the pealing bugle and rapid roll of drums told him that the enemy was already in his camp. Dashing forward, he rallied a few troops in an orchard, and was leading them up the street against the advancing column, when he fell mortally wounded.

Before leaving Trenton, Washington snatched a moment to visit the dying officer, and expressed the deepest sympathy for his misfortune.

The enemy being in great force in the vicinity,

Washington resolved to recross the Delaware to his old encampment, and at evening the weary but elated soldiers were in the same boats, pulling to the shore they had left the night before with such sad misgivings. At midnight they entered their old quarters again so utterly exhausted by their thirty-two hours toil, they could hardly stand. For once they were forgetful of their cold bivouac and scanty clothing, and slept the slumbers of the brave.

The effect of this victory on the country was like sudden life to the dead. It was a bright Aurora fringing with light and glory the hitherto dark and wintry heavens. The enthusiasm and joy were the greater, springing as they did out of sorrow and despair, and wherever over the land the name of Washington was uttered, tears fell like rain drops, and blessings innumerable were invoked on his head.

Washington scarcely heard the long shout that went rolling over the land as the news of the victory of Trenton spread on every side, and paid but slight attention to the numerous congratulations that came pouring in from Congress and the distinguished men of the colonies, so intent was he on taking advantage of the enthusiasm of his troops, and the panic of the enemy, and follow up the unexpected blow he had given with another still more terrible and disastrous. It was now mid-winter, and his troops were without tents and clothing, yet he hoped, by great energy and daring, to press so hard on the cantonments of the British that they would be compelled to break them up and evacuate the Jerseys. But his little band presented a sorry spectacle as it lay, half clad, scattered around on the frozen ground, while to add to his calamities he knew that the term of service of several of the regiments was drawing to a close. One cheering feature, however, presented itself. Congress having got over its fears of a military despotism, or oppressed with the still greater fear of ultimate failure, conferred at this time [Dec. 27th] on Washington powers making him practically military dictator. He was authorized to raise sixteen battalions of infantry, three thousand light-horse, three regiments of artillery, together with a corps of engineers, and appoint the officers himself. He had also full power when he deemed it necessary to call on the several States for the militia—to appoint throughout the army all the officers under brigadiers—fill up all vacancies—to take whatever he wanted for the use of his troops, wherever he could find it, with no other restriction than that he must pay its value—finally, seize and lock up every man who refused to receive continental money. This was a tremendous stride from the doubtful and suspicious

course Congress had hitherto adopted. Such power was never before placed in the hands of a single man without being abused. But Washington was as destitute of mere ambition and self-love as he was of vain glory; one object alone filled the whole field of his vision—his country; and one thought only engrossed all his heart—her good. The council of safety of New York wrote him an apology for having, unintentionally, as they afterward found, encroached on his authority while endeavoring to aid him. His letter shows how irksome the power he wielded was to him. "Heaven knows," said he "that I greatly want the aid of every good man, and that there are not such enviable pleasures attending my situation as to make me too jealous of its prerogatives."

The very day after the battle of Trenton, while he stood musing on the banks of the Delaware, amid his excited but suffering soldiers, the vote investing him with these extraordinary powers passed Congress. The following day he recrossed the river and marched to Princeton. But at this critical juncture the term of service of several of the regiments expired, and the troops, worn down with fatigue and exposure, were determined to go home. Washington, in this emergency, promised them ten dollars bounty if they would remain six weeks longer, though he did not then know where the money was to come from. He also made a strong appeal to officers and men. He praised their fidelity and gallantry, acknowledged they were entitled to an honorable discharge, but begged them to think of the sad condition of their country should they take it at the present juncture. He bade them remember they were standing on the very spot they had rendered immortal, and where they had covered themselves with glory. He spoke of the gratitude of their country and the mortification of the enemy, and then told them all they had achieved would be vain if they disbanded and left him without an army. The enemy would immediately re-occupy his posts and march without obstruction to Philadelphia. The officers were moved by this noble appeal, and in turn pleaded with the men, and by this means more than half were persuaded to remain. Washington, with an empty military chest, then wrote to that noble patriot, Robert Morris, who was to his country in its financial troubles what the former was to her in the field, for immediate help. Morris borrowed on his own personal credit fifty thousand dollars, and dispatched the amount without delay to head-quarters, and in the note announcing its departure bade Washington call on him again when in trouble and he should have more.

In the meantime Cadwallader and Mifflin had succeeded in crossing the Delaware, each with some eighteen hundred men, and forming a junction with Washington at Trenton.

While the latter was thus concentrating his troops at Trenton, Howe, on whom this sudden and bold irruption had fallen like a thunder-clap, immediately ordered off reinforcements to New Jersey. Cornwallis, who, supposing the campaign was closed, had taken passage for England, was directed to repair with all haste to his post, and soon a formidable army assembled at Princeton. On the 2d of January Cornwallis put his columns in motion, and before daylight in the morning was in front of Trenton. Washington, who had ascertained from scouts in what overwhelming numbers the enemy was moving against him, withdrew his forces over the Assinpink, and planted batteries so as to command the bridge and the different fords in the vicinity. His position now became one of extreme peril. To make a successful stand there on the banks of the Assinpink was impossible, for so soon as Cornwallis should discern how small was the force opposed to him, he would by the mere weight of numbers crush it at once. To deliver battle, under the circumstances, would ensure the utter overthrow of the army. Victory could not be dreamed of, while retreat was impossible, for the ice-filled Delaware was surging in rear, and before the enemy's cavalry the half-disciplined militia would become a herd of fugitives. One can hardly imagine what great object Washington had in view to compensate for the hazardous position he had voluntarily taken, for he now stood with his hands tied. Nothing was to be done except meet his fate manfully, unless fortune or Heaven interfered in some unlooked for way in his behalf. One thing, however, was evident : he must gain time or be lost hopelessly. The night might bring relief, and he therefore sent forward detachments to harass the enemy's march and detain him as long as possible from reaching the Assinpink. Colonels Reed and Howard, and Captain Forest with the artillery, aided as they closed fiercer and sterner with the foe by Morgan and Miller, caused the vanguard to halt and the massive columns to close up in order of battle. Waiting for the artillery to scour a wood in which the two latter officers lay concealed, and kept up an incessant, galling fire, the British were delayed two hours. This in all probability saved the American army. Washington stood on the shores of the narrow Assinpink and watched with the most painful anxiety the steadily approaching fire. The gallant regiments that had thrown themselves so resolutely in the path of the enemy were being gradually

forced back, and as they approached the banks of the stream Washington rode across and thanked them for their heroic conduct. He called on them to dispute every inch of ground, and retire only when necessary to save their pieces. A loud and cheering shout ran along their ranks, and the next moment their volleys were again telling on the enemy. But at length, being driven to the river, the order was given to defile over the bridge to the main army. The advance columns of the British followed eagerly after, and as they reached the shore attempted to force a passage, both at the fords and the bridge. But the well planted batteries of the Americans swept the heads of the advancing columns with such a deadly fire that they recoiled before it, leaving the stream filled with the dead. Between every charge the whole army cheered.

At length Cornwallis arrived with the remaining artillery, when a terrific cannonade was opened on the American lines. Battery answered battery, and the deep thunder rolled away over the plains, carrying consternation to the inhabitants. It was now sunset, and Washington expected every moment to see the heavy columns under the protection of their artillery move to the assault. Had this been done, there is but little doubt that the American army would have been annihilated. Cornwallis, however, being ignorant of the force opposed to him, and not liking to make a decisive effort in the dark, resolved to wait till morning and renew the attack. The stubborn resistance he had met with during the day, and the bold attitude of his antagonist, misled him, and he supposed Washington designed to offer him battle on the spot where he had drawn up his army. Erskine, who was with Cornwallis, remonstrated against this fatal resolution, declaring that in the morning Washington would not be there. The former, however, was firm, and soon the loud explosions of artillery gave way to the confused hum of the two armies as they sunk to their bivouacks, within sight of each other's camp-fires. Washington immediately called a council of war at the tent of St. Clair, to determine what course to adopt in this extremity. Judging from the large force opposed to him that many regiments had not been left behind at Princeton and Brunswick, he proposed by a circuitous vigorous night-march to get in the enemy's rear, and threatening at the same time his stores at Brunswick and his communication with New York, frighten him back from Philadelphia. If Howe kept on the city must inevitably fall, as the only obstacle between it and him would be removed, but the preservation of the army was now the great question, and not that of Philadelphia. Besides,

the probabilities were a thousand to one that Cornwallis, finding the American commander threatening his rear, and thus both his communication with New York and his stores, would face about.

This daring resolution to march back into the heart of New Jersey, and resume a furious offensive at the very moment when all defense seemed hopeless, was one of those inspirations of genius by which Bonaparte so often saved his army and empire. He wished to execute a similar movement and march on Berlin, when pressed so heavily by the allies after the disastrous retreat from Russia, but he was overruled by his officers—took post at Leipsic, and was overthrown. He adopted the same bold resolution in his last struggle on the soil of France, and gaining the rear of the allies attempted to draw them back from Paris, but the latter would not be diverted from their purpose, and so reached the capital before him.

There was, however, one apparently insuperable obstacle in the way of carrying out this daring plan. There had been a thaw, and the roads were so soft that it would be impossible to get forward the artillery, composed of forty pieces, rapidly enough to reach Princeton by morning. To the infinite delight of Washington this objection was most unexpectedly and suddenly removed—the wind changed into the north while the council was deliberating, and in two hours the roads were hard as iron. This settled the question, and preparations for marching were immediately set on foot. The baggage was sent down to Burlington, and fires were ordered to be kindled in front of the lines. The soldiers, scattered and in groups, roamed the fields, tearing down fences for fuel, and in a short time a bright fire blazed around the American camp. Guards were placed at the fords and bridge, and working parties were detailed as if to throw up trenches, the sound of whose heavy toil lulled into greater security the sentinels on watch. Washington kept up also his patrols, who were so near to those of the enemy that the countersigns of each could be distinctly heard by the other.

At one o'clock in the morning the army began its stealthy march, and silently and swiftly defiled away from its intrenchments. But the road chosen was unfortunately a new incomplete one, filled with stumps. Against these the wheels of the artillery, as they were driven rapidly along, thumped heavily, and many of them were broken, thus seriously retarding the march. But for this the army would have reached Princeton before daylight, and Washington had time to have advanced on Brunswick, where large stores and £70,000 were collected. It was a cold,

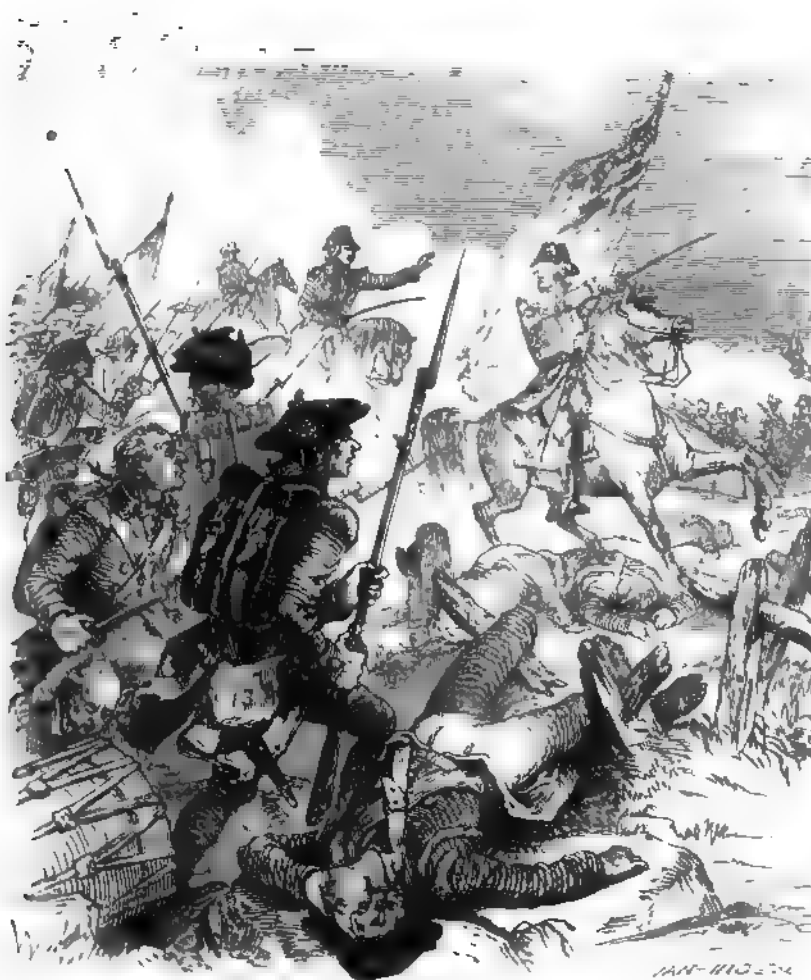
blustering night, and the scantily supplied troops who had now been twenty-four hours without sleep, and mostly without food, suffered severely. As it grew toward morning, Washington kept exclusively with the advance column, watching eagerly for the daylight. At length the cold gray dawn appeared, when the troops were hurried forward with greater speed. They were now close on Princeton, and as the bright sun rose over the hills the still columns of smoke arising from the chimney-tops through the frosty air were a grateful spectacle to the hungry, weary and benumbed soldiers. But the next moment there flashed forth in the wintry beam a long line of bayonets, and the whole road before the Americans was reddened with scarlet uniforms. Three British regiments had been quartered over night at Princeton, whose arrival at the head-quarters of Cornwallis in the morning was to be the signal of a general assault on the American lines. Two of these were already on the march, and did not at first observe the main American army, which, concealed behind a piece of woods, was swiftly passing along by-road over a low piece of ground, straight for Princeton. General Mercer, with about three hundred and fifty soldiers, many of them young men of wealth from Philadelphia, was sent by Washington to take possession of the travel highway to Trenton, and seize the bridge over which it passed and cut off any fugitives who might attempt to escape to Cornwallis. He had scarcely commenced his march when he became revealed to the astonished British. Meanwhile, the commander, had just crossed the bridge on his way to Trenton, when this apparition burst upon him. Instantly seeing the danger he was in of being cut off from Princeton and attacked in the open country, he suddenly wheeled and recrossed the stream—reaching the opposite bank just as Mercer's column arrived. The two commanders then made a desperate effort to gain the high ground nearer Princeton. They ascended the slope on opposite sides. Mercer was first up, and pressing through an orchard saw the British line rapidly approaching. A rail-fence lay between them, behind which the Americans took shelter and poured in a deadly volley. The British, who were advancing at the charge step, halted and delivered their fire at the same moment. The lines were so near each other that the smoke of the two volleys met and curled gracefully upward together in the morning sunlight. The moment the enemy had delivered their fire the order to charge was given, and they rushed forward with the bayonets fixed to their rifles. The Americans, many of them being armed only with rifles, soon broke and fled down the hill.

Mercer, his horse being wounded, rushed on foot amid his men, endeavoring by word and example to rally them. With a portion of his men he was in a hand to hand fight with the British, when a soldier leveled him to the ground with his musket. A half a dozen bayonets immediately gleamed over his breast, and the soldiers cried out, "call for quarters, you d—d rebel." Mercer indignantly refused, and cut at the nearest with his sword, when he was transfixing to the earth and left for dead.* As Mawhood pushed across the hill in pursuit of the flying detachment, he came to the brow that looked down on the army under Washington, moving rapidly up to the aid of Mercer. He saw the latter, who was in advance of the main body with a select corps, ride forward to arrest the fugitives, and with his hat swinging above his head, gallop swiftly from point to point to steady his troops, who had already begun to feel the effects of the first panic. His quick eye detected at a glance the desperate odds against him, but taking advantage of the confusion the defeated detachment had created, he gallantly resolved to charge, and with loud shouts the troops rushed forward. The shock was heavy and the Americans began to recoil. Washington, knowing that defeat would be annihilation, no sooner saw his ranks begin to undulate than he spurred forward, shouting to his astonished troops to follow him, and rode to within thirty yards of the enemy, and halted, while his staff gazed on him with astonishment. The hitherto

wavering militia wheeled instantly into line. The enemy then halted and dressed their line also, and the order to fire passed simultaneously along the ranks of both. Washington still sat midway between the two, his eye turned full on the foe. One of his aids, horror-struck at the sight, dropped the reins upon his horse's neck and covered his face with his chapeau, so as not to see his commander fall. A crash of musketry followed, and when the smoke lifted there sat Washington, to the amazement of all, unharmed. The next moment his loud shout rose over the din of battle, and swinging his hat over his head for a banner to those who pressed after, he spurred against the flying enemy. His favorite aid wept like a child at the spectacle, while Fitzgerald, another aid, and the finest horseman in the army, dashed up to him and in the suddenness of his joy exclaimed "*Thank God your excellency is safe.*" Washington gave one grasp of the hand to his weeping aid, and turning to Fitzgerald exclaimed—"Away, my dear colonel—bring up the troops, the day is our own." "*Long live Washington!*" rolled back over the field, and went up like a morning anthem to heaven. The second regiment advancing to sustain the first was also routed. All now was excitement and exultation in the American army, and the patriots forgetting the exhaustion of the last night's march streamed after the fugitives.

The first heavy explosions of cannon at Princeton roused up Cornwallis, who thought it thundered. But Erskine knew too well what that sound betokened, and exclaimed, "*To arms, general; the enemy is at Princeton!*" A single glance at the empty intrenchments of the Americans revealed the whole terrible plot that had been sprung upon him, and the cry of "to arms," "to arms," and rapid roll of drums, and blast of the bugle sounded wildly through the camp, and in a few minutes artillery, infantry, and cavalry were thundering along the road toward Princeton, which lay only ten miles distant. Washington, knowing that the first sound of his guns would bring the enemy upon him, had pressed the regiments he encountered with all the energy and vehemence in his power. He had also sent a detachment to destroy the bridge that Mercer had been directed to occupy, in order to arrest their progress and delay the pursuit. Major Kelley, who commanded it, had just begun to tear up the planks when the van of the British rose over the hill in the distance, coming on a run. The latter immediately threw a discharge of round shot into the detachment, which drove it away from the river. They succeeded, however, in tumbling all the planks into the stream, leaving only the skeleton of tim-

* Hugh Mercer was a Scotchman by birth, and came to this country as a physician. He early entered the military service, and served with Washington when the latter was a Virginia colonel. He was wounded at the battle of Monongahela, and unable to keep up with Braddock's army in its wild retreat, lay down behind a log to die. The savages were all around him, tomahawking the wounded and scalping the dead, yet he remained concealed, listening to the groans and diabolical yells that marked their infernal labor. At length as night drew in he was left alone with the forest and ghastly dead. Faint with the loss of blood, and parched with fever, he crawled forth, and reaching a little rivulet quenched his raging thirst. Refreshed by the cooling draught, he endeavored to follow in the track of the army. But he was a hundred miles from any settlement, and unable with his shattered shoulder to obtain any food. Faint and exhausted, he was compelled to halt at short intervals and rest. Slow death by famine now stared him in the face, but as he stumbled along he saw a rattlesnake in his path. By great exertion he succeeded in killing the viper. He then with his unwounded arm and hand skinned him and devoured part of the flesh raw. The remainder he flung over his unwounded shoulder and pressed on. When the pangs of hunger could be no longer endured, or nature became exhausted, he would chew a piece of the reptile, and thus succeeded in reaching Fort Cumberland, though a mere walking skeleton. He survived the battle of Princeton but a few days, and died in great pain. He was a gallant officer, and his death was universally lamented.



Washington midway between the two Armies at Princeton.

bers standing. This stopped the progress of the artillery, but Cornwallis hearing the roar of Washington's cannon beyond Princeton, and fearing for his stores at Brunswick, ordered the soldiers into the stream where it was fordable. Breast deep they plunged in, and struggled bravely through the ice-filled channel. But they had scarcely mounted the opposite bank before the cold January morning froze their uniforms stiff upon them. Still the urgent order of the officers was "forward," "forward," and the benumbed troops pressed on to Princeton. As the advance guard approached the town an iron thirty-two-pounder, left on a breast-work, was fired by some one, which brought them to a sudden halt. Cornwallis riding up, surveyed a moment the battery, and concluding

that Washington had made a stand offer him battle, ordered a halt. A reconnoissance was immediately made by on horseback, and a whole hour was in consulting on the best mode of taking formidable battery. At length the columns moved forward to the assault, being no resistance quietly entered the finished works, when to their amazement found not a soul within. Washington time was chasing up the two regiments toward Brunswick.

Having pursued the enemy as far as K he halted, and collecting his officers around him on horseback, asked whether best to continue on to Brunswick. It was tempting, but Cornwallis was in of

it with a large army of fresh troops, supported cavalry, while many of the Americans, having marched two whole nights without shoes and stockings, measuring the frozen highway and charging in battle barefoot, and that without breakfast or dinner, were completely exhausted. It was resolved, therefore, to abandon the pursuit; and turning off into a narrow road, the army reached Pluckemin that evening in safety, with three hundred prisoners, while between one and two hundred more had been left dead and stiff on the slopes before Princeton. Halting at the latter place only long enough to give his tired gallant little army food and rest, he pushed on to Morristown, where he soon afterwards took up his winter-quarters. Here, girdled in by mountains from whose bases a country rich in supplies extended on every side, he gathered his victorious troops, but not to rest. Scarcely a morning passed without the bugle call resounding through the camp announced that a detachment was on the march to intercept or attack the foraging parties of the enemy. These were cut off or driven in so constantly that the British commander found it impossible to sustain his army except at those places which had open water communication with New York. Soon all New Jersey, but Brunswick and Amboy, were cleared of the enemy, and Philadelphia relieved from all immediate danger.

Thus in less than a single fortnight Washington, by a succession of the most brilliant and daring manœuvres on record, had lifted the nation out of the depths of despondency, gave confidence to the government, turned the tide of misfortune, and covered his tattered troops with glory. The shout of exultation that followed rung round the civilized world till even kings learned to reverence the name of Washington, and baptized him the "American Fabius." Such unexpected, sudden results took friends and foes equally by surprise. The British commander was stunned. He had been chasing Washington all the autumn, endeavoring by every means in his power to provoke him to battle. He had taken more than four thousand prisoners—divided and reduced his army, till, without shelter and almost without clothing, it lay shivering on the banks of the Delaware. To this downward point he had forced it in mid-winter, when he thought it could not possibly resume successful operations. But just at this moment, when Washington was never so little able even to defend himself, the British commander saw him suddenly wheel about and breaking into one of the most furious offensives on record, fall like successive thunder-claps on his strong battalions, and rolling them back at every point. He found

that Washington, with all the wariness of the fox, had the terrible spring of the lion.

The amount of suffering Washington endured in this long and tedious retreat, the noble struggles he had passed through to bear up against the want of supplies, of arms, and even of ammunition—against a murmuring, rebellious, and, worse than all, cowardly army—against the suspicion of his own officers and neglect of the very States he was striving to defend—against the jealousy of Congress—against, poverty, destitution and wholesale desertion, will never be known. It remained locked up in his great heart, and even in after years was never spoken of. Neither shall we know what dreadful anxiety weighed him down after he had taken the desperate resolution he did, until success crowned his efforts. With his almost infallible judgment he had evidently measured in its length and breadth the cause of the colonies, and knew that if he should continue to retreat, and Philadelphia fall into the hands of the enemy, his demoralized army would disband, and spring find the current setting so strongly back toward the mother country that it would be impossible to offer any effectual resistance to the enemy. The moral effect of a victory he must have, or be lost, and he determined to risk all to gain it. It is evident he had made up his mind never to survive defeat. He felt he had reached the turning point in the struggle—beyond lay both hope and despair. In this crisis of his country's destiny, he resolved to occupy the post of greatest danger himself, and if the decree had gone out against his country, receive the first blow on his own breast. He was too noble, too great, to peril so fearfully his army and the cause of freedom, and wish to survive their overthrow. Hence, although commander-in-chief, he became in fact leader of the advance guard, both on the march on Trenton and Princeton. To the remonstrance of his officers in the first battle, not to expose his person so recklessly, he scarcely deigned a reply. At Princeton he planted himself where his death must inevitably follow the desertion of his troops, and where it was almost certain to happen whatever the issue might be. He had reached a crisis demanding a sacrifice, and he cast himself and his little band on the altar, and by that sacrifice, great as it was glorious, redeemed his country. The triumph was complete, but the officers trembled when they reflected at what peril to Washington it had been achieved, and besought him in future to be more prudent, for too great interests were bound up in his life to have it so lavishly exposed.

[To be continued.]

THE PROSE, POETRY AND SCENE OF THE COAL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY E. B. BOWEN.

(Continued from page 8.)

THE coal veins running east and west have their dip to the north and south, and in all cases lie parallel or conformable with the stratification of the inclosing rocks. This is not the case generally with other mineral veins, as copper, lead, or silver; they are wont to run in direct contrariety to the stratification of the inclosing rock, and hence afford proofs of their igneous origin. A mineral vein that does not do this, gives no evidence of depth, regularity, or reliability; and though it may turn out to be a good thing, the chances are against it. The inclination of strata from a horizontal line, being termed the dip, the amount of such dip is the quantity of the angle which the line of inclination makes with that of the horizon, as illus-



Fig. 1.

trated in Fig. 1. If the angle made by the meeting of the lines of the strata, *bb*, and the horizontal line, *a*, be equal to forty-five degrees toward the south, the vein is said to dip that extent, and in that direction. Every mining engineer or colliery viewer, has a pocket instrument to determine these points, which are always extremely important in every mining district. The terms strike and dip may be better understood by a few simple illustrations: as the dip is the line of inclination which the vein makes to the horizon, the *strike* is a line at right angles to the dip. To illustrate—place a book on a table with the edges of the leaves downward, and the back upward, as in fig. 2. If one side of the cover be removed a short distance, the cover so moved, marked *b*, will represent the line of dip of the vein, while the back of the volume, *aa*, will exemplify the line of strike. If the cover of the book be extended but slightly, the dip, of course, will be proportionally steep, and *vice versa*. If the book be set on its edges, the



Fig. 2.

vein would be perpendicular. If we have ascertained the line of dip, we can ascertain the probable direction of the line of strike. The dip of the line of dip be toward the north or south, the strike must be east and west, and *vice versa*. The converse of this proposition by which we can ascertain the line of dip, is good; for though the line of dip of strike, the line of strike does not of dip, since there are two lines of strike running from north to



Fig. 3.

either to the north or to the south. In short, as we have seen, if we know the dip of one side of our book, we can determine the direction of the strike to the left, the back of the book, *aa*, remain in the same position.

The terms anticlinal and synclinal are also of frequent use in mining. An anticlinal line is, simply, that point from which veins diverge in opposite directions, and which form so characteristic a feature in the Schuylkill coal region. To illustrate this, we have only to extend the volume of the book, as in fig. 3. The coal veins are elevated, or thrown up, and while in this position, a great quantity of coal is accumulated, and the operation of mining is greatly facilitated.



Fig. 4.

The reverse of the above, being the synclinal line, the veins converge toward each other, and the operation of mining is greatly facilitated. To illustrate this, we have only to turn the book, as in fig. 4, and open it. The line of dip is now in the same position, and the line of strike is now the same. These are the common positions of the veins in the coal regions of Pennsylvania.



Fig. 5.

troughs, and it not unfrequently happens from the disruptions or lateral pressure which produced them, that vast quantities of coal are concentrated in their vicinity.

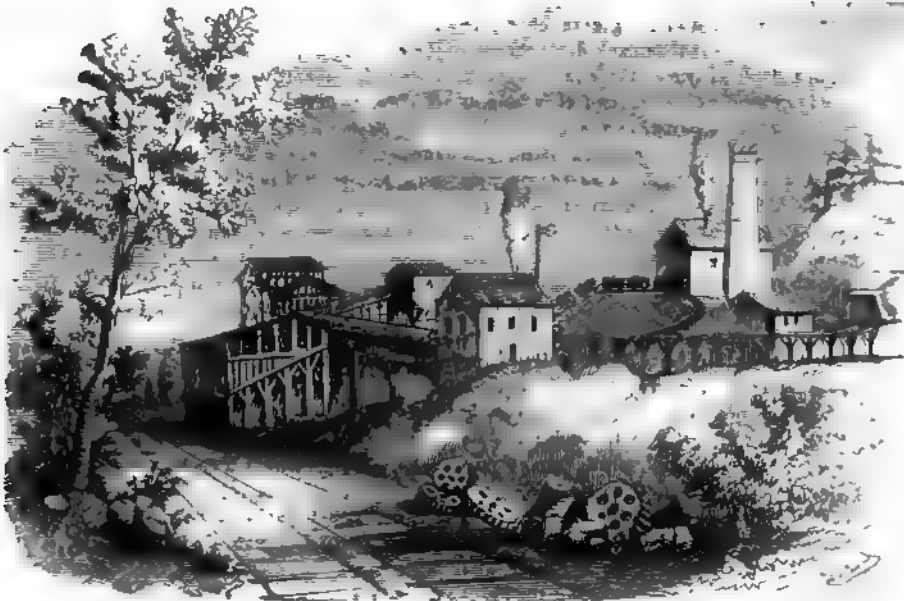
In Schuylkill county, the principal amount of coal mined is from slopes or mines below the water-level—that is, below the level of the adjacent streams. In commencing a mine of this sort, the vein is first carefully proved on the surface, by numerous trial pits, stretching over the whole length of the property, to discover whether it gives promise of reliability, as well as to ascertain as much of its general character as possible. A slope is then sunk down through the vein, to a depth of two or three hundred feet. The slope is generally about seven feet in height, and broad enough to admit of two railway tracks, with, sometimes, a footway between them, and space for iron pipes, through which to pump up the water. After getting down the desired depth, (say about one hundred and fifty feet,) passages are cut both to the right and left of the slope, called gangways, which are extended in proportion to the amount of coal intended to be raised. These gangways run through the seam of coal, and are laid down with railway tracks, over which the coal-cars are hauled by horses. Now, the process of mining the coal is extremely simple; the gangways running through the seam exposes a *breast of solid coal*, which has only to be cut away and emptied into the cars. First, a narrow incision is made, running upward in the vein toward the surface; and, as the work progresses, and the mines approach nearer and nearer the surface, the coal runs down the shute thus made, while it becomes wider and wider at the top. A great deal of timber is used in mining coal, to prop up the overhanging rocks, which, being generally of a shelly, decomposing nature, would readily fall down and injure the laborers. Instead of timber large pillars of coal are often left standing; and not unfrequently it is prudent to have both. The miners are generally paid by the car-load of coal, depending, in most cases, on the size and other local features of the vein. When the cars are filled, they are hauled to the foot of the slope, and there attached to a rope, by which they are drawn to the surface by steam-power. At the same time that the loaded car ascends, an empty one descends, and the whole movement is the work of but a very few minutes. During the night, or at any time when the steam-engine is not thus engaged, it is kept employed in pumping up the water from the mine, which is constantly accumulating from all its subterranean avenues. A basin is scooped out at the bottom of the slope, into which the water drains, and from whence it is

pumped to the surface. The iron pipes through which the water is drawn to the surface, are very thick, and capable of conveying several hogs-heads of water per minute. Where the water is very abundant, and the mine more than ordinarily deep, a steam-engine is specially provided to pump out the water; but generally one engine suffices both for hoisting the coal and pumping. The steam-engines used for these purposes, at all large collieries, are very powerful in their structure, varying from eighty to over one hundred horse-power. All the machinery used in the coal-mining business is invariably made in the coal region, whose machinists are probably unequalled for their skill by any other section of country in the Union.

When the loaded coal cars are brought to the surface, they are immediately detached from the rope, and pushed to the breaker, to which there is usually a gradual descent. Sometimes, however, the cars are drawn up to the breaker by steam-power; but this only happens when the breaker itself is situated in low ground, rendering the approach of the coal-cars by the usual mode difficult. The loaded car, arrived at the head of the breaker, is placed on a platform by which one end of it is lowered, and the other elevated, and the front part of the car-box, fixed in the form of a door, being unfastened, allows the coal to flow out in a continuous stream, until emptied, when it is returned to the slope, and another one brought forward. The coal thus passes from a trough, and falls between two large iron cylinders, revolving with considerable rapidity toward each other. The cylinders or breakers are generally perforated, to prevent undue waste by crushing, and are provided with numerous projecting teeth. From these cylinders, which break the coal into all the intermediate sizes from egg, stove, chestnut, to small nut coal, it passes into revolving cylindrical screens, composed of thick wire, strongly woven together by an ingenious process, which has since originated the beautiful wire fences, wire chairs, wire bedsteads, and various other useful and ornamental fabrics. These screens are divided into sections, each about four feet in length, the net-work varying with the size of coal intended to pass through it. Thus, the smallest lumps of coal pass through the first section; the next largest fall through the second section, the third in size through the third section, and the very largest pass out at the end of the screen, there being no necessity for passing it through the net-work. Now, the screens revolve directly over large open apartments, properly partitioned, into which the coal falls from the screen, each size into its particular apartment, thus requiring

no additional assortment or inspection. As it passes from the screen, however, into the proper apartments below, boys are stationed at certain points to pick out slate-stones and impure coal. These fellows require a good deal of watching, or the work is but indifferently performed; and whenever consumers find an undue amount of slate in their coal, they may attribute it, not to the quality of the coal itself, as is often done, but to the care-

lessness of the frolicsome slate pickers. Daily practice makes these boys very proficient in the profession—they will perceive and seize a piece of suspicious coal, rolling along in the mine, almost as quick as thought. The apartments shut into which the coal is deposited from the screen, project over a railroad, and being provided with doors, the empty cars need only be drawn under them, and the doors raised, to



Coalery Establishment.

ceive in the shortest possible time, their burthens of coal. The artist has furnished a sketch, representing both the slope engine-house and the coal-breaking establishment; but, Frenchman as he is, he has presented a picture very unsatisfactory in its details. He should have had a train of cars on the railroad, in the foreground, and at the same time conveyed an idea of the *modus operandi* of the establishment. As it is, we can say little more of it than that it exhibits a number of singular-looking buildings, which might be any thing else than what we are charitable enough to suppose they were meant for.

When the first level or depth of the slope is worked out, the mine is extended down one hundred, or one hundred and fifty feet or more deeper, and the same operation is performed over. Some of the gangways of coal mines, however, are several miles in length, and in such, it requires a large number of years, and very extensive workings, to exhaust a single level. The waste dirt and slate of nearly all coal mines

in the course of a few years become large artificial hills, almost equalizing those formed by nature. These hills, containing a large quantity of coal dust, sometimes ignite, and nothing can extinguish the fire until all the combustible matter is consumed.

The mines above water-level are called drifts. This is the simplest and least expensive plan known, but is only applicable when the vein exists in a high hill. This, fortunately, is the case in nearly all our coal regions; but in this region, so far as the mines now in operation are concerned, many of the upper levels have been worked out. The annexed picturesque sketch represents a drift, or rather the trestle-work on the slope of the hill, over which the coal is precipitated as it is brought out of it; for the drift, or excavation in the hill, is not visible. However, it is not far off, and "we like the picture." The valley from Coal Castle to St. Clair, where the scene belongs, is one of the wildest in the coal region, and to those who like an occasional

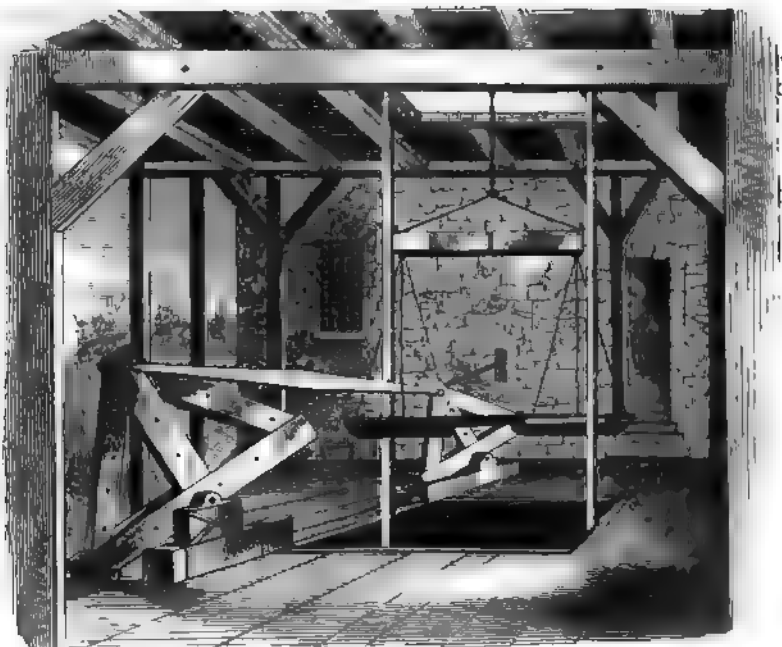


Scenes near St. Clair.

of nature, it is eminently worthy of notice. At some period more or less remote, must have been in a terrible passion when battling with the rocky barriers before it, for admission

to "the other side"—for it has left the mountain-sides a perfect wreck of huge mouldering stones, heaped about in the direst confusion.

Until recently, there were no perpendicular shafts in Schuylkill county, but the time is probably not far distant, when they will be both common and necessary. In the early history of the Schuylkill coal region, it was supposed that upward of one hundred distinct veins of coal existed in this basin; but experience has since demonstrated that what were regarded as so many separate veins, were nothing but the repeated foldings or saddles of the same strata. The Schuylkill basin, therefore, has no less than six or more subordinate basins, and by means of these the lower or bottom veins can be as readily worked as the upper ones. For a long time it was supposed that although the great white-ash veins of coal of the Broad Mountain underlaid the red-ash veins of the Schuylkill basin, they were so low down that they could not be conveniently reached. The fact, however, of the numerous saddles alluded to destroys this belief,



The Carey Shaft.

It is now clear that the red, gray and white-ash veins can all be successfully worked in this region. At St. Clair a shaft has been sunk on the estate of Henry C. Carey, Esq., which at a depth of some four hundred feet, (after passing through other veins,) penetrated the great mammoth white-ash vein, twenty-eight feet in thickness, thus conclusively establishing the truth of

the new theory. The artist has made a sketch of this shaft, which must be regarded as the most important work ever accomplished in this remarkable region—as it will in all probability only prove the precursor of other enterprises of a like character. The North American Coal Company have been sinking augers on their lands near Pottsville, with the view of putting down a

shaft, should they succeed in penetrating the white-ash veins below; of which there can be no doubt. The upper levels of coal on their lands having been pretty well exhausted, a series of new and larger veins below would, of course, add greatly to the profit of the company. It was on the lands of this company that the finest mining operations in Schuylkill county were commenced. It was here, too, that the first railway track in the United States was laid down; horses drawing over it loaded cars of coal. But, singularly enough, the railway was intended to facilitate the ascent of a hill, and the horses must have had pretty hard work in tugging the cars upon it. I may mention, in this connection, that the first locomotive steam engine ever used in the United States is still in active service on the Little Schuylkill railroad. When the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was undertaken, in 1828, a committee of gentlemen connected with that stu-

pendous undertaking was appointed to examine Schuylkill county for the purpose of examining into the railroads as in operation in that quarter. This county, therefore, was not only the first in which railways were introduced, but it has probably all along had a greater aggregate extent of them than any other twenty counties, of any area, in the United States. There are, at present, about two hundred miles of railroad underground, and at least an aggregate of two hundred and fifty miles on the surface, all in this county. The Reading Railroad, estimated at one continuous single track, in connection with the lateral roads in this county, tributary to it, is by far the *longest* road on the globe, as its length is already by far the greatest, and its management, we may add, at least amongst the best.

In one or two of the deepest mines (and the deepest is probably not more than eight hundred feet perpendicular) it has become expedient



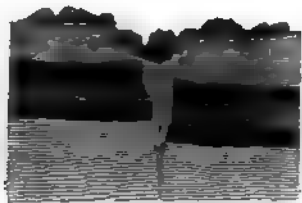
Under-ground Hoisting Machine.

to introduce an additional steam-engine, which is erected underground, at the bottom of the slope. Sometimes, owing to faults or distortions of the vein, a large mass of coal is deposited in an inconvenient position for mining in the ordinary way; hence it becomes necessary to adopt special arrangements to get at it. At the Phoenix colliery of Geo. Miller & Co. (one of the very best red-ash operations in the region—being the celebrated Lewis vein in its purity) a steam-engine has been thus introduced to raise the coal

from a lower level. Such is the remarkable quality of the coal, and its abundance at a certain point below, that some twenty thousand dollars were expended in these underground workings to get access to it.

The term *fault* is one peculiar to mining phraseology. Where a vein of coal is suddenly intercepted by a rock, or a deposit of earthen matter, and its continuity thus broken off, it is termed a fault. These things are generally nothing else than welcome guests in coal mines.

though, upon the whole, we believe they do more good than injury. The evil they do is local, and but temporary—the good much greater than most miners are willing to admit. If the old adage be correct or philosophical, “that the best men have their faults,” why should it not be so with the best coal veins? They have no doubt contributed much to the purity of the coal, have held back for us floods of water, form good strong props, and, while their occasional intrusion in the coal veins seems annoying, and often proves expensive, it not unfrequently happens that they are the cause of the formation of little basins or saddles, and concentrate a vast amount of coal in a particular spot, which might otherwise have been spread out in thin seams. Upon the whole, we can hardly find fault with faults. To show, however, what they are like, we append an illustration. The black lines represent a coal



vein, and the upper and bottom lines the accompanying rocks. Now in the middle of the sketch the vein is broken off by the intrusion of the adjacent rock. Sometimes the coal vein, after being thus penetrated by a foreign substance, has one end elevated, and the other



lowered, as in fig. 6., and this is the most discouraging kind; for the miner, supposing that the vein will come in again on the same level where it encountered the fault, continues to pursue it, and often without success. Sometimes, again, the faults are deceptive—apparently occupying a large area, they may be thin—that is, while they cover a large extent of the vein, they may not be very deep, which is, in fact, most generally the case. In such instances, the best plan is not to work through it, but under it.

One of the most important features in coal mining is ventilation; and this subject becomes daily more interesting with the increased depth of the workings. As yet the matter has not become one of serious difficulty in our coal-fields; but in Europe, where mines of every description are very deep, and where the workings have

been going on for a long series of years, so many lives have been lost by the explosions of fire-damp, that the government some years ago interfered to effect a reform.* The gases which result from the subterranean decomposition of the coal have, besides carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, azote sulphurous acid, and the carburets of hydrogen, which have a special odor. Before the coal takes fire the interior air is already heavy and heated by the gaseous disengagements which are the precursors of ignition. As quickly as these symptoms are remarked, the coals already mined should be raised, and we should isolate from the surrounding air the region or the crevices which inclose the fire; employing at this work the laborers whose organization is known to be the best adapted to support the deleterious influence of these gases. Azote, or nitrogen gas, is much less to be dreaded than the carbonic acid; because its action upon the animal economy is less energetic—besides its production can only take place by the absorption of oxygen from the air, and it does not naturally exist in the fissures or cavities of the rocks. It has, then, no spontaneous disengagement; but if we penetrate into the works which have been a long time abandoned, and where there has been combustion, the azote will occupy, in consequence of its lightness, the higher parts of the excavations, while the carbonic acid will occupy the lower parts; the respirable air forming the intermediate zone. Azote is found isolated in certain mines, where there exists pyrites in a state of decomposition; the sulphurets changing into sulphates, absorb the oxygen and isolate the azote; the sulphuret of iron is in this respect the most active agent. Azote manifests itself by the red color of the flames of the lamps which ends by extinction; it renders respiration difficult, produces a heaviness of the head, and a hissing or singing in the ears, which seems to indicate a mode of action different from that of carbonic acid. The ordinary lamp of the miner is extinguished when the air contains no more than fifteen per cent. of oxygen; (the atmospheric air is composed of twenty-one per cent. of oxygen, and seventy-nine per cent. of azote,) it is also at this proportion of eighty-five per cent. of azote that asphyxia or suffocation is caused. Proto-carbonated hydrogen, or inflammable air, is of all the gases the most dangerous—that which occasions the greatest number of accidents, not by asphyxia, which it can nevertheless produce when it is not mixed with at least twice its volume of air, but for its property of igniting when in contact with lighted flames, and of exploding when mixed in certain proportions with

Richard C. Taylor—"Statistics of Coal."

atmospheric air. The *grison* is more abundant in the fat and friable coals, than in the dry and meager ones; it particularly disengages itself in the crushed places, in the recent stalls whose surfaces are laid bare, and that so vigorously as often to decrepitate small scales of coal, and produce a slight rustling noise. The fissures or fractures of the coal, and even the clefts of the roof or floor, give sometimes outlets to jets of gas. The action of this gas upon the flame of the lamps is the most certain guide in ascertaining its presence and proportion. The flame dilates, elongates, and takes a bluish tint, which can readily be distinguished by placing the hand between the eye and the flame, so that only the top of it can be seen. As soon as the proportion is equal to one-twelfth part of the ambient air, the mixture is explosive, and if a lamp be carried it will produce a detonation proportionate to the volume of the mixture. When, therefore, a miner perceives at the top of the flame of his lamp the bluish nimbus which decides the presence of the fire-damp, he ought to retire, either holding his light very low, or even to extinguish it.

The chemical effects of an explosion are the direct production of the vapors of water and carbonic acid, and the separation of azote. The physical effects are, a violent dilution of gas and of the surrounding air, followed by a reaction through contraction. The workmen who are exposed to this explosive atmosphere are burned, and the fire is even capable of communicating to the wood-work or to the coal; the wind produced by the expansion is so great that even at considerable distance from the site of explosion the laborers are thrown down, or projected against the sides of the excavations. The walls and timbering are shaken and broken, and crushing or falling down is produced. These destructive effects can be propagated even at the mouths of the pits, from which are projected fragments of wood and rocks, accompanied by a thick tempest of coal in the form of dust. The evil rests not there; considerable quantities of carbonic acid and azote, produced by the combustion of the gas, become stationary in the works, and cause those who have escaped by the immediate action of the explosion to perish by suffocation. The ventilating currents suddenly arrested by this perturbation, are now much more difficult to reëstablish, because the doors which served to regulate them are partly destroyed, the fires are extinguished, and often even the machines fixed at the mouths of the shafts, to regulate the currents, are damaged and displaced to such an extent that it becomes impossible to convey any help to the bottom of the works.

Oh, God! what flickering flame is this!—see, see again its glare!

Dancing around the wiry lamp, like meteors of the air.
Away! away!—the shaft, the shaft!—the blazing fire flies!
Confusion!—speed!—the lava stream the lightning's wing defies!

The shaft!—the shaft!—down on the ground and let the demon ride

Like the sirocco on the blast—volcanos in their pride!
The choke-damp angel slaughters all—he spares no living soul!

He smites them with sulphureous brand—he blackens them like coal!

The young—the hopeful, happy young—fall with the old and gray,

And oh, great God! a dreadful doom, thus buried to decay
Beneath the green and flowery sod whereon their friends remain—

Disfigured, and perchance alive—their cries unheard and vain!

Oh, Desolation! thou art now a tyrant on thy throne—
Thou smilest with sardonic lip to hear the shriek and groan!

To see each mangled, writhing corpse to raining eyes displayed—

For hopeless widows now lament, and orphans wall dismayed!
[London Mining Journal.]

The English journals are constantly furnishing accounts of frightful accidents by these gaseous explosions occurring in their coal districts. Out of ninety-eight men employed in the Haswell colliery, in 1844, *ninety-four* were almost instantly killed by fire-damp. Over two hundred lives were lost, in that year, in but three or four collieries in proximity to each other. Mr. Taylor, in his statistics of coal, furnishes the following incident: “The workmen of the Crouzet mine descended one morning, the one following the other, in rotation, into a shaft below, in which carbonic acid had accumulated during the night. Arrived at the level of the *bain*, at a few yards from the bottom of the pit, the first fell, struck with asphyxia, without having time to utter a cry; the second followed immediately; the third saw his comrades prostrated on the ground, almost within reach of his arm; he stooped to seize them, and fell himself; another quickly shared the same fate, in his desire to save the others, and the catastrophe would not have been arrested had not the fifth been an experienced master miner, who obliged those who followed him to reascend.”

A great many devices had been introduced, from time to time, to prevent, dispel, and destroy these gaseous accumulations, but without success. Originating in the coal itself, as well as from the surrounding strata and workings, the task seemed to be, and indeed is still, a difficult one. And in very deep and ancient workings, like most of those of England, it seems almost impossible that their noxious character could be entirely destroyed, or that explosions should be prevented. It was some forty years ago, when,

by the number and alarming character of the accidents resulting from these explosions, the public mind of England became very much interested in the subject, and it was also officially brought before Parliament. Sir Humphrey Davy was then in the zenith of his fame, and the subject at once arrested his attention. Humboldt had previously attempted to overcome the difficulty, (by means of a non-explosive light,) but his contrivance, after a brief career, was thrown aside as impracticable. The flame being supported by a reservoir of atmospheric air, within the lamp, it would hold out but a short time, although it would conduct through dangerous mines. The principle of Sir Humphrey Davy's lamp was founded upon the discovery that the explosion of the mixture of gases *did not pass through small tubes*; and, after numerous experiments, he found that the length of the tubes was of no consequence, but that delicate wire gauze, the apertures being of the proper dimensions, answered the same purpose. By this means all necessity for an exterior glass tube, to protect the flame, was overcome, and the new lamp might be carried through the most dangerous and explosive mixtures with impunity. The lamp, it is true, is not perfect; but it is by far the best, easiest kept in order, and the simplest in its structure and principles, of any other. The gauze usually employed is made of iron wire, and generally has about seven hundred and eighty-four holes to the square inch. After Sir Davy had perfected his lamp, he proceeded to the New Castle coal-field, and in company with a well-known colliery



Davy's Safety-Lamp.

never traversed with impunity some of the most dangerous parts of the Bensham coal seam, at that period the most fiery one known. The Davy lamp has been in use at nearly all coal-mines ever since, and though some accidents have occurred under circumstances in which no lights but those of Davy lamps were present, it is nevertheless as perfect as any such instrument could be. One feature of the lamp is its superiority over all others in the greater quantity of light it yields, and being more portable, at the same time that it is more safe.

It must not be inferred that the Davy lamp is

generally used by the miners while at work. It is intended more particularly to explore mines when the fire-damp is present, and which if brought in contact with a candle or the ordinary flame of a lamp would ignite and produce an instantaneous explosion. The miners in the Schuylkill coal region always use a common oil-lamp, which, being small, is fastened to the front of their caps. They can thus see to work much better than if carried in any other way. Cornish miners, however, who are accustomed to work in lead, copper, or other mines than coal, insist upon using candles, which they surround with adhesive clay, and thus attach them to the adjacent wall-rock.

Now, while the Davy lamp is inestimably valuable for the immediate purpose intended, it does not, nor can it, prevent the accumulations of gases which, at a certain state of combination, produce explosions when pierced by the flame of a lamp. But, as it points out the danger when it exists, other remedies can be applied; and in the Schuylkill region the most common mode with which we are acquainted is to expel the fire-damp by means of banners, or fans, which, in some mines in England, are revolving and kept constantly in motion. But there is nothing like thorough ventilation, by which all the avenues of the mines are kept constantly supplied with fresh air. To accomplish this, and to render the current of air as violent as possible, a large furnace is provided at the surface of the air-shafts, in Schuylkill county, in which several tons of coal are consumed daily. This furnace, having a high stack, creates a powerful draught, by which the air, entering the slope or shaft, after traversing every portion of the mine, is drawn out, together with all the explosive elements that may combine with it. By this simple contrivance the mines of the Schuylkill region are comparatively exempt from disastrous explosions. Nevertheless, they do sometimes occur, and the number of victims is by no means small. A plan of ventilation which works well in one mine may not do so in another; for there are always some local differences, either in the coal itself, the interior workings, or the management, which require special provision in the mode of ventilation. The variation of the seasons produces its effects—in the winter, the external atmosphere being totally different from the summer, the supply of pure air is increased or diminished; so in rainy or clear weather; and the result is, that for safety constant watchfulness is absolutely essential.

[To be continued.]

THE HIMALAYAS.*

WE shall first give a sketch of Dr. Hooker's route, and then proceed to lay before the reader an account of what he saw on it, and an abstract of the new knowledge and information for which we are indebted to his labors. During February, 1848, Dr. Hooker traveled from Calcutta to the north-west, across the mountains of Behar, the highest peak of which is Mount Parasnath, 4,530 feet high, and then across the Kymore, or Bind Hills, to Mirzapore, a town on the Ganges, a little above Benares. This was a preliminary excursion of about four hundred miles. From Mirzapore he descended the Ganges by boat, as far as Colgong, which is about two hundred miles above Calcutta; and he then struck north for Dorjiling, a sanatory station seven thousand feet above the sea, in the small protected state of Sikkim, on the southern slopes of the Himalayas. He reached Dorjiling, in April, 1848, and from that time till January, 1849, was traveling among the mountains, either in Sikkim, or in the neighboring country of Nepal, especially examining the flanks of the loftiest mountain in the world, Kangchan-junga, whose summit reaches to 28,178 feet above the sea. In February, 1849, he packed and sent off the collections made during these excursions, amounting to eighty coolie loads, and he then made a short excursion during March of that year into the Terai, a low jungly ground that margins the plains along the base of the Himalayas, and then returned to Dorjiling, whence, in May, he started on another journey through the heart of Sikkim, due north, to the borders of Tibet. He spent September and October, 1849, in the vicinity of Mount Donkiah, crossing backward and forward over all the neighboring passes, rarely descending to a less height than fifteen thousand feet, and often approaching to an elevation of nearly twenty thousand feet, a limit of altitude which, we believe, no one has ever yet been known to surpass except in a balloon. In November, on his return to Dorjiling, in company with Dr. Campbell, the political agent there, he visited Pumloong, the capital of Sikkim, and they were soon after seized and confined by order of the Dewan, or Sikkim prime minister, a matter which at the time caused no small excitement both in India and at home. They were released by Christmas day of that year.

* *Himalayan Journals; or Notes of a Naturalist in Bengal, the Sikkim and Nepal Himalayas, the Khasia Mountains, etc.* By Joseph Dalton Hooker, M.D., R.N., F.R.S., 2 vols.

During January and February of 1850, Dr. Hooker was occupied at Dorjiling, in packing up and transmitting his collections to Calcutta where he himself went in March, returning to Dorjiling in April, and in May of that year he set out in company with Dr. Thomson, on an excursion to the Khasia Mountains, which lie north-east of Calcutta, south and east of the Brahmapootra River, and immediately south of Assam. The exploration of this district occupied him till January, 1851, when he returned to Calcutta, and immediately afterward sailed for England.

At his first setting out from Calcutta, Dr. Hooker joined the camp of Mr. Williams, who was then conducting the geological survey of India, and he takes occasion on traversing the Burdwau coal-field to make some observations, in which we entirely agree with him, on the uncertainty of the conclusions to be drawn from the identification of many fossil plants. In traversing the high ground of the Behar and Kymore Hills, formed, the first of gneiss and granite, the latter of thick-bedded sandstone, Dr. Hooker remarks on the great prevalence of dry and barren ground, and the comparatively small appearance of tropical verdure and fertility. This barren aspect of most table-lands, during the dry season in warm countries, is always striking to the new comer, who expects to see everywhere the utmost luxuriance of vegetation. In the tropics, more than in other parts of the globe, is moisture necessary to vegetable life; and when that is absent, all green things are rapidly burnt up, and the country assumes a far more barren and desert aspect than on our wildest and most desolate moorlands.

It would, of course, be quite out of all rule to visit India and not to join in a tiger-hunt. Dr. Hooker's experience in this line being limited to this single occasion, we give his account of it:—

“There are many tigers on these hills; and as one was close by, and had killed several cattle, Mr. Felle kindly offered us a chance of slaying him. Bullocks are tethered out, over night, in the places likely to be visited by the brute; he kills one of them, and is from the spot tracked to his haunt by natives, who visit the stations early in the morning, and report the whereabouts of his lair. The sportsman then goes to the attack mounted on an elephant, or having a roost fixed in a tree, on the trail of the tiger, and he employs some hundred natives to drive the animal past the lurking-place.

"On the present occasion, the *locale* of the tiger was doubtful; but it was thought that by beating over several miles of country, he (or at any rate, some other game) might be driven past a certain spot. Thither, accordingly, the natives were sent, who built machans (stages) in the trees, high out of danger's reach; Mr. Theobald and myself occupied one of these perches in a *hardwickia* tree, and Mr. Felle another close by, both on the slope of a steep hill, surrounded by jungly valleys. We were also well thatched in with leafy boughs, to prevent the wary beast from espying the ambush, and had a whole stand of small arms ready for his reception.

"When roosted aloft, and duly charged to keep profound silence, (which I obeyed to the letter, by falling sound asleep,) the word was passed to the beaters, who surrounded our post on the plain-side, extending some miles in line, and full two or three distant from us. They entered the jungle, beating tom-toms, singing and shouting as they advanced, and converging toward our position. In the noonday solitude of these vast forests, our situation was romantic enough; there was not a breath of wind, an insect or bird stirring; and the wild cries of the men, and the hollow sound of the drums broke upon the ear from a great distance, gradually swelling and falling, as the natives ascended the heights or crossed the valleys. After about an hour and a-half, the beaters emerged from the jungle under our retreat; one by one, two by two, but preceded by no living thing, either mouse, bird, deer, or bear, and much less tiger. The beaters received about a penny a-piece for the day's work; a rich guerdon for these poor wretches, whom necessity sometimes drives to feed on rats and offal."

We pass over Dr. Hooker's experience of the navigation of the Ganges, and the traveling by dawk across the plains, as not differing from that of other travelers.

On approaching the foot of the mountains he has to traverse that singular belt of country known as the Terai, which is thus described:—

"Siligoree stands on the verge of the Terai, that low malarious belt which skirts the base of the Himalaya, from the Sutlej to Brahma-koond, in Upper Assam. Every feature, botanical, geological, and zoological, is new on entering this district. The change is sudden and immediate; sea and shore are hardly more conspicuously different; nor from the edge of the Terai to the limit of perpetual snow is any botanical region more clearly marked than this, which is the commencement of Himalayan vegetation. A sudden descent leads to the Mahamuddee River, flowing in a shallow valley, over a pebbly bottom; it is

a rapid river, even at this season; its banks are fringed with bushes, and it is as clear and sparkling as a trout-stream in Scotland. Beyond it the road winds through a thick brushwood, choked with long grasses, and with but few trees, chiefly of *Acacia*, *Dalbergia Sissoo*, and a scarlet-fruited *Sterculia*. The soil is a red, friable clay and gravel. At this season only a few spring plants were in flower, amongst which a very sweet-scented *Crinum*, *Asphodel*, and a small *Curcuma*, were in the greatest profusion. Leaves of terrestrial Orchids appeared, with ferns and weeds of hot damp regions. I crossed the beds of many small streams; some were dry, and all very tortuous; their banks were richly clothed with brushwood and climbers of *Convolvulus*, Vines, *Hirca*, *Leca*, *Menispermæ*, *Cucurbitaceæ*, and, *Bignoniaceæ*. Their pent-up waters, percolating the gravel beds, and partly carried off by evaporation through the stratum of ever-increasing vegetable mould, must be one main agent in the production of the malarious vapors of this pestilential region. Add to this, the detention of the same amongst the jungly herbage, the amount of vapor in the humid atmosphere above, checking the upward passage of that from the soil, the sheltered nature of the locality at the immediate base of lofty mountains; and there appear to me to be here all necessary elements, which, combined, will produce stagnation and deterioration in an atmosphere loaded with vapor. Fatal as this district is, and especially to Europeans, a race inhabit it with impunity, who, if not numerous, do not owe their paucity to any climatic causes. These are the Mechis, often described as a squalid, unhealthy people, typical of the region they frequent; but who are, in reality, more robust than the European in India, and whose disagreeably sallow complexion is deceptive as indicating a sickly constitution. They are a mild, inoffensive people, industrious for Orientals, living by annually burning the Terai jungle and cultivating the cleared spots; and, though so sequestered and isolated, they rather court than avoid intercourse with those whites whom they know to be kindly disposed."

After rising some six thousand feet on to the spurs of the Himalayas, he looks back on to the burning plains of India before burying himself in the seclusion of the recesses of the mountains, and gives us the following interesting picture:—

"All around the hills rise steeply five or six thousand feet, clothed in a dense deep-green dripping forest. Torrents rush down the slopes, their position indicated by the dipping of the forest into their beds, or the occasional cloud of spray rising above some more boisterous part of

their course. From the road, and at a little above Punkabaree, the view is really superb, and very instructive. Behind (or north) the Himalaya rise in steep confused masses. Below, the hill on which I stood, and the ranges as far as the eye can reach east and west, throw spurs on to the plains of India. These are very thickly wooded, and inclose broad, dead-flat, hot and damp valleys, apparently covered with a dense forest. Secondary spurs of clay and gravel, like that immediately below Punkabaree, rest on the bases of the mountains, and seem to form an intermediate neutral ground between flat and mountainous India. The Terai district forms a very irregular belt, scantily clothed, and intersected by innumerable rivulets from the hills, which unite and again divide on the flat, till, emerging from the region of many trees, they enter the plains, following devious courses, which glisten like silver threads. The whole horizon is bounded by the sea-like expanse of the plains, which stretch away into the region of sunshine and fine weather, in one boundless flat.

"In the distance, the courses of the Teesta and Cusi, the great drainers of the snowy Himalayas, and the recipients of innumerable smaller rills, are with difficulty traced at this the dry season. The ocean-like appearance of this southern view is even more conspicuous in the heavens than on the land, the clouds arranging themselves after a singularly sea-scape fashion. Endless strata run in parallel ribbons over the extreme horizon; above these, scattered cumuli, also in horizontal lines, are dotted against a clear gray sky, which gradually, as the eye is lifted, passes into a deep cloudless blue vault, continuously clear to the zenith; there the cumuli, in white fleecy masses, again appear; till, in the northern celestial hemisphere, they thicken and assume the leaden hue of nimbi, discharging their moisture on the dark forest-clad hills around. The breezes are south-easterly, bringing that vapor from the Indian Ocean, which is rarefied and suspended aloft over the heated plains, but condensed into a drizzle when it strikes the cooler flanks of the hills, and into heavy rain when it meets their still colder summits. Upon what a gigantic scale does nature here operate! Vapors, raised from an ocean whose nearest shore is more than four hundred miles distant, are safely transported without the loss of one drop of water, to support the rank luxuriance of this far distant region. This and other offices fulfilled, the waste waters are returned, by the Cusi and Teesta, to the ocean, and again exhaled, exported, expended, re-collected, and returned."

Arrived at Dorjiling, Dr. Hooker passed the summer, or rainy season, of 1848, in making

botanical collections, and meteorological observations.

Dorjiling is a sanitary station, established in 1840, in the little state of Sikkim. The southern flank of the Himalayas is parceled out between the states of Cabool, Cashmere, the Punjab, Nepal, Sikkim, Bhotan, and Assam.

In the Punjab is the hill station of Simla. Nepal is independent, and Bhotan is a dependency of Tibet. Sikkim, however, is a small state due north of Calcutta, and only 850 miles distant from it, the Rajah of which was expelled by the Ghorkas, in 1817, and replaced by the British government, under whose protection he has ever since existed. In 1840 he ceded, for £800 per annum, the previously barren mountain tract of Dorjiling, varying from 6,500 to 7,500 feet above the sea; since that time it has changed from a wilderness to a populous and flourishing station, the inhabitants having increased from 100 to more than 4,000.

At Dorjiling Dr. Hooker became the guest of Mr. Hodgson, a gentleman who has distinguished himself by the aids he has given to natural history in various ways:—

"The view from his windows," says Dr. Hooker, "is one quite unparalleled for the scenery it embraces, commanding confessedly the grandest known landscape of snowy mountains in the Himalaya, and hence in the world. Kinchin-junga (45 miles distant) is the prominent object, rising 21,000 feet above the level of the observer, out of a sea of intervening wooded hill; whilst, on a line with its snows, the eye descends below the horizon, to a narrow gulf 7,000 feet deep in the mountains, where the Great Rungeet, white with foam, threads a tropical forest with a silver line.

"To the north-west, toward Nepal, the snowy peaks of Kubra and Junnoo (respectively 24,005 feet and 25,312 feet) rise over the shoulder of Singalelah; whilst eastward the snowy mountains appear to form an unbroken range, trending north-east to the great mass of Donkia, (23,176 feet,) and thence south-east by the fingered peaks of Tunkola and the silver cone of Chola, (17,820 feet,) gradually sinking into the Bhotan mountains at Gipmoochi (14,509 feet.)

"The most eloquent descriptions I have read fail to convey to my mind's eye the forms and colors of snowy mountains, or to my imagination the sensations and impressions that rivet my attention to these sublime phenomena, when they are present in reality; and I shall not, therefore, obtrude any attempt of the kind upon my reader. The latter has, probably, seen the Swiss Alps, which, though barely possessing half the sublimity, extent, or height of the Himalaya, are

yet far more beautiful. In either case he is struck with the precision and sharpness of their outlines, and still more with the wonderful play of colors on their snowy flanks, from the glowing hues reflected in orange, gold, and ruby, from clouds illumined by the sinking or rising sun, to the ghastly pallor that succeeds with twilight, when the red seems to give place to its complementary color green. Such dissolving views elude all attempts at description; they are far too aerial to be chained to the memory, and fade from it so fast as to be gazed upon day after day with undiminished admiration and pleasure, long after the mountains themselves have lost their sublimity and apparent height.

“The actual extent of the snowy range seen from Mr. Hodgson’s windows is comprised within an arc of 80° (from north 30° west to north 50° east,) or nearly a quarter of the horizon, along which the perpetual snow forms an unbroken girdle or crest of frosted silver; and in winter, when the mountains are covered down to 8,000 feet, this white ridge stretches uninterrupted for more than 160° . No known view is to be compared with this in extent, when the proximity and height of the mountains are considered; for within the 80° above mentioned, more than twelve peaks rise above 20,000 feet, and there are none below 15,000 feet, while Kinchin is 28,178, and seven others above 22,000. The nearest perpetual snow is on Nursing, a beautifully sharp conical peak, 19,189 feet high, and thirty-two miles distant; the most remote mountain seen is Donkia, 28,176 feet high, and seventy-three miles distant; whilst Kinchin, which forms the principal mass, both for height and bulk, is exactly forty-five miles distant.”

The aboriginal inhabitants of Sikkim are Lepchas, described by Dr. Hooper as a race markedly Mongolian in features, and as singularly amiable, good-tempered, and obliging in disposition. They are timid, peaceful, polite, and honest “contrasting thus strongly with their neighbors, of whom the Gorchas of Nepal are brave and warlike to a proverb, and the Bhetanese, quarrelsome, cowardly, and cruel.”

Next to the Lepchas, the most numerous tribe are the Limboos, who speak a totally different language from that of the Lepchas, but in many respects are allied to them. Besides these are some scattered people called Moormis, and Magras, and the Meelin, who are confined to the pestilential Terai. All these people are Mongolian, or Indo-Chinese, of the same great race as the people of Tibet, Arracan, and the Birman empire.

The Tamulian Aborigines of India, such as the Coles, the Dangas, etc., who retreated to the

mountain fastnesses of central India on the invasion of their Indo-Germanic conquerors, who are now represented by the Hindoos, seem never to have sought refuge in the Himalayas.

Dr. Hooker remarks on the singularity of six or seven tribes of people thus dwelling peaceably within the small province of Sikkim, many of them but little above the degree of the savage, “under a sovereign whose power was wholly unsupported by even the semblance of arms, and whose spiritual supremacy was acknowledged by few.”

They are all ostensibly Booddhists, and look up with reverence to the Grand Lama of Tibet; but they mingle with that religion not a little of their old wild superstition—and the worship of evil spirits is predominant among the Lepchas. On this point the following extract is instructive:

“On the following morning we pursued a path to the bed of the river; passing a rude Booddhist monument, a pile of slate rocks, with an attempt at the mystical hemisphere at top. A few flags or banners, and slabs of slate, were inscribed with ‘Om Mani Padmi om.’ Placed on a jutting angle of the spur, backed with the pine-clad hills, and flanked by a torrent on either hand, the spot was wild and picturesque; and I could not but gaze with a feeling of deep interest on these emblems of a religion which, perhaps, numbers more votaries than any other on the face of the globe. Booddhism, in some form, is the predominating creed from Siberia and Kam-schatka to Ceylon, from the Caspian steppes to Japan, throughout China, Burmah, Ava, and a part of the Malayan Archipelago. Its associations enter into every book of travels over these vast regions, with Boodha, Dharma, Sanga, Joa, Fo, and praying-wheels. The mind is arrested by the names, the imagination captivated by the symbols; and though I could not worship in the grove, it was impossible to deny to the inscribed stones such a tribute as is commanded by the first glimpse of objects which have long been familiar to our minds, but not previously offered to our senses. My head Lepsha went further; to a due observance of demon-worship he united a deep reverence for the Lamas, and he venerated their symbols rather as theirs than as those of their religion. He walked round the pile of stones three times from left to right repeating his ‘Om Mani,’ etc., then stood before it with his head hung down and his long queue streaming behind, and concluded by a votive offering of three pine-cones. When done, he looked round at me, nodded, smirked, elevated the angles of his little turned-up eyes, and seemed to think we were safe from all perils in the valleys yet to be explored.”

Dr. Hooker's first long excursion from Dorjiling was into East Nepal. As the whole journey was across steep mountain ranges and valleys, it was necessary to proceed entirely on foot, and to have thirty porters to carry baggage and provisions, to which the Rajah of Nepal added a guard of six soldiers and two officers—the total party mustered fifty-six persons. The journey occupied three months, passed principally in exploring the deep valley of the Tambur river up to its head-waters, on the borders of Tibet.

The rocks, both here and throughout Sikkim, are described as principally mica schist, almost invariably striking north-west and dipping north-east. This strike and dip may be taken as certainly that of the foliation, and, perhaps, of the stratification to a limited but unknown extent.

The outlines of the country are everywhere the same, sharp, rugged mountain ridges, cleft by the most profound ravines, narrow and precipitous, in the depths of which are rushing torrents; the hill-sides being clothed with dark and umbrageous forests. Little strips and terraces of flat land cling here and there to the mountain-sides, or form small flats where the valleys open out a little. The torrents were crossed by cane suspension-bridges, formed of two canes stretched across, from which hung loops, in the bottom of which reposed a bamboo, forming the sole tottering footing. Along the sides of the precipices the road often consisted of a little narrow track only, or sometimes of a mere row of planks, fastened against the cliff.

In approaching the village of Wallanchoon, they frequently met parties of Tibetans, "whose customary mode of salutation was to hold out the tongue, grin, nod, and scratch the ear." It was hereabouts that Dr. Hooker met, for the first time, with the praying cylinders mentioned by MM. Huc and Gabet, in their travels in Tibet. This is a most admirable system of praying by deputy, which enables a man to keep up a perpetual system of pious services, without distracting his attention from the ordinary business and pleasures of life.

"This was inclosed in a little wooden house, and consisted of an upright cylinder, containing a prayer, and with the words, '*Om mani padmi om*,' (Hail to him of the Lotus and Jewel,) painted on the circumference; it was placed over a stream, and made to rotate on its axis by a spindle which passed through the floor of the building into the water and was terminated by a wheel." The theory is, that as often as this cylinder turns round, the included prayer is virtually repeated by the man who sets it going. If it were only to be adopted by us, one great cotton factory would keep up the piety of the whole

of Great Britain and Ireland; we should only have to substitute praying cylinders for the cotton reels, changing the supplications at the requisite intervals, and every man, woman and child might have their prayers "done" for them to any required amount per diem.

Dr. Hooker after some difficulty penetrated to the passes at the head-waters of the great valley of the Tambur, reaching continuous snow at a height of about 15,000 feet. In one of the tributary valleys, that of the Yangma, he found most interesting monuments of a former state of things, showing both greater cold and greater moisture than now exist there, in the shape of huge moraines, far below the limit of the present glaciers.

"We encamped at a most remarkable place: the valley was broad, with little vegetation but stunted tree-junipers: rocky snow-topped mountains rose on either side, bleak, bare and rugged, and in front, close above my tent, was a gigantic wall of rocks, piled, as if by the Titans, completely across the valley, for about three-quarters of a mile. This striking phenomenon had excited all my curiosity on first obtaining a view of it. The path, I found, led over it, close under its west end, and wound amongst the enormous detached fragments of which it was formed, and which were often eighty feet square; all were of gneiss and schist, with abundance of granite in blocks and veins. A superb view opened from the top, revealing its nature to be a vast moraine, far below the influence of any existing glaciers, but which at some antecedent period had been thrown across by a glacier descending to 10,000 feet, from a lateral valley on the east flank. Standing on the top, and looking south, was the Yangma valley, (up which I had come,) gradually contracting to a defile, girdled by snow-tipped mountains, whose rocky flanks mingled with the black pine forest below. Eastward, the moraine stretched south of the lateral valley, above which towered the snowy peak of Nango, tinged rosy red, and sparkling in the rays of the setting sun; blue glaciers peeped from every gulley on its side, but these were 2000 to 3000 feet above this moraine; they were small, too, and their moraines were mere gravel compared with this."

This gigantic moraine was 700 feet high above the floor of the valley below it, and 400 feet above the level bed of the old lake that once existed above it. The account of the snow-beds and glaciers of this region is very interesting and instructive, but requires the inspection of the map and sketches to be quite intelligible.

In returning to Dorjiling, they crossed by one of the passes over the huge spur that stretches down south from the mountain mass of Kinchin-

nga, forming the water-shed, between the rivers Ambur and Teesta, and along the summit of which is drawn the boundary between Nepal and Sikkim. The route was but little frequented, and its accompaniments not always particularly pleasant.

"We proceeded east for three days, up the valley, through gloomy forests of tropical trees below 5000 feet; and ascended to oaks and magnolias at 6000 feet. The path was soon obstructed, and we had to tear and cut our way from 6000 to 10,000 feet, which took two days' very hard work. Ticks swarmed in the small bamboo jungle, and my body was covered with these loathsome insects, which got into my bed and hair, and even attached themselves to my eyelids during the night, when the constant annoyance and irritation completely banished sleep. In the daytime they penetrated my trousers, piercing to my body in many places, so that I repeatedly took off as many as twelve at one time. It is indeed marvellous how so large an insect can painlessly insert a stout barbed proboscis, which requires great force to extract it, and causes severe smarting in the operation. What the ticks feed upon in these humid forests is a perfect mystery to me, for from 6000 to 9000 feet they literally swarmed, where there was neither path nor animal life. They were, however, more tolerable than a commoner species of parasite, which I found it impossible to escape from, all classes of mountaineers being infested with it."

As for the animal last alluded to, if Dr. Hooker were only to travel a little by public car in the south of Ireland, he would find that it was not necessary to go so far as the Himalayas to form a most intimate personal acquaintance with it.

He then joined Dr. Campbell, at Bhomsong, on the Teesta, where that officer was endeavoring to establish more intimate relations with the Rajah. This prince was now old, and left every thing in the hands of his Dewan, a false and rapacious man, who, for his own ends, threw every possible obstacle in the way of friendly intercourse, while the people, though all favorable to us, were too timid and apathetic to interfere.

The policy adopted by the Indian government had been the fatal one of forbearance—a policy that, with savage or half-civilized people, is productive of more war, bloodshed, and conquest, than any other that can be contrived. Forbearance is what they cannot possibly understand, and, therefore, do not at all believe in. When a treaty is made, or any other kind of intercourse takes place with people in this state, they very naturally are apt to make experiments upon

us; they try what will be said to a small infraction, a little encroachment, or a trifling insult; if this be at once temperately, but firmly met, and just retribution at once exacted, the experiment is seldom renewed; but if "forbearance" be exercised, and no notice taken, it is set down to conscious weakness, the encroachments and the insults are renewed and extended, until the people are at last betrayed (for it really assumes that appearance) into acts so gross as to compel us to put forth our strength, and to inflict large and exemplary punishment.

This process is really the one which has caused all our recent wars in the east and at the Cape. It was the process going on likewise on the small scale during Dr. Hooker's stay in Sikkim, and that which ultimately led to the detention of Dr. Campbell, the political agent and himself—a detention which was punished by the withdrawal of the Rajah's allowance and the annexation of a large part of his territories. In the meanwhile, upon this occasion Dr. Hooker says:

"In his interviews with us, the Dewan appeared to advantage; he was fond of horses and shooting, and prided himself on his hospitality. We gained much information from many conversations with him, during which politics were never touched upon. Our queries naturally referred to Tibet and its geography, especially its great feature, the Yarou Tsampoo river; this he assured us was the Burrampooter of Assam, and that no one doubted it in that country. Lhasa he described as a city in the bottom of a flat-floored valley, surrounded by lofty snowy mountains; neither grapes, tea, silk, or cotton are produced near it, but in the Tartchi province of Tibet, one month's journey east of Lhasa, rice and a coarse kind of tea are both grown. Two months' journey north-east of Lhasa is Siling, the well-known great commercial entrepôt in west China; and there coarse silk is produced. All Tibet he described as mountainous, and an inconceivably poor country; there are no plains, save flats in the bottoms of the valleys, and the paths lead over lofty mountains. Sometimes, when the inhabitants are obliged from famine to change their habitations in winter, the old and feeble are frozen to death, standing and resting their chins on their staves, remaining as pillars of ice, to fall only when the thaw of the ensuing spring commences."

After this interview he made another excursion to the southern flank of Kinchin-junga, from a spur of which, called Mon Lepcha, eleven thousand feet high, he had a magnificent view. Kinchin-junga itself rises in three heads, of nearly equal height, running north-west and south-east. It was eighteen miles distant from Mon Lepcha,

below which lay the great and profound valley of the Ratong, a dark gulf of vegetation. The eye could trace the valley of the river running up to the very summit of the Kinchin-junga, bordered by many mountains with huge precipitous faces, 18,000 or 20,000 feet in height—

“The view to the southward from Mon Lepcha, including the country between the sea-like plains of India and the loftiest mountain on the globe, is very grand, and neither wanting in variety nor in beauty. From the deep valleys choked with tropical luxuriance to the scanty yak pasturage on the heights above, seems but a step at the first *coup-d'œil*, but resolves itself on a closer inspection into five belts: 1, palm and plantain; 2, oak and laurel; 3, pine; 4, rhododendron and grass; and 5, rock and snow. From the bed of the Ratong, in which grow palms with screw-pine and plantain, it is only seven miles in a direct line to the perpetual ice. From the plains of India, or outer Himalaya, one may behold snowy peaks rise in the distance behind a foreground of tropical forest; here, on the contrary, all the intermediate phases of vegetation are seen at a glance. Except in the Himalaya, this is no common phenomenon, and is owing to the very remarkable depth of the river-beds. That part of the valley of the Ratong where tropical vegetation ceases, is but four thousand feet above the sea, and though fully fifty miles as the crow flies (and perhaps two hundred by the windings of the river) from the plains of India, it is only eight in a straight line (and forty by the windings) from the snows which feed that river. In other words, the descent is so rapid that in eight miles the Ratong waters every variety of vegetation, from the lichen of the poles to the palm of the tropics; whilst throughout the remainder of its mountain course, it falls from four thousand to three hundred feet, flowing amongst tropical scenery, through a valley whose flanks rise from five thousand to twelve thousand feet above its bed.”

Dr. Hooker's second and most important journey to the borders of Tibet was made in 1849. In this expedition he explored the valley of the Teesta river, which, with the slopes that drain it, may be said, in fact, to constitute the whole province of Sikkim. We think his most effective view of Kinchin-junga, the one that gives us the best idea of the vast height of the mountains and depth of the valleys, is the one opposite page 14 in the second volume—“Kinchin-junga from Singtam.” This was a summer journey, and that the reader may have some little notion of the pleasure of the excursion, we beg leave to call his attention to the following:

“The weather continued very hot for the ele-

vation, (four thousand to five thousand feet,) the rain brought no coolness, and for the greater part of the three marches between Singtam and Chakoong, we were either wading through deep mud or climbing over rocks. Leeches swarmed in incredible profusion in the streams and damp grass, and among the bushes; they got into my hair, hung on my eyelids, and crawled up my legs and down my back. I repeatedly took upwards of a hundred from my legs, where the small ones used to collect in clusters on the instep; the sores which they produced were not healed for five months afterward, and I retain the scars to the present day. Snuff and tobacco leaves are the best antidote, but when marching in the rain, it is impossible to apply this simple remedy to any advantage. The best plan I found to be rolling the leaves over the feet, inside the stockings, and powdering the legs with snuff.

“Another pest is a small midge, or sand-fly, which causes intolerable itching, and subsequent irritation, and is in this respect the most insufferable torment in Sikkim; the minutest rent in one's clothes is detected by the acute senses of this insatiable blood-sucker, which is itself so small as to be barely visible without a microscope. We daily arrived at our camping ground streaming with blood, and mottled with the bites of peepers, gnats, midges, and mosquitoes, besides being infested with ticks.

“As the rains advanced, insects seemed to be called into existence in countless swarms; large and small moths, cockchafers, glow-worms, and cockroaches, made my tent a Noah's ark by night, when the candle was burning; together with winged ants, May-flies, flying earwigs, and many beetles, while a very large species of *Tipula* (daddy-long-legs) swept its long legs across my face as I wrote my journal or plotted off my map. After retiring to rest and putting out my light, they gradually departed, except a few, which could not find the way out, and remained to disturb my slumbers.”

We must, however, hasten over the journey through the lower valleys of these mountains, and come at once to the great Donkia pass on the borders of Tibet. Dr. Hooker spent several weeks in exploring all the passes and recesses of the huge mountain mass called Donkia, the summit of which is 28,170 feet above the sea. We shall let him describe the scenery in his own words:—

“I passed several shallow lakes at 17,500 feet; their banks were green and marshy, and supported thirty or forty kinds of plants. At the head of the valley a steep rocky crest, five hundred feet high, rises between two precipitous snowy peaks, and a very fatiguing ascent (at

this elevation) leads to the sharp rocky summit of the Donkia pass, 18,466 feet above the sea by barometer, and 17,866 by boiling point. The view on this occasion was obscured by clouds and fogs, except toward Tibet, in which direction it was magnificent; but as I afterward twice ascended this pass, and also crossed it, I shall here bring together all the particulars I noted.

"The Tibetan view, from its novelty, extent and singularity, demands the first notice; the Cholamoo lake lay fifteen hundred feet below me, at the bottom of a rapid and rocky descent; it was a blue sheet of water, three or four miles from north to south, and one and a-half broad, hemmed in by rounded spurs from Kinchinjhow on one side, and from Donkia on the other; the Lachen flowed from its northern extremity, and turning westward, entered a broad barren valley, bounded on the north by red stony mountains, called Bhomtso, which I saw from Kongra Lama, and ascended with Dr. Campbell in the October following; though eighteen thousand to nineteen thousand feet high, these mountains were wholly snowed. Beyond this range lay the broad valley of the Arun, and in the extreme north-west distance, to the north of Nepal, were some immense snowy mountains, reduced to mere specks on the horizon. The valley of the Arun was bounded on the north by very precipitous black rocky mountains, sprinkled with snow; beyond these again, from north to north-west, snow-topped range rose over range in the clear purple distance. The nearer of these was the Kiang-lah, which forms the axis or water-shed of this meridian; its south drainage being to the Arun river, and its north to the Yarutsampu; it appeared forty to fifty miles off, and of great mean elevation (20,000 feet); the vast snowy mountains that rose beyond it were, I was assured, beyond the Yaru, in the salt-lake country. A spur from Chomioma cut off the view to the southward of north-west, and one from Donkia concealed all to the east of north.

"The most remarkable features of this landscape were its enormous elevation, and its colors and contrast to the black, rugged, and snowy Himalaya of Sikkim. All the mountains between Donkia pass and the Arun were comparatively gently sloped, and of a yellow red color, rising and falling in long undulations like dunes, two thousand to three thousand feet above the mean level of the Arun valley, and perfectly bare of perpetual snow or glaciers. Rocks everywhere broke out on their flanks, and often along their tops, but the general contour of that immense area was very open and undulating, like the great ranges of Central Asia, described by MM. Huc and Gabet. Beyond this again, the

mountains were rugged, often rising into peaks which, from the angles I took here, and subsequently at Bhomtso, cannot be below 24,000 feet, and are probably much higher. The most lofty mountains were on the range north of Nepal, not less than 120 miles distant, and which, though heavily snowed, were below the horizon of Donkia pass.

"This wonderful view forcibly impressed me with the fact, that all eye-estimates in mountainous countries are utterly fallacious, if not corrected by study and experience. I had been led to believe that from Donkia pass the whole country of Tibet sloped away in descending steps to the Tsampu, and was more or less of a plain; and could I have trusted my eyes only, I should have confirmed this assertion so far as the slope was concerned. When, however, the leveled theodolite was directed to the distance, the reverse was found to be the case. Unsnowed and apparently low mountains touched the horizon line of the telescope; which proves that, if only 87 miles off, they must, from the dip of the horizon, be at least one thousand feet higher than the observer's position. The same infallible guide cuts off mountain-tops and deeply-snowed ridges, which to the unaided eye appear far lower than the point from which they are viewed; but which, from the quantity of snow on them, must be many thousand feet higher, and, from the angle they subtend in the instrument, must be at an immense distance. The want of refraction to lift the horizon, the astonishing precision of the outlines, and the brilliancy of the images of mountains, reduced by distance to mere specks, are all circumstances tending to depress them to appearance. The absence of trees, houses, and familiar objects to assist the eye in the appreciation of distance, throws back the whole landscape; which, seen through the rarified atmosphere of 18,500 feet, looks as if diminished by being surveyed through the wrong end of a telescope."

After quitting the Himalayas, Dr. Hooker and his companion, Dr. T. Thomson, spent a season in the Khasia range of hills. These are a flat-topped tabular range, rising to a height of between five and six thousand feet, surrounded on three sides by the flats of the Brahmapootra and the Ganges. A sanitary station, called Churrapoonji, has recently been formed on them. These hills are composed of a nucleus of gneiss and granite, with a broad fringe of horizontal sandstones and limestones abutting against it, containing beds of excellent coal. The sandstones and limestones, and coal, are all alike of tertiary age, being associated with beds containing nummulites and other tertiary fossils.

[*Dublin University Magazine.*]

ART AND ARTISTS OF AMERICA.

—
BY E. ANNA LEWIS.
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FELIX O. C. DARLEY. (See page 70, July Number.)



DANIEL HUNTINGTON, N. A.

PAINTING is one of the most important of the liberal arts. It elevates our faculties, inspires our minds with love, beauty, truth, and offers to our contemplation every feature of universal nature. Its empire extends to every age and every country. It presents to us the most remote objects of antiquity, as well as those by which we are surrounded.

The painter and the poet are bound by the common ties of genius. Every great painter is a great epic poet. The distinguishing difference is the language which they employ to express their ideas. The language of the one addresses itself to the material and mental ear—that of the other to the mental and material vision. The language of the one is sound—that of the other *chiaro oscuro*. Michel Angelo was as great an epic poet as Homer or Dante, Raphael as Shakespeare. Their heroes and heroines stand in as bold relief on the tablets of fame. They fill as large a space in the heart of humanity. They will live as long in the world's history.

Truth and beauty are the elements of all art, whether it hath for its province poetry, sculpture, or painting. These are confined to no fixed canon. They pervade life in its whole extent. The Madonna di S. Sisto, of Raphael; the Heroes of Phidias; Leonardo's Last Supper; Scopa's group of Niobe and her Children; the *Iliad*; the *Inferno*; *Paradise Lost*; Hamlet; Manfred, belong neither to Ancient Greece, to Catholic Italy, nor to Great Britain, but to eternity.

Historic painting, from its sublime style, the choice of the objects which concur in its arrangements, and the great breadth of imagination to which it is susceptible; from the extensive range of its effects, and the unbounded dominion it gives the painter, occupies the most exalted rank in the various departments of art. It comprehends whatever relates to mythology or ancient fable—the subjects of epic and tragic poetry—and all the fictions of romance.

The great exponents of this class of art, are Raphael, Michel Angelo, Titian, Claude, and Rubens. In them it found its highest expression in the noblest forms. They sought to address the mind instead of the eye. They spoke to the heart through the medium of form, color, harmony. They were not indebted to the antique. They turned not to past monuments of greatness for resources, but to the marvellous inspirations of their own souls, and thence evolved the infinite and immortal. The works they produced are imperishable. They are created for all ages. They will awaken the enthusiasm of the latest posterity.

High art is silent, quiescent, immutable, yet called upon for varied exposition. Sculpture

reached its highest interpretation among the heathen Greeks. The dawn of the Christian religion gave birth to a new class of feelings in the human heart, which found its highest expression in the sixteenth century—that cycle of the soul—the most illuminated segment in the great circle of artistic genius.

During this period art found no single supreme representative; no prominent centre to which all others tended like the radii of a circle; no highest consummation; no keystone to its wondrous fabrics; but it evolved itself through many great interpreters. Even the works of inferior artists of this century possess an interest and perfection that belong to no other period. They possess the essence of beauty—beauty that fades not with time—beauty that like the sunbeam, when broken into various colors by the prism, still holds in each portion its suffusion of eternal light.

Under the department of Historical Art, we propose to consider the merits of Huntington, and his claim to the title of a great painter. His thorough collegiate discipline, his extensive knowledge of classical and polite literature, his foreign travels, and his residences abroad, in countries where the air he breathed was classic, and the languages he heard spoken, the language of high art, especially qualify him to excel in allegorical and emblematical composition.

His works are unequal. His best contain the elements of a great Hesperian school. In some of them, especially those ideally treated, we find much of the Venetian sentiment, grandeur, and fine tint, combined with the rich glow of the Flemish school; in others, we discover the same glowing imagination, the same soul-lifting inspiration, the same perfect harmony of thought and color that distinguish the Roman and Tuscan schools. In some of the qualities of art, he approaches the old masters—in some, he surpasses them. In evidence of this, we cite "*Mercy's Dream*," a work glowing with truth, beauty, fancy, and imagination. It illustrates the following passage in *Bunyan's immortal allegory*.

Christiana said to Mercy.

"What was the matter that you did laugh in your sleep to-night? I suppose you were in a dream."

Mercy. "So I was, and a sweet dream it was * *. I was dreaming that I sat alone in a solitary place, and was bemoaning of the hardness of my heart * *. Methought I looked up and saw one coming with wings toward me. So he came directly to me and said, 'Mercy, what aileth thee?' Now when he had heard me make my complaint, he said, '*peace be to thee*,' * * and he put a beautiful crown upon my head * *."

Then he took me by the hand, and said, '*Mercy come after me,*' * *. So he went up, and I followed, till we came at a golden gate. Then he knocked; and when they within had opened, the man went in, and I followed him up to a throne on which one sat, and he said to me, '*welcome daughter.*' The place looked bright and twinkling like the stars, or rather like the sun."

The landscape of this beautiful picture represents a lonely place at twilight. Mercy is in a partial trance and appears very young. It was painted in 1841, and engraved by John Cheney.

"*Mercy's Dream*" attracted, at once, universal attention, both in Europe and America. It won for the young artist many laurels, and established most conclusively his claim to the title of a great historical painter. But rich in truth, beauty, imagination, and executive ability, as we must admit this work to be, we believe that if Huntington would concentrate his combined and matured powers on some great epic theme, the star of his fame would ascend many degrees.

Christiana and her Children, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, is his next elaborate work. It illustrates another passage in "*The Pilgrim's Progress*," and seems to have been intended to accompany "*Mercy's Dream*."

"This valley was a place most strongly haunted with evil things, * * they thought they heard a groaning, as of dead men, * * words of lamentation, as of some in extreme torment. These things made the boys to quake, the women also looked pale and wan * *. Then they went on again, and their conductor did go before them, till they came at a place where was cast up a pit the whole breadth of the way; and, before they could be prepared to go over that, a great mist and darkness fell upon them, so that they could not see. Then said the pilgrims, '*Alas! now what shall we do?*' But their guide made answer, '*Fear not, stand still, and see what an end will be put to this also.*' So they staid there, because their path was marred. They then also thought they did hear more apparently the noise and rushing of the enemies; the fire, also, and smoke of the pit was much easier to be discerned. * * '*To be here is a fearful thing.*' * * This is like '*being in the heart of the sea,*' and like '*going down to the bottom of the mountains,*' now it seems as if '*the earth with its bars were about us for ever.*' '*But let them that walk in darkness and have no light, trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon their God.*' * * But I trust we shall have a good deliverance. Come, pray for light to Him that can lighten our darkness, and that can rebuke, not only these, but all the Satans in hell. So they cried and prayed, and God sent light and deliverance; for now

there was no let in their way, no not there where but now they were stopped with a pit. Yet they were not got through the valley, so they went still."

In the face of "*Christiana*" is meant to be expressed entire faith and resignation, though shaded by the sorrows she has endured. "*Mercy*" is a more agitated and earnest suppliant, and is protected by the eldest son, who was, in fact, her lover. The youngest child looks only to its mother for safety, while the others are looking back in fear of the horrors which threaten them.

The staff in "*Matthew's*" hand is rudely formed in the shape of a cross.

This picture is less interesting than "*The Dream*," only so far as it is less poetical, less fanciful, less soul-lifting, heart-warming in its theme. In rich coloring, fine delicate tints, mathematical precision, it is equal to its beautiful accompaniment. Christiana is a mother surrounded by her children. Mercy is young, beautiful, beloved. Beauty, love, are poetry and both are omnipotent.

Mercy fainting at the wicket-gate, is the third picture illustrative of the great allegory.

"*So he opened the gate and looked out, but Mercy was fallen down without in a swoon, for she fainted and was afraid that no gate would be opened to her.*"

In this beautiful picture the artist carries our hearts right up to the wicket-gate, and clasps the arms of Fancy around the fair, frail, fainting form of Mercy.

Piety and Folly is a work full of interest as moral instruction. It would be a silent as powerful teacher in every private parlor. Would that we could meet it wherever we go.

Piety is modestly dressed; her attitude and face are intended to express reverence for the teaching of the old recluse, a heart weaned from this world and earnestly in love with divine truth. Folly's careless smile, ruddy color, rich dress, and variety of ornaments sufficiently characterize her. Unhappily for the moral of the picture, she is the favorite of the two. The bronze bas-relief, in the back-ground, is from a design by Overbeck, and represents the Saviour disputing with the doctors, with Joseph and Mary entering.

The Communion of the Sick, is a noble picture full of human and divine interest. There is more of the heart in it than any thing we have seen from this artist's pencil. If we had never seen the artist, or heard any thing of his personal history, we could find material in this picture for his memoir. We would say that he was a man possessing heart, brain, soul. A man of quick, high, generous impulses, which are the elements of the greatest natures that God has ever created.

The composition was suggested by the last illness of a dear friend of the artist, the late James De Veaux, who died in Rome, in the spring of 1844. De Veaux was a painter of great abilities—enthusiastic in his pursuit of art—of a lively, social temper, with a mind active and accomplished, and a heart overflowing with every generous emotion. The sudden and fearful attack of sickness which first prostrated him—the short-lived hopes excited by his partial recovery—the gradual relinquishment of all ambitious plans, as day by day he grew more feeble—the Christian hopes which cheered his last hours, were impressed with unfading strength on the painter's mind. The solemn service of the communion of the sick, which was administered in his chamber a short time before his departure, according to the simple and affecting office in the book of Common Prayer, was a scene of deep solemnity. It haunted the artist's mind till it resulted in this picture, painted in Rome, which is intended to express the service as it existed in the earlier ages of the Church.

In the centre is seen the sick man sinking under a mortal disease—his head bent, his hands pressed together in humility and devotion. His wife clings to his side with tenderness and grief; his child leans on his lap and watches his father's face with wondering seriousness; while the aged mother, experienced in affliction, bends over her dying son, but fixes her thoughts on Heaven, with calm resignation to the will of God. The venerable bishop is bestowing a benediction on the penitent believer before administering the holy emblems; a deacon holds the cup, standing by a table covered with a white cloth, set apart for sacred uses. Near him kneel the retainers of the family with more violent passion, and the coarse features of the peasant are full of reverence for the sacrament, and strong grief for his master. The female attendant and infant complete the circle of the family. The babe sleeps unconscious of its loss. Through the arch in the back-ground is seen a mountainous landscape in the gloom of late twilight.

Faith was painted in 1848. It is a beautiful picture. The light falling from above in three colored rays, is introduced to symbolize the Trinity. Red represents our Savior; blue, the Eternal Father, being expressive of infinite space, distance, invisibility, and perfect serenity; and yellow, the Holy Spirit, as the color of warmth, cheering, life-giving, and fructifying principle of light.

Of all Huntington's ideal heads, *Hope* pleases us the most. It charms and holds us in its calm, life-sustaining, life-refreshing spells of beauty.

The Good Samaritan (now in the artist's studio)

is a composition of eight figures, the size of life. The theme is strikingly evolved, but the chief and rare merit of the picture is harmony of sentiment. The whole group is held breathless by one common idea—one common interest—one common sympathy; even the horse in the dim back-ground droops his head with the solemnity of the occasion. The figures in the group are effectively arranged, and correctly drawn, while the combination of softness and vigor with the beauty and appropriateness of coloring mark this picture with characteristics of the old masters. There are many other pictures of great merit by this artist, which we should be glad to notice, if time and space were allowed us. His works in landscape, history, and portraiture are more numerous than those of any other artist of the age.

Daniel Huntington was born in the city of New York, in 1816. The old home in White Street is one of the few not torn down or turned into a shop. He was the son of Benjamin Huntington, a merchant of New York, and grandson of General Huntington, of New London, who served as one of Washington's staff in the Revolution, and was collector of the port of New London during Washington's administration. His mother belonged to the Moore family, who were Churchmen and Tories during the war of Independence, so that our artist sprung from Tories and Churchmen on one side, and Republican Puritans of the other.

The early youth of the painter was passed partly in New York, and partly on a farm on Long Island, where he employed his time in sporting, swimming, and horseback exercise. During the United States Bank disasters his father lost his property, and he went to reside with an uncle, at Rome, in Oneida County, New York. Subsequently he studied the classics two years, in an academy at New Haven, with the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, who took great interest in the mental development of his pupil. In 1832, he entered the Freshman class in Yale College. A short time after his initiation there was a "flare-up" among the students, in which a large number of his class were concerned. Huntington was called up before a tribunal of the whole Faculty, and on refusing to answer questions that might have implicated his classmates, he, by the awful decision of that Pedagogical Dynasty, was dismissed to cross the desert of life without a passport from Yale College. No doubt they prayed in their hearts that he might prove to be no worse than Cain. He then entered Hamilton College, where he graduated with the highest honors.

As is usually the case, his passion for painting

developed itself at a very tender age, in various sketches and caricatures for the amusement of his school-fellows. The caricaturing the pompous pedagogue on the fly-leaf of his book, for the edification of his class during recitation, or attitudinizing him on the walls of the school-room, was a very favorite occupation of his.

His mother was a native of Trumbull, and with her, our artist, when a small boy, was in the habit of going to the Colonel's studio.

It was here that his innate love of art made itself most strikingly manifest. The most ideal pictures in the studio fixed his attention, and the result of each visit was some crude sketch. They were shown to Trumbull, who strongly advised that the boy should not be permitted to pursue art. This advice might have been expected. Trumbull was a disappointed man. His dreams of glory had passed like the mist before the morning sun. The bubbles he had chased had burst in his grasp and vanished into air.

In 1833, Elliott, who has since become the most distinguished portrait painter in the country, visited Hamilton College, N. Y., in the practice of his art. Huntington, at that time a student there, made his acquaintance, sat to him for a cabinet portrait, borrowed colors, and commenced painting. Several fellow-students encouraged him by sitting for their portraits, and by commending the staring comic subjects painted for the walls of the studio. In 1835, having persuaded his parents to allow him a year's trial of the art, he went to study with Professor Morse, then an artist in New York, and two pictures, a "Landscape," and the "Bar-Room Politician," painted at this time, were purchased by Dr. Parmely. After leaving Mr. Morse, in 1836, he devoted himself to landscape-painting, with the exception of an occasional portrait. One, of his father reading, attracted attention, and brought a number of Wall Street characters to his studio. "The Dunlap Exhibition," in 1837, awakened in him a strong feeling for historical painting, and led to his visiting Europe. In 1839 he sailed for England, where, after a brief delay, he passed by way of Paris and Geneva to Florence. Here the "Sibyl," and "Florentine Girl," were painted and sent home. The winter was passed at Rome, the fruits of which were the "Shepherd Boy of the Campagna," purchased by Mr. Cozzens, and the "Christian Prisoners," purchased by Mr. Robb. On his return to New York, in 1840, orders for portraits poured in upon him and occupied his time, with an occasional interval for the study of landscape or figure pieces. His "Mercy's Dream" was then painted, followed by "Christianity and her Children;" but before the completion of the

latter, a severe attack of inflammation of the eyes put a stop, for nearly two years, to the artist's labors. In 1842 he was married to the daughter of Charles Richards, of Brooklyn, and in 1843 left again for Europe, where he remained two years. In the course of the two winters passed at Rome, he painted the "Roman Penitents," "Italy," the "Sacred Lesson," the "Communion of the Sick," and some landscapes. On his return to New York, he painted "Alms-Giving," "Lady Jane Grey and Feckenham in the Tower," "A Master and Pupils," "Henry VIII. and Queen Catharine Parr," heads of "Faith" and "Hope," the "Marys at the Sepulchre," the "Tribute Money," "Mercy Fainting at the Wicket-Gate," "Bishop Ridley Denouncing the Princess Mary," and "Queen Mary signing the Death-Warrant of Lady Jane Grey," engraved by the American Art Union. In 1851, he visited England, and painted several portraits and other compositions. Of those portraits that of Sir Charles Southop is in possession of the New York Gallery of Arts. One of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in General Epe's Seminary, New York, and of the Earl of Carlisle, in the Library of the New York Historical Society. In 1852, he went to Paris, where he painted the "Good Samaritan," for Marshal O. Roberts, and a "Magdalen."

It has been our intention in this paper to give a considered and just review of the principal historical painter in the country. There is but one other who has any claim to the title. This is the noble and dreamy Allston, of whom we shall speak anon.

In delicate fancy, warm imagination, and in all the high, true poetical in art, Huntington is eminently endowed. In anatomy and in mathematics, as applied to art, he is learned—but in their application a little careless.

His drawings are usually correct; his arrangements simple, his figures noble and dignified, his countenances replete with beauty, tenderness, and pensive contemplation. His invention is fertile, his execution free, his effects striking, his pictures finished. They have vitality, volition, sweet, calm, beautiful souls, whose placid eye cannot be disturbed by the storms of life.

The deep gray tints of his backgrounds serve to give full value to the mellow color of his principal figures. His skies are soft, lucid, pleasing, his chiaro oscuro managed with consummate skill.

In person, our artist is about the medium height of man, thin, pale, with blue eyes and light hair. His mien is youthful, his manner easy and agreeable, his conversation, which is good on all subjects, fluent. His studio is in the Appleton building, Broadway, New York; his home in Brooklyn.

BERNICE ATHERTON;

OR SPRING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

(Continued from page 54.)

CHAPTER XV.

"JEP! Jep! come in for a minute."

Jep had been engaged in stripping the bark from a birch-tree, and was rolling it together to carry home for his mother's use in the basket-making business.

When Tim Burgess called him, he took up the bundle and went toward the house.

"Come in," said Tim, "I want to shut the door. It's chilly. What do you think has happened?"

How should Jep know?

"Bernice Atherton has been down to the village to-day—great girl *she* is."

"What makes you think so?" said Jasper, his old jealousy of Tim rousing like a storm within him; his black eyes snapping and sparkling, and then suddenly turning leaden and dull.

"Why, you think the same yourself, don't you, Jep?"

"What if I do? She's as ugly as Satan—that's what she is."

"Oh no, I guess not."

"What do you guess not for? I say she is. But I'll train her." His looks bore good evidence that this was exactly, without exaggeration, his determination.

"What are you going to do?"

"Not any thing."

"Yes you are, Jep. What is it?"

"You said she'd been in the village. I know'd that before. How did you know it? Come." Jep leaned up against the wall as he spoke, and looked at the good-natured Tim as if he had proposed an insoluble problem.

"I saw her there—heard her too," said Tim indolently and mysteriously.

"Tim, do you think I don't know all about it? Didn't I see you up in the gallery? Didn't I hear you, you fool? Didn't I?"

Jep, chuckled, and strangled, and coughed, and laughed again, as he stood in his hideousness, leaning against the wall. "You let me catch you at that again!" he lifted his hand menacingly.

"You aint married her quite yet," said Tim.

"Wait till that before you give me your threats."

"Any day I want, I'll marry her."

"Oh, yes, I dare say—she gives her consent, don't she?"

"Never mind. But don't you be a blowing that organ for her again."

"What?" said Tim, as if he had not heard the last remark. "Sit down, Jep, what's the use of being in such a hurry. What was it you said?"

"She wont want you to be a blowing that organ for her agin," repeated Jep, taking no notice of Tim's request, that he should be seated.

"What makes you think so?" said Tim.

"You wait and see if she comes, that's all," said Jep, shaking his great head, and putting on his most savage look.

"She is n't very ugly, Jep, is she?" asked Tim; not for any information that he needed on the subject, but because his day's work was done, and his mother had gone to a neighbor's, and tea was not ready, and he was in want of a pastime, and his mischievous thoughtlessness caught at the first thing that offered—which, unfortunately, was Jep.

"Not like what she was. Nothing like. You don't catch her talking about angels now a-days, like a fool, as she did. And she's better to work. She's learning—and when she's got learned, she'll be worth something. But she's ugly, and that's got to be put out of her."

"She's a growing handsomer," said Tim. "She is n't like what she was in that, either. She seems to enjoy things better."

"Only her eyes are so strange," said Jep, speaking in a low tone, and rubbing his own optics, "Have n't you noticed?"

"Strange," said Tim, "no—strange how?"

"Wicked," said Jep. It was rather a curious criticism to come from his lips. Evidently Bernice had used the orbs to some purpose since they had made so deep an impression on Jep.

"The kind of eyes that scare one. You're all the time seeing 'em, particular in dark places," said Tim, at a venture, but with the look and tone of one meditating on a well-known peculiarity.

Jep said, "yes."

"They've changed some—not what they was?"

"Not a bit," said Jep. "Not the first bit what they was."

"Do you remember when she came to your house to live?"

"Ten years and two months. I guess likely I do—she's going on fourteen."

"How old was you when she came?"

"Eight."

"You've been thinking of her ever since for your wife. What does the old woman say?"

"She's agreeable"

"The old man too?"

"I guess," said Jep; but the complacent tone of his voice changed with the next words he spoke. He recalled Old Sue Carrol's words, and yet in spite of them a spark of jealousy was kindled with the recollection. "What was you with her in the church for, Tim?"

"Ask her," said the boy, with a cunning leer.

"Blast me if I don't," said Jep, and, as if there was not a moment of time to be lost, he darted out of the house.

"A nice fire I've kindled," said Tim to himself, laughing.

It was after dark when Jep returned home, for, contrary to his intention when he left Tim Burgess, he did not go back at once to investigate the matter of Bernice's visit in the church with Tim, but wandered away, hardly knowing whither he went, until he came to the highland, and there remained till nightfall, occupied with silent meditations.

They were still seated at the table, little Tassie, his wife Hannah, and Bernice, though they had finished the meal, during which Oliver had tattled a great deal, in a sort of bragging way, looking toward his wife at the conclusion of each sentence, as if to receive authority for proceeding, giving Bernice information about the wool-len factory she had seen in Briarton. They were still seated there when Jep came in.

The instant that he took his place at the table, which was opposite that occupied by Bernice, he began—

"What was you doin' in the church to-day?"

Instead of replying immediately, Bernice looked her surprise that he should know any thing about it.

"Don't you hear him?" asked his mother, who always held herself in readiness to come to his aid, especially when he was in conflict with her adopted child. "Jasper wants to know what you was doing in the church. Do you hear that? What was you? I should like to know myself. You see how far she can be let." Mrs. Tassie looked with triumphant significance at Oliver, and before her glance the little man seemed to

shrink away within himself, as if overwhelmed by the argument, or with a hopeless reflection upon the storm that was evidently about to escape the vessel of wrath.

"Looking at the organ," said Bernice hastily, just as the question was about to be repeated in a still more angry form.

"What for?" said Jep.

"That's a reasonable question, I'm sure," said Mrs. Tassie, pushing her plate from her toward the middle of the table, and folding her arms. "What for?" she repeated, "Jasper wants to know."

"What for, Chick?" repeated Oliver, looking around the table as if he had but now awakened.

Bernice looked at him; he spoke kindly, she could almost believe, as if prepared to defend her. His face at least was quiet, and not angry like the others. Her eyes, therefore, remained fixed upon him.

"I liked the music, uncle," she said.

"Who made the music? Who went with you into the church?" asked Jep more boldly, and with a better-managed defiance, now that she no longer looked at him, for he was afraid of her glance, it affected him so unaccountably.

"Went with her, to be sure! Nobody, of course. Who does she know, to be sure?" said Jep's mother, becoming much excited.

"May be you don't know any thing about it," said Jep shortly, addressing his mother. "She knows folks enough down there. It takes a fox to catch a fox."

"Who went with you then?" asked Mrs. Tassie eagerly.

"Tim Burgess," said Bernice calmly, for now she was thinking of the factory. There was a door of escape opening before her!

"Well," said Tassie, "what's the harm of that, I'd like to know? Pint it out. Haint she knowed Tim and his folks allers?"

"Where did you go next, you fox?" said Jep. "You're trying to cheat 'em, you know you are."

"I went into the street," said Bernice.

"You're lying about that, you know. Didn't you go to the marble factory? Didn't I see you?"

"I do n't know whether you did or not."

"Well I did, and you need n't try to get out of it in that sneaking way."

"I haven't tried. I did go into the street, and I went to the marble factory too. What of it? Tell all you know. It wont take you long. I'm willing you should all know every step I've taken this day." Boldly she said this, thinking still of the factory, and of Paul.

"When I'm married," said Jep, enraged at the child's coolness, "you'll quit talking that way to me."

Bernice made no reply to the threat, either by tears or otherwise; she seemed to be revolving the catastrophe he adverted to in a manner different from her ordinary contemplation of that possible event. There was a way of escape, and she clung to it more tenaciously than she had before.

She looked at Jasper, and from him to his mother, and from her to her husband. Not a tie between them had broken asunder since that conversation had begun. She felt this, and yet she also felt as if in those few minutes which had passed since Jep came in, she had drifted away, out upon an unknown sea, alone; as if they never, never could bring her back to land again. Over that sea she must go. If they hindered her she would be dashed to pieces on the rocks. Jasper looked so cunning and so cruel; the recollection of his countless tyrannies coiled around her like serpents, and in his mother's face was the same darkness that darkened his. She rejoiced in his triumphs, and shared in the glory of them!

Oliver alone avoided the child's glance, and this he did repeatedly. If things came to the worst and she appealed to him, would he help her? Would he leave her to her fate, to fight the great battle single-handed? He had been kind to her that day, and very frequently of late—but now he seemed to be stone deaf, he was tired of all this bickering.

And she was the cause of it—the bone of contention—the fountain of bitterness—the rock of offense. If she were only away, the household difficulties would all be at an end. All that the factory girl had said Bernice brought to mind, as if to assure her in her determination at that crisis of affairs.

"I think it would be better, uncle," she said, mildly, but firmly, "if I should go away."

"What's that?" asked Oliver quickly, moving away from the table as he spoke, into the dark corner back of the stove, where he spent his evenings.

Bernice looked at him, and at Jep opposite her, and at Mrs. Tassie, more and more self-assured with each passing moment, now that she had fairly touched on the great subject.

Jasper's eyes blazed wrathfully upon her, and with a suspicious fear; what was she going to do next? Mrs. Tassie seemed in equal doubt, and she looked her perplexity. Her glance at these seemed to strengthen rather than intimidate the child; she spoke again, and in a tone remarkably mild and subdued.

"We don't live as we ought to," she said. "We aint happy. There aint one of us that is. You all know it's true. So do I. And I aint happy either. I know it's my fault. I don't do things right. I try to—but we don't see alike—and so I think that if I *can't* do things to please you after I've tried and tried so, I'd better go."

"Go where, I'd like to know?" cried Hannah. "That's the lovely pay we get for saving you from starving. A nice thing you are!"

"I would pay you better if I only knew how. I *will* pay you back every cent you ever spent for me. But I can't please you. I've tried and tried, but I can't."

"Gammon," said Jep, eager to put in a word, no matter what; but it was an unfortunate one he chose, for there was no mistaking the child's earnestness and sincerity. "You only want to get into the village, where the young men are. So you can gad about with folks, and wear fine clothes that belong to other people."

"No, Jep, that is n't so. I don't want any such thing. I do n't want to gad. I only want—" in spite of her efforts her voice faltered.

"What is it, then, what is it that you want!" asked Jep.

"Not to be treated like a dog," she replied, making a still greater effort to speak steadily, but the words burst from her in a tumult.

"Well, if ever! that's what you call gratitude! Who treats you like a dog, I'd like to know?" said Mrs. Tassie, angrily throwing herself back in her chair, and with a very red face defying Bernice to make an accusation.

"I *am* grateful," said Bernice, trembling with emotion, not fear, "I thank you for all you've done. I'm always ready to do any thing you tell me. I'd help you a great deal more in the house than I do, if you would only let me; but you wont; you say I don't know any thing. If you would only let me do I am willing to work. I'd be glad to do any thing."

"It's truth she's saying, Hannah," said Tassie, from his dark corner; he had been soberly and attentively gazing at Bernice while she spoke.

"Who treats you like a dog? I'd like to know that," repeated Mrs. Tassie, by no means softened by her husband's remark.

Bernice looked a little bewildered when the question was again brought forward. She knew it must be met, for Mrs. Tassie would never allow it to go by. She would return again and again to a question when any reluctance to reply was manifested.

"I spoke the truth," said Bernice. "You know it as well as I. It was on your account and Jep's that I thought I'd better go."

Oliver breathed rather more freely, finding himself thus virtually exonerated.

"Where to?" asked she.

"Any where! I can work any where. For anybody that would—would—be kind to me," sobbed Bernice.

"She wants somebody to be calling her angel, as her mother did," said Jep, with a malicious grin. "She looks like one!"

"No, Jep, I do n't want that. I know how I look. Oh, how I wish—" she stopped in good time.

"Now, see here, Bernice Atherton," began Mrs. Tassie, "what is it you're talking about? You're a wishing that your mother had a lived. S'posing she had. You would n't a been one bit nor grain better off than you are now; but a hundred times worse. We feed and clothe you, if we don't do no more. She could n't do as much when she acted up to her prettiest. You was nothing better than a rag-baby when I found you, that did n't look worth the touching. She may have called you an angel, for all I know, fifty times a day—it is n't my way to be calling such names—it never was. You say 't was hers—like enough—what of it? I've done better than call you such kind of names. I saved you from starving, but I do n't want no thanks for it—not I. Keep your thanks for them that wants 'em, 'taint me. 'Twan't nothing, not the least bit of a thing in the world, to rear you from an infant, or as good as an infant, only enough aight more trouble. 'Twan't nothing, and I do n't want you for to think it was."

Had Bernice looked away in confusion, unable to meet the steady gaze of Mrs. Tassie while she spoke thus, or if her face had flushed with the feeling that almost suffocated her—if a solitary tear had moistened her eyes, Mrs. Tassie's victory would have been complete, her triumph perfect. But the child returned her look with an equally steadfast glance, and the profound silence succeeding the harsh, angry sound of her voice was broken by the earnest and beseeching accent of Bernice.

"You did every thing, I know," she said earnestly. "Every thing for me. Kept me living when I should have died. You brought me up. But I thought that you'd got tired of me, and would be glad to have me gone. That was the reason why I said it. I thought you'd be happier without me."

"You never thought such a thing," said Jep. "What you wanted to think of was yourself. You wanted to get away. It's all gammon, mother. She'll be running off yet—you'll have to tie her up."

"Do you think I'd run away—" began Ber-

nice indignantly; but she stopped in the midst of her appeal and looked aghast.

"No," said Oliver, "I do n't."

"What's the reason that you would n't?" muttered Jep.

Bernice did not immediately reply to his question—a conflict was going on within her mind what *was* the reason that she would n't, she demanded of herself. Presently she spoke; she had arrived at her conclusions, there was no the slightest indecision in her voice or face as she said in a distinct, firm tone,

"If they wanted me—if your father and mother *wanted* me, Jep, it would be reason enough."

"Mother, you hear that; *do* you want her?"

Mrs. Tassie made no direct reply to her son's appeal—one thing was very clear, if Bernice never left them until they wished to have her go, she was a fixture for life.

"We might as well stop talking," she said finally, with a most unnatural mildness. Don't get any more foolishness into your head right away child."

Bernice made no reply, for her heart was too heavy for speech. What had she done? With her own hand she had fastened the chain which but now was broken. She had closed up the path opening before her for deliverance.

"When I get married," said Jep, adopting his mother's milder mood, which he was quick to perceive, "we won't have such works."

"Better begin to practice now," suggested Oliver, from the corner from which he loomed like a shade.

Bernice had gone so far it seemed as if there were now no proper place to make a conclusion of the conversation until she had entirely expressed herself on all the points of dispute. Jep had brought up the most aggravating of all, and therefore she said,

"Jep, who are you going to marry?"

"You, of course," answered he, evidently greatly surprised by the question.

"No, you are not," she replied steadily. This was the first time that she had said as much, this, in reply to his matrimonial intention, oft as he had adverted to the subject.

A smile spread over Oliver's face as he heard these words, but Jasper looked black and ferocious. Yet underlying the symptom of a tempest was another indication, of assurance; remembered Sue's promise.

"I aint!" said he, "you'll change your mind about that most likely."

"No, I never shall, Jasper. You hear what I say, uncle and aunt," appealing to them thus as witnesses, she seemed to make a claim upon them for protection.

But neither of them replied. Oliver felt no surprise at what he heard, nor did he pretend any, but he was disappointed. His wife's feeling on the subject was more decided. A marriage between these children, incongruous, impossible as it must have seemed to her woman heart, had that alone been appealed to, such a marriage was what her mother-pity habitually looked forward to. Jep Tassie was her son, and in her fondness she had fostered all the evil of his nature, pandering with ignorant fear and affection to his wants and whims, until he occupied the position of an ogre in the house. And who was she that thus arrayed her helpless self in opposition to him?

"Paul's a going away," said Jep, looking at Bernice with a revengeful, knowing look.

Bernice made no reply, she seemed not to have heard him, or certainly so startling an announcement as this would have produced some result.

He repeated, "Paul Tintoret is going away, so you need n't be thinking about him."

And still she made no answer. But there was significance in her sudden rising from the table, and the diligence with which she proceeded to remove the traces of the unhappy supper.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was well that she made no attempt to speak, for cleverly as she concealed the surprise and trouble this intelligence about Paul occasioned her, she could not have spoken without making instant betrayal of herself.

But what was it Jep had said? Paul going away? Paul Tintoret going? Over and over again she repeated to herself this brief bit of intelligence, and pondered upon it, and wondered about it, while she worked in the kitchen, when she climbed up into her garret, when she lay down on her bed—when she shut her eyes and tried to sleep, but could not—when she rose again and sat down by the garret-window, and looked up into heaven, for a profound darkness was on the earth. Paul Tintoret going away! She believed it, though proof she had none—she had only Jep's word, and unreliable as that was, there seemed in the way of his telling the report that he had heard in the village, when his father began to inquire about it, something that commended it to belief. And besides this, was it not the most natural thing for her experience that he *should* go just when it had seemed to her that if he were only near she could bear and endure any lot, however evil—even to remain where she now was so long as Tassie and his wife might choose to have her. But oh, if she had only asked him to counsel her that day before

her promise to remain up in the mountain had been given!

And yet—she questioned again after she had come to a conclusion—how could it be true that he thought of going away when she had seen him that very day working in his shop as quietly as if he had never thought of any other place on the face of the earth than Briarton! And, indeed . . . why should he go?

Suddenly she arose from her bed—she stood up—her heart beat violently, the blood ran hotly through her veins like streams of fire; her brain whirled, her face glowed—she looked out again upon the night. Still the same darkness, the same starlit heaven—how quiet! not the sound of the lightest breeze, not the faintest sign of light without. And within the house also, all was still. Jep, whose room was partitioned only by a few loosely arranged boards and a curtain from hers, was in a heavy slumber; when she listened she could hear his heavy breathing. Listening there she stood, with a momentary indecision, and once again she looked out upon the night; as she stooped to do so, her hand rested on the bench beside it upon the old shawl and bonnet she had worn into the village that day. The contact seemed to renew her courage, to give her new decision. She took them up, and went softly from the room, and down the ladder, and on and out into the darkened world of heaven and earth; nor for a second, nor by a step was the stillness of the house broken by her exit.

The door once closed behind her, her feet in the path, with the certain step of one who walks in sleep, yet fleetly, as if every portion of the path were revealed in the sunlight of noon, she went on and down toward Briarton.

It was yet early in the evening. There was a light burning in the Burgess cabin window as she went past, and when she reached that part of the road from which the first view of the village was to be had, she saw, here and there, a light that told her she was in the neighborhood of wakeful men and women. The sight assured her—for though she had not once, since she went from her garret, questioned herself on the safety or propriety of the enterprise, still these tokens of life coming up from the midst of the perfect quiet of the night assured and cheered her.

On she went, and on, with a quickened, lighter step—it was now no time to stay or question. On, with no thought but that which had led her out and through all this distance, and the darkness, and the roughness of the path, to learn if it was really true what Jasper had told her—if Paul Tintoret was actually going away.

Wandering out of the path, and straying into it again, her feet stumbling against many a

rocky impediment, catching upon thorn-bush and briar, on, on, in spite of every obstacle, fearlessly, determinedly, she went, until she came to the borders of the village.

Where the rough path lost itself in the broader and smoother street, at that point even as she was about to enter it, Bernice halted—not from indecision, but a shadowy obstacle presented itself there before her, crossing her path, and a voice said:

"Ha! Bernice!"

The child stood still, terror smitten, without strength to fly or speak.

"Bonny bird! it's late for the like of you to be flying off alone. What'll the old ones up in the nest say. . . . Don't you know me?" and the figure extended her hand—but Bernice drew back, refusing it by a gesture.

Yet, in spite of its harshness, there was something so friendly in the voice, that as she listened to it, Bernice trembled less, and said quite bravely, though a sharp ear might have detected somewhat of tremulous accent in the voice:

"No; who are you?" and then immediately, before an answer could be given, she added, "Is it Sue?"

"Yes, Sue, who knowed your mother years and years, and you too, since you was nothing but a babe in arms. You ought to know me in the dark—if I did n't speak a word you ought. Many's the turn I've done for them that's dead and gone, and for you too, when you was nothing but a crying little rat. Tell me now, where are you running to alone this time o' night. What's going on up aloft? Is anybody sick or dead?"

"No," said Bernice—at a total loss what to say next—hesitating between flight and confession.

"See here," said the old woman, taking her by the arm, "do n't you be afeared of me. Don't I know all about things? What's to pay with you? Are you going to run away? tell me, may be I can do something for you. I liked your mother; many's the kind word she give me. Speak out! Lord bless your soul, speak out—what is't?"

And Bernice trusted, and told her.

"Oh, if she was kind to you, be kind to me, and do n't tell them. I am only going to see Paul for a minute."

"What for, are you? What do you want to know about him?" asked Sue, speaking still more kindly; there was a soft and gentle tone running through the harshness of her demanding voice that won upon the child.

"Jep said you told him a good fortune," said she.

Sue understood the allusion, and interpreted the indirect reply with a marvellous celerity.

"Aint you willing?" she asked.

"Never, never in my life!" exclaimed Bernice.

"Well, well, do n't get up so; you ne I haint told him any thing to count on. you be feared; I'll manage his busin him. But what do you want of Paul? his lady-love?"

"To—to see him before he goes away, mered Bernice, more confused and troubl she had ever been, by this strange q Paul's lady-love!—Paul's lady-love! Su was mad. But no—Sue asked it with a which, she was not slow in perceiving, w admirably served.

"Oh, that's all. Well, go on with yo give you something to take along, thoug him that I've got another message for h if he comes up to get it 't wont be time him. Will you remember? Here! wait

Bernice had stepped forward in the she said "Yes," in reply to old Sue's in tory, with the intention of continuing h journey at once, but the call stayed her.

"Do you remember your mother?" asl laying her hand on the child's shoulc bending down in her endeavor to decip face of Bernice more clearly than she been able to do.

"Just," said Bernice. "Sometimes than others. I am not like her," she before the gaze which she felt was u though the eyes of old Sue, bright as th saw not the flush which stole over the p tures as softly as the light that was no faintly down the gorge from the new moon.

"Who told you so? who said you w said Sue, renewing her gaze more pati she vainly endeavored to appropriate t from afar. "You've got her smile-growing like her. . . . She was a good I knowed her. Are they kind to you up Jep, is he kind?"

"I'm always a wishing that I had a Sue; I wish it when I go to bed and wh up. But that do n't do me any good."

"You are!" said Sue. "That's na know what you mean by it. See here you be afeared of Jep. Don't you be ad any thing that walks. I knowed your She was my friend. If you are hard r and tell me. Lord bless your soul, I g Hannah's match any day—and I'll giv dose—"

"Oh, no, do n't!" said Bernice, start old Sue were disclosing some murderous The woman laughed, and stroked the

cheek with her great rough hand, tenderly. "You may just keep a thinking that I've got my eye on you," said she; "I aint what your mother was—she was a good woman—nobody ever called me good, but I've been abused and slandered—that do n't make any difference to me now—but she was kind to me, and helped me when I was in a great trouble once, and I'll keep a looking, and I guess I can look about as fur into a mill-stone as some other folks. But you need n't tell Jep that you saw me. . . Who told you Paul was going away?" There was a change in her voice as she asked this question, as if already she had obtained a little insight into the mill-stone.

"Jep said so."

"Well, go on. Don't forget what I told you to say to Paul. I shall be a lookin' to-morrow, and he'd better not keep me waitin'. Go on."

Bernice did not wait for a second bidding, but went forward with a bound along the path. Old Sue for a moment stood watching her, then she also went her way—but after she had gone a dozen steps she turned aside from the road, and seated herself upon a stone, under the shelter of a hemlock tree. "I'll never have it on my mind," she said, as she crossed her arms upon her breast, and leaned her gray uncovered head upon them, "I'll never have it on my mind that Jenny's child was left alone, when I could help her. Poor little thing—Jep! Jep!" pronouncing the boy's name, she laughed aloud. "He is a little tricky, but I can show him a trick or two worth all hisn. And I've got all the trump cards in my hand, too. He thinks I'm a witch, but I've only lived with my eyes open. May be I can stir up a whirlwind here that would blow some folks off like chaff—but it do n't take a witch to do that anywhere."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Yes, Paul, I meant precisely what I said. I think the same thing now: if you were just what your 'little pagan' supposed—my brother—which you are you know, I should say the same thing. When the right time comes, get your things together, and go away. Briarton is not the centre of the world—an artist must study art. I hold to that."

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" said Paul, striving to speak gaily. "Mitchell says stay, you say go. Who shall decide?"

"The patient himself," replied Pauline, dropping a stitch in the red silken purse she was netting, and bending toward the light and cautiously retaking the loop from its false position. Paul gazed upon the quiet, lovely face with

unobstructed vision until it turned toward him, and she asked, "shall he not?"

"Mitchell said I was so happy here it was nonsense to think of any thing better," said Paul, perversely yielding to his mood, laughing a short, scornful laugh.

"Oh, well, you could n't expect the doctor to enter into all your feelings about it, you know; men do n't often do that. He judged from appearances. Your idea of happiness is n't like his. He don't know what a restless body you are. But I do."

"Am I so very restless do you think, Pauline? That's a bad symptom."

"Not at all. It shows you're thinking of other things besides just making yourself comfortable—and I'm very glad, very glad that you are, Paul." Saying this, she laid aside her work and began turning over the penciled drawings of birds which lay upon the table—they were sketches lent by Mitchell to Paul some days previous, and he had brought them home to show Pauline.

"Mitchell was but a child when he made those drawings. There was surely talent enough displayed in them. Why do you not advise him to cultivate it? Why do you not counsel him as you do me, to beware of Briarton influences," said Paul, rising and walking to the window, and looking out upon the night.

"You are so different. Besides, you are my brother, and naturally I have a right to counsel you. He has seen enough of the world, he says, and don't like it—you have seen nothing, and you will never be content until you have. So the sooner the better, I say," said Pauline, beginning with embarrassment but ending with a playful self-control.

"Would you?" said Paul, directing a jealous glance at the bits of card-board over which she had bent with such interested attention; "would you?" he said, speaking with concentrated earnestness and pathos as he advanced again toward the table, yet standing in the shade, so that Pauline could not, without changing her position, look upon him. "Would you advise me to go if you knew that your brother would never come back again?"

"We have no right to suppose such a contingency," said Pauline, with as innocent and troubled an expression as would have appeared on Bernice Atherton's face at such a remark.

"But I have supposed it," persisted Paul, almost harshly.

"How very strangely you speak, Paul;" a tone of reproach ran through the mildness of Pauline's words—he could not doubt that she wondered at him as he met her glance.

"I have supposed it," he persisted, but less abruptly, and still determined, evidently, on having his question answered.

"Yes, then—I should still say go. For you will never be a happy man until you have fulfilled your destiny. That is plain."

"Destiny!" repeated Paul—he scoffed at the word.

"'A banner with this strange device—Excelsior,'" said Pauline, taking refuge again in the drawings.

"You did not mean to quote that. Nothing could be further out of the way. . . A cold comfort! climbing up into eternal snows for the sake of freezing. One need not go to that trouble, since so many people are accommodating enough to carry frozen regions about with them in place of hearts."

Pauline looked up again, and gently pushed away the sketches—a painful intelligence was in her face, struggling with perplexity.

"I thought, Paul, that I understood you," she said, "but I don't know that I do after all. I supposed it was your chief wish to advance in your profession. I understood so from what you used to say when you first came to live with us. I did not know that you had ever changed your mind about it. I should be very sorry to have you go away—it seems foolish to say so to you—you ought to take it for granted. When I said that I would advise you to go, even if I thought we should never see you here again, I said so because I know, Paul, that you will never be at a loss for friends—you will be sure to make them wherever you go. And when I am certain that you find, after all, your highest pleasure in work, why should I be so selfish as to even desire in my own heart that the best kind of work should not fall into your hands? And that it never could do here, that you know, Paul, very well. You want experience, and models, and the opportunity of comparing your work with other men's. It might be very pleasant for you to hear me say a great many things that would sound like an entreaty to stay, and I might urge them with perfect sincerity were I not ashamed to be so selfish. I desire for you, Paul, nothing so much as that you should be happy, and I know that you never will be happy unless you can carry on your favorite work without obstruction. The studio of a master is the only place where you can do that, if I have not misunderstood every word and act of your life since I knew you."

Paul had stood still in the back-ground, while she spoke with an averted face—how kindly she spoke—yet how cruelly her every word smote him! how wonderfully had he deluded himself—

how, as she spoke, her every word exonerated her from all blame which his heart, awakened and disappointed, had been quick to throw upon her. She had never deceived him—she was not now betraying him. It was all even as she had said—if he stood gazing on a ruin the fault was his that he built the fairy palace so high on a foundation so slight.

"Shall I meet with no obstructions there?" said he.

"None, probably, except such as will keep your faculties free from rust."

Paul was about to speak again when the sound of advancing feet at the outer door checked him, and Pauline's father and Mr. Devlin entered the room together.

He joined the little circle as they gathered around the table, sitting at a respectful distance, yet within the pale, though his manner as he returned Mr. Devlin's salutation was more than slightly suggestive of "the pale spectrum of the salt."

Since his last return to Briarton, Mr. Devlin's visits at schoolmaster Fillan's cottage had been the most noticeable feature of his conduct. Aroused now, as was every jealous instinct of Paul's nature, he began to take cognizance of the frequency of these visits, as he sat silently regarding the group, losing his self-consciousness in the strange newness of his study, what reception was Pauline giving in her heart to this grand gentleman, and what was Mr. Devlin thinking of?

As quietly, as calmly as but now when alone, she spoke with him, and listened to him, Pauline listened to and spoke with Mr. Devlin—lovely, self-possessed, nothing could mar that loveliness, nor disturb her self-possession. Yes, and Paul acknowledged it as he looked upon her in this new light—Pauline was worthy to take the angel Christine's place, no position could be too high, no wealth too vast for her. No wonder that she had not understood him! And as Paul looked at Mr. Devlin's face also in this new light, he said, ignorant of the fact, because he did not analyze his thought, that it was because another rival had come in between him and Mitchell, a rival not their equal, but exalted, according to Paul's estimate, far above them both, he said, "He will win her, and I shall be glad." Glad, Paul? He said so to himself, though, doubtless, he limited the signification of the word; his face was not indicative of very exceeding gladness.

Presently, while he sat and thought in silence thus, Paul's attention was arrested by the words of Mr. Devlin.

"These drawings are exceedingly well executed." Mr. Devlin had been looking at them

With a careful scrutiny, laying them one by one carefully in the palm of his left hand, and holding them like so many notes of unquestionable value in the market. As he spoke his eyes fixed on Paul, "Are they copies?" he asked. "They are your work, I suppose, Paul?" Though the surprise with which he had examined the drawings had not yet withdrawn itself from his eyes, he was, even while he spoke, congratulating himself on the skill with which he screened his real thoughts from the persons who heard his inquiry.

"They are none of mine at all. Mitchell lent them to me."

"His work, eh?"

"Done when he was a little fellow ten years old."

"Why that makes them remarkable," said Mr. Devlin, loosening the grasp of his fingers, and laying the bits of card board one by one upon the table; and old Fillan rubbing his spectacles with his vast red handkerchief, took up the drawings as Devlin laid them down and bestowed upon them keen and searching glances. "Foreign birds," he said. "And something of a series, probably. To be sure. Are you any thing of an ornithologist, sir?"

"No, sir," returned Devlin, in an abstracted voice.

"There's something out of the common here," continued Mr. Fillan, with a yet closer scrutiny, arranging the drawings upon the table before him; "the posture of the birds seems to indicate their several nature. Very spirited they are."

"Very," said Mr. Devlin, emphatically coinciding with the old master, but as he said it he moved back from the table, as if his interest in the subject were exhausted, and addressed himself to Paul, touching on every point which he and Pauline had but now discussed with a result so unanticipated, offering it as his opinion, in his free off-hand way, observing his audience meanwhile with an apparently careless, but severe, scrutiny, that a man, no matter how fine his powers, was but an infant until he had tried the world. "There is nothing like that discipline for bringing out the latent energies, and introducing a person to himself," said he, looking finally at Fillan for his assent. "Not a man is there of my acquaintance really worth knowing who has not waged some sort of war either with fortune or himself. You, Paul, I consider that a change will do you good. You have worked hard and want a change of air. But how will you get along without him, sir?" addressing Fillan.

"We will try and comfort ourselves with the

good news we shall hear of him," said the old man kindly, and looking toward Paul with a fatherly interest in his smile.

"But what will become of my garden? It will be a ruin in one season. I should be sorry because of its loss; but then what are gardens, when you are going to enrich the world?"

Paul did not utter a disclaimer; but he caught up the words, and embraced them, and kept them in his memory, and lifting his eyes gazed into the future in a spirit of triumphant prophecy. He looked at Pauline; so also did Mr. Devlin; and they both saw that she was smiling, and the smile decided each in the resolution he had formed. The rich man said to himself, "I will write to my friend to-morrow, and the boy shall be off before he knows it. Who ever stood in my way when I made up my mind to have him out of it?" And to himself Paul said, "soon or late—it makes no difference." And he seemed to be lifted out of his old self of an hour ago; and he thought, "It will be hard on little Bernice—but as for the rest, I may as well keep to my old plan and make myself famous. But then—poor little Bernice!"

When Mr. Devlin spoke again it was in reply to some question Pauline asked about the new varieties of roses he had brought with him on his return to Briarton, which reply was followed by a long dissertation on flowers in general, and gardens and gardening, addressed to her, which naturally required appeals to her taste, expression of his own, and so on until the evening was far spent. The clock striking, warned Mr. Devlin that it was time to leave, and he arose with that purpose, and had spoken the necessary ceremonial words when, as if by chance, his eyes lighted again on the doctor's sketches. "By the way," he said, taking them up, "if you have no objections, Paul, I will look these over again, they deserve consideration. You shall have them when you come up."

Paul signified his consent, and Devlin went off with the drawings.

An hour later, if either of that little circle, whom he had amused and interested beyond their telling, or even suspicion, had looked in upon him, in his library in the mountain house, they would have found Mr. Devlin gazing with no superficial glance, but with an intense concentration of interest upon the evidences of Doctor Mitchell's boyish talent, displayed in those well-executed drawings—comparing them as he gazed with the tinted engravings of a splendidly bound book lying open on the table before him—a rare volume devoted to the portrayal of the birds of southern latitudes. The section at which he had opened was headed "Australian Birds." He was

comparing the engravings and the drawings, and exclaiming again and again, with evidently increasing surprise, "The same thing, by Jove!" "Not the difference of a feather!" and again he turned to the preface of this section, and read the author's laudatory acknowledgments to the service of the young Australian lad who had given to him in detail the accounts transcribed of the habits and nature of the bright-winged creatures whose semblances illuminated his pages.

While he compared, and read, and pondered, and strayed far and wide through recollections of old times, the door of the apartment was thrown open without the slightest warning, and old Sue Carrol stalking in, with heavy tread, advanced without a word until she reached the mantel, where she halted, leaning against the black marble slab.

The displeased look with which Mr. Devlin had turned toward the door when the uncere- monious intruder threw it open, the annoyed look with which he perceived the unwelcome guest who had found her way there, gave place in an instant to a smile of welcome, whose insincerity a dull eye could not have perceived. Sue, leaning against the mantel a model of indifference and weariness, seemed to be in no mood for observation of the one phase or the other of her reception.

"How are you, Sue?" he said, with well-assumed cordiality, rising and drawing forward a chair for her.

"Just as I look," she answered, taking no notice of his civility, but remaining standing.

"Not quite as strong as you have been, eh?"

"Poor—poor and tired. . . I heard you was coming up into the country, and so I came too. We're old friends, you know!" One hearing her might well have doubted whether he did indeed know that.

"That's right," said Devlin, speaking out in his usual frank, popular way, and he sat down again.

"What's right?" the old woman drew herself up as she asked, and her peculiar tone was in keeping with the look bestowed on Mr. Devlin. "What's right?" she repeated. "What I come for was to see about Paul."

"Yes," said he quietly; "well, what about Paul?"

"It's what I want to know—your'e going to tell me, I expect. We've talked before about him, I b'lieve."

"You want me to tell you if he answers my expectation. Yes, he does, Sue. Paul is a fine fellow."

"What you going to do for him?" she asked,

demanding the information with almost abruptness.

Mr. Devlin considered a moment before he answered:

"You must tell me that, Sue. You can look into the future—what shall I do for Paul? What is best?"

Advancing toward him a step with both arms and head extended, a gesture, half threat half entreaty, she said, "I knew you would forget—it's what I dragged myself back to tell you—do the lawful, what you promised—that's all."

"Certainly," said Mr. Devlin, slowly, "that's what I intend, Sue."

"But Paul's of age, you know, guardeen. It's time, and more, to have a reckoning and a settlement."

"Certainly—Paul and I understand all that; we have had a conversation on the subject this very evening. I've just come up from the village."

"Then it's *right* and fair, and honest. I'm glad of it for her sake," said Sue, as if conducting a judicial examination, while her eyes fixed on the portrait of Christine, above the mantle. "Just as old Tintoret said it would be. Well," she added, after a momentary pause, "then all I've got to say is, good-night," and she went toward the door.

"Stay," exclaimed Devlin, rising, becoming very hospitable in view of this unexpected deliverance. "Stay and take something—some supper, or at least a glass of wine;" he was obliged to conclude his invitation from the landing at the head of the staircase; for, with a steady stride, old Sue had gone on without staying to hear. When she reached the hall below she turned and said:

"No, I'm obleeged," and so went out.

For *her* sake—for Christine's sake—old Sue had said. Mr. Devlin recalls the words as he goes back into his study and stands where Sue stood but now, and gazing upon the portrait, old memories seem again to crowd upon him too rapidly for comfort. To shake them off, he returns to the penciled sketches and the gorgeous book, but it is with a gloomy frown, and nothing will restore him to his former mood but a fresh bottle from the wine-cellar.

"Mr. Devlin thinks very much of you, Paul. He is a most estimable gentleman," remarked Mrs. Fillan, the following morning, when she and Paul happened to be alone together.

"Yes," said Paul, and he seemed to believe it, but a little further questioning would have brought both Pauline's mother and himself into astonished possession of quite another view of

her proposition. Paul, however, was honest in his acquiescence; he thought that he believed it, but did he actually believe it any more than you or I?

"I was so sorry that I retired last night before he came! He lived very happily with his wife, Paul, did he not?"

"Very happily," said Paul, not sufficiently heedful of her words to wonder at them.

"He is a very fine gentleman—he has such a taking way—manly I mean—independent, go-ahead. How old, Paul, should you think he was? He does not look old."

"Indeed, ma'am, I have no idea," replies Paul, in an absent way—he falls to thinking of the first distinct recollection that he has of Mr. Devlin, belonging to the years gone by—oh, long ago.

Again the invalid's voice breaks on his meditation in continuation of the unwonted strain; it says:

"Paul, do you think that Mr. Devlin will remain here long—or does he go abroad at once?"

"I'm sure, Mrs. Fillan, I cannot tell what he will do," exclaimed Paul impatiently, and then, as if shocked at his own rudeness, he added in a milder voice, "he never tells me of his plans."

"At all events, he is going to do great things for you they say."

All that day, until Bernice came into the factory, Paul was dreaming over those "great things" in prospect. And Mrs. Fillan, sitting by her comfortable fireside, was anticipating the time when Pauline might be left alone in the world, and thinking within her own fond heart that there was no man too good, too great, too rich, on the face of the wide earth for her. No, she would not even except Mr. Devlin, when something in her heart suggested his name to her!

[To be continued.]

A SUMMER TEMPEST.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

I.

DARK frowns were cast; ill words were spoken;
She wept, as though her heart were broken;
But when I saw her bitter tears
I thought of all our pleasant years;
I sighed—ah! Death were better than that sight—
To die with love unbruised, than live with sorrow;
"This sunless day shall never have its morrow,"
I cried, "if severed hearts can reunite."

II.

The storm shrieked wildly through the bowers,
And dashed to earth the summer flowers;
The rain it fell from morn till even;
I mourned like spirits cast from Heaven;
The roses shone against the sombre air,
Like the drear torches at a funeral
That glare beside the overhanging pall;
The wind swept by, lamenting like Despair.

III.

I wiped the tears from her sad eyes,
I hushed her lamentable sighs,
I calmed the pulses of her heart,
I cried no, no, we shall not part!
This dark-winged hour of passion in its flight
Shall open Heaven again, and Love shall rest
In peace, and, like the glory in the west,
Shall kiss the parting clouds with blessed light.

IV.

Ah! fatal ill, to live in strife
With one I love beyond my life;
Should clouds of contumely pass
Twixt hearts that should be as a glass

Each unto each? 'Tis not so wild and drear
When whirlwinds dim the sun, and thunders fly
Between the blue sea and the summer sky,
As when the faith of Love is turned to fear!

V.

Open not the ark of Peace;
Look not forth on stormy seas:
Lest Love's swift wings should flee away.
And come no more for many a day;
Tempt not again the olive-bearing dove
That once had brought ye the fair branch from far,
Lest he should fly where safer coverts are,
From thriftless hearts that have abandoned Love.

VI.

Tender flowerets may outlive
The frosty nights of spring, and thrive;
When the shrilling east-winds cease,
The orchard blossoms bear increase;
But lovers' hearts may not abide the breath
Of angry scorn. Oh! that untimely wind
Sheds their fair youth, and leaves no hope behind,
Save dark Oblivion and the peace of Death.

VII.

Heart to heart again was laid,
I was not sad, nor she afraid;
I kissed her lips, I kissed her brow,
She murmured, "I am happy now."
The winds were slumbering on the breast of Even,
Fainter and fainter grew the wasting rills,
Like youthful tears that weep away their ills;
And one sweet star looked down, like Love, from Heaven.

ASPEN COURT; AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

(A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.)

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

(Continued from page 42.)

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LILIAN AND HER LOVER.

BERNARD CARLYON had ample time during his journey to Lily Nook to review his position in regard to Miss Trevelyan. For the railway, as has been said, crossed the country at a considerable distance from that quiet corner of the world, and when he was dropped at the nearest station, he had some miles to get over as he might. And although not much more subject to the influence of external things than the average of men at his age, he was not much comforted and encouraged by the weary jog-trot of the provincial conveyance which bore him to Lilian. As he crawled along a dusty road, which alternately appeared to him interminable and provokingly short, he reflected, perhaps more seriously than he had compelled himself to do before, upon the rather unfavorable light in which he must, up to that time, stand with the young lady. He had, of course, (who has not?) much faith in his own oratorical powers, but as he grew nearer and nearer to the scene where they must be exercised, they by some agency seemed to him to become less and less respectable, while the facts against which he felt that he had to contend grew more solid and grim. He was convinced that the priest's unfriendly disposition toward him, of which, notwithstanding Heywood's apparent frankness and familiarity of tone, Carlyon was instinctively assured, would have done its worst with Miss Trevelyan, and, unluckily, circumstances had enabled the priest to say a good deal. There was that particularly awkward scene with Mary Maynard, whom Heywood had found in the very arms of Carlyon. This might be explained away to a certain extent, although the story would be a lame one at the best, and it might be difficult to make a delicate nature, like that of Miss Trevelyan, quite comprehend that it was possible for a young lady, moving in decent society, to fling herself so literally at a young gentleman's head as Miss Maynard had been pleased to do in the case of Bernard. Still this might be got over

by dint of indignation at being suspected, and of passionate eloquence. But what was to be said about the actress? Carlyon's conscience acquitted him—or at least discharged him with a Scottish verdict of "not proven"—in the Maynard affair; but he could, by no process of sophism, blind himself to the truth, that he had been carrying on a long and most unhesitating flirtation with the rosy-mouthed Baby Waring, in season and out of season, and that he had crowned it by presenting himself before Lilian in the full flush of his author's triumph, and with the fascinating little actress on his arm, the chosen companion of his hour of exultation. These reflections, presented in all the varieties an ingenious mind could suggest, made the cross-country ride peculiarly agreeable to Bernard Carlyon.

Still he had determined to see Lilian, and he had acted upon that determination the moment he had obtained a clue to her residence. He had been bewildered by the meeting outside the theatre, an encounter which followed so closely upon the excitement of his success, as to confuse, in some measure, his usually rapid perceptions, and to delay his obtaining an interview. For he should, as he told himself at least five thousand times, have instantly followed the carriage, and ascertained Lilian's address; but the suddenness of the meeting, and the sensations it called up for once deprived Carlyon of his presence of mind, and the chance was gone before he remembered that he should have seized it. Baby Waring justly complained of his alternate silence and forced loquacity during that evening's supper, and had a good cry about the coldness with which he took leave of her at her own door without a word about seeing her again. But the pretty young lady's troubles were slight compared to those of Bernard during the next few days, and until, by dint of extreme watchfulness, he caught sight of the priest in St Alban's place, and was apprised by him on evening, in answer to a point-blank question that Miss Trevelyan and her uncle were at Lily Nook. Nor had Bernard been much reassured

by the priest's manner at that interview. He had not invited Carlyon to come down, nor had he made the slightest allusion to the one topic which Heywood knew was agitating the young Secretary, but had talked in his usual keen and scoffing way upon the ordinary subjects of the hour. And—we are strange medleys—the lover, even then, could find time to remember that the author was slighted—not a syllable did Mr. Heywood say about the new piece, though every newspaper (except one, whose critic being an early friend of Carlyon's, naturally grudged him every step up the ladder) had, by cordial eulogy, placed *Love, Honor, and Obey*, among the current matters of town talk.

But Bernard had obtained Lillian's address, and down he went early in the following morning to Lily Nook. He reached it at last, and a glance at the scene we have described told him that he had been directed rightly. As he was giving his card to the domestic, Lillian herself appeared at the French window, and her little foot was on the grass before she perceived Carlyon. A moment, and he was by her side—his heart most unwarrantably throbbing with a conviction that he was all but forgiven, a deduction which he hastily drew from the flush which overspread the beautiful face of Miss Trevelyan, at his greeting.

He took her hand. She did not withhold it, and he felt that his pardon was sealed.

Not so fast, young Secretary.

Lillian did not withdraw her hand, but its pressure upon Carlyon's was so faint as to be unfelt, even by the sensitive nerves of a lover. And she did not reënter the house by the window—bidding him follow her—there would have been, in so slight an act, something of playfulness and familiarity, which he missed—but she remained upon the grass-plot, and calmly expressed a regret that her uncle was too unwell to see a visitor. She was actually polite, and Carlyon was naturally enraged, as he had a right to be.

"My visit is to you, Lillian," he said gravely, and with some surprise in his tone. "Surely I am not to suppose it unwelcome?" A stupid speech—and yet not so stupid, because it afforded her a ready answer, and you should never make unanswerable speeches to people whom you love.

"You have a right to a welcome from any of us," said Miss Trevelyan, "and you know it well. We do not forget services in the time of need. Will you walk into the house?"

"If you please," said Carlyon, for he was now determined to persevere, and he saw that the servant waited—a very little hesitation, and he would have been on the other side of the gate, and he felt this. O! he could follow her through

the window into the drawing-room now, and not gather the slightest comfort from such guidance. And Lillian took a seat very calmly, and he imitated her, except in the calmness. They were alone together for the first time since they had parted at Lynfield—with a kiss. Just then it seemed impossible to Bernard that he could ever have kissed her.

"Lillian," said Bernard, "is it thus that we should meet?"

"No," replied Miss Trevelyan, "we ought not to have met. But though it has been your will that we should do so, and you have a right to dictate, perhaps you will try—I mean, perhaps you will consent to make our interview as little painful as possible." She spoke with a constraint which could not be mistaken.

"I hear your voice, Lillian, but not your words," said Bernard, springing to his feet. "That cold sentence is not yours, but is dictated by an enemy—our enemy. Rights—I have no rights—yes—I *have* the right to ask from you that, at least, you shall speak your own language. I am here to bear any displeasure, to atone for any offense, but I do claim that you censure me, that you condemn me—I will not be answered by another."

"Displeasure—censure!" said Lillian, fixing her blue eyes upon him, with an effort; "why should we have to speak of such things?" she added, mildly.

"Ah! you are well schooled, Lillian, too well," he replied with warmth; "but this must not, shall not be. I have hurried to you the instant that I could discover your retreat, and I have come in all the sincerity which I know, yes, which I see you feel is in my heart, to open that heart to you once more, to implore you to listen to me, to supplicate pardon, and, if you will, penance; but even at your feet I *will* demand that your own heart shall speak. I will not be tortured by language taught you by a priest. Speak to me, Lillian; I entreat you to speak to me as you spoke, when a word from you became the inspiration of my life, when you held out a hope which opened a world to me. Lillian, I must hear *you*." And he took her unresisting hand—but again it answered with no pressure.

"Bernard," she began, and his heart leaped at hearing his name from her lips, "we have a painful task before us—do not let us add to its bitterness. All that has passed must be forgotten—we must now strive to forget one another. I hoped that we should have understood this without such a meeting."

Carlyon's heart should have sunk within him at this announcement, but it came almost harmlessly. So intense a feeling that an impossibility

was proposed to him, a thing that was so monstrous in its injustice and cruelty, that it was not in destiny to enforce it—that his spirit rebelled, and the words passed as if unspoken. He knelt by her side, and with an earnestness of passionate expression, of which an hour before he would have deemed himself incapable, he poured out remonstrance, entreaty, protestation, with the fervor of one who believes in his soul that he is not pleading in vain. Nor was he, so far as his object could be obtained by utterly destroying the calmness with which Lilian had begun their interview. Her agitation became great, the tears flowed out fast from her eyes, but the only words she uttered, the only gestures she made, were those of dissuasion—she begged him to be silent, to rise—to listen. At length, while renewing his declaration of unaltered love, Bernard drew from his neck the chain which he had never ceased to wear since the hour of its gift, and besought her to remember that hour, and the yet dearer one when he gained the right to retain it. And as the little cross met her eye, poor Lilian's resolution gave way, and the next moment she was sobbing upon the breast of her lover. He thought that the fight was won, but he was again in error.

"I am forgiven?" he whispered, after a long pause, a happy one to him.

"I have nothing to forgive," said Lilian, still shaken by her emotion. "Why do you speak of my forgiveness? It is you who must pardon me."

"You, Lilian!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said the beautiful girl, gently extricating herself from his arms; "I do not think it can be wrong to ask your forgiveness for causing you pain, although I am but doing my duty, and doing it," she added, "so weakly."

"You mean, dearest one," said Bernard, "that in receiving me coldly and with displeasure, you were justly rebuking my conduct. It was so, indeed; but may we not forget that now?"

"What conduct, Bernard?" said Lilian, looking up to him with that frank manner which made one of her principal charms, and which now sent the blood to the very forehead of Carlyon; "I have never had cause to complain of you."

"You have never," he repeated slowly—and then a deadly chill came over him, a sensation to which the bitterest reproaches would have brought relief. "One word, Lilian—a short one. You have heard—you have been told nothing which should injure your regard for me?"

"Not one word, Bernard; not one." And there was no doubting the truth of those accents.

"And yet," he said, almost gasping, "you receive me with coldness; you turned away when

we met on the railway; to-day you have spoken of our forgetting one another. Why—what is this mystery?"

"Bernard," she said, with a sort of hysteric cry, partly of surprise, partly of sorrow, "has it not been explained to you? Whose cruelty sent you here?"

"Nay, nay, answer me, answer me," said Bernard, in a fierce, hoarse whisper—"what is this?"

"You do not know that I take the veil?" said Lilian, trembling from head to foot. "He pledged himself to tell you as gently as—Oh! this was a hard, a cruel thing to do. But it is true, Bernard."

Carlyon's lips grew white as ashes, and his eyes seemed to him as if they would set and glaze, but for an incessant effort to preserve their sense. He gazed on Lilian with a look of such intenseness as almost to cause her terror. Then, with a short, wild laugh, he said, almost in a jesting tone—

"No, Lilian, no—you take no veil. Indeed you cannot," he added, in a tone of strange calmness, and as if he were speaking of an ordinary occurrence of life. "You have given me your promise, and it is sacred. We will not speak of the possibility of its being broken."

"That promise was given," said Lilian, sadly, "when—when we were rash, and did not see that we were departing from the path of duty."

"Again," said Bernard quickly, "again I hear sentiments which have been forced upon you by an evil adviser, henceforth my enemy. Why, dearest Lilian, are you lending yourself to do the will of this scheming, heartless man? You had learned to repose your best faith and trust in me; you could write me the strongest and sweetest assurances of your love, yet I find you, as you own, without cause, changed to me, and meditating a cruel and an unhallowed sacrifice, at the bidding of a man who is either the wretched tool of a system, or one who is yet more miserable in his envy of the happiness of others."

"Do not speak of him," said Lilian. "Our duty is prescribed for us by heaven, and man, though he may point it out, and urge us to fulfill it, is not to be blamed, whatever pain may be occasioned by the teaching."

"You could not tell me more plainly," said Carlyon, "what kind of teaching has been practiced upon you, dear Lilian. It is well indeed that we have met before it was too late. Now, as your affianced husband, I am here to rescue you from this tangle of selfishness and priestcraft. Is it possible, dear one, that you can be deluded by the artifices around you? To what fortunate convent is the wealth of Mr.

Heywood's pupil to be given over, or does it go to the order of which he is so worthy a member?"

Lilian looked at him reproachfully for a moment.

"Dearest," he said, smiling, "I understand you reprove me for that Protestant suspicion—you remind me of your own creed. God forbid that I should utter a word to pain you. Your creed, be it what it may, is mine—I will believe what I can, and take the rest for your sake. But your church and those who trade upon her name, are two, and in this you must let me be your guide. Heywood's objects are of the world, worldly, and he would condemn your life to stagnate in the routine of a convent, that your fortune may fall into the hands for which he works."

"My fortune, Bernard!" said Lilian, "that would be a poor prize. It matters little now, but in other times"—she hesitated, and a faint blush rose to her cheek—"I ought to have told you that I was no heiress—there was some idle plan by which you were to make me one, but that is all over."

"And you have no fortune, Lilian?"

"None; indeed I am almost a dependant. So you acquit those whom you have suspected, do you not?"

"No," said Bernard, who was not in a mood to relinquish his suspicions, "on the contrary, I suspect them of a deeper game than I had imagined. But you make me happier by what you tell me."

"That I am poor? And suppose," said Lilian, recurring, despite herself, to the scenes at Lynfield, "suppose that it had not been so, and that I had been rich. Would that have made any difference to you, Bernard?"

"When I look at you, I feel that it would not, Lilian, and that I could bear to be thought and called a fortune-hunter for your sake. But I am far more rejoiced to learn that you are without fortune, for I feel that between me and the happiness I have set before me are many obstacles, which would be greatly increased by your being an heiress. There is a selfish speech for you, dear Lilian, but you will forgive it?"

"Such speeches must be forgiven and forgotten, Bernard, and not renewed," said Miss Trevelyan. "I have told you thus much, in order to prevent your continuing to think unjustly of those who deserve better thoughts. Now we must part, and—why should I disguise it, the parting will be very bitter, for it is parting to meet no more. But so it must be."

"Lilian," said Carlyon, very earnestly, "we shall part, but it *will* be to meet again. For you love me, Lilian."

She looked up imploringly, and with her blue eyes swimming in tears, she tried to speak, but in vain.

"Yes," he said, almost exultingly, "you love me, and in that faith I defy all the treachery of which I now see the signs and traces. A new light has broken upon me, and I have a key to the workings of those who would keep you from me. I shall defeat them, because you are true. You will enter no convent, let priests plot round you as they will, and one day you will be my wife."

Lilian's bright hair glistened in the sunshine, as she shook her head mournfully.

"They may train and school you, Lilian, but your heart is true to me. I came down hither, fearing that malice might have been busy with my name, and that you had been taught to doubt me. It was a shallow and unworthy thought of mine, and for that indeed I beg your forgiveness, for I should have known your noble nature better. They did who craftily abstained from such a course. But in future I will have no fear—you will be true to me—and while I am rendering myself worthy of the highest happiness earth or heaven can give me, I shall have your sympathies and your prayers. Do not answer me, darling; it may be that you have been urged, or even have promised to persevere in language which is not your own, but satisfy your conscience, dearest, that you have done all that was required, and tell your heart that such language fell harmless. You love me, Lilian, and one day you will be mine."

He pressed her to his heart, and heard that her lips were whispering one of the prayers of the church. As she ceased, he said in a low voice—

"For strength, dear one, if you will, but not for forgiveness—the saints to whom you pray have needed it more than you."

"Oh, Bernard!" she said, pressing his hand convulsively, "I am very, very wicked to listen to you."

"The wickedness is with those who have dared to teach you that which thus agitates you, my own Lilian. I would give years of life at once to extricate you from their influence, but if I ask you to bear with the present, it is only that I may prepare a brighter future for you. And, my heart's love, if it were not that I have so firm and abiding a trust in your promise that I were ashamed to seek a formal vow, I would secure you against all their wiles and snares, by asking you at once to become my wife in the sight of the world—but I can trust your courage while I am battling with the world for your sake."

Twice Lilian attempted to reply through her tears, but a mental struggle seemed to check her

utterance. Then her face brightened, a smile came to her lip, and a flush to her brow, as she said—

“Trust me.”

They spoke no more of their love that day, not even as they wandered among the trees, and watched the water-lilies heaving, and the air-bells bubbling up as the large leaves fell lazily back upon the stream. But it was in the excess of their happiness that they talked of the idlest trifles, and perhaps their hearts spoke even more freely through those long pauses of silence, nor even ceased to speak together long after Bernard and Lilian had parted.

I know very well that some of our readers, and more especially young ladies, are thinking that Bernard Carlyon escaped much better than he deserved—and if they had been Lilian, and had seen what she saw at the theatre, and outside of it, they should have had a good deal to say, and would have said it too. Well, and I quite agree with them as to Bernard—but as to the scolding—well, scolding is a very efficient thing, if not overdone, and a young lady with proper pride knows what is due to her, and so forth. All I can plead is, that Lilian is not exactly a young lady with proper pride, or made after that pattern, and what is more, I suppose it was her own business, and that she knew what was the best course to take with her own lover; and I suppose that she had a right to take it. But I see that I shall put myself into a passion on her behalf if I do not end the chapter.

CHAPTER XL.

A PANNIER FULL OF OLD DEMONS.

MR. PAUL CHEQUERBENT, as has been said, was delivered from durance through the final aid of Carlyon, and we have mentioned that he was present in body, if absent in mind, at Angela Livingstone's farewell supper. He had also gone back to Mr. Molesworth's offices, where he was received by his principal, in a careless, forgiving sort of way, Molesworth evidently regarding him as a good-natured *vaurien*, whom he should probably have hastened to get rid of, but for Paul's valuable relations. On the whole, Mr. Chequerbent was not very cheerfully welcomed on his return from the Hotel Jerusalem.

But he could have easily borne that. He had a graver sorrow, and one with which the pretty actress was connected. From the time of her being claimed by Lord Rookbury as his daughter, Paul had grown thoughtful, and it became clear to himself, as it had long been to his friends, that he entertained for Angela a much tenderer regard than he would, in his harmless libertinism

of tongue, cared to allow. He had fancied himself a gay young fellow, amusing himself with a theatrical flirtation, and awoke to find that the flirtation was something earnest, and that its being broken off would render him miserable. This conviction began to keep even Paul awake at nights, and gave him palpitations of the heart when he suddenly looked back to any of the pleasant days he had spent with Angela. It literally drove him to attend to business in order to drown thought, and, to his own astonishment no less than that of his employers, he acquitted himself in two or three small matters very well, and obtained Molesworth's gracious recognition of one of his exploits.

“Well, Mr. Chequerbent, you need n't wait. I don't see that you have blundered this in any way,” a saying which Paul duly treasured up in his memory, to be avenged at leisure.

His finances were rather slender, just then, and he frequented restaurants of a much humbler description than those in which, when richer, he had delighted to recreate himself. One evening he had somewhat hastily dived into the haunt which he had just then adopted—hastily, because he had not even yet been able to divest himself of the idea that London had its eye upon him, and it was rather a compromise of dignity to dine at the “Glaswegian Fortress,” where a curious interview took place.

The Fortress is not strictly a fashionable resort. It is situated in a crowded thoroughfare, but its front is not imposing, being simply that of a narrow public house. Nor is there invitation in its sounds; for enter, and there is a bar, whence fluids of various kinds are continually administered to cabmen, laborers, and a mixed general group, among which the unclean-looking small retailer, hurrying in for his daily dram, looks almost distinguished. There is a good deal of noise—heavy voices indulge in that gruff iteration and reiteration, so dear to the inferior classes, and there is no unfrequent appeal to “Miss” for a light for the pipe of clay. A passage at one side leads to the inner room, and even this passage is invaded by the lounging navigator, or by braces of tradesmen, who take hasty glasses together, toasting, by a toss back of the head, the business which has brought them together, and, without a smile, continuing their discussion as to “the party.” They make way for you, certainly, but look rather insulted that you wish to come in, and look after you, as if to be assured that you are not their debtor, whom it might be well to dun. Push on, however, and force a door, and find yourself in a long, narrow, dingy room, with skylights over one side, and the place divided into boxes, duly

curtained. There is sand upon the floor, and a plentiful presence of those articles into one of which the American gentleman said, remonstratingly, that he should really be obliged to expectorate, if the servant did not abstain from thrusting it near him during his chew. But the table-cloths are very white, and the meats are admirable, and cooked admirably, and the liquors have a reputation, and if anybody, by any possibility, should ever desire to see the *Galwegian Advertiser*, or other of those vast northern journals, four of which would cover Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, he may indulge his eccentricity at the Fortress. Hither come respectable traders of the vicinity, a few lawyers, and that remarkable class called "witnesses," who, by virtue of having to depose to certain facts, or fictions, do for the time clothe themselves with the whole dignity of the law, and shout, stare, swagger, and swear, until such distinction and the liquor are too much for them, and the witnesses only give evidence of intoxication.

Mr. Chequerbent had retired to this unpretending refectory one evening, and, having duly administered to the wants of exhausted nature, (who found herself materially revived by a series of splendid chops, for the like of which the clubman, with all his silver forks, and his *serviettes*, and his finger-glasses, might sigh in vain,) was reading the "advertisement half" of a newspaper over and over, until the "inside," with the leaders and theatrical criticisms, should be disengaged. The gentleman with the coveted portion of the journal was a slow student, and Paul grew rather irritable as he observed him, after going carefully through the debate in Parliament, begin it again, folding up the paper doggedly, and setting himself resolutely to understand what that finance discussion was really about.

"Stupid blockhead!" muttered Paul, "why don't he take yesterday's paper? It would be quite new enough for such a donkey."

"Here is to-day's, sir," said a voice, "and quite at your service."

The speaker was a fine-looking man, as even Paul himself admitted. He was in a box opposite to Mr. Chequerbent's, and handed the paper across with a smile which might be held as an apology for answering Paul's self-communing.

"This is your own private newspaper I think, sir," said Mr. Chequerbent, who was always very polite in dialogue, though his monologues were sometimes personal. "Pray do not let me trespass on your courtesy."

"You are perfectly welcome to it," said the stranger, "and if I should go before you have mastered all its wisdom, give it to our common friend, Bernard Carlyon, for me."

"Ah! you know Carlyon. A fine fellow, is he not?" said Paul.

"He is," said the other, "and a successful fellow, and deserves to be so, for his perseverance."

"Perseverance is a grand thing," said Paul, who had been so awed by its grandeur throughout life, that he had never been familiar with it. "When did you see Bernard Carlyon?"

"Last night. I rather think he has gone down to a place of mine in the country to-day. He will be quite at home, though I am not there to receive him."

"He finds friends every where," said Mr. Chequerbent.

"So may anybody," said the stranger, "who will make them. As a rule, I find people very well inclined to me, so long as I wish it, and they must be in a deuce of a hurry if they are tired of the acquaintance first."

There was a cynical ill-nature about this speech which pleased Paul, and he determined to remember it for his own use—meantime he had to show himself worthy to have such brilliant epigrams said to him, so he replied—

"Easier to make friends than to keep them, eh?"

"Some people find it so. What a draught there is from this skylight. I will finish my wine at your table, if you'll let me," he added, changing his seat. "But don't let me interrupt your political studies."

"Oh!" said Paul, "I've read the debate, and I don't want to read what the newspaper editor can tell me about public questions."

"You are right. If you have read last night's debate, you have had all the editorial articles—of yesterday morning."

"Well," said Paul, "I suppose the members do cram from the press a good deal."

"Yes," said the other, "and if they would only say their lessons accurately, the discussions would not be so helpless as they are, generally speaking; but a crammed member usually, like Canning's 'Clumsy Courtenay,'

'Mars the speech he steals.'

"Devilish clever fellow was Canning," said Paul, by way of original comment.

"He was, and that is why they did right in making that Westminster statue of his—the green one—look contemptuously away from the scene of his triumphs. They say Westmacott did not mean it, but the satire ought to prevent any alteration of the arrangement. I suppose, by the way, that your friend Carlyon means to get into Parliament some day."

"I don't know how he means to manage it,

then," said Paul, "for, although he is in comfortable circumstances, I do not suppose that he has got any money to spend in bribery, and that sort of thing."

"Besides the grand entrance to the new palace of Westminster," said the stranger, "there are side doors."

"I hardly know which you call the grand entrance," said the literal Paul, who did not understand his companion. "There's the Hall, and there's the Victoria Tower, and the Peer's entrance."

"That's the way Carlyon will go in," interrupted the stranger, smiling.

"How do you mean," said Paul. "Does he turn out to be the—he was always rather mysterious—but you are joking."

The stranger laughed just so heartily as not to displease Paul, and replied—

"The heir to a peerage? No, no—at least, not so far as I know; for you, Mr. Chequerbent, are more intimate with him than myself."

"You know my name—I was going to ask you where we had met."

"I saw you in Cursitor-street, with another acquaintance of mine, Mr. Kether, and we had some slight introduction; but you had important business to attend to, and were in a hurry—I dare say you scarcely noticed me—my name is Heywood."

Paul did not look altogether comfortable at this, for he remembered that he had only been in that street which, for short, is called cursed—especially by enforced residents—once with Mr. Kether, and doubted not but that his companion had seen him emerging from the Aaronic portals. Heywood saw this.

"Kether afterward told me your business there, which was an errand of kindness—to assist some poor little clerk who had got himself locked up. I hope you succeeded in ultimately releasing him."

Mr. Chequerbent's conscience struck him. Poor little Mooter, to aid whom he had made so many vows when they were fellow-captives, but whom he had forgotten, as the chief-butler did Joseph. But he inwardly applauded Kether's tact in telling Mr. Heywood such a falsehood, applause which, as it happened, that Mr. Leon Kether had done nothing to earn.

"We shall, I hope, manage the poor little fellow's affair," said Paul hastily, "but he has been very indiscreet, and reposed trust where he should not have placed it. I need not tell a man of the world," added Paul, with his best air of shrewdness, "what that sort of folly comes to."

"Ha!" replied the other, humoring Paul's affectation. "But we were speaking of Carlyon.

I was just going to say, for don't let me give you a false impression about him, that it is not as the son of a peer that I suppose he will enter Parliament. However, you are pretty near the mark, for I conclude that it will be as a peer's son-in-law."

"The deuce," said Paul. "He never told me that."

"Well, in that case," said Heywood, "I have no right, perhaps, to speak, but if I rely on your discretion, I know that you will not get me into trouble. Hear it from himself, please, not from me—you understand."

"Certainly," said Paul; "but you have not told me what peer it is."

"Has he so large an acquaintance among the aristocracy, then, that you can be in much doubt? Did you not go down with him into the county where his noble friend lives?"

"Do you mean to Aspen Court? No, I did not go there; I had an important engagement at the time," (so our Paul described Mrs. Sellinger's ball and the police-cell,) "and I was obliged to remain in town. But his noble friend! why, they have not been and made old Wilmslow a lord!"

"You seem to have a hankering for new creations," said Heywood, laughing. "But why need we make peers while Lord Rookbury is extant?"

"Lord Rookbury!" exclaimed Paul. "But he has no daughters."

"It is not material to the purpose that he should have more than one, and that solitary happiness he has certainly attained, as you know better than most people."

Poor Paul's heart gave a great beat, and he became very white, and then gulped a huge mouthful of mahogany-colored brandy and water, and then tried to laugh. "A whole pannier-full of old devils," to adopt the phrase of Alcofribas, was suddenly upset into his system, and they would have gone to work on the instant, but that a comforting thought occurred to him, and they had to be quiet for a minute.

"O, yes," he said, with an exceedingly miserable smile, decidedly made by distortion, and not by pleasure, "Lord Rookbury has lately discovered and claimed a daughter under very romantic circumstances. She had been neglected, it seems."

"The romance, though, was in the atonement for the neglect," said Heywood. "Such neglect itself, I fancy, is common enough among gentlemen who happen to be so organized as not to be fond of children."

"He will, of course, provide for her in some way," said Paul.

"I should rather imagine he would," said the other, "and nobly, for it is not one of Lord Rookbury's particularly numerous vices to ill-treat his family. The young lady is a prize worth carrying off, and I wish the gallant Bernard all happiness."

Paul did not look as if he wished the gallant Bernard any thing of the kind.

"Why," he said, "I know her well, and she is a very good and charming girl; but when you speak of a prize, in a worldly way, I do n't know that the fortune of a natural daughter will be any such great matter."

"A natural daughter!" repeated Heywood; "my dear sir, do n't you know better than that?"

"Better than what?" said Paul, angrily; and indeed he felt himself within an ace of bursting out very rudely. "How do you mean, better?"

"You are an intimate friend of the lady, I believe," said Heywood, with a studied tone of deference. "You seem, or choose to seem, ignorant of certain circumstances—I am hardly aware whether I should be serving her interests by saying what you, of all persons, should know without my information."

"So you should," whispered one of the demons to Paul, who immediately conceived wrath against poor little Angela for keeping secrets from him. But he was too much in earnest not to go on.

"I am," he said, "very sincerely interested in Miss Livingstone, and I should be delighted to hear of her welfare; why I have not heard of it I do not know, but you may rely upon my discretion, as you said just now."

"Then," said Heywood, "is it possible that you do not know that you have no longer any right to call her Miss Livingstone?"

"Is—*is* she married already?" said poor Paul, in a high voice, and with his eyes opened to an owl's stare. How he showed his whole hand to Heywood! if that player had needed to look over the cards.

"No, not yet," said Heywood, affecting not to notice the other's agitation; "and what Carlyon's rapidity as a wooer may be, remains to be seen. But, in the meantime, if you have any aristocratic friends who happen to be the younger sons of marquesses, you can inform them that the lady who was Miss Livingstone now takes precedence over their wives."

"I do n't understand," said Paul, so piteously, that he ought to have softened his tormentor.

"She is an earl's daughter, sir, and will be known, until Mr. Carlyon's pleasure to the contrary be signified, as the Lady Anna Rookton. She was originally christened Anne, it seems, so they have reverted to that name, a little digni-

fied, and have thrown over the play-bill prettiness of Angela, which I think shows good taste."

"Do you mean to say," asked Paul, writhing on the hard carpeted bench, "that she is the earl's legitimate child, and going to be acknowledged?"

"It appears," said Heywood, "that almost instantly after the death of the first Lady Rookbury, who had been a widow, and by whom there is one child, Lord Dawton, the earl found a second. It is said that the lady was of humble birth, but of proud virtue, or there would have been no marriage in the case. As to her early death, and the accidental mislaying of the young person who was the result of the union, there are various stories, and I should not very much wonder if you knew more about them than I do. But by-gones are to be by-gones, I hear, and Miss Livingstone, as aforesaid, is to be Lady Anna Rookton, until your friend makes her Lady Anna Carlyon, which is as pretty a couple of names as you will find in the peerage."

"By —," cried Paul, dashing his hand furiously upon the table, and making the glasses ring and the audience stare, "I knew nothing about this." He was going to cry, but he swallowed down his emotions (if his gesture were an exponent of the process) and added, in a vicious manner, and with elaborate articulation of all four words—

"Very well. Never mind."

"I hope, my dear sir," said Mr. Heywood, "that I have not been the innocent cause of exciting any displeasure in you against the lady or your friend."

"Oh—no—not at all—not at all," said Paul, with a forced calmness; clearly "inventing" (according to modern rule) the sentiment of Othello's celebrated "not a jot."

"And I know it is needless to remind you, that what I have said is strictly between ourselves."

"Oh, of course," said Paul, snappingly. "But the recognition will be no secret, I suppose. What your precious lords do is proclaimed in the servile press to all the toadeaters of the country." Thus it will be seen that private wrong converted even the aristocratic Paul into a furious democrat.

"Not at present," said Heywood. "In fact, the earl, for reasons of his own, wishes the affair kept as quiet as possible until Lord Dawton comes of age; and although the foolery of that manager, Phosphor, made the matter town-talk at the moment, it has blown over now, and there is to be no new publicity. So you will see that you will oblige your friend, Lady Anna, by knowing nothing but what you are told by her. I

have, of course," he reiterated, "your promise not to mention me—your promise as a high-bred gentleman, as well as a man of the world."

Those two epithets were too much for Paul, even in his affliction, and he actually put his hand into his tormentor's in sign of good faith. Heywood pressed it cordially.

"You must not be offended," he said, in a kindly voice, "if I say another word; for your manifestation of feeling, which it would be impossible to overlook, affects me. I am a much older man than yourself, and one whose vocation is to advise and console. You look at my costume, but *cucullus non facit monachum*, you know."

Paul did not know any thing of the sort, or what the words meant; nor did he much care just then, for he was very miserable.

"I am a clergyman; but not one of those spiritual surgeons who refuse to look at certain wounds, and only call them bad names. It is evident to me that you have been grieved by what I have told you, and that you deem yourself wronged by one or both of your friends."

"Oh, wronged. No: certainly not wronged. Who am I? People have a right to kick away old friends when they please, I suppose," jerked out Paul, who, between grief, rage, and mahogany-colored brandy-and-water, was getting reckless; and I do not believe that even the temperance orator, Mr. Gough himself, could have orationed him out of ordering another huge steaming potion. Heywood did not try, remembering, of course, that Rome does not deny brandy to the laity.

"Certainly, my dear friend—if you will permit me to call you so. If we had not that right, the world would be very disagreeable. But there are kindnesses which should not be forgotten, and you know best whether you have done them to either Lady Anna or Mr. Carlyon."

"Why, Carlyon would never have had his play out, and made such a reputation, but for me," cried Paul. Let us lay this curious mode of stating the case to the brandy, recollecting that it was certainly the fact, inasmuch as Bernard put his play on the stage to pay Paul's debts. "And as for Angela," he continued, "for I'm not going to call her Lady Anna, so you need not ask me to do it, and there's an end—no, there is not an end. The money I've spent in taking that girl out on the water, and to dinners, and the things I have given her"—and he mused, and made a great A on the table with some of the liquor that was spilt, and then he wiped it out, indignantly, with his sleeve.

"Ingratitude is the common lot," said Heywood.

"Yes, but Angy and Carlyon were not a common lot," said Paul, making a jest which even his misery could hardly excuse. "They were two people, whom I had put my confidence into—in, I mean," he added, for the ends of his speech were losing their precision.

"But," said Heywood, "might I ask what very great harm they have done you. It is my duty not to let strife be stirred up without a cause. Lady Anna—you will allow me to call her so—has hitherto, in obedience to her father, probably, delayed to tell you the news, but you have known her a long time, and cannot think that she would willingly act unkindly."

"You are right," said Paul, "you are a true comforter; and if all the parsons were like you—but that's neither here nor there. Of course, you are right, that's the key to the whole affair; she is a good, dear girl, and I should like to hear anybody say she is not."

"I should not," said Heywood, quietly. "And then Carlyon, as Lady Anna's lover, could not do otherwise than—"

Such a bang upon the table!

"He her lover! He! Who's Carlyon? Who's he! Why should he call himself her lover? What right has he to do it? Carlyon her lover! Carlyon, myeye! Carlyon, myelbow! Carlyon—"

It is impossible to say what further illustrations Mr. Chequerbent might have devoted to the garnishment of his subject, had he not been interrupted by Heywood.

"My dear sir," he said, "calm your excitement, because it can do you no good, and may do you harm. Lady Anna, or Miss Angela, if you will, would regret that you made her name the subject of loud talk in a public tavern."

Paul was instantly brought down to an intense whisper, in which, and with hideous grimaces, he apprised Heywood, leaning over to his ear to be sure he was heard, that Bernard Carlyon was an incarnate fiend.

"But," added Paul, louder, and for the general information of the room, "a perfecgenelam an a damlibralflo." But only the pen of Percival Leigh (who daguerreotypes the tipsy oratory of Reform Clubbers, and others, to the delight of mankind) could do justice to our friend's later speeches. The brandy and the excitement had done their work, and Paul became bland, and smiling, and what is called by tragedians kee-alm, quite kee-alm.

"Of all stupid habits, that of getting tipsy is the most foolish," moralized the priest, throwing back his curls from his noble forehead. "One is useful neither for good nor for harm, not to mention indigestion. On the whole, I am glad that my failings did not take that direction. I

should not like anybody to see my eyes gazing at the cigar lamp in the way that fellow's are fixed. Decidedly, drunkenness is a mistake." And the splendid violet eyes of which he had spoken, looked steadily and contemptuously on the face of the helpless Paul, who was certainly in a very advanced stage of mooniness. Yet, all things considered, it might be a question which of the two were the most satisfactory spectacle to any higher Intelligence just then passing by—the finely-gifted man, who, with a view to ultimate mischief, had been condescending to tor-

ment a foolish boy—or that boy himself, who had only yielded to the torment, drunk himself insensible to end all other evils. We will not strike a balance, the less that Mr. Heywood, finding Paul incapable of taking care of himself, or of giving any more available direction than "Ole-bogey, sir, thaswhere I live," good-naturedly took him away to St. Alban's Place. The monks were always hospitable, which is more than can be said of divers folk who live on the plunder of monasteries.

[To be continued.]

JERUSALEM.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Faint shines the moon, Jerusalem!
Upon the hills that wore
Thy glory once, their diadem,
Ere Judah's reign was o'er;
The stars on hallowed Olivet
And over Zion burn,
But when shall rise thy splendor set?
Thy majesty return?

The peaceful shades that wrap thee now
Thy desolation hide;
The moonlit beauty of thy brow
Restores thine ancient pride;
Yet there, where Rome thy Temple rent,
The dews of midnight wet
The marble dome of Omar's tent,
And Akse's minaret.

Thy strength, Jerusalem, is o'er,
And broken are thy walls;
The harp of Israel sounds no more
In thy deserted halls.
But where thy Kings and Prophets trod,
Triumphant over Death
Behold the living Soul of God—
The Christ of Nazareth!

The halo of his presence fills
Thy courts, thy ways of men;
His footsteps on thy holy hills
Are beautiful as then;
The prayer, whose bloody sweat betrayed
His human agony,
Still haunts the awful olive shade
Of old Gethsemane.

Woe unto thee, Jerusalem!
Slayer of Prophets, thou,
That in thy fury stonest them
God sent, and sends thee now;—
Where thou, O Christ! with anguish spent,
Forgave thy foes, and died,
Thy garments yet are daily rent—
Thy soul is crucified!

They darken with the Christian name
The light that from thee beamed,
And by the hatred they proclaim
Thy spirit is blasphemed;
Unto thine ear the prayers they send
Were fit for Bellial's reign,
And Moslem scimitars defend
The temple they profane.

Who shall rebuild Jerusalem?
Her scattered children bring
From Earth's far ends, and gather them
Beneath her sheltering wing?
For Judah's sceptre broken lies,
And from his kingly stem
No new Messiah shall arise
For lost Jerusalem!

But let the wild ass on her hills
Its foal unfrighted lead,
And by the source of Kedron's rills
The desert adder breed;
For where the love of Christ has made
Its mansion in the heart,
He builds in pomp that will not fade,
Her heavenly counterpart.

How long, O Christ! shall men obscure
Thy holy charity—
How long the godless rites endure,
Which they bestow on thee?
Thou, in whose soul of tenderness
The Father's mercy shone,
Who came, the sons of men to bless
By Truth and Love alone.

The suns of eighteen hundred years
Have seen thy reign expand,
And Morning, on her pathway, hears
Thy name in every land;
But where thy sacred steps were sent
The Father's will to bide,
Thy garments yet are daily rent—
Thy soul is crucified!

WILLOW-DALE;

OR, THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

CHAPTER I.

"And naught could the lady's beauty match;
An it were not the lady's pride—
A thousand knights from far and near
Rode at the lady's side."

"And she with her bright eye seemed to be
The star of the goodly companie."

A FEW weeks and my little girl shall have a mother!"

The scene was the portico of a fair southern mansion, and the speaker was a proud, noble-looking man of about thirty-five. I would have you now, at this starting point, impress the place upon your memory. Willow-Dale was an aristocratic southern dwelling. It would have been called a manor-house in merrie England. It took its name from its romantic and beautiful situation. It stood in a pleasant valley. High mountains hemmed it in on either side, and in front, intersected by the carriage-drive, stretched sunny and beautiful pleasure-grounds, level, for the most part, but here and there swelling into mounds, and gently-sloping hills. The fairest flowers of the south bloomed here. There were groves of orange trees, and graceful magnolias with their rich, odorous blossoms. Then there were camelias and jasmines, and little tufts of mignonnette, and nice, bright-eyed, honest-looking English violets. In the rear the mansion glided by a pleasant river, on whose broad, fair bosom, sunbeams and moonbeams loved to linger, and where the water-nymphs sang merrily as they moored their shallops of lotus-flowers, or glided onward with their singing, toward the wild and wonderful sea. On both banks of this pleasant river grew a fringe of drooping willows, bending low, and dipping their long, plume-like leaves in the silver waves. It so happened that the fringe of willows only bordered that part of the river which formed the rear-boundary to the immense estate of the proud De Wiltons, and it was from this circumstance that the plantation took the name of Willow-Dale.

Harold De Wilton, the present proprietor, was the richest man in all Georgia, and he bore his honors with the lofty, unbending indifference of

a Spanish cavalier. It was by his marriage that he had acquired nearly half of his possessions. Early in life he had led to the altar, the beautiful Alice Carlyle, whose broad land lay contiguous to his own. Alice was, like himself, an only child, and her estates were nearly equal in value to those of Willow-Dale. There were not wanting busy tongues who said that it was this circumstance alone which led to the marriage; but surely never was there a fairer bride than the lady Alice, in her gentle, womanly loveliness, and never was there a truer or a fonder heart than the one she surrendered in meek, unquestioning devotion to her stately husband.

Five years after their marriage their first child was born; but the same hour that gave Aymee De Wilton to her father's arms, the pure soul of the young wife went forth from her couch of suffering to the better and more enduring rest of heaven. There were gossips at Willow-Dale as well as at Ryefield; and the gossips said that Harold De Wilton grieved far less over his meek wife's death, than at the failure of a male heir to his estates. The conditions imposed upon him at his marriage were such that whether he or his wife should be the first to die, the survivor would inherit the whole of both estates, which would inalienably descend in regular succession to their child or children; thus, unless one or the other of them should die childless, effectually debarring the issue of a second marriage from any portion, either in the estates of Willow-Dale, or the contiguous lands of Mont Mary. Therefore it was that the birth of Aymee De Wilton seemed to her proud father an occasion of regret rather than rejoicing, for he had wished a son of his might live and die upon his broad lands, and transmit his name to his descendants.

He was walking back and forth in his parlor when the nurse entered with a babe in her arms. "Your daughter, Mr. De Wilton," she said, as she approached him. For an instant his brow was dark with a frown, and then, recollecting himself, he said, half carelessly—"and Mrs. De Wilton, how is *she*?"

"Deadly sick, sir," was the reply, "but we hope she may get up a little by and by."

"Very well, tell her I will be with her shortly, and take this queer little thing back now, or she'll get cold."

The nurse vanished, and the new-made father continued his slow and moody walk. His reflections were clearly not of an agreeable nature, and his promise to his wife was apparently forgotten, when once more the nurse entered the room; this time with a sadder face and a hesitating step. "O sir," she exclaimed, "for heaven's sake, hasten quickly. Your wife wants to see you, and she is dying!"

The now startled man rushed from the room, up-stairs, and was at his wife's bedside, before the last words had died on the nurse's white lips.

"Alice, poor child, how do you find yourself?" he said gently, bending over her bedside, but there was no answer, though her white hands groped after the bed-clothes, and her brow was not yet chill with the damp of death.

"Alice—my wife," he said, gently kissing her, "don't you know me—your own husband, darling?"

Seldom in all their married life had he spoken to her so affectionately, and the words and the kiss seemed a spell to call back her wandering soul; for she opened her blue eyes, and said very faintly—

"Is it you, dearest Harold? I cannot see you. Will you please to lift my head one little moment upon your breast! You will love our baby, wont you, Harold—and please, my husband, think kindly of me when I am gone!"

And once more she closed her eyes, and seemed to sleep, but it was a slumber from which those blue eyes never unclosed, until the sunshine of heaven had tinged their golden fringes. Alice Carlyle De Wilton was dead!

The widowed husband sent all the attendants from the room, and for one long hour he remained alone in the chamber of death. Who shall say what remorse, what penitence, what suffering, what prayers for forgiveness, the records of that hour bore up to heaven! But at its close he came forth unchanged in outward seeming, with the same cold brow and stately step, nor were the tones of his voice softened ever so slightly, as he calmly gave orders about the burial. But he was a kind father, as far as indulgences of the purse can constitute kindness. The infant child immediately assumed in his eyes the importance of the future heiress of Willow-Dale and Mont Mary, and he gave orders that the most constant attention should be bestowed upon her, and the lightest of her childish wishes should meet its fulfillment.

Harold De Wilton, at his wife's death, was not

yet thirty years of age. He was what a person of mature and refined taste would call strikingly handsome, but he was not a young lady's "love of a man" by any means. He had broad, square shoulders; a tall, manly figure; a fully developed chest; black hair, thick, and somewhat curly; and large piercing black eyes.

His wife had been a gentle, blue-eyed blonde, with a clear, transparent skin, a light, graceful figure, and natural curls of sunny, golden hair. With a shade or two more of self-confidence, and a tithe less singleness of heart, Alice Carlyle might have been a country belle; as it was, she had loved her future husband from her earliest childhood, and her sweet face lighted up the cottages of the poor and suffering, far oftener than the spacious halls

"Where youth and pleasure meet
To chase away the glowing hours with flying feet."

If her married life had been unhappy she had certainly borne her trials meekly and uncomplainingly; and if Harold De Wilton had been to some extent an unloving, he certainly had not been an unkind husband. His lady's wishes had been regarded with scrupulous exactness, and if the cold stateliness with which he handed her a chair, and addressed her as "Mrs. De Wilton," had chilled her heart sometimes, he certainly had not pained her by bestowing any tenderer tones upon another. If he was a cold, and stern, he certainly was not a *bad* man.

As the little Aymee grew older, his heart appeared to soften. It might have been in part the memory of his dead wife, whose very counterpart was Aymee; but it was even more owing to the influence of the gentle, fearless child's deep love for him. Save the quadroon who was her constant attendant, her loving heart had no one else to cling to; and to *her*, her father seemed the embodiment of all that was noble and good. She would climb into his lap, and sit there for hours, with her white, dimpled arms wound around his neck, and her large, starry, blue eyes fondly upturned to his face. And her father grew at last to return her love, and to turn to her with an exceeding tenderness.

The little Aymee was five years old when the proprietor of Willow-Dale first took his seat in the Senate-chamber of his native land. He was well fitted to attain to political as well as social eminence. To his richly-stored mind was united a proud name, and a commanding and stately person. His manners were the very beau-ideal of courtesy and refinement, and his great wealth secured him the suffrages of those whom neither gifts nor learning have power to sway.

It was during his first winter at Washington that Senator De Wilton met Edith Trevanion.

She was with the family of Senator Floyd, from Virginia. "Permit me to introduce you to Mrs. Floyd," said the senator one night, as De Wilton stood in the heavy shadow of a curtained window at the White House, watching the gay groups that thronged the brilliantly-lighted rooms.

"With pleasure," was the reply; and taking his friend's arm, they passed through the hall, and out into an ante-room. "You don't mean to say *that* is Mrs. Floyd," cried De Wilton, with rather an eager expression for a married woman to elicit, and a slightly quizzical glance at the good-humored, but certainly rather plain countenance of his companion.

"Hush, hush, don't speak so loud, they'll hear you. Yes, certainly, that little woman with blue eyes, and pearls in her hair is Mrs. Floyd, and that other one standing near her is a friend of ours. But here we are!"

A smile of something very like pleasure lit up the southerner's handsome face, as he understood that the beauty who had so attracted him, was not Mrs. Floyd, or Mrs. anything else, but plain Edith Trevanion. Of course this pleasure was very unselfish and disinterested, for what could this stranger be to him.

He went through the introduction with his usual haughty grace, and then, offering his arm to the two ladies, he strolled around the pleasant rooms, for a promenade. Of course his chief attention was directed to Mrs. Floyd, but somehow after the interview was over, he managed to forget the greatest part of what that very excellent little lady had been saying, while he retained a vision, quite palpable in its distinctness, of a small white hand that just touched his own, and a haughty, sparkling face, whose crimson-threaded lips had scarcely parted the whole evening. It was certainly nothing strange that he should have a little business to transact with Senator Floyd, the next morning, and it was very natural that Mrs. Floyd's beautiful friend should be mentioned in the conversation which ensued; and thus De Wilton learned her history, and it was one which touched and interested him deeply. Edith was the daughter of an expatriated Englishman of noble family. He had married an Italian singing girl, very beautiful, but with fierce passions, and an unbridled will; and some said there was a taint of Gipsy blood in her veins; that far away back, among her ancestors, there had been an intermarriage with a wandering daughter of Egypt. Be this as it may, the mother of Edith Trevanion was born in sunny Italy, and from these mixed races had the young girl sprung, with their passion in her heart, and their fire in her eye.

Her mother had eloped, when Edith was quite

young, with a handsome naval officer, and two years after, her father fell in a duel, thus leaving her doubly orphaned. Colonel Trevanion had left enough from the ruins of his once fine estate to educate his child, and he gave directions that it should be thus applied, thinking that a thorough education would fit her to secure for herself an independence as a teacher. But Edith was older than her years, and when, at twelve years old, she entered the establishment of Madame d'Arblay, it was with the firm resolution of never becoming a governess. Time passed on, and she formed an intimate friendship with little blue-eyed Sophie Howard, the future lady of Senator Floyd.

Never could there have been a wider contrast between two friends. Sophie was a slight, timid, shrinking creature, with a very kind heart, and a natural grace of manner, but with very little strength of mind or person. She was the most confiding being in the world, and entirely without that acuteness of penetration, which a phrenologist would say arises from large causality. Very different was Edith. And here, looking back upon her in her youth and comparative innocence, I have been sometimes disposed to withdraw from her the severity of my condemnation, and blame, instead, the circumstances which gave their strong bias to her character, certainly helped to make her what she was. She gave evidence in her versatility of mind, as well as in the singular character of her face, of the mixed blood that flowed in her veins. There were so many conflicting elements in her character. She possessed great strength as well as great acuteness of intellect, and an immense amount of energy, where energy was necessary to the accomplishment of her purposes; and yet, she was naturally very indolent and fond of ease. "She has the faculties of an angel," said Spurzheim, when she chanced to be present at one of his lectures, "and the evil is stronger yet," he added with a sigh.

I have sometimes asked myself whether, inheriting, as she did from her father, a vigorous and powerful mental organization, and from her mother weak principles and strong passions, her course was rather to be pitied than condemned. But I beg pardon. I am moralizing, and that was what Edith Trevanion certainly did not do. In attaching herself to gentle Sophie Howard, her motives were not wholly selfish. It is true that Sophie was an heiress, and that by her means the orphan designed to secure for herself a home and a position without the trials of governing; yet it is also true that she really liked the gentle girl, and mingled with her half contempt for Sophie's want of worldly wisdom,

and intellectual acuteness, was a sincere and unaffected respect for the strong faith, fervent piety, and changeless consistency of her friend. Sophie had all the southern warmth of heart, and when she left school to become the wife of Senator Floyd, whose ward and betrothed she had been, almost from childhood, she took Edith with her as her bridesmaid, and kept her as a beloved sister and cherished companion, to share the home of her wifehood.

Senator Floyd was well pleased with this, as indeed he would have been with any arrangement which gave pleasure to his dove-eyed Sophie. His little wife was his pet, his darling, and though Miss Trevanion was cordially welcome to his home, and though he admired her beauty, yet he pronounced her quite too grandiloquently superior and stately for his taste, and declared his sweet Sophie was worth a dozen of her. Such was the character, and such the position of the girl to whom Harold De Wilton irretrievably lost his heart at the first meeting. It would be time wasted, were I to attempt a full description of her personal appearance. So many pen-portraits are given, and so universally are the heroines of novels dowered with beauty, that in the world of *books* Edith Trevanion would be but one among many, while in the world of reality she was a star, and the brightest that ever rose upon Washington.

It seems but an old story to say her complexion was of a clear olive, and her eyes large and deeply black, and yet *such* eyes, and *such* a complexion are hardly seen once in a cycle of centuries. Her long purplish-black hair was always folded in heavy bands about her graceful, haughty head, and her figure, with the tiny feet, and the clear, transparent little hands, was the very impersonation of elegance and dignity. But I think it was more than any thing else the mysterious charm of her voice and manners which enthralled the aristocratic Georgian. In society she seldom spoke, but when she did, her voice was unlike any thing human. As you heard it you dreamed of organ-music, in dim old cathedrals; or, if her tone was gayer, the tinkling melody in some sea-shell, lined with pearls. I said she seldom spoke, but her silence was never the silence of diffidence or humility—it savored more of the proud disdain of a prince among peasants. Her long eye-lashes drooped languidly over her strange deep eyes, as if no scene on earth was worth the trouble of lifting them, and to blame or praise she was alike proudly indifferent.

For eighteen months had Harold De Wilton's pride been subdued in her presence—for eighteen months had he been her devoted attendant, and

yet never had he breathed in her ear one word of love. He dared not thus familiarly approach into the statuesque majesty of her presence. And yet Edith Trevanion had resolved to be his wife. She was not ignorant of the circumstances under which he had married. She knew that her children, if she had any, must be portionless, and more yet, she *did not love Harold De Wilton*. But it was inexpressibly galling to her proud spirit to be the recipient of charity, and as such she could not avoid considering herself, despite Sophie's earnest love and disinterested friendship. Her position was well known, both in Virginia and at the capital, and many who would otherwise have been her suitors, on this account stood aloof from her, and she, though she passed proudly on, turning afar-off the glances of her fine eyes, yet saw and felt all these slights most acutely. But by a marriage with Senator De Wilton she could immediately place herself in a position scarcely second to any in the land, and become as much the object of homage, as she had formerly been the recipient of indifference.

For each and all of these reasons she determined, as I have said, to become the wife of her high-born admirer, and this was why she had made the months of his probation so very long—why she had treated him with such studied coldness. She was poor and proud, and she would not be won unsought—she would make him feel that *she* only conferred an obligation upon him, and she succeeded. At last the time seemed ripe for a declaration, and she very easily managed that Mrs. Floyd should be obliged to leave a pleasant party, at the very time when *she* was engaged for six cotillions; and Mr. De Wilton, being so much the friend of the family, nothing was more natural than that he should offer his carriage to escort her home.

Moved by the unusual graciousness of her manner, he proposed, and was accepted; but still, when he pleaded for an early marriage, the strange girl would answer, "not yet," and it was six months ere he could win her rosy lips to name the day.

Then he left her side and hastened home to ascertain, by personal inspection, that his steward and housekeeper had arranged all things in fit order for the reception of his beautiful bride, and then it was, that bidding his Aymee good-bye, he remarked—"A few weeks, and *my little girl shall have a mother*."

Aymee De Wilton was now a fair child of seven, and the one great grief of her heart had always been that she was motherless. Elsie, her quadroon nurse, had often led her into the pleasant library, and drawing away a curtain from before

the picture of a fair, happy-looking, blue-eyed girl, had lifted the little one up to look upon it, and told her the story of that gentle mother, who died that she might live. But of late, by her father's express request, Elsie had changed the theme from the dead mother in the churchyard, to the beautiful living mother, who was so soon to become the mistress of Willow-Dale. And a bright light stole into Aymee De Wilton's large blue eyes, and a new joy rang out with the clear, rich tones of her childish laugh. Sweet little Aymee!

The master of Willow-Dale bade his little daughter good-bye, and turned from the door of his splendid mansion with a wild joy lying warm at his heart. He had never dreamed but that Edith Trevanion loved him, and yet, beyond her graceful and dignified acceptance of his suit, he had nothing to warrant this belief. Never once had those proudly-curved lips been pressed to his own—never had the fair, peach-like cheek crimsoned at his approach, or the small hand trembled in his clasp. But his heart thrilled now, for he was dreaming that in a few days more, that proud, stately beauty would be all his own—that his would be the right to clasp that graceful waist, to look into those dark eyes, and something whispered that the cold music of her silver voice would soften into tenderness, when the name she called was her husband's. And yet dream on! Soon enough will come the awakening.

CHAPTER II.

When earth, and heaven, and all things seem
So lovely for our sakes, it is a sin
Not to be happy.

Men look on death as lightning, always far
Off, or in Heaven! *FESTUS.*

There was a gorgeous bridal at the residence of Senator Floyd. It was the hazy Indian summer, and the whole earth seemed full of light and beauty. Sun-rays flooded the pleasant chamber where Sophie Floyd was busily adorning the fair bride. Sunlight floated over the velvet curtains and crimson drapery—tinted the gorgeous pictures, and lay like a blessing in Sophie's golden curls. On a low stool, before a full length mirror, sat the Lady Edith. Her stately figure was robed in a white satin, heavily trimmed with broad Mechlin lace. It was cut low in front, revealing the proud sweep of her graceful shoulders, and her rounded and symmetrical arms were bare, save the short sleeve of the richly wrought lace. Her heavy, purplish-black tresses were twined in massive braids about her small, classical head; and Sophie, with a snatch

of song on her bright lips, was binding around them a wreath of orange flowers.

"There now, my queenly Edith," she cried, when her task was completed, "now you are indeed charming. Only just look at yourself."

"Edith arose, and stood silently for a moment before the large, gilt-framed mirror. At first, her proud face was calmly indifferent, then there drifted over it a flush of gratified pride in her own loveliness, and, at last, turning round with a half sneer curling her beautiful lips, she remarked—"I believe it used to be the fashion to dress up victims, and garland them for the sacrifice, did it not?"

"Fashion! Why, Edith, what do you mean?"

"Nothing, little one, nothing at all—only this, come here and lay your head on my bosom, little Sophie. I want to tell you that I am not ungrateful; that I feel all your great kindness, and that I love you, oh, Sophie, better than any thing else in the world," and something very like a tear glittered on the bride's long, jetty lashes.

"Better than any thing but Harold De Wilton, you mean, darling," said Sophie, in a tone of gentle reproach.

"Oh, yes, *of course!* I mean better than any thing save the honorable and very sapient Senator De Wilton," and once more that queer smile, which was more than half a sneer, flitted over Edith's beautiful face.

But it was a gorgeous bridal, and when the guests thronged round Edith De Wilton with their words of congratulation, you would not have dreamed that one shade of scorn or sorrow had ever hovered around those proud, calm lips.

It was some three weeks after, when an elegant traveling-carriage rolled up the avenue of Willow-Dale, and the face of Edith De Wilton looked forth from its open window. "Oh, how beautiful!" she murmured, as they wound along through rows of stately chestnut trees. Her husband started joyously. For the first time since their bridal, she had deigned to give utterance to an expression of admiration; and its object was their future home. She had received his costly bridal presents, of diamonds and rubies, and glittering emeralds, with careless indifference, a cold, half-mocking smile wreathing her lips; but now the fair face did indeed wear an expression of pleasure, and bending forward with a sudden impulse, he drew her head to his bosom and kissed her fondly. But the lady quickly lifted it, with a look of stately weariness; and once more turning to the window, bent her eyes upon the mansion they were approaching.

And now the sound of the carriage-wheels had been heard within, and a fair child with sunny curls, and deep-blue eyes bounded out upon the

piazza. "Ah, there is Aymee!" and a happy smile brightened the father's face. In a moment more they alighted from the carriage, and Senator De Wilton, stepping upon the piazza, extended his arms to his bride, and drew her to his bosom, fondly murmuring—"Welcome, sweet wife, welcome to heart and home!" Then turning, he lifted the little Aymee, kissed her tenderly, and leading her to Edith, said—"This is Aymee's new mamma. You will love each other now for my sake, and afterward, please God, for your own."

Aymee's first impulse was to clasp her arms around the neck of her beautiful mother, but the lady bent down very coldly and pressed her red lips to the child's brow, in the stateliest of stately kisses, and the little one timidly retreated to her nurse. Mrs. De Wilton made her first appearance at the dinner-table of her new home, in a magnificent ruby-colored velvet, with pendants of rubies in her small ears, and a string of the same jewels blazing among the heavy braids of her purplish-black hair. An hour after, she sat leaning her proud head against the high back of a crimson velvet arm-chair, and her husband stood at a little distance watching her. Never had she looked more proudly beautiful—the rich glow from the crimson drapery mantled her cheeks with a rosy hue, and her large eyes flashed and sparkled like live embers, from underneath their long jetty lashes. Aymee had drawn up her little chair to that side of the room, and sat there with her deep-blue eyes steadily fixed upon her new mother, watching her as if life and death depended on the gaze.

I have always thought it one of the strangest things in this strange story (for, reader, my legend is a true one) the sudden, unaccountable, undefinable, almost mesmeric attraction, which, from the very first, drew, forced the sweet child, without the hope of resistance, to cling to her proud, cold step-mother. It commenced with the first moment Edith's great black eyes rested on her, and it continued—to the end. It was not exactly love, for it required no affection in return, but it was more like *worship*. No coldness had power to chill, no unkindness to crush it! Still would the meek lips falter forth prayers, though the sky over head was brass, and the earth underneath iron.

Another hour had passed, and still Edith sat motionless in the high-backed chair—still her husband stood silently watching her; and still little Aymee's blue, steadfast eyes were not once turned away from her face. At last the child arose, and timidly creeping to the proud woman's chair, she knelt at her feet, and crossed her tiny hands on the rich folds of her velvet robe.

And what had been the reflections of the lady Edith, during that long hour of silent thought? At first her mind had dwelt with a kind of triumphant pleasure on the beautiful home of which she was mistress; and the proud name, graced by her prouder beauty. Then, she had thought, that but for Aymee, it might be all her own—if but the first Mrs. De Wilton had died childless, not only Willow Dale but Mont Mary might have been hers; and gradually a fierce and terrible hatred of the sweet, quiet child stole unchecked, and almost unperceived, into her heart; and there the little one was, kneeling at her feet.

"Oh mother, sweet, beautiful mother," murmured the child at length, in tones low and very plaintive, but yet strangely musical, "take me to your heart, dear mother. Oh, please, please to love Aymee! Her other mother has been up in Heaven a great while, and Aymee has been so lonesome—*please* to love Aymee!"

But the caresses the poor child so yearned for was not given, and Edith's voice was cold and almost stern as she said:

"Go away to your play, Aymee. I am thinking, and do not wish to be disturbed. I hardly know you yet, and your nurse can take care of you much better than I can." And the repulsed child turned away, crushing with her small hand the round, glittering tears which had gathered on her lashes, and sat down again in her little chair, and resumed her ceaseless watch of that strange mother.

"Harold," said the lady, at length. The husband started with pleasure, for it was the first time she had ever called him by his name. He came forward and threw himself on a low stool beside her, inquiring, "what is it, dearest?"

"Nothing, only just see how steadily that child watches me. It fairly chills me, makes me dreadfully nervous—can't she be sent away?"

"Aymee, love," said the father, gently, "it is almost your bed-time. I want you should go to Elsie now."

And meekly the little child arose and obeyed him, with her heart almost stifled by its wild longing for a caress that came not.

Three years passed away, and still Edith De Wilton's husband regarded her with the same wild idolatry. It was rather the impassioned worship of the lover than the tender, sanctified devotion of the husband. For in all these years his love had not met with the slightest return. Not once had her proud lips been pressed to his brow—not once had her hand wandered caressingly among his raven hair—not once had she manifested one emotion of joy at his approach. To do Edith De Wilton justice, she was too proud to profess what she did not feel; and she ha

never, in a single instance, humbled herself to counterfeit regard, which did not exist. And yet her husband loved on, and believed himself happy, in that he heard her called by his name, and knew that no other dared to approach her side. His strange passion amounted almost to an insanity. He never thought himself wronged or injured by her scorn or coldness; never complained, and never once remitted his more than lover-like devotion to her wishes.

And now her restless, migratory disposition, the Egyptian blood, began to show itself. Her rare beauty and exalted social position made her almost omnipotent at Washington, and her wish suggested at the fountain-head, procured for her husband the appointment of minister at the Court of St. James. There was another motive which urged her to this step. Time had only served to increase the deep devotion of the little Aymee, and her steadfast eyes were constantly seeking her mother's cold face, until her very presence had become almost intolerable to the haughty woman. Oh, *how* bitterly she hated her. You would not have thought that peerless form could have held a heart capable of such deep, such intense malignity.

"Aymee, of course, goes with us," said Senator De Wilton to his stately wife, when he had received from government the confirmation of his appointment.

"Aymee of course *does not* go with us," was the reply. "Aymee is now ten years old. It is time she commenced a regular system of education, which I, scarcely ten years older than herself, am not capable of superintending. Beside, and let this end it, I am not going to be burdened with the care of a child in traveling; so one thing is certain, if you take Aymee you will leave *me* at home!"

"Well, Edith, I presume you are right. I suppose it is time Aymee's education was commenced, but what do you propose doing with her?"

"*I!* She is not *my* child; I shall do nothing with her; but I should suggest sending her for the next five years to Madame D'Arblay's, in Boston, where I received my education.

And to Boston Aymee went, and six weeks after, her father and mother sailed for Europe. There are old people still in England, who tell their grandchildren at twilight of the wondrous beauty of Madam the Ambassadors—of the strange eyes whose spell no mortal could resist, and how she held her own separate court of the most noble women and the most powerful men in all the realm. These five years in England were the proudest of Edith's life; but we need not tread their paths by her side, our story leads us elsewhere.

All these years, there was a little, patient girl wearily studying in the most fashionable boarding school in New England. When her teachers praised her success, she would turn away with thankful tears, saying to herself: "Perhaps if I am diligent mamma will love me better when she comes back again. Dear mamma! How I wish I was pretty enough for her to love!"

And yet, with all her humility, her entire lack of self-appreciation, never before had there been so universal a favorite as Aymee De Wilton. Contrary to all established precedents, the teachers' pet was also the scholars' darling. It was during Aymee's last year at school, and about three months before she was to receive her diploma, that an event occurred which was destined to influence all her future. It was but seldom that Madame D'Arblay permitted any of her pupils to appear in public, but on this occasion there was to be a lecture from one whose writings had already electrified half the world. Highly refined, eminently poetical, and strictly moral in their tendency, these works had become very popular in the seminary, with Madame's fullest approbation. But among the whole circle of youthful enthusiasts there was not one whose praise was so sincere, whose admiration was so intense as that of Aymee. His very name was a spell-word to kindle her eyes and make her heart beat quicker.

When Madame D'Arblay, whose old friend the lecturer and author chanced to be, announced the forthcoming lecture to her pupils, the school rose *en masse*, with a clamorous petition that they might all be present. Nothing loth to obtain an accession of popularity at so small a sacrifice, Madame smilingly consented, and at an early hour she entered the lecture-room with her pupils.

There was a deep, breathless hush when Walter Hines advanced upon the stage. The house was thronged with the élite and literati of Boston, and scarcely one was present who had not read his books and formed a preconceived opinion of the author. His appearance was magnetic. As he made his graceful salutation, the house fairly rung with thunders of applause, and then they held their breath to look on him. And yet he was not handsome—at least there was no faultless regularity of features—no perfectness of outline which could have fascinated the eyes of a sculptor. He was very slight in figure, with firmly-knit muscles, and rather tall. His forehead was broad and full, and the hair which waved over it, dark chestnut; the eyes—those magnetic eyes—were large and almond-shaped. In hue they were like the lapis-lazuli, and in expression—but you could not describe *that*, for it changed with every thought. Never

were there eyes through which the soul *talked* more clearly. His nose, too, with its thin, expansive nostril, was capable of almost any variety of expression. His mouth was small and almost too womanly in its gentleness, and his hand delicate as a girl's.

We seldom find our fancy-pictures of the unknown realized, but Walter Hines was the very embodiment of Aymee's ideal, and not once during the whole evening were her sweet blue eyes turned away from his face. His subject was "Poetry and Poets," and the discourse and the speaker harmonized, like love and Venus, or Apollo and music. His voice, without possessing the subtle, indescribable magnetism of Edith Trevanion's, was yet low, and sweet, and thrilling, as the cadences of those we listen to in dreams.

He had spoken but a few sentences, when his eyes fell upon the sweet, uplifted face of Aymee. Her dress was of pure white muslin, and a wreath of myrtle, with its star-like blossoms, was half hid among the curls of her golden hair. The poet-orator smiled unconsciously when he gazed on her, for at first he half fancied the immortal muse of his art was before him. She touched him greatly by her youth and innocence, and her exceeding grace, and many times during the evening his eyes sought that fair face, as if in quest of strength and inspiration.

That night Aymee De Wilton's dreams had caught a rosier coloring. Already were her timid feet passing beyond the enchanted borders of her child-life.

The next morning a card was handed to Madame, as she sat in her throne-like seat before the French class, alternately praising and scolding. She smiled, and bidding them wait for her, left the school-room and proceeded to the parlor. The lecturer of the preceding evening rose to meet her, and touched his lips to her rouged cheek with the pardonable familiarity of an old acquaintance. "How well you are looking, Madame. Are you as kind as you are handsome? I hope so, at least this morning."

"*Pourquoi?*"

"Oh, because I've come begging. Who was that little golden-haired girl, with the crown of myrtle-leaves and the white dress?"

"That—let me see—that was Aymee De Wilton. Her father is our Ambassador to England. But why—you were not smitten with that child of fifteen?"

"I don't know. Conscientiously, Madame, I never could have succeeded one half so well last night but for the encouragement that girl's eyes gave me. The silent homage of her quiet, steadfast look was ten thousand times worth all the

cheers of the audience. Come, Madame, let me see her—do!"

"Well, Walter," said the lady gayly, "perhaps I will make an exception in your favor, but my instructions were to confine the circle of the young lady's acquaintance within the school-room—but you, my old friend—yes, Walter, you shall see her."

In five minutes Madame had gone to the school-room and returned with our little Aymee. The fair girl looked (at least Walter Hines thought so) more beautiful than ever, in her plain, close-fitting morning-dress of light-blue merino.

"Mr. Hines wishes to know you, Miss De Wilton," said Madame, as they entered the room, "and I am the more willing to accord him this privilege, since I know how fervent an admirer you have long been of his writings."

I do not think any one else ever blushed so easily as Aymee, and smiles and blushes fairly chased each other over her radiant face, during her half-hour's interview with Walter Hines. It was not the last by many. Scarcely a day passed that a bouquet was not left at the door for Miss De Wilton—scarcely an evening that did not find the poet-orator at her side. It was but the old story told o'er again. Aymee De Wilton loved, and was loved in return. Never in life was there any thing purer or stronger than that girl's faith in the object of her idolatry. It was summer sunshine dawning upon the moonlight of her hitherto calm and tranquil life. There was no sundering of other ties. Her heart turned just as fondly to her noble father—her longings for the love of her stately and beautiful step-mother were as intense as ever, but whereas before there had been a sealed-up fountain in her heart, it was unstopped now, and its healing waters flowed through all the beautiful fields of her heart-life and, watered by this life-giving shower, trees and flowers sprung up, and on them sat little dove birds, called hopes, singing each one *à l'honneur* of Walter Hine.

Examination-day came and went. As that; received her diploma, and started for her home, accompanied by Elsie, her still beauty-attended, and under the protection of childhood. I

"Has my father returned?" was her first question to the porter who opened the lodge-door.

"No, Miss Aymee," was the reply. "He was looked for him yesterday, but he did not come. This and we expect him this afternoon." As she passed within, and ascended to the same place, the room which had been appropriated to her use in childhood. All was unchanged. The cheerful patterned carpet was still upon the floor—the same book-case hung upon the wall, and the

same mirror surmounted her little dressing-bureau. But she herself was not quite the same.

A child still, in her innocence and playfulness, yet the love of a woman had grown into her heart, given a brighter flush to her cheek, and caused the tide of her life to flow with a current deeper indeed, but with the still depth of a quiet joy. And yet there were tears in Aymee's eyes, as she sat there by the window. There is something solemnizing in the very aspect of the landscape which has been familiar to us from infancy. The river, on which our tiny fingers launched mimic fleets; the mountains we used to dream were stepping-stones to heaven, and the very sky, with its ever-shifting panorama of clouds, which bent lovingly over our childhood.

Our quiet little Aymee, though she would have been the last one in the world to admit it, was a veritable enthusiast, and in this hour she was walking backward, clasping hands with the dreams and fancies of her childhood. Once more she seemed to stand with all the faith of those early days before the pictured face of her "mother in Heaven," and then, turning her eyes upward to the eternal sky, to see that same sweet face in a vision.

Then she remembered the weeks of eager, anxious expectation before the coming of her new mother; the first vivid impression produced upon her mind by the sight of Edith's face, and the old longing for her mother's love came back to her with tenfold force. She had sat for nearly an hour, busied in thoughts like these, when Elsie entered with the information that Mr. Hines was waiting for her in the library, and was getting restless at her delay. Very rapidly she completed her arrangement of her simple toilet, donned a light robe of snowy muslin, with a blue ribbon around her slender waist, and a scarf of the same hue thrown over her shoulders, and

"she joined her lover. pose it—have you seen the pictures, Walter?" was her but what question.

"I! hear!" with her, I will show you, then!"

the next he reverently the heavy crimson curtain Boston, before one of them, and turning toward

And to beautiful eyes dim with tears, she after, he said, "This is my mother, Walter, my own There a beautiful 'mother in heaven,' as I used to their gr when I was a child."

beauty, young man regarded it for a few moments strange expression of deep interest, and then and going to the young girl beside him, "Why, mother," he said, "this ought to have been taken all for you. Give the eye one touch more of the spiritual, and it would be your very self."

The golden head was bowed upon his shoul-

der, and he felt Aymee's slight frame tremble with her sobs. "What is it, darling, are you grieved? Have I pained you?"

"Oh no, but I am so glad, so happy. Oh, Walter, she was so good, so long-suffering, and gentle! I have prayed so to be like her. But forgive me, I am very weak; I must show you my other mother."

Walter Hines had all a painter's intense passion for the beautiful, and he stood as if entranced before the pictured face of Edith De Wilton. She was attired in a riding-habit of green velvet. A beaver hat with its long drooping plumes sat lightly upon the rich braids of her hair; her cheeks were flushed; her stately figure displayed to the fullest advantage, and above all, to her eyes, those demon eyes, with their supernatural power of fascination, the artist had given, in part, that very expression of half-subdued melancholy, lit with a smouldering fire, which might have led an army to destruction—a nation to its ruin. One hand, with a silver-mounted whip between the fingers, was gathering up the long folds of her riding-dress; the other lay upon the neck of a superb black horse, which she was apparently just prepared to mount.

For full ten minutes Walter Hines neither spoke nor moved, and during all that time he never once removed his eyes from the picture. Then, turning suddenly round, "Aymee," he said, "is your mother—is Mrs. De Wilton one-half so beautiful as that?"

"Oh yes, mamma is much more beautiful than her portrait!"

"Then she must be the brightest angel out of heaven. How old is she?"

"Twenty-five now, I believe."

"Twenty-five, and you call her mother! Why, little one, I'm two years older than that myself. What! Tears in my little girl's eyes? That won't do, my Aymee. It's not because I called Mrs. De Wilton beautiful, is it? I wouldn't give you, darling, for a thousand such. You didn't think that I could love another, did you?"

"Oh no, indeed," said the young girl simply, "I never thought of that, beside, you know mamma is married; but the tears came to my eyes because I, too, think her so very beautiful, and she won't love me!"

"Wont love you, Aymee?"

"No!" and gently drawing her lover to a seat by her side, she unfolded to him for the first time, the great grief of her childhood—the wild longing for a love which she was powerless to win. He listened tenderly; putting back the hair from her flushed cheeks with a gentle, soothing motion. "Never mind, darling," he said, when she concluded, "she will love you

now, she cannot help it. I could forgive a woman, young and beautiful like her, for not troubling herself about children in general, but you; I don't see how she could have helped loving you from the first."

At that moment was heard the sound of a carriage approaching rapidly. "It is papa," exclaimed the girl. "Stay here, Walter, while I go and meet them." The coachman dismounted, and let down the steps. Harold De Wilton sprang from the carriage, and clasped his child lovingly to his heart. Then turning from her, he gave his hand to Edith. She bent her cold cheek, to receive Aymee's eagerly proffered salutation, and then said, turning to her husband with quiet dignity—"Will you take me to my room, and then you will be at liberty to return to your daughter;" and taking his arm she passed up the steps, followed by her waiting-maid with a band-box and portmanteau.

Aymee did not return to the library, but awaited her father on the stairs. He caught her in his arms as he came down, and kissed her again and again, and then bent his ear to her lips, as she blushingly whispered to him of her betrothal, and that her lover was awaiting them in the library. He entered the room with his arm about his fair child's waist, and welcomed Walter Hines cordially.

"Your fame has come to us across the Atlantic," he said smilingly; "Edith has become one of your most devoted admirers, and it is a real, as well as most unexpected pleasure to bid you welcome to Willow-Dale."

Half an hour later Edith joined the party. She was attired in a heavy crimson satin, which lent a rich glow to the clear olive of her complexion, and contrasted admirably with her smooth bands of black and shining hair. Her welcome of the post-orator was not less cordial than her husband's. She turned upon him the full blaze of her magnificent eyes, and looked steadily in his face, until into those eyes there stole an expression no one had ever seen there before; an undefinable, intangible warmth and softness. To Walter she seemed even more beautiful than her portrait, and he watched her every motion, lest a single new charm should escape him. After the dinner hour was over, while Aymee sat at her father's feet recounting all the little incidents of her quiet life during the past five years, Walter Hines was wandering through the shrubbery, with the stately Edith leaning upon his arm, and gently leading him on to speak of his past history, his lofty aspirations, and his dreams of fame. He had never discussed these subjects with his gentle Aymee, but they came as naturally while speaking to the high-thoughted being

by his side, as one should learn astronomy while walking among the stars.

Then gradually he was led on to speak of his love for Aymee, and his intentions to seek her hand of her father, and urge an immediate marriage.

"Oh, no," said the lady gently; "we could never consent to that. Aymee is quite too young. You will conclude to spend the next six months with us, and then we will see. In the meantime speak to Mr. De Wilton to-morrow; I would advise that, certainly, and I think you are secure of his consent, but we must be reasonable. How was it that you ever loved Aymee? She is so different from the lady I should have dreamed you would fancy."

"Different! How?"

"Oh, I can hardly explain it. True, Aymee is good, and gentle, and beautiful, but then! Come into the house, Mr. Hines, I am very tired, and we will sit down in my *boudoir*, and I'll tell you what I should have dreamed would be the lady of your love."

They entered the house, and Edith led the way to her *boudoir*. There was about this apartment a kind of Turkish luxury and repose. Cushions of garnet-colored velvet were strewn around. Chairs and lounges, covered with the same rich material, contrasted finely with the snowy carpet, on which were raised tufts of crimson flowers. The curtains were of crimson satin, lined with white, and the full-length mirrors in heavy golden frames multiplied indefinitely the general blending of snow and fire. Edith threw herself negligently down on a lounge near the door, adjusting the pillows under her Phidian head, and then, motioning the young man to a low seat beside her, she resumed her discourse.

"I am not as old in years," she remarked, "as are you, Mr. Hines, but Heaven has given me a quick penetration of character, and I have seen much of the world. I will tell you what I should have pictured for your spirit's bride. She must be beautiful, your very soul demands that; not more beautiful perhaps than Aymee, for few such could be found this side Italy, but I should have thought of a different style of beauty. Aymee is a generous, warm-hearted child. I could have fancied you loving a stately and marvelously gifted woman; one whose beauty and talents were the world's wonder, but who was cold to all, save you, as a Swedish glacier. This ideal woman should have been old enough to know her own heart, to love you with no childish devotion, but to yield her whole soul up in homage to the greatness and nobleness of yours. Then she should possess a kind of magnetic attraction for you individually. She should be able to in-

fluence you, to lead you on to speak of all your high and glorious dreams, to win you, for her sake, to show forth to men the most of heaven you have in you; to—but pardon me, I am wearying you and making myself ridiculous. I really was not aware I had such an undiscovered fund of romance in my composition.

"I am sure though, after all, that you have chosen better than I should have chosen for you. Aymee has a kind, true heart, and I believe you are so ambitious of yourself you will hardly need a woman's influence to aid you to reach your proper level; and now we'll change the subject."

For three hours they sat there. Walter Hines was entranced, bewildered; he forgot every thing in those hours but Edith. She talked of beauty, and he deemed her its visible impersonation; of poetry, and he read it in her every motion; of love she spoke, and her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks glowed, till his very pulses quickened as he thought how she could love. Then she told him of her joyless, orphan childhood, and the long years when she had no voice to call her name in tones of tenderness, and now the glow died out from her cheeks, her bosom rose and fell beneath the folds of lace and satin, and her long lashes grew heavier and heavier with tears, until at last they closed over her lustrous eyes, and she bowed her head in silent agony upon her clasped hands.

There was I know not what of wild longing in the soul of Walter Hines, to draw away those trembling fingers and kiss the heavy tears from the flushed cheeks, but Edith De Wilton was the wife of another, and he sat watching her, as those suffering the tortures of purgatory might be supposed to turn longing eyes toward Heaven. Soon by a strong effort she calmed herself, and said humbly, "Will you pardon me, Mr. Hines, for having so disturbed you? I am not wont to indulge in such weakness. But from my very childhood this loneliness of heart has tormented me like an unquiet demon, and I have borne it all these years and never spoken. This is the first time, and forgive me, but I could not help it. It was so new to find one who could at all understand me; one to whom the proud Edith De Wilton dared to say she was unhappy. But come, go now to the library. Your fiancée is there, and I will join you presently."

Never before had Walter Hines looked upon his Aymee's face with so little of tenderness or admiration. The smile with which she welcomed him was as sweet as ever, the light in her blue eyes was undimmed, and yet between them came a beautiful spirit of evil, a dark, brilliant face, irresistible in its magnetism, and he could not look through it, or by it, into the clear eyes of

his promised bride. But Aymee was truth itself, and she never dreamed of fraud in others. Her manner toward him partook of the same refined gentleness, her eyes sought his own as confidently as ever, and her little hand lay in his with a changeless faith. And then sometimes the spell was broken. Sometimes he would resolutely close his eyes, and opening them, instead of the weird beauty of that haunting face, he would see the pure, pale brow of his Aymee, and hold her to his heart with remorseful tenderness.

He had spent a week at Willow-Dale before he found an opportunity to demand Aymee's hand of her father; and somehow, by this time, he himself had lost all inclination to hurry the nuptials. When he had concluded the story of his love, tears stood in the proud eyes of Harold De Wilton, and he said, half sadly—

"Yes, I will trust my daughter to your keeping gladly, for I believe you are worthy of her, and she loves you. Thank God for *that*, young man, it is *much* to have a wife's love!"

There was an inexplicable sadness in his tone, which struck the young man as singular at the time, but the impression faded from his mind. The summer months passed gayly onward. Aymee was very happy. Her lover was constantly by her side, and her beautiful mother was almost as constantly their companion. Edith's manner was much kinder than of old. Aymee was no longer repulsed when she would linger at her side, and frequently her mother joined her in her favorite pursuits. Then they had long rides over the hills, which occupied their mornings very pleasantly. Edith was a magnificent horse-woman. It was a splendid sight to see her careering over the fields on her fiery black steed, her plumes waving, and her green velvet habit floating out upon the air. Aymee was very timid, and the utmost speed of her little pony could not keep pace with the most moderate gait at which her step-mother rode. For a long time Edith would gallop away from them alone, her plumes dancing upon the breeze, and her gloved hand casting back with careless grace a laughing defiance. Then, when Aymee saw that such a course gave Walter manifest uneasiness, she persuaded her father to join their excursions, and while she ambled quietly along by his side, her lover was sharing with Edith her mad gallop over the hills.

And all this time Walter Hines was bewildered, enchanted, bewitched. His heart and soul were true to his first love, but his eyes had played him false. His eyes *would* linger on Edith's statuesque beauty, *would* turn to meet her bewildering glances; his mind *would* busy itself in fatal conjectures about the cause of her strange un-

happiness, and his footsteps without, it almost seemed, any volition of his own, would linger at her side. But Aymee, pure heart, never dreamed of jealousy. She was sad sometimes that he so seldom sought her presence, when she was alone, but she never dreamed that he had swerved in a single thought from his faith toward her, and she loved on, trusted on.

One day, it was in August, the sun rose with a mid-summer glory, and passed, like the triumphal march of a monarch, toward his cloud-curtained pavilion in the west. It was afternoon, hot and sultry, when Senator De Wilton, entering his wife's *boudoir*, remarked that he did not feel at all well, that he hoped this stifling air would change before long. For his part, he was going to his own room to lie down for a few moments. "Come hither, Aymee," he said, turning round as he reached the door, and his daughter sprang to his arms. "How often I thank God for you, dear child," he said solemnly. "You are dearer than life, my darling. You have been a good child to your father;" and he pressed a dozen kisses on her cheek and brow, as he gently put her from him and left the room.

"Go, Alphonse, and call your master to tea," said Mrs. De Wilton to a waiter, as she took her place at the head of the luxuriously furnished tea-table. The servant disappeared, but in a moment he returned pale and trembling.

"Well, what is it?" said Mrs. De Wilton calmly.

"My master is dead, madam."

A wild shriek fairly *froze* upon the air, and Aymee De Wilton lay senseless in her lover's arms. Mrs. De Wilton gave orders for a physician to be summoned with all possible dispatch, and then, calling the housekeeper, passed up stairs to her husband's room.

CHAPTER III.

"Silent she sat one half the silent noon;
At last she sank luxurious in her couch,
Purple and golden fringed, like the sun's,
And stretched her white arms on the warmed air,
As if to take some object wherewithal
To ease the empty aching of her heart."

The doctors said that the Hon. Harold De Wilton had died of disease of the heart, and the world accepted their verdict, and in a few weeks ceased to take his name upon their lips. At Willow-Dale every thing passed into the management of Edith, who looked lovelier than ever in her deep mourning robes. Aymee's grief, after the first wild burst of sorrow, was subdued and noiseless, but not the less was it evident that her health was gradually sinking under it. Her figure grew thinner and lighter than ever; her transparent complexion revealed still more clearly

the blue veins beneath, and her very hands were thin and pale, and shadowy like the hands of a spirit. Walter Hines loved her still very dearly. He would brush the sunny tresses away from her pure brow and kiss her pale cheek with a tenderness as gentle as of old, but he was seldom with her. There was something in Edith's character to which I could never give any thing but a mesmeric explanation. She absolutely enchained and drew away after her every one who came within her reach; every one on whom she once turned her great, magnetic eyes.

In her presence Walter Hines forgot his betrothed, his God, and his honor. Months passed away and still he lingered by her side. When Aymee joined them his manner was as fond toward her as ever, but the *soul* was wanting. The fair girl rather felt than saw that the consolation she hoped to find was denied her in her lover—that even when he listened to her words his thoughts were elsewhere, and gradually she absented herself almost entirely from the *boudoir* of her step-mother. Walter seemed scarcely to note her absence. Edith sang to him, till he forgot earth in a dream of Heaven; talked to him, till he saw no future save that which she bounded with her smiles; looked at him, until his infatuated soul constituted her his divinity, and he bowed down and worshiped her. But all this time he had never spoken to her of love. It was not exactly that he was withheld by his vows to Aymee, but he had never dreamed of Edith as a being to be *loved*, his sentiment for her was more akin to worship. When he turned toward her he had always seemed to be looking very far upward, and he would no more have dreamed of an hour when he should say to her—"I love you, Edith," than of the fair, chaste moon mistaking him for Endymion, and stooping to press a kiss upon his brow.

But there came a change. There could not have been imagined a more charming winter-room than Edith's *boudoir*. The heavy crimson curtains depending from the ceiling swept downward to the floor, and behind them, in the embrasures of the windows, lay cushions and lounges. It was drawing toward the close of the November afternoon when Edith entered the apartment with Walter, as usual, by her side. They had been walking in the shrubbery, and Edith threw herself wearily into a spacious lounging-chair, pointing Walter to a seat at her feet.

"Look out, my friend," she exclaimed, pointing to the eastern window, from which alone the curtain was drawn aside. "Do you see those heavy gray clouds? The evening will set in early, heralded by wind and rain. This comfort-

able chair, the cheerful fire, and the crimson silence all round this room, have given me a confidential and communicative mood. I am going to tell you something which will shock you. *I did not love my husband!* There, you are looking just as I expected. Your great brown eyes are saying, just as plainly as if your lips uttered it—'Shocking! unwomanly! marry for wealth! sell your youth, your purity, your truth, for a position!' There, that was what your *eyes* said, and I've saved you the trouble of repeating; but now listen!

"I told you once before, I remember, of my lonely childhood. It was the first day we met. Well, I will tell you my story now as if it were another's. An orphan girl, who had never known what it was to have a mother's kiss upon her brow, or a mother's hand to point her toward Heaven, was sent away to school. It did not matter much to her, for her heart craved love, and she was n't loved anywhere. From her parents she inherited a great deal of power, but little energy.

"She was constitutionally disinclined to exertion. At the school whither she was sent she gained a friend—a young girl her very opposite; as mild as *she* was passionate, as slow as *she* was quick, and as meek as *she* was proud. Well, this friend was very rich, and an orphan also, and this heroine of my story became very dear to her. When she left school there was a choice given to our orphan. Her wealthy friend had married and besought her to share her home. She had no means of support. Should she accept this offer and become an inmate of her friend's family, or go forth into the world as a governess? On the one hand was a spirit of pride and self-dependence, on the other her constitutional love of ease and delight in luxury; a reluctance to go forth among strangers; and, by no means least in importance, her attachment to the friend who alone had ever loved her, and these latter gained the victory.

"Then there came that crushing sense of bondage—the feeling that for the very bread one eats, and the clothes one wears, one is dependent upon another. Her friend's husband was a Virginian gentleman, and a senator. Never once did he by word or look betoken that the homeless orphan was not welcome to his roof, and yet this painful sense of dependence grew on her, and every day became more and more intolerable. At Washington she would be admired at first, for her grace and beauty, and then when her position was made known, passed coldly by. What wonder that such an existence became a curse? But she was loved at last—loved for herself alone, and by one whose influence in the Senate

chamber was second to none, and whose power in his native State was almost absolute. When this proud, noble man wooed, and would have won her, for a long time she avoided his presence, because she was too truly proud to give her hand where her love could not go with it. But for her there *was* no independence; and she argued with herself whether it was less humiliating to be protected by an unloved husband, or a disinterested friend. She could make her lover happy, by accepting him, and at last she did so. If she proved a cold wife, at least she was a faithful one.

"She lived with him for years. Some were passed in the most refined and aristocratic circles of America, and more among the pomp and seductions of one of the gayest courts in Europe; but all this time never had her heart beat with one thrill of love. The noblest men in all England sought her side—sonnets were written to her beauty, and festivals given in her honor, but her heart slept on. At last, among the gifts lavished upon her at her twenty-fourth birth-day, was a book. It was by an American; young, and in England, almost unknown, but it awoke her slumbering heart, it thrilled, it electrified her. She worshiped its author as one worships stars or angels, a being far out of reach. His book awakened her to a more noble purpose, made her a truer, better woman. She returned to her American home, with a firm resolve to do her duty, to be faithful to the orphan child committed to her care."

On the first day of her arrival she met him who had so long been the idolon of all her dreams—the author of that book, whose trumpet-tones had called her soul to its resurrection. He was all she had pictured him, and more. What wonder that she loved him. But he was lost to her. Not only was she the wife of another, but he was the betrothed of that very daughter to whose interests she had resolved to be a faithful guardian. She loved him, but she strove to hide it from him, and from herself. Time passed on and her husband died suddenly. Was it any wonder that she forgot to weep, when her heart was heavy with the unshed tears of a yet wilder sorrow?

"Then there came a time when he of whom she had made an idol was about to leave her. He uttered no word of love, or loneliness, or sorrow, and the unspoken grief swelled her lonely heart to bursting, and she forgot her pride, her womanhood, and told him all;" and pausing in her tale, the beautiful woman bowed her head upon her hands, and the glittering tears trickled slowly through her jeweled fingers.

Walter Hines was kneeling at her feet, press-

ing to his lips the long tresses of her disheveled hair, kissing the tears from her clasped fingers, and murmuring—"Edith, Edith," again and again, as if all heaven was prisoned in the syllables of that one name. Her head sunk lower and lower, until she pressed a quick, impulsive kiss upon his brow, and hid her flushed face upon his shoulder.

"And you have loved me through it all, Edith?" he questioned timidly. "Look up, my queenly, glorious Edith, my beautiful, my blessing. Look up, and tell me, are you mine—will you be mine?"

The arch-temptress raised her magnetic eyes, now permeated with a languid, smouldering flame, and for one instant she looked at him. Her face, shining through tears, was radiant with the brightness of a fallen seraph, and she seemed to absorb into herself his very being. Then dropping over her flushed cheek her long lashes, heavy with tears, she whispered, "Aymee!" Bewildered, enthralled as he was, that word corrugated his brow with a spasm of pain, and overwhelmed him with a fever-tide of remorseful memories. But resolutely he put them from him, and winding his arms for the first time around Edith's magnificent figure, he whispered, "She cannot love as we do, Edith," and then seemed lost in a momentary delirium of bliss. "Nay, nay, Walter," she whispered, struggling, "this must not be. Let me go, please."

"But tell me first that you will be mine, my wife; mine to hold here always?"

"I will," was the reply, spoken in so faint a whisper, none but a lover's ear could have caught the sound, and then gliding from the room, she left him in the blissful intoxication of his enchantment. He threw himself into the seat she had left; he gathered up a few flowers which had fallen from her hair, and pressed them passionately to his lips, and then, leaning back his head, he abandoned himself to the fancies of a blissful dream.

Then it was that there stole from behind the heavy crimson curtain a shadowy figure, robed in white, and tottering onward, knelt at the dreamer's feet.

"Aymee!" he exclaimed, in a tone of severe rebuke—"you a listener?"

"Forgive me, Walter," she said very humbly. "Forgive me. I did not mean to be so. I came here while you were in the shrubbery, and I lay down on the lounge in the window. I was very tired. I have been very tired a great deal lately, Walter, and I fell asleep. When I awoke mamma was just telling you how much she loved you, and I did not dare to stir, for fear she would think I went there on purpose, and be very angry.

Forgive me for staying, Walter dear, but I am weak now, and very timid, and indeed it was best so. I know it all now, dear, and I don't blame you. I don't see how any one could help loving mamma. I only wanted to tell you, Walter, that you are quite free. I have n't long to live, dear, and I shall be quite happy if I know you are."

Then she arose and pressed upon his brow one timid, tearful kiss, and left the room. Walter had no power to stay her, and yet, never in his life had he loved her so fondly as at that moment. The enchantments of the evil spirit were exorcised by the presence of truth and light. He saw how wild and mad, and yet unreal had been his love for Edith, and his heart went tenderly back to that evening long ago, when he had first met Aymee, and her gentle eyes had smiled encouragement upon his efforts. He remembered all her love since then, her truth, her purity, her unselfish patience, and once more his heart was all her own.

Edith met him at the tea-table two hours later, her bewitching face radiant with smiles; but the charm for him was over. "Where is Aymee?" was his first question. "I have not seen her this evening," said Mrs. De Wilton carelessly. "Elsie, call your mistress!" The woman ascended the heavy oaken stair-case, pushed open Aymee's door, and then the whole house rang with her scream of horror. Walter rushed up the stairs at a single bound, followed by the beautiful step-mother, and there lay Aymee, to all outward appearance dead. "Oh, oh," shrieked the faithful nurse, wringing her hands, "she is dead, she is dead. She has died like her father!" Edith's face turned fairly livid at these words. "Hush, minion," she shrieked, "hush, that is impossible. Go for a doctor, some one, and—"

She did not conclude her sentence, for a flush seemed gradually stealing back to Aymee's cheeks, and motioning the servant from the room, she walked to the bed-side. But Walter Hines gently prevented her. "She is recovering, madam," he remarked, "and I will take care of her." Then he lifted the slight figure in his arms, and kissed the pallid lips and the sealed eyes till they slowly unclosed, and the life-blood came back to the white cheeks.

"Aymee, my idol," he murmured; "Aymee, my beloved! Did s't think I had ceased to love thee, poor little Aymee? But I do love thee, I will love thee, and the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Edith glided from the room. She could hear no more. She waited not for the vows and prayers with which Walter Hines won over again his Aymee's troth-plight. She left them alone

to their joy, and entering her own room, locked the door behind her. That night there was a fierce storm without. The winds went by with shrieks and ghostly wails, and the rain hurtled against the windows like the shots of a besieging armament. But fiercer than the conflict of the elements was the tempest in Edith De Wilton's soul. The spirits of good and ill were struggling together in her heart. It was nearly morning when she rose, and taking a small vial from a secret drawer, held it up to the light. "It is clear and strong," she muttered, "and it does its work well. But will not two such sudden deaths attract attention? Pshaw! Her faint last night will pave the way for an explanation, and Walter, my noble Walter, says she's an angel. Where's the harm, in that case, of sending her to heaven a little sooner? Will I suffer that mere child to wed the only man I ever loved, and to send me forth a beggar? Edith Trevanion De Wilton, where is your mother's blood? I thought you were braver!"

Then, smiling grimly, she placed the bottle in her bosom, and commenced repairing the inroads that mental tempest had made upon her beauty. Standing before the mirror, she murmured, "Help me now, if ever, Satan, prince of darkness. I have sold myself to thee, body and soul, forever. *My good must* come in this life; give it to me now!"

* * * * *

The morning dawned calm and beautiful. The sunshine rested peacefully on hall and cabin, and the dew-drops sparkled like diamonds. Contrary to the expectations of any one, Aymee was able to leave her room, and made her appearance in the breakfast parlor. Once more she was happy in the love of Walter Hines, and joy lent a strange brightness to her angelic face. After breakfast was over, Walter sat down beside her, and by the merest chance occupied such a position as to command, by means of a full-length mirror, a view of all which was taking place at the other end of the apartment. Presently Edith entered. He saw her pour from a decanter of cordial, a small glass full, and then he watched her nervously take from her bosom a tiny bottle, and with pale cheeks, and compressed lips, drop into the glass a small portion of its contents.

Having completed the arrangement, she advanced gayly toward Aymee. "There child," she said playfully, "you frightened us all sufficiently by getting sick yesterday, and you are looking pale yet. Come you must take this

cordial; it's a capital restorative. I fixed it for you with my own hands."

"Thank you, dear mother," said Aymee, extending her hand and taking it at the same time, and Edith walked hastily away. "Not a drop shall you swallow, little darling," whispered Walter, placing his palm upon the glass. "I won't have you dosed to death with nostrums."

He took it from her gently, yet resolutely, and walking away with it, placed it before Edith's pet spaniel. It was evidently agreeable to taste, for the little fellow swallowed it without difficulty, and then, with a single gasp, fell down dead. Walter Hines lifted him by his collar, and taking him out of doors, threw him down a little retired from observation. Then returning, he rang the bell, and desired a servant to summon Mrs. De Wilton.

"Have I your consent, madam, to a wedding here this evening? I wish to carry Aymee back again to the north immediately. Her health is failing, and I do not think this air is good for her."

"You give me no time for preparation," answered Edith, turning pale. "You can surely wait a week. Willow-Dale was always called healthy."

"That may be, madam," said Walter with a penetrating glance, "still I think it favorable to *diseases of the heart*. By the way, I do not like Aymee to take medicine, and I gave that cordial to Fidele, and somehow he died soon after!"

There was a shriek, long, loud, agonizing, as the wail of a lost soul, and clasping her hands together, Edith sprang into the air, and then fell, with a heavy jar upon the floor. She had burst a blood-vessel, the physician said, and for many weeks her life was despaired of. Through all this time Aymee watched by her side, with more than a daughter's tenderness, and when she rose from her bed of sickness, no word was uttered of accusation or reproach. But Edith De Wilton was a changed woman, and she turned from all the luxury and pomp of Willow-Dale, to bury her guilt and shame in a convent of the Sisters of Charity, where she died years afterward, "in the odor of sanctity."

The sunshine that rested on Willow-Dale seemed all the brighter for the shadow that had lain there so long, and Walter Hines and his fair wife were never seen to weep, except on one sorrowful anniversary, when they would put away the curtain from before a veiled picture, and blot out with their tears, the crime and shame which stained the memory of the Beautiful Step-Mother.

THE MIKADO AND THE ZIOGOON.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Already educated men and philosophers desire to see the whole world form one family. But how can this fraternal state of things be carried out, if a free and peaceful intercourse is not to be established between us? I am resolved to bring this good result about, even if I should be obliged to do so by force of arms.

KUBLAI KHAN (*To the Japanese Emperor.*)

And all the good
He had of his long journey o'er the seas
Was this advice, got from the Japanese:
"Go stay in your own country!" LA FONTAINE.

If we did not take the precaution to credit the above prose epigraph to the writer of it, the reader would run the risk of thinking it forms part of the letter recently conveyed by Commodore Perry, from our President to the Emperor of Japan. The style of it is wonderfully like the enlightened nineteenth century; and yet it belongs to the thirteenth, and to that most legendary of grand Mongols who decreed his stately pleasure dome in Zanadu, where Alf the sacred river ran, in caverns measureless to man, down to a sunless sea. It proves that, so long ago, the Japanese were the same jealous, unfraternizing people they are to-day; and we have only to hope our overtures will have a better success than had those of the Carthayan Khan. Lamartine says failures arise from the tendency to expect from any one period of time what is due only at another and a subsequent period. At that rate, it is not improbable that Kublai's crude undertaking of six hundred years ago has now arrived at maturity. The pear is doubtless ripe; and though the Japanese may be disposed to answer Perry as they answered Lafontaine's wanderer, they are sufficiently intelligent to read the signs of the times, and to know that the old law of the strongest was never in more flourishing force than at present. They know what the English did in China, and are aware that Perry's people come of the same stock of sea kempions. At all events, Japan has been remarkably associated with this continent and hemisphere, and there is a sort of historic fitness in the movement of our enterprise in that direction. It was the name of that empire which first drew over the unknown waters to the new world the daring Genoese, who was, nevertheless, not fated to see the Zipango of his daily and nightly dreams. The expedition of our squadron is only the complement of his great, interrupted voyage—a *Perry-plus*, in fact, in which our commodore will be fortunate enough to accomplish what neither

Kublai nor Colon could bring about. A great many books have been written about Japan, and to those who have read them, that country is just as well known as China. But people in general have not thought much about the former—such an out of the way place, at the very end of the old world—the *orbis veteribus notus*—and as remote from the beaten paths of life and history as Thule, lying opposite, on the other edge of the map. Marco Polo, living in the thirteenth century, was the first who spoke distinctly of it, (and yet indistinctly enough, too,) and his description of its wealth, its houses commonly roofed with gold, its precious stones, and so forth, produced then, and long after, something like the excitements of California in our own day—electrified "that sacred hunger of Pactolean dust," which always forms such a huge portion of the human appetite, and which, from the time of the Argonauts till now, has been such a grand impulse of enterprise and civilization. But the subsequent writers on Japan—the Portuguese missionaries and the Dutch traders—did not entirely corroborate the glowing hearsays of the Venetian; and the insular position, the dangerous coasts, and the stern prohibitions of the empire helped, furthermore, to keep the world aloof, and lessen the general interest in a nation so sequestered. But the cosmos has undergone change. Japan, that formerly lay tabooed upon the outer edge of civilization, now finds itself in the midst of the growing intercourse and commerce of two hemispheres. A power has risen in the East, which comes bearing down unexpectedly upon it, over the Pacific, and bringing with it the warning which Macbeth once heard in his house at midnight. Japan shall sleep no more. As Uncle Sam has thought that nation worth a rather peremptory offer of our republican friendship, it may be worth our while to take a rapid glance at its history and condition.

The Japanese empire is composed of a volcanic

range of summits, extending in the shallow and stormy waters of the North Pacific from about the 35th to the 46th degree of N. latitude—nearly the space included, on our own seaboard, between Savannah and Halifax in Nova Scotia. On the west it is separated from Manchouria, the cradle of the present Chinese dynasty, by the sea of Japan; on the north it is separated from, or connected with, the omnipresent Russian empire, by the Kurile chain of islands stretching up to the coasts of Kamtschatka, so remarkable for their ruggedness—geographical as well as orthographical; while on the south lie all the Indian Archipelagos, and on the east, with an interval, the coasts of California. Japan comprises five large and several smaller islands, viz. Kiusiu, (we begin at the south-western extremity) about 200 miles long by 80 broad; Sikokf, 150 miles long by 70 broad; Nippon, the chief and centre, over 800 miles long with a mean breadth of 100, and two others, called Iki and Isousima. To the north of Nippon—in which stands the capital, Jeddo—lies the island of Jesso, a dependency of the empire, and only partially colonized. Its chief town is Matsmay. Here also lie—among other Kurile islands owning the suzerainty of Japan—Kunachir, Sturup and Urup, places scarcely colonized, and therefore offering a very favorable arena for the claims, quarrels and contentions which will probably come along with the Americans, Russians, English, and all the rest of them. The five larger islands are divided into provinces, of which Nippon is said to contain 52. Around the shores of these islands lie thousands of islets. Some of these are pleasant and fertile, possessed or governed by native princes; but they are, for the most part, rocks and volcanic summits rising out of the waves in the midst of the breakers, which have made the navigation of that iron-bound coast so difficult and dangerous. The entire aspect of Japan bears upon it the marks of eruption. From Bhering's Straits, indeed, (including the mountain Kamtschatskoy, towering to the height of 15,000 feet above the coasts of Kamtschatka,) down along the Kurile and Japanese islands as far as Formosa, the whole region yields unmistakable evidence of that formidable chemistry of Nature. In some of the summits of Japan it seems to have worked itself out; but in others it is alive and active. The great mountain peaks of Nippon—Fudsi Jama and Siro Jama—rising from the range which runs through the centre of the island, are volcanic. From the top of the latter a smoke and stench are always issuing, showing that it has subsided from a former state of fiery ebullition. A great number of others give out perpetual flame. Japan has had fre-

quent earthquakes—some of them as terrible as any of those recorded elsewhere. In 1586, an earthquake shook down Nagafama, and the sea rising simultaneously, most of those who escaped the shock were drowned. In 1703, Jeddo, the magnificent capital of the Ziogoon, was almost destroyed, and 200,000 of the people perished. In 1792, a new volcano broke out in the island of Kiusiu, in which lies the port of Nagasaki. After rumbling and roaring for some months, the mountain of Wunzen burst in an awful manner, scattering fire, rocks and hot water with a loud noise—a horrible mingling of earthquakes, thunders, volcanos and water-spouts. The surface of Japan, though it shows but one or two lofty mountains, is of a hilly and somewhat broken character. The soil is hot in many places, and has a looseness and sponginess which never fail to put unpleasant ideas into the mind of a stranger. Near the burning mountains there are sulphur springs much resorted to by the natives. The climate of Japan is variable; but favorable to health on the whole. The warm atmosphere is tempered by sea-mists and fogs, and for about two-thirds of the year, on an average, the country is refreshed with rain. June and July are called the watery months. The summers are moderate, and the winters, toward the south, mild; but in the north they exhibit snow, frost and sleet. Hurricanes and storms are very frequent, both in the interior of the country and on the turbulent waters of the coast. In the island of Kiusiu, where the Dutch have their small trading platform, the summer average of the thermometer is 80°, the winter average 35°. The rivers of Japan, fed by its moist atmosphere, are numerous, though their courses are not long, and the greater number rather resemble torrents than streams. The largest river is Yedogawa, in Nippon, rising in Lake Oitz, and after a course of 60 or 80 miles, emptying itself into Osaka harbor. The Lake Fakoree, S. W. of Jeddo, is regarded as sacred by the natives, and held in reverence accordingly. Water, for the purposes of irrigation, is distributed all over the country; and a great many canals facilitate the intercourse and commerce of the empire.

Japan is rich in mineral productions. Gold is found in several of its provinces, gathered from the sands of rivers, or the veins of copper, or procured by the smelting of iron ore. The richest gold mine in the empire is in the northern part of Nippon. Other wealthy mines are unproductive, by reason of the want of knowledge and skill on the part of those who work them. Silver is also found; but the most useful mineral to the trading interests of Japan is copper, which is cast in

cylinders and sold at high prices to the Dutch. Iron is also found in the districts which contain the gold mines; but household utensils, and the instruments and materials used in ship-building are generally either of copper or brass. There are also sulphur mines, and coal mines in several of the provinces of Nippon, and also on one of the islands on the coast. Ambergris is procured from the intestines of whales harpooned by the fishermen, or found dead on the rocks where storms have dashed them, and pearls are got from oysters and other shell-fish. The fisheries of Japan furnish food and employment for almost the whole coast population. The Japanese excel in agriculture. Relying on their domestic resources, like the Chinese, and urged by the wants of a large population, they cultivate the soil as largely as possible. Every rood of ground is improved. The highest hills are cultivated to the top or the edge of the snow. The soil is the property of the Ziogoon, and the princes, and they who till it pay about three-fifths of the produce as rent. Rice is the staple food of the people. There are several varieties of this eastern staff of life. The Japanese are a vegetarian people, living on rice, barley, wheat, corn, peas, beans, potatoes, buckwheat, carrots, melons, parsnips, cucumbers, turnips, radishes, and so forth. They first invented *soy*, the celebrated sauce, deriving it from a bean called *soja dolichos*. Cotton is extensively cultivated, and, in the southern islands, tobacco. Japan is rich in trees and plants. Tree-planting has been for ages a social duty and a law; no cedar tree can be cut down without permission of a magistrate, and then another must be planted instead of it. The consequence is that a hot and somewhat arid soil is blessed with shade and freshness, and the sylvan scenery of the country is the most beautiful in the world. Cedars, cypresses, firs, camphor trees, mulberry trees, and two varieties of the oak flourish in the groves and forests. The varnish tree is the most remarkable, as it furnishes a milky juice or gum, for the lacquering of their famous wooden-ware. The tea shrub is the most useful in Japan; this and the rice-plant rank together above all the other vegetable aliments of the land. That shrub is planted every where—round the edges of rice-fields and corn-fields, and on ledges and difficult places, where nothing else will grow. The Japanese may be said to live on their tea, as Boniface lived on his ale. They love it as a luxury, and love it as a necessary of life, and drink it on all occasions. Their fruits are those we are accustomed to look on as the richest and best in the world, and they grow in great plenty. In the fields of Japan grow wild many flowers, which

are highly prized in the parterres of Europe and America—such as the clerodendron, the camelia, the pyrus, the Guernsey lily, *et cetera*. The Japanese vegetation is, in many respects, defective in quality. The timbers, in general, are not sufficiently robust for the purposes of building, and the better and more enduring sorts are brought from Jesso, and other northern dependencies. The fruitage of the country is inferior in juice and odor to the produce of China or of our westerly climates, and Kœmpfer, the traveler, says that, with all their delicate coloring, the Japanese flowers have very little fragrance.

Japan does not abound in animals, wild or tame. This would seem to be a natural consequence of the general cultivation of the soil by a large population, of the hot climate, and the Pythagorean beliefs of the people, which do not permit the use of flesh meat as a diet. There is a breed of small horses, very elegant and swift, kept for purposes of state, and sometimes for the plow—this last being mostly drawn by oxen and cows, which are also used for carriage. Buffaloes are employed in the same way. The Japanese keep great numbers of cur dogs in their cities, considering these animals, in some sort, sacred; and they have cats with little or no tails, like the *rumpies* of the Isle of Man. They keep fowls and ducks, but do not use them as food. The wild fowl of the country is very plenty, and its larks and nightingales have larynxes of the most exquisite order. Small birds, insects, and creeping things are numerous in a climate so warm as that of Japan, and the seas around it swarm with fishes of all sorts and sizes. Six kinds of whales are taken, every part of which is put to some use; the flesh is cooked for food and the blubber turned into oil.

We now come to the people of Japan. They belong to the great Mongolian family; but resemble the Europeans more than the Chinese. They have dark hair, and eyes of an oblong shape, with a yellowish complexion; and, in some parts of the islands, the people would pass for Sicilians or Portuguese, if dressed in the European costume. In every respect the Japanese appear superior to the Chinese, being more active, inquisitive, and intelligent—more open and manly in their intercourse with strangers. For some hundred years the Chinese have been a conquered race, and their subdued condition, in consequence, as well as their calculating and trafficking habits, would account for their inferiority to a people proud of their independence, and living in something of the old feudal fashion, without trade, or the depressing sentiment of foreign control. The Japanese seem to be composed of seven or eight classes.

The first class is that of the great princes of the empire; the second of the hereditary nobility; the third of the priests; the fourth, the army, furnished feudally by the nobility; the fifth would seem to be professional men and public officers; the sixth, the merchants, somewhat despised by the aristocracy, but a wealthy and respectable body nevertheless, though in order to be privileged to wear a sword, the merchants are obliged to enroll themselves among the retainers of some nobleman; the seventh are the small shop-keepers, artists, and mechanics; the eighth are the peasantry, some of which are farmers, but the most of them cultivate the soil as serfs. There is a lowest class which includes the curriers and others connected with the polluting business of dead animals. These are kept at a distance in society, as were the lepers of the Middle Ages. Such is the structure of Japanese society, and the population thus included has been variously estimated as twenty-five millions and forty millions. The last is, probably, nearest to the truth. The government is an aristocratic despotism, under two sovereigns, one a spiritual, and the other a secular governor—a binary system of nationality. Of the two sovereigns, the *Dairi-Sama*, or Lord of the Dairi, is considered the higher, as he is the elder. He is also styled the Mikado. The other, the Ziogoon, called also the *Kobo-Sama*, is the active and real governor of the country, the former never troubling himself with state affairs. The Ziogoon has his chief council of the nobility, and all the officers of government belong to the aristocracy. At the head of the Council is a grand functionary something like a Lord Chancellor, or a Sheik-ul-Islam, who superintends the whole business of the state. The Council has a power of checking the Ziogoon. It originates measures, to which he generally consents. But should he refuse to do so, then the question comes to a serious issue; he or they must go down. A committee of three great princes is formed, and they pronounce on the matter in hand. If the Ziogoon is wrong, he must abdicate; if the members of the Council are found in the wrong, the chief men must whip out their knives and die by the *kara-kari*. Both the Ziogoon and his advisers are generally very cautious about entering into any extreme discussions.

The vassal-princes govern their principalities, lordships, imperial towns, etc.; and their dependents and retainers compose the army of the state, (said to amount to eighty thousand infantry, and twenty thousand cavalry,) commanded by the members of the nobility. The government of Japan is administered on the spy-system, like that of France and Russia. Every prince

maintains a secretary sent down by the Grand Council. The secretary goes, for a year, to watch and control the prince, and leaves his family at Jeddo, as hostages for his good behavior. The princes themselves are obliged to reside every alternate year at the Ziogoon's court. The governors of imperial provinces and cities must leave their families as hostages at the capital. Distrust and espionage run strangely through the entire society of Japan. Every household is answerable for the offenses committed in it; cities are divided into districts, each responsible for what occurs in it. In this way every man keeps a sharp eye on his neighbors, and in return has their sharp eyes on him. The Grand Council employs spies to watch the Ziogoon, and he employs spies to watch them. The pontiff-sovereign sends spies after the secular sovereign, and the latter as shrewdly returns the compliment. The Japanese laws are simple and severe. They are issued in the name of the emperor, and are so short and plain that every one understands them. They are printed and hung up in the public places, and as almost all the people can read, there is no need of any lawyers. Every man tells his own story, and can plead his own cause before the magistrate. The judges warn the people against going to law; when trifling complaints come before them they order those engaged to go and settle their differences by agreement, and they always punish those who show a litigious disposition. Sentence is carried into effect instantly. All writers praise the sincerity and directness of the administration of justice in Japan. In the matter of crime the Japanese show no philanthropy. For homicide or other capital crimes, they put the criminal to death, whatever may be his rank. On some occasions the judges are disposed to clemency—in the case of a man of high rank; and then they let him do his own business with the *kara-kari*. Suicide is honorable, and a sort of social duty in Japan. Other criminals are put in cages irrespective of their rank; and that punishment is worse than the other. Writers say that the Japanese seem to take a pleasure in witnessing a capital punishment, and that sometimes young noblemen, desirous of fleshing their maiden swords, or testing their temper, will come about the executioner, and offer him their blades, with something of that pensive interest which, in other uncivilized countries, sends the people running in crowds to see the throttling of a man with a rope. Men, after all, are pretty much alike every where; and with all their peculiarities, the Japanese are allowed to be a very fine people. Indeed the condition of their women proves this. In their households there is none of that seclusion of the

sex which is peculiar to the Eastern countries, and always distinctive of a barbarian state of society. The Japanese ladies go about their houses and manage their little tea-parties nearly as freely and gracefully as those of the Western countries. The men do not think it necessary they should muffle up their faces, or that their minds should be uncultivated, and consequently their womankind are generally well read, and paint on paper and laquered-work with a great deal of taste. They make artificial flowers, fans, purses, and so forth, to ornament their houses, or give as presents. They love junketings, country excursions, and pic-nics, and go to the day representations of the theatre, for the purpose of amusing themselves and showing the variety of their dresses, which they change two or three times during the play, their servants accompanying them to assist their toilets. The Japanese are a sociable people, and great lovers of merriment—music, dancing, the theatre, jugglers, conjurers, wrestlers, religious processions, and so forth. Their houses are generally built of timber, cedar being used in the better order of dwellings. The villas of the wealthy, with their gay verandas, and the trees and shrubs surrounding them, present a beautiful appearance. All houses, except those of the very lowest classes, are kept in the neatest order, and a bath-room always forms part of a Japanese dwelling. The residences of the nobility are castles. They are built of stone, on rising ground, within inclosures, and have fortified gates, with moats running round the whole. The towns are populous and regularly constructed, but without fortifications.

In Japan every one is taught to read and write. There is a university at the city of Miako, in Nippon, where the Mikado has his residence, and another in the capital Jeddo. In these places, especially at the former, the higher branches of knowledge are taught—such as divinity, poetry, history, mathematics, and astronomy. In the common schools all over the country the boys are instructed to read and write, and they also spend a great deal of time in learning the duties of the various ranks of society, and the outward observances due to one another as they go through life. Japan is a land of castes and ceremonies. The people are early filled with a sense of subordination, which seems the cement of that remarkable despotism. Among the lessons learned in school, is that which inculcates the *kara-kari*; the boy is prepared for the necessity of ripping himself up, in the regulated way, should the displeasure of the authorities overtake him in after life. It is understood that this suicide saves a family from

disgrace, and its property from confiscation. Religion in Japan comprises three principal denominations, and a variety of subordinate persuasions. That which may be called the religion of the state, at the head of which is the venerable Mikado, is the Sintoo—the oldest on that soil. The Japanese cosmogony is as wild and extravagant as any other pagan cosmogony. The mystery of the great first cause, and of creation, is slurred over with a succession of divinities. Japan (or the earth—'tis all one) has several hundred *kami*, or terrestrial gods, and the chief is the Sun-Goddess. One of the *Kami* married a mortal wife, and from them came the divine succession of the Mikados. The worship of the Sun-Goddess and the *Kami*, is the Sintoo religion, and it inculcates a future state of rewards and punishments. Its great duties are purity of body and mind, observance of feast days, pilgrimage, and adoration of the household *Kami*. The priests of the temples are called *Kami-noosi*, and live in houses in the inclosures of the temples which are scattered numerously over the country. The chief shrine of the Sun-Goddess is at Isye—the centre of the general pilgrimage of Japan; and here the priests sell indulgences and purifications, which are also distributed all over the empire, for the convenience of those who cannot come. These pilgrimages resemble those of Italy, and are made by all classes of the empire, from the nobility and princes down to the poorest serfs and strollers. A sort of mendicant nuns called *bikunis*, accompany the march of the devotees, and earn money on the road by singing, and otherwise entertaining the wayfarers. They are daughters of the *Jummabos* or mountain priests, and their conduct is altogether a very bare-faced and equivocal piece of business—for young ladies of such piety. They are licensed to go a-begging in this way, and must bring a portion of their winnings as tribute to the temple of the Sun-Goddess, who never asks them how they get the cash. In this connection it may be mentioned as a fact rather discreditable to the morals of the Japanese, that a class of degraded females is tolerated, and that, after a time, if they desire any honest course of life, it is freely open to them. They become respectable hand-maidens and respectable wives.

The second of the Japanese religions is Buddhism, familiar of course to everybody, but rightly comprehended by nobody. It has its high and low doctrines, to suit the high and low classes of men; and, as is natural, such an accommodating religion has a great many more priests and temples in Japan than that of the Sun-Goddess. There is another doctrine called *Suto*, or the way

of the philosophers. It is a free and easy sort of creed, particularly suitable to those who do not like the trouble of public worship and the long, dusty pilgrimages to the shrines. They believe with Voltaire, Shelley, and all the rest of them; speak loftily of politeness and virtue, and recognize a sort of universal spirit—the soul of Nature and the *Entium Ens*, which it is a great deal easier to talk about than to understand. It is generally stated by those best acquainted with the Japanese that, while the mass of the people follow the Sun-Goddess and Buddha, the higher and more intelligent orders of society adopt the somewhat latitudinarian divinity of the *Suto*. There are, as we have said, many other sects in Japan. But the good-natured old Mikado, living at the erudite and sacred city of Miako, tolerates them all, as long as they treat himself and his *Kami* with politeness and respect. All of them have his charitable wishes, and he even allows that the atheistical gentlemen of the *Suto* may have almost as fair a chance of the beatitudes as the orthodox themselves—his own Sintoos. All the religions, in fact, fraternize, and respect one another—nay, borrow somewhat from one another, on occasion—that is, all the pagans. You never catch the Christians acting in that manner. The Mikado lives in a saintly seclusion at the academic city of Miako, where he is regarded with the ceremonial reverence due to his divine descent. He is treated as a god, like the Grand Lama, and in that character is never allowed to do any thing for himself, or be visible to unholy eyes. One part of his character is to hold himself for hours stirless upon his throne, and if we could bring ourselves to speak irreverently of what obtains the sincere respect of so many millions of our fellow-creatures, we should say the Mikado, worshiped and carried about, and taken care of, appears altogether more like an old doll than a divinity. Then the poor gentleman has got twelve wives to manage; for it would be a dark day for Japan that saw the god-like lineage at an end. It often happens—and we do not wonder at it—that the Mikado gets tired of his divinity, and wishes to taste some of the relaxation and comfort of mere humanity, and he, therefore, resigns his solemn position to his son. He then can go about on his own legs, and use his hands to help himself, or to help the thing he was so lately! The Mikado has no secular power, and, as regards all the realities of empire, is merely the shadow of the Ziogoon.

The Japanese language is a Mongolian and Chinese mixture, said by some of the old Jesuits to be a contrivance of the devil himself, to prevent Christian missionaries from learning it.

The alphabet is said to contain forty-eight letters, and the people write in perpendicular lines, from the top of the page to the bottom. The use of paper was known in Japan in the seventh century, and engraving or printing from wooden blocks was practiced there two centuries and a half before it was introduced into Europe. The Japanese men and women are very fond of reading, and those who have been among them say they have works of history, geography, natural history, philosophy, voyages and travels, poems, plays, romances, and so forth. For several hundred years the European travelers and missionaries in their country have spoken of the admirable system of public education. The educational system of Japan is, in fact, as democratic and dignified as our own, and far beyond that of those Christian powers that despise the imperial islanders and try to convert them. The Japanese markets and schools are well supplied with books. Most of the latter are illustrated by wood-cuts, and have the print and engravings only on one side of the paper. The poetry of Japan reads mellifluously, and seems to have a pretty simplicity, free, however, from any vigor or loftiness of passion—just as the French and Italian newspapers of to-day are free from any vigor or loftiness of political sentiment. The Japanese love dramatic entertainments, the subjects of which glance from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, and set every thing like the “unities” at defiance. Their plays have reference, mostly, to their cosmogony, their traditions and their history. The drama and its followers in Japan are like what they were, latterly, (for we presume they have somewhat mended,) among our civilized nations, rather immoral, and depreciated in consequence. Boys play the parts of women. The drama is begun at noon, and continues till night. Sometimes two or three dramas are put on the stage together, and the scenes of each represented, alternately, in regular order, till they are all played out—a wonderful sort of intellectual salmagundi for the million. The actors change their dresses on the stage, and the ladies change theirs in the boxes. But all the world’s a stage and all the men and women merely players.

The Japanese have pretty clever doctors; and are proficient in astronomy. They have translated several treatises on that science from the Dutch, and have learned the use of European astronomical instruments. They make good telescopes, barometers, thermometers, etc. At Jeddo and at Miako, the astronomers with calculations of eclipses are finished. The Japanese music is pretty. Every young lady plays on her *samsie*, and when they lead this light guitar at

vening parties, the gentlemen blowing clouds, tink and listen, (like "the silent stars" of Tom Moore,) and take their *saki*, at intervals, with the most elegant sense of enjoyment. The art of painting in Japan is so so. The artists paint birds, fruits and flowers with great neatness; but they fail at the human form, and cannot compass a likeness. They work skillfully in copper and iron, and their cotton and silk manufactures equal those of any other Eastern country. They acquire wood in a famous way, as every body knows; make glass, paper and watches, and grind and temper steel admirably. They are good carvers and die-sinkers, and know how to cast metal statues for the temples of the country. Their copper coinage is good. They have a great number of breweries and distilleries, and their manufactories of straw hats and straw shoes, used by almost all classes, are very general. Japan has, properly speaking, no marine. The government discourages any intercourse or trade which would carry the people to the coasts of other countries; and the vessels that swarm round the coasts are mere junks, some of them 150 tons burden, clumsily rigged and left open at the stern in a manner that makes a distant cruise a matter of desperation.

The houses of the Japanese are clean, ornamented, and not encumbered with furniture. The people are sociable, and greatly enjoy their tea-parties and dinner-parties. At these last every guest is expected to bring an attendant or two to take home with him the scraps and remnants of the banquets. On other occasions it is expected that if a stranger cannot eat all the sweetmeats offered to him, he will fold them up in paper and put them in his pocket to carry home. A Japanese dinner is of seven or eight courses, game, fish, vegetables, confectionary. Rice is the great accompaniment of meals, as bread is with us. The guests eat out of lacquered bowls with chop-sticks, the master of the house going courteously about and drinking little cups of *saki* with the feasters. Every man must entertain according to his rank; that is a sumptuary law of that ceremonial empire. The Japanese observe their religious festivals with great pomp and circumstance. It is a part of their religion to be cheerful and enjoy themselves. They have a great yearly festival called Beng, or the Feast of Lanterns, held in honor of the spirits of the dead, who are supposed to be gratified by the lights that are hung round all the graves, and the festivities carried on in memory of them. The other great festival is called *Matsuri*, in honor of some particular deity—each locality having its own. They are accompanied by processions, banners, blazons, stre^{up}-ways, music, illumina-

tion, eating, drinking, and all sorts of jollification. Other curious feasts are of a similar character. The Japanese grandees go in carriages, made in the old Dutch fashion, and drawn by oxen. They also ride on horseback, but more generally go about in sedan-chairs. The law of primogeniture obtains in Japan; and the law of the land confines every man to one wife, though he may have as many concubines as he pleases. Children are carefully brought up and educated, and the connection between them and their parents is one of affection and respect. It is remarkable that fathers are in the habit of resigning their property to their eldest sons, and remaining ever after dependent on them. This can be traced to the spirit of that government. Every subject of Japan is under a number of responsibilities, which keep him in perpetual restraint and anxiety. He must answer for the morality of his district, and live otherwise so much under the control of espionage and the sumptuary discipline of society, that he is glad to take refuge in a state of insignificance. The Japanese is as happy to surrender his harassing citizenship as the poor Mikado is to throw off his harassing godhead. A subtle web-work of despotism envelops the mind and energies of that great nation; but we think it would not be a difficult thing to abolish it. The Japanese are a proud and intelligent people, and we learn from those who have written about them, that they love independent discussion, and have an enlightened disposition to listen to foreigners and imitate them. Their character is not to be entirely confounded with the character of their government—which is a vast and elaborate artifice; something like those of France, Russia, Italy, and so forth.

We now turn to the history of the Japanese nation. The Chinese say it was first peopled from the flowery Central Kingdom. The Emperor of China sent about 3000 young people of both sexes into Nippon, to look for the plant of Perpetuity. They went away, but they never came back with their prize; from which it was concluded they did not find it. But we strongly suspect the boys and girls *did* find a plant something very like it. At all events, Nippon grew very populous from that time. The Japanese say that at a date answering to our 600 B. C., the first mortal ruler, Zinmu-ten-woo, built the *Dairi* and reigned over Japan—a fact not to be lightly contradicted. For several centuries, the pontiff-emperors were the despotic rulers of the country, supporting their state by the holiness of the sacerdotal character, and entrusting the command of the military to their sons and other relatives. In process of time, the onerous and

solitary duties of the Mikado became so irksome that the emperors adopted a custom of abdicating in favor of their sons even while the latter were yet children. The ex-monarch, relieved from the dreary etiquette of his semi-divinity, had leisure to enjoy his life, and look after his successor in quality of regent. From this a civil war rose in process of time. A prince of the country, whose daughter was mother of the boy-mikado, made himself regent against the father's claim. Then rose Yoritomo, the champion of hereditary right, and one of the most heroic names in Japanese history. He fought battles and restored the proper order of things. But the real power of the Mikados continued to be wielded by the restorer of the monarchy, who became Ziogoon, or generalissimo of Japan, and then made the office hereditary in his family. Then followed a series of infant Mikados, supported by a race of captains resembling the old French Mayors of the Palace, in the days of the Do-nothing kings. Then the vicious principle of the *Dairi* began to sway the succession of the generalissimos. There were also infant Ziogoons, baby commanders-in-chief. It is recorded that Yoritomo's widow, who had become a Buddhist nun, was created Ziogoon; and she made a very respectable head of the army, too, though there was no amount of fighting during her time. Things went on in this way—the Mikado ruling nominally and the military deputy virtually—till the close of the sixteenth century, when the soldiers set the old sham aside, and the recognized empire of the Ziogoons rose with the Gongen dynasty. Since that time the Mikado has fallen back upon his sanctity, and now lives upon a regular allowance from the Ziogoon, who possesses all the revenues of the country, and holds his godship in great reverence.

But before this transfer of imperial power, occurred the formidable invasions of the Mongols, largely recorded by the Japanese annalists. In the thirteenth century Kublai Khan, being possessed of the greater part of China and the Korean territory, deputed envoys to demand the homage and tribute of the Wang of Nippon. He sent the Wang a right royal letter, in which he spoke of a certain charter he had received from Heaven to take possession of many countries. He assumed that the Nippons had not heard about him, seeing they had sent him no envoy; and he went on to make that significant statement which is printed at the head of this article. When the Mikado read this he was in an ungodlike state of perplexity; but the Ziogoon, more resolute, decided, like Nicholas Romanoff, that there was *no answer*. Again and again did Kublai write strong letters; and at last, in 1274,

he sent an armament from Corea to bring the Japanese to order. But this expedition was baffled, by the resistance of the people on the shores and the turbulence of the elements. Kublai sent more envoys, and these were at last put to death. In 1281, when he had completely conquered China, he sent another fleet and army against Nippon. But this *armada* was as unfortunate as the other. It was overtaken off the islands by a tremendous hurricane, which dashed one half of the fleet on the rocks and scattered the rest. The invaders who had taken refuge on the shore were assailed and destroyed, or carried into captivity. Three men alone of that grand armament, say the Japanese, went back to Kublai Khan. As long as the Mongolian dynasty of this monarch reigned in China, neither commerce nor intercourse existed between that empire and Japan. Subsequently, however, the people of both countries came to a friendly understanding.

In 1548 commenced the modern history of Japan. During that year a ship, commanded by Antonio Moto and Francisco Zeimoto, was driven upon the coast in the province Nisimura. After the first surprise of the Japanese was over, they received and traded with the strangers in a cordial manner. After that a ship richly freighted sailed every two years from Goa to Japan; till at last the Jesuits came, and then began the violence and bloodshed which have so remarkably stained the annals of Japan. With the first Jesuit visitors came the famous and canonized Francis Xavier. At that time there hardly existed any distrust of the foreigners. The Portuguese traded along the coasts, and were always welcome. The princes and nobles vied with each other in giving them a kind reception. The Japanese received and were taught the use of musketry and cannon in return for their own products. But the missionaries were at work. They first commended themselves by the humility of their manners and the practice of those social virtues and charities which pagans understand better than any religious dogmas. Along with this the Catholic ceremonial took the imagination of the Japanese, who said it was like Buddhism, but more impressive. Converts came in from all quarters, but chiefly from the more intelligent castes; and at last many princes and nobles of Japan sent an embassy to Pope Gregory XIII. acknowledging his spiritual supremacy. But matters soon changed. The Portuguese laymen refused to observe the social ceremonies of the country, and the priests began to speak against the prevalent idolatries. At last the clamor came to the ears of the Mikado, who had very cheerfully tolerated one religion more, and

thought that all the creeds would continue to live in peace and harmony, as ever before. He was surprised at the quarrelsomeness of those strangers, and indeed horrified when he found that his own pretensions were treated with little more reverence than those of the Buddhists or theists, and that there was another old Mikado at the other end of the world who was put up in opposition to himself! In 1586 a proclamation was issued, ordering the suppression of the rebellious form of worship, and forbidding the Jesuits to preach, under penalty of death. But the Christians were as courageous as in the old Roman days, and refused to obey that pagan command. A terrible persecution followed, in which all the other religions joined heartily against the Catholic, and about 20,000 persons perished. In 1590 all the Christian churches were shut up. Still the forbidden worship was practiced, and converts were made. In 1597 a new persecution broke out, and 26 of the unsubmitting priests—Jesuits and Franciscans—were crucified.

Meantime a political tumult was adding to the agitations of the country. About 1550, two brothers of the line of Yoritomo fought for the Ziogoonship, and like Eteocles and Polynices, perished together in the struggle. Then followed a wilder strife. Nobunaga, a prince-champion, seized the throne, assisted by the plebeian soldier Hide-Yosi. But another competitor pushed Nobunaga down and took his place. In the confusion which followed Hide-Yosi, always armed and ready, grasped the disputed truncheon, and held it so firmly and prudently that the bewildered Mikado, who was prepared to recognize any Ziogoon strong enough to hold his own, gave Hide the blessing which he came to seek, and the new Ziogoon assumed the style of Tayko-Sama. Tayko was the first who took decisive steps to liberate the secular from the control of the pontiff-emperor. He died in 1598. Before his only son, Hide Yori, could succeed, a civil war broke out, and one of the princes, named Iyeyas, fought for the Ziogoonship against the supporters of the child. He succeeded, and, in 1606, Hide Yori perished. Iyeyas now reduced the Mikado to the condition of a priest, and, dividing the great principalities, succeeded in breaking the dangerous feudal power of the higher nobility. He afterward turned his bitterest persecution against the Christians, who had fought vigorously on the side of Hide-Yori. He ordered the Christian faith to be abjured, and the Portuguese missionaries and traders to quit the kingdom and come no more. The priests continued to preach, and refused to go, whereupon the storm burst upon them which up to this

time has decided the fate of Christianity in Japan. The Dutch had now (1600) come to that country, and they joined in the turbulent argument, with a desire to supplant their precursors. They proclaimed aloud—the conscientious Protestants that they were!—that their religion was not that of the Portuguese, and thrived wonderfully on the mental reservation. They intrigued against the Portuguese, discovered some conspiracy, and got their first foot-hold at Firanda. In 1637 an edict was issued sweeping the Christian religion and the priests out of Japan. The Jesuits had made a bloody blunder. They went plucking at their fruit before it was ripe. Their extirpation and that of their disciples was a terrible and protracted effort of authority. In 1641 about 70,000 of those whom they had converted retired, bearing arms against the government, to a stronghold on the promontory of Simabarra, in the island of Kiusiu. Here they defended themselves for some time, till at last the Ziogoon ordered the Dutch to bring up their armed ship to assist the operations of his troops. The vessel's broadside soon shattered the defenses, and then the Japanese rushed in and hewed down in a pitiless manner that helpless Christian remnant—men, women and children. The massacre at the same time going on in Ireland was nothing to it. The Dutch had done the Ziogoon good service; and from that day to this they have monopolized the European trade of Japan. They were ordered to leave Firanda and go to Nagasaki, on the island of Kiusiu, where their exclusive wharf and factory still remain, at Desima.

In the reign of Charles II., the English tried to establish a trade with Japan; but the Dutch whispered that the king's wife was a Portuguese, and John Bull was obliged to sheer off. In process of time, however, the bitterness against foreigners subsided, and ships in distress were well treated—as indeed they always were before the religious troubles. In 1796, the English Captain Broughton was received kindly by the Japanese. In 1797, the commercial enterprise of our infant nation tried its "Open Sesame" at the gates of Japan. At that time Holland was a mere appanage of the French Republic, and the people of Batavia fearing their ship would be seized by the English cruisers, sent their goods in the *Eliza*, of New York, Captain Stewart. The Japanese were astonished to hear the men of the strange ship talk English, though they were told the arrangement was made to escape the English. The Dutch resident was obliged to sit down in the midst of a circle and set forth the history of the American Revolution, in order to throw light upon a matter that seemed, at first, so contradictory and deceptive.

The Governor of Nagasaki had a clear head, and every thing was understood. Captain Stewart's ship was wrecked on her return, but brought back to Nagasaki and repaired. He came from Batavia the year after, with a freight in a strange vessel; whereupon the Dutch resident having sold the goods and deducted the expense of repairing the *Eliza*, sent Stewart off in ballast and—dudgeon. In 1803 the latter appeared again at Nagasaki, with an American cargo; but they would not trade with him. Captain Stewart did not go there any more; the Dutch were too hard for him.

In the reign of Catharine II. the Russians tried to open a trade with Japan. In 1792, Captain Laxman landed at Matemai, in Jesso, with some shipwrecked Japanese that had been rescued on the coast of Siberia. But he was hardly thanked and his trading overtures refused. In 1804, Count Resanoff, in a ship-of-war, came to Nagasaki, to ask a treaty of friendship and trade. On the appearance of the vessel, the Japanese junks went out as usual to demand that the armament of the ship should be surrendered till it should be ready to depart. The Russian refused to give up his arms, but let the officers carry the ammunition on shore. The ship was then brought up close to the islet of Desima, while the Russian message went forward to Jeddo. The authorities of Nagasaki were in a terrible perplexity concerning the way in which the strangers should be treated. At last a reply came from the government, and the Russians were brought from their wooden tenement near the strand, and carried to the governor's house to hear it. All doors and windows were shut as they passed along the streets, and the place looked like a city of the dead. The answer was, a refusal. The Russian presents were refused. But it was ordered that the strangers should accept those of the *Ziogoon*—otherwise, the *hara-kari* for my Lord Governor of Nagasaki! Resanoff humanely accepted the gifts, and the payment of all the embassy's expenses while in Japan, and went home. In 1806, two Russian officers, Davidoff and Chuostoff, landed from their ships at Saghalien, one of the Kurile Islands, and burnt and plundered the villages, leaving behind them intimations that this was done to teach the Japanese a proper respect for Russia. In 1810, Captain Golownin went in a war-frigate to explore the Kurile Islands, and the Japanese waters. In the course of his cruise he landed at Kunachir, one of those islands, where, having quarreled with the governor of the place, the latter, with much subtlety, made him and all his crew prisoners. They were dragged, bound with ropes, into a prison at Matsmai, where they were kept for two years, till the Rus-

sian government had explicitly disavowed the doings of Davidoff! The tameness or indifference of the Czar Alexander in this business is very surprising. A Russian officer is treated like a dog for two years, and nothing angry said about it. Your despotisms have power and spirit in the centre; but the free or the freer governments feel down to the remote, individual extremities of their nationality. On the departure of Golownin he was furnished with a document which warned the Russians against any more attempts to open a trading intercourse with Japan.

Soon after Stewart's baffled attempt, an English vessel came from Calcutta, desiring to open a trade between India and Japan. To conciliate the Japanese, the captain took the *cross* out of the British flag! But he was turned away. Then came Captain Pellew, afterward Lord Exmouth—leader of that *bellum piraticum* which extinguished the Algerines. Pellew hoisted the Dutch flag, but when the boat bringing the officers of the Dutch factory came along side, they were taken on board by force. The Japanese boats rowed back, aghast, to tell the news. The governor was in a great passion, and in a greater when he saw the *Phæton* bearing up the bay without a pilot. He applied to the nearest military posts for troops to send in junks against the intruders; but where one thousand men were bound to be on duty, he could find only sixty. While the Japanese in an angry flurry were making preparations to take or burn the ship, one of the Dutchmen was sent on shore for provisions and water. In order to delay Pellew these things were furnished; whereupon he let the Dutchmen go ashore, and went off. The poor governor committed *hara-kari*; and the commanders of the deficient stations did the same. It was a deplorable visit, and the name of Englishman became hateful to the poor Japanese. In 1813 the English came again in contact with the Japanese. Java and its dependencies were now in the possession of England, and Sir Stamford Raffles, the new governor, considering the traffic from Batavia to Nagasaki included in the treaty of transfer, sent two ships, the annual traders, to that place with an agent, Heer Cassa, to replace Doeff, the Dutch agent or *opper-hoofd*. But Doeff did not want to quit his agency, and for that purpose he told the English that if the Japanese thought they (the English) were any but Americans in the Dutch service, they would not trade with them; and at the same time offered so to manage, that the authorities should believe them to be Americans so employed. Raffles, seeing the shadow of coming change in Europe, and the restoration of Java, assented, (was obliged

to assent,) and for a year or two the Batavian John Bull traded in a Dutch mask with jealous Japan, by the interested connivance of Doeff. In 1818, Captain Gordon, of the English navy entered the bay of Jeddo, where his brig, the *Brothers*, was boarded by the Japanese authorities, and his request, desiring permission to trade, refused. The little ship was then politely towed out of the bay. In 1831, a Japanese junk, with a few men in it, was blown across the Pacific, to the mouth of the Columbia River. Five years afterward they found themselves at Macao, whence some English and Americans sent them to Japan in the American merchant-ship, *Morrison*, which carried no armament. But the Japanese did not want to take back their countrymen, seeing that an imperial edict of 1637 forbid the return of such absentees to Japan. The vessel was fired upon in the bay of Jeddo, whence she was forced to run down to Kagosima, in Kiusiu. Here Mr. C. W. King, of New York, tried to renew negotiations; but, after a few days, striped canvas was seen stretched along the shore in several places, indicating that batteries of cannon were being arranged behind them, to annoy the stranger; the canvas screens being so placed for the purpose of protecting the persons of the gunners. As the anchor of the *Morrison* was weighed, one of the batteries was opened on the ship which was then obliged to go back to Macao, the poor, terrified Japanese being still on board. They were afraid to venture on any part of their own shores.

In 1845, Sir Edward Belcher, in the *Samarang*, went to Nagasaki. The port officers went on board, requesting that the vessel should not enter the harbor. They told Belcher they had heard of the movements of the *Samarang* among the islands of the Archipelago. He requested permission to land on one of the Japanese islets to make an astronomical observation. The authorities were greatly embarrassed, but at last consented that their visitors should land in the night, to determine some point by the stars. During this visit, as well as on almost all occasions, the Japanese showed themselves very curious and very courteous, and dreading nothing, apparently, but the regulations and the severity of their government. They took great pleasure in asking questions and receiving information, and when they could, without being seen by one another, did a great many forbidden things. The poor devils in authority, on such occasions are in a tremor, lest something be done or neglected which shall bring them to the *hara-kari*; and a Japanese interpreter once expressed this fact in a very impressive manner when, on being asked by Mr. King, of the *Morrison*, how the

mandarins were to be distinguished, said: "When you see a man come on board who trembles a good deal, be sure he is a mandarin!" All the time the *Samarang* remained, a number of batteries with their striped cotton screens were visible on shore. When they were asked why they had fired on the *Morrison*, the Japanese said no absentees were allowed to come back, and added that they had sent a junk full of them back to the Emperor of China, though he was their ally. Every thing required by the *Samarang* was brought on board—the Japanese refusing to listen to the offer of payment. Belcher, seeing permission to land was refused, went away quietly.

In July, 1846, the American Commodore Biddle, in the *Columbus* war-ship, arrived in the bay of Jeddo, accompanied by the sloop-of-war *Vincennes*, and tried to make a treaty with the *Zioگون*. The vessels were surrounded by several hundred guard-boats, and the *cordon* appeared very formidable; but the Japanese did not seem disposed to proceed to unpleasant extremities with visitors so warlike. Some of them went on board the *Vincennes*, and stuck a curious little wand on the deck near the bow, and another near the stern. The Americans, not liking the look of such *gramarye*, bid them take away their conjuring sticks, and they took them away. A triple line of junks was then drawn between the two American ships, but when the seamen proceeded in boats to cut the connecting rope, the Japanese let it be so—they said nothing against it. The port authorities were civil and sociable, and even disposed to be jolly. But if the intrusive ships had been unarmed, like the *Morrison*, it is very probable they would have got her treatment, and had the petticoat-carronades (as the sailors call the screened batteries) blazing away at them. Ten days did the two vessels remain, no one on board being permitted to approach the shore, till at last came the emperor's answer to their humble request—"The trade of Holland is enough for Japan!" Then all the junks got about and ahead of the *Columbus* and *Vincennes*, and drew them away out to sea. In the same year, 1845, the French came to try their luck at the business of opening the ports of Japan. Admiral Cecille, in the *Cleopatre*, made his overtures, and had just as little success as those who had gone before him on that errand. The latest English visit to that cloistered empire was in 1849. Capt. Matheson, in the *Mariner* war-sloop, anchored in May at Oragawa, about twenty or thirty miles from Jeddo. The captain, by means of an interpreter, invited the governor on board, who replied civilly that he regretted the law did not permit him,

and that he could not, under pain of death, allow the ship to proceed farther toward the shore, or any of the strangers to land. Off Cape Misaki, mandarins came to the Mariner, forbidding the captain to cruise about, and requesting him to depart. At night, the forts on the shore were lighted and manned, and about 400 armed junks, each carrying its lantern, kept watch round the ship—so that the people on board were obliged to keep a sharp look out. Capt. Matheson spent several days moving along the coast, sounding and surveying. On 31st May, he took a survey of Semodi Bay, and landed at some fishing villages there. But the Japanese authorities—mandarins as they are incorrectly called—implored him so earnestly to go on board and not peril their lives, that he complied. They supplied the vessel with every thing demanded and furnished junks to tow her out to sea. Captain Matheson says Oragawa is the key of Jeddo; those holding the former could deprive the capital of its sea-supplies. In the same year, 1849, our U. S. ship *Preble* was sent by Commodore Geisinger, from the coast of China, to Japan, for the purpose of demanding some wrecked American seamen, belonging to the whaler *Ladoga*, who were imprisoned. When the ship approached the Japanese coast, the port-officers came off to order the stranger not to come near the land, and to indicate the proper anchorage. But the captain refused to be dictated to, and declared he would anchor where he pleased. The result of this determined behavior was, that the people of the whaler were sent on board the *Preble*, which then took its departure; the American refusing to accept any thing, seeing the Japanese would not receive payment.

We now come to the last expeditions—Perry's and *Pontiatine's*. In June, 1853, the former bearing a letter from the President to the Emperor, proceeded from the coast of China to Japan. On 2d July, the steam-frigates, *Susquehanna* and *Mississippi*, and the sloop-of-war *Plymouth* and *Saratoga*, left Napa-Kaing, in Loo Choo, and on the 8th made Cape Idzu, near the south entrance of the Bay of Jeddo. Proceeding up the bay, they anchored a mile beyond the former stations of the *Morrison* and *Columbus*. A rocket was thrown up on shore, and several officers came to put on board the warning to depart. But it would not be received, and the deputy-governor of Uraga, the only person allowed to go on board the commodore, was told that, if the boats surrounding the ships did not depart, they should be fired upon. This sent the junks off, and they returned no more. Next morning the governor of Uraga, Yezaimon, a nobleman of the third rank, came on board and

asked time to send a message to Jeddo. During the three days that elapsed before the return of the messenger, the *Mississippi* made a trip of ten miles up the Bay of Jeddo, finding deep soundings and commodious anchorage beyond the promontory of Uraga. While the ship and the cutters were sounding, the junks hovered at a distance; but no alarm was manifested. On the 12th came an answer to say that the emperor had appointed an officer of the highest rank to go to Uraga and receive the letter of the President of the United States. The Japanese indicated the village of Goriama, three miles south of Uraga, as the place of interview; and on the 14th, Commodore Perry, who, till then, had kept himself in dignified seclusion, invisible to any of the Japanese officers, went on shore with an imposing force of four hundred men, to meet the envoys of the emperor. Three wooden houses had been erected and carpeted, and about five thousand native troops, with guns, swords, pennons, and other blazonry, made a beautiful show, extended in file round the bay. All this time the *Susquehanna* and *Mississippi* were lying close to the shore, their broadsides turned to the place of meeting. The commodore was received by the Prince of Idzu, grand-councillor of the empire, accompanied by the Prince of Iwami. The President's letter was formally delivered, and a receipt taken for it. The commodore and his officers maintained their dignity, and their bowings and salutations were all in the American style. This had a great effect on the Japanese, who are disposed to judge of every thing according to the rule of ceremony. Before parting, Commodore Perry stated he would return in spring for a reply. Afterward the governor and deputy-governor of Uraga, with their attendants, took a trip in the *Susquehanna*, and were highly interested in the performance of the steam-engine. On the 15th, the commodore proceeded twenty miles further up the bay than any other European vessel had ventured. The shores on each side were observed to be richly cultivated and wooded. The day before the departure of the squadron, the Governor of Uraga went on board, bearing presents. He was obliged to accept some in return, otherwise his own would have been refused. He subsequently came to the ship, in high spirits, to say he was allowed to keep what he had accepted, and he received some garden-seeds along with the rest. During this visit the Japanese showed themselves—as they have usually been described—courteous, intelligent, and desirous to learn and to know. On the 17th July, the American squadron returned to Hong Kong.

About a month subsequently, the squadron of the Russian Admiral *Pontiatine*, consisting of

a frigate, a corvette, a screw-steamer, and a transport ship, arrived at Nagasaki. The admiral brought a letter from the Chancellor of Russia to the Emperor of Japan; and he and his officers were, on 21st September, received on shore in great pomp, by the Governor of Nagasaki. The letter was then forwarded to Jeddo. A little after, two government officers came from the capital, declaring that the Japanese government would, at the end of a year, open the ports of the empire to the commerce of foreigners; after centuries of seclusion this could not be done at once. It was stated that the emperor (the Mikado) was dead, and his successor had not been inaugurated. The Russians remained at Nagasaki for nearly three months.

In the middle of January, in the present year, Commodore Perry proceeded from Hong Kong on his way to Jeddo. On the 17th of the same month, he set out from Loo Choo, with the *Mississippi*, the *Powhattan*, the *Susquehanna*, the *Macedonian*, the sloop *Plymouth*, and five tenders and store-ships. A month subsequently, the Russians, who seem to have all along been dogging the steps of the American expedition, proceeded also from Loo Choo, for the coast of Japan. The results of these persevering efforts to break up that secular, self-imposed blockade of so great an empire, must be of the utmost importance to the trade of the Pacific, and to the interests of commerce and progress in both hemispheres.

Since the foregoing was written, we have had an account of Commodore Perry's second reception in the bay of Jeddo, which he entered with his squadron on 12th February. Going in, he took up a position off Yokohama, about twenty miles nearer to the capital than the anchorage of last year. The Japanese were, as usual, friendly; but, at the orders of their government, showed a desire to repress the confidence of their visitors. For nearly a fortnight they tried to persuade the commodore to go down to his old position at Uraga. But the latter was resolute, and his pertinacity was too much for their logic. They consented, at last, that the interview should take place at Yokohama; and, accordingly, on 8th March, the American embassy landed, in great state, drums beating, colors flying, and the marines, under their flashing bayonets, stepping to the harmonies of Hail Columbia. Entering a large draped and decorated hall, the commodore and his suite met the Prince Councilor Hayashi, the Prince of Isusima, the Prince of Mimasaki and Uono, a revenue dignitary. Americans and Japanese being seated, tea, *saki* and sweetmeats were served, and discussed, and then the chief

men on both sides, retiring to another room, debated the business of the expedition for three hours. The reply of the Ziogoon to the American overture was found to be very favorable, and the terms of an international treaty were proposed. It was not, however, completed when the *Susquehanna*, which has brought the account thus far, left the bay of Jeddo for Hong Kong. But enough has reached us to show that the object of the expedition has been attained.

Meantime, the gifts sent to the Emperor by the President had been landed and confided to the proper officials. A railway, a telegraph, a surf-boat, a life-boat, a printing-press, a stove, maps, books, plates, arms and other matters were offered for the Ziogoon; and, for the empress, there were robes, dresses, jewelry, china ware, toilet-furniture, and so forth. The railway, three hundred yards long, was laid down in a circle, and the train ran round at a rate of 30 miles an hour. After a prudent hesitation, the Japanese were eager to be allowed to ride on the first railroad. The telegraph was another source of pleasure and surprise to them, and they surprised the Americans, in turn, by asking how those air-churns of Mr. Ericsson were coming on. One of the imperial interpreters was made the happiest man in Zipango with a complete Webster's Dictionary! A marine, named Williams, died after the arrival of the squadron, and the officials, being applied to, readily appropriated a spot for his burial-place. The people crowded to the funeral, and listened with curious interest to the service read on the occasion—all showing themselves as tolerant in this religious matter as their forefathers did when the Christians first came among them. They also showed that their jealous policy was a good deal changed in respect of the visits of strangers to their towns; for the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Bittinger, was allowed to go, twenty miles off, to visit a couple of populous cities, called Kanagawa and Kasacca. These cities are composed of low houses, and have wide and well-formed streets. The chaplain went into some of the dwellings and found them very clean and neat, and also into the temples, which he found covered with gilding, and liberally furnished with idols. Another officer of the squadron managed to go so near Jeddo that he saw it. It is built crescent-wise along the rising shore, and, though perhaps as populous as Paris, has no architectural dignity in its appearance—the houses being mostly of one story, a custom growing out of that volcanic ground, to which the people, taught by experience, will not entrust lofty or expensive buildings. During the negotiations the Japanese showed the most cheerful

desire to be cordial. The Governor of Uraga, and nine others, dined with Captain Buchanan, on board the *Susquehanna*, and greatly enjoyed the American modes of festivity, using knives and forks with great dexterity and sinistery, and discussing roast turkey and champagne like Anglo-Saxons. They also, by permission, put bits of the fowl into their paper pocket-handkerchiefs to treat their wives and children at home; and when toasts came round, replied to them, and proposed them with

much presence of mind and reciprocity of sentiment.

The result of this second visit has been most successful. Two or three Japanese ports will be opened to the trade of this country, and our vessels in want of coal will have permission to purchase it at one of the islands furnishing that mineral. In a little time the English, and all the rest of mankind, will obtain similar privileges, and Japan find herself floating off on the great gulf-stream of the world.

WOOD WANDERINGS.

BY MRS. H. J. KAMES.

Come forth, O, friend! these dreamy Autumn days,
Steeped in soft hues of many colored glory—
Wrapt in a still, and spiritual gleaming haze,
In sooth *this* day seems made for some sweet story—
Some tale of poesie we love so well,
Or old romance, with its entrancing spell.

Come, for all nature lieth hushed and holy,
'Neath the meek beauty of autumnal skies—
And soft-toned winds, in murmurs melancholy
Send forth the soul of mystic melodies.
Freshness, and dew, lie on the grassy sod,
And the wide earth beams with the smile of God!

Doth not this fair morn to the slumbrous earth
Seem like the clear awakening of Heaven?
Come—let us forth, where all bright things have birth,
Where Beauty's spirit to each scene is given:
We will forget life's never-ending cares,
And Sabbath peace shall bless us unawares.

See'st thou beyond yon range of swelling hills,
How the woods wave in glorifying splendor?
Such spots of loveliness are there, as fills
The soul with yearnings infinite and tender!
And there through hours of silence, and of sound,
The reverent spirit broods in thought profound.

Come, then, dear friend! Nature's wide fane embraces
Rich flower-decked altar, and green-foliaged aisle—
And mossy seats are raised in bowery places
Of God's great Temple, where we'll rest awhile,
And through the leafy windows of the trees
We'll look, and list the harpings of the breeze.

Here, where the green is 'spret with gray and golden
On the thick mosses of this broken bough—
'Neath the oak-shadows deeply dark, and olden,
Will we two sit; and it is meet that thou
And I should take from nature's perfect page
Her simple lessons, taught in every age.

Lo! now, soft sunbeams light this bowered spot,
Through the flushed foliage falls the actual glory
Upon the velvet turf. O, hast thou not

Read of such haunts in old poetic story?
The hush of dream-land rests on all around
As 'twere a charmed spot our senses bound.

I love the trees! See'st thou yon purple cedar,
Lifting its crowned crest to the sky's soft red?
The grand oak, towering like a royal leader—
And the proud fir, with its green pyramid?
'Tween the finger branches of the pine and larch
The wild wood-ivy weaves a shining arch.

There, the white poplar stands superb, and tall,
Here shows the mountain-ash its crimson clusters;
Like ruby beads, the dogwood berries fall—
Yon maple wears a golden, yellow lustre.
And falling leaves, like rainbow diadem
Float on the pool, which seems a sapphire gem.

All is so still! and yet the slumbrous quiet
Hath naught of sleep in its profound repose;
"Millions of spiritual creatures," sanctify it,
While viewless beings of the air disclose
The mystic harmonies that lie enshrined
In the deep organ of the forest wind!

Listen, O, friend! the soul of softest sound,
The very heart of this old wood is filling—
Strange, sweet-voiced echoes wake the arches round,
And whispering boughs, with silent praise are thrilling,
And nodding flower-leaves, flushed with Autumn's dye,
Convey their pure monitions to the eye!

Yea! eloquent is the *still-life* of nature.—
Hark to the silvery bird-notes wandering by!
See yonder gold and crimson-coated creature
On purple wings—the darting dragon fly!
Low insect-murmurs in the grass are rife,
And the clear-singing stream is full of life!

The Life of Love! and unto us, O, friend!
How precious are these hours of holy leisure,
As roaming on, our souls in converse blend,
Or pausing oft some lovely thought to treasure—
To muse on in an after day of rest—
O, friend of mine! we are serenely blest!

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN ATOM OF HYDROGEN.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

My first recollections of my own existence are connected with the sea. I have been told that I had lived in a single drop of water, from the time when the great Creator, calling all things into existence, gave that drop being. For what purpose I was created, I know not, unless it was to be the partner of some one stronger and more powerful than myself. But that can hardly be so, for no one keeps me a very long time, save with one exception, when, for a few thousand years, I was buried up in the bosom of the earth, united with carbon. We were disengaged from thence and thrown into a furnace red with heat, where my fetters were burnt from me, and I was set comparatively free, to begin existence anew in a strange companionship.

I never remember to have been wholly at liberty. All things seem to keep a watchful eye over me, and if in an unguarded moment I escape from one master, it is but to be seized upon by another, equally exacting with the former. How it is that I am thus always caught, I cannot tell; for I am entirely colorless, and cannot be distinguished from atmospheric air by the keenest perception of human vision. Some philosophers have told me that I bear about me that which almost every other body loves, or, as these wise men say, for which "all other substances have an affinity." Whether this is true or not, I am unable to say, but one thing is certain, let me go where or when I will, I never can go alone, unless when the current of a galvanic battery, with its scathing power, puts both myself and the body with whom I am united in such agony that my partner is forced by the pain to leave me and seek to escape by clinging to a part of the instrument that *positively* wounds us both, while I am left alone, bewildered, forsaken, and forlorn. It is true that I then attain the long wished-for object—liberty. That is, freedom from the control of another body. But what kind of liberty is it? All around me are the suffering victims, and at last I am forced to fly to the only refuge left me, and try to screen myself, as did my partner, behind the instrument that caused us both so much misery. Experience here has taught me wisdom. I do not go to the same point that he seeks. To that I assure you I am *negatively* inclined. I remember my former *feelings*, and get as far as possible from him. After keeping

that position for a few moments, until my fears have almost passed away, and I begin really to think that I am free, suddenly a heat more terrible even than the one through which I have already passed, fills the apartment in which I am confined. All my boasted freedom is literally burnt out of me, and I find myself again in a drop of water, held powerless by my old tyrant. Can it be a dream? A vision of my distempered imagination? Such thoughts present themselves to me. If I indulge in them long and try to make myself believe that I had not enjoyed the free air of liberty, perhaps the detestable machine again puts me through a course of torment, and this time, I know it is real. I *feel* that it is true.

I said I had never been free. In truth, actual liberty I never have enjoyed; but separation from any other element I have experienced. Chemists have taken me from all surrounding bodies, and confined me in a leather bag, a glass vessel, or some other thing wherein I was held equally tight, and called that hydrogen free. It might have been so to them, but to me it was far different. When in such a situation I could not hear, nor taste, nor see. A bell might be rung at my very ears without my being made aware of it, save by the slight commotion which it might make by knocking me over. Even then I would not be conscious of what struck me.

While in this vessel, this state of freedom as men will have it, I am, perhaps, subjected to about as much pressure as I can bear, in the hope of making a liquid out of me, but it is in vain. When I am left to act according to the dictates of my own wishes, I never am in liquor. It is only when in the power of those with whom it is vain for me to contend, that I am found in such a situation. Sometimes I am taken out of this vessel in which I exist free from another's control, and am weighed. But as I never eat any thing I consequently do not weigh any thing. On the contrary, I am found to be so light that I exert a reverse effect upon the balance, and, contrary to expectation, force the pan in which I am confined to ascend instead of descend. In later years, this power of mine of pressing up things has become so well known, that men have confined me in silk, and made me carry them far away into regions above the earth. Now in this

enlightened period of the nineteenth century they talk about making me the means of easy and rapid communication between distant places. But I have not yet forgotten that the moment I escape from my silk prison I am again a slave. So while the power is in my hands I will use it, and laugh at all the attempts of men, vain and impotent as they are, to guide me, to make me go where they will, not where I please. Napoleon, the mighty man of destiny as he is called, thought, while he was conquering Europe, to make me also obedient to his imperious will. He disengaged me from every substance in connection with which he could find me, and confining me, with many of my fellows, in the chamber of a balloon, was going to make me carry him up above all surrounding objects, so that he could see the position and operations of his enemy. At first he sent up one or two of his generals, with them I returned in safety, thinking that he would be my next burden. But I was disappointed. He who was not afraid of the world, was afraid of me, and it was fortunate for him that he was, for as surely as he had trusted himself in my power, so surely would his confidence have been betrayed. I would have burst my prison-house and let him down, if not a mangled corpse, at least a crippled prisoner, into the midst of the enemy's camp.

Again, while I am in this free state, as men will call it, this glass prison as I must term it. Chemists like me, and put me in connection with all bodies, to see with whom I can agree, and with whom I cannot. For although I am weak and almost powerless, there are some bodies who cannot, as there are some who will not have any thing to do with me. My repugnance to some is so great that they dare not molest me.

Sometimes learned men put me in most unpleasant situations, places where, even though my sensibilities are not very easily affected, I can hardly exist from very shame. As, for an instance, when they unite me with an equal portion of sulphur, such a bad odor is emitted that I am perfectly shocked, and try in every possible manner to escape. Sometimes I can get away, by the chemist experimenting with me; but often I have to remain for a considerable time in this disagreeable situation. Sometimes the manner in which I escape is not very creditable to myself. Once the man of knowledge took us both and put us up the nostril of a dog, and the tyrant that held control over me killed the poor animal, and then made the chemist believe that I helped to do it—in fact, that it was all my fault, for “if it had not been for hydrogen,” sulphur said, “I would not have thought of such a thing.”

Again, just when I think this man of experi-

ment has exhausted all his powers of torture, he allows me to escape from my glass dungeon, and just as I get out, rejoicing that I am at last to get away from him, he sets me on fire and puts a glass tube over me, and laughing at my shrieks and groans of heart-rending agony, which he calls music, he shows me in this misery to a crowd of gaping boys and thoughtless girls, who don't know any better than to think I am singing for joy; that the noise they hear is a song of praise for my deliverance. Oh! ye votaries of science, how long shall such things be?

Released from such a situation, and having recovered my wonted vigor, I am united with carbon and driven through long pipes; at the end of these pipes fire has been placed, and I and my partner of carbon and many of my brothers and sisters are burnt until scarcely a trace of us remains.

Sometimes we are used to shed light upon the drama, to illumine a theatre where a great crowd have collected to hear the reading of a Forest or a Mowatt, or some other one distinguished in the histrionic art—or I am made to throw a cheerful glare upon the gladsome dance, where all is joy and happiness, and

“Soft eyes look love to eyes that speak again,
And all is merry as a marriage bell.”

Or, far removed from the gay and festive scene, I throw a feeble glimmer into the chamber of a dying girl. Young, beautiful and accomplished, she was just entering upon the giddy world with expectations bright and joyous. The present was with her lovely, and all her visions of the future bore the impress of hope, but now she is dying. The death-sweat stands thick and heavy on her brow. Her mother, watching anxiously by her side, knows that her doom is sealed, and forgets to wipe the dread drops away. The death-rattle sounds in her throat, and there in the calm quiet of that midnight hour, the mother kneels by her daughter's bed-side and prays to the Great God of All to spare her child, but it is in vain. It is too late. When that mother rises to look again upon the loved face, the spirit of her child has winged its flight from earth to Heaven, to its home of glory. The mother is left desolate and alone. The last tie that bound her to earth has been severed. For a moment she gazes wildly upon the lifeless clay, then throwing herself upon the inanimate form before her, she prays from the depths of a soul lacerated by grief and despair that God will take her too. Long she raves, but at length a holy calm steals over her. Nature has spent itself, and she sinks into a peaceful sleep.

It may be thought strange that I should moralize thus, but if I enter the mansions of the

rich and powerful I go also to the hovels of the indigent and poverty-stricken. For me there is much to mourn over. I have seen abundance and want, happiness and misery, side by side too often not to feel the mighty difference even in this land of civil and religious liberty between the rich and the poor.

I have not, as you know, given a connected account of myself, but only have enumerated some of the principal incidents of my existence, and have attempted in a feeble manner to por-

tray them before you. If I have presented a single fact in a different view from that of the man of letters, I shall think my labor has not been all in vain. If I have made you comprehend my meaning I shall consider all my toil amply repaid. In conclusion, though I am but a little Atom of Hydrogen, I would say to you, when you are tempted to sin, thinking no one sees you, remember that to the Creator all is known; that even a little particle of gas has its appropriate part to play in the workings of the Universe.

CREATION OF EVE.

BY MRS. E. H. EVANS.

"And the evening and the morning were the sixth day." Gen. 1. 31.

'Twas dawn over Eden—yet brightly on high
The morning-star shone in the pearl-tinted sky;
'Twas dawn over Eden, and dimly, yet fair,
Showed valley and stream in the pure balmy air.

There Silence and Slumber, twin spirits, reclined,
Unwooded by the breath of the flower-scented wind;
So stirless each leaf within forest and glade
That it seemed like a vision by fancy displayed.

But oh, had you gazed in each covert of green
What wonders of joy-thrilling life had you seen;
From beings of grandeur, of grace, and of power
To the brightest and least that have birth in a flower.

Then, gem-like in beauty, with soft-throbbing breast,
Each warbler of Eden had fluttered to rest;
With golden-winged insects so brilliant and fair,
They seemed as if painted by angels in air.

Yet strange was the stillness. No song-loving sprite
Enchanted the echoes round mountain and height;
Why came not the sun from his palace on high,
To waken the blushes of day in the sky?

But lo! a pale glory, a tremulous ray
From a bower in the shadowy distance away!
Ah, well knew the angels that favored retreat,
For it imaged the homes where the seraphim meet.

There, moveless as death, yet all radiant and fair,
A form, with whose beauty naught else might compare
Unliving! yet stilled not by death to repose,
With a cheek and a bosom like new-fallen snows.

No crown her brow needed—her glory was there
In the soft, silken tresses of sunny-hued hair;
No robes of adorning in loving embrace
Enfolded those limbs that were peerless in grace!

Could an angel but die—so transcendent her air,
That you'd deem a lost seraph you gazed upon there!
So lifeless the hands, though by flowerets caressed,
So stirless the feet that on lilies are prest.

But hark! a calm voice! yet with majesty rife—
'Tis the voice of her Maker—and instant to life
Serenely uprising, with soul-beaming eyes,
She woke into rapture 'neath Eden's blue skies.

A moment she stood, as in statued repose,
Ere her cheek and her lip wore the hue of the rose.
Then slowly, adoring, she knelt on the sod,
And veiled her bright brow at the feet of her God.
Then forth looked the sun like a monarch on high,
While the angel of glory swept silently by.
All Eden, melodious, rejoiced to receive
From the hand of Jehovah the beautiful Eve!

ZULIEL.

It is evening in the summer,
The skies are soft and fair,
And a quiet dreamy languor
Seems pervading all the air.
The western clouds are blushing
Like a sea of purple wine,
And the sun's last beams are gushing
Through the chestnut and the pine.

In a dim old wood I'm sitting,
On a fallen mossy tree,
And above me birds are singing
Parting notes of melody.
Not alone I thus am sitting—
Clasped within my hand I feel
The hand so soft and snowy,
Of my beautiful Zuliel.

With a world of placid beauty
On her upturned brow so white,
Twin stars her blue eyes sparkle,
With a soft and lambent light.
Now my hand uncurls the tresses
Which about her temples twine;
Round her neck my arm is circled,
And her lips are pressed to mine.

Oh! the bliss of that fond pressure,
Even now I can recall;
And again I feel its rapture,
But I cannot tell it all.
And where'er I be forever,
Till my heart shall cease to feel,
I will think of that bright moment,
And of thee my sweet Zuliel. T. N. CRUMPLER.



Monthly Summary.

UNITED STATES.

SINCE our last summary nothing of a very marked legislative import has passed through Congress, though the latter has not been idle. On the 8th of June, in the Senate, a curious memorial was presented from the attorney of the Earl of Selkirk, praying for a patent for lands in Minnesota, granted to an ancestor of his by Charles II. In the House, Mr. Giddings raised a storm by offering a resolution that the editor of the *Washington Union* be expelled from the hall for his attacks on the Abolitionists. It was tabled a few days after. On 13th, Senator Cass spoke at length, defending the President's veto of the Indigent Insane Bill. On 15th, Hon. Julius Rockwell presented his credentials as Senator from Massachusetts, instead of Mr. Everett; and the House bill for the extinguishment of Indian titles in Wisconsin and Minnesota passed. Next day a bill authorizing the coinage of fifty and a hundred-dollar gold pieces was taken up and passed, after the fourth and fifth sections, protested against by the New York Chamber of Commerce, had been stricken out. On 17th, in the House, the Senate Bill increasing the salaries of the executive and judicial officers in Oregon, New Mexico, Washington, Utah, and Minnesota Territories, was passed; also bills to appropriate \$75,000 toward paying expenses of the Oregon, Indian, and Mexican wars; to establish the office of Surveyor-General in New Mexico, and grant lands to actual settlers; to appropriate money for military roads in Oregon and Utah, and to refund to Utah the expenses incurred in repressing the Indian hostilities. Mr. Mace, chairman of the Select Committee, appointed to investigate the mail service between the Atlantic States and California, promised in a little time to report a great amount of fraud, swindling, and so forth, in that business. In the Senate, on the 19th, Mr. Seward presented a petition from a New York inventor of a peculiar sort of battering-rams—a dozen of which would be sufficient to defend all our seacoasts. Mr. Mallory's substitute for the Navy Bill was read a third time. In the House, Mr. Hillyer, of Georgia, introduced a bill, fixing the time for the meeting of Congress on the 1st Monday in November, instead of the first Monday in December; and the bill, after a debate, was passed. On 20th, the House was agitated by a quarrel between Mr. Churchwell and Mr. Cullom, the latter of whom accused the former of having printed, as part of his speech, words which he had not spoken in his place. Hence a great towering of legislative passions, and the apparition of a pistol, after which the Minnesota Road Bill was passed by ninety-five to seventy-one. On 21st, in the Senate, the Navy Bill was taken up, and, after the clause enabling members of Congress to appoint midshipmen was struck out, the bill passed next day. A bill was passed, establishing steamboat inspection on the Pacific, and regulating the construction of steam-engines in vessels. On 22d, Mr. Rockwell, of Massachusetts, presented, in the Senate, a petition from nineteen hundred abolitionists of Boston, praying for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law; and Mr. Seward reported a bill for the establishment of a line of steamers between Shanghai and California, Japan and the Sandwich Islands to be stopping-places between both. This is an idea which, whether the legislature give aid or not, the commercial enterprise of our citizens will quickly carry out in the

regular way of trading speculation. Mr. Clayton presented a petition from a number of citizens of Delaware, protesting against the proposed reciprocity in broadstuffs between the United States and Canada. On 23d, a communication was received from the Treasury Department, showing the expenditures of the Philadelphia Mint, and the amount collected at it since March 3d, 1853. The expenditure was \$295,667 51, and the sum collected \$243,583 76. The bill for the relief of the owners of the privateer "General Armstrong," destroyed in 1814, in the port of Fayal, by the British, was rejected—21 to 12. On 26th, Mr. Clayton reported a bill for the suppression of the slave trade in American vessels; and Mr. Bell presented a series of resolutions adopted by the legislature of Tennessee, in favor of repealing the duty on railroad iron. On 27th, the bill allowing the State of Maryland interest on the sum of money advanced to the general government, during the War of 1812, was passed. On the 28th, a mild version of the Churchwell and Cullom business was presented to the Senate. Mr. Petit charged Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, with saying he did not care for the constitution. The latter certainly said, in the heat of debate on the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law, what was tantamount to this. He took care to see the printer, however, and make a prudent alteration in the speech. It is, perhaps, natural enough to say extreme things under excitement, but it would have been better and more graceful if Mr. Sumner, admitted the *lapsus*, or whatever it was, than have tried to bully it out. On 22d, in the House, a bill was reported from the Committee of Ways and Means, appropriating ten millions of dollars as payment to Santa Anna, under the Gadsden Treaty, and Mr. Olds reported his Post-Office Bill from committee. On 26th, Mr. Benton made a strong speech against the Mexican Treaty—he and others denouncing the government for their refusal to publish the correspondence on the occasion. The subject was discussed in Committee of the Whole, on 27th, and on 28th the bill passed by a vote of 103 to 62. In the Senate, on 29th, General Shields argued for the publication of the correspondence, but the bill, as passed by the House, was concurred in by 34 to 6. General Almonte received, next day, his order for seven millions on the treasury, at New York. Mr. Olds' Postage Bill passed on 29th, in the House. It provides that for any distance, by land, within the United States, the rate shall be three cents; for a greater distance, ten cents; for single letters, wholly or in part sent by sea, under three thousand miles, five cents; foreign letters, wholly or in part by sea, under three thousand miles, pay five cents; over that distance, ten cents; except where postage has been or shall be adjusted at different rates by postal treaty. The bill also provides that all domestic letters shall be paid in postage stamps; the accounts between the Post-Office Department, and the deputy postmasters shall be kept by stamps—thus superseding the post bills now accompanying letters. Each postmaster will be charged with stamps received from the department, and will account for them at the end of each quarter. If senders do not stamp their letters, the postmasters will take care to do it. Such is the frame-work of the bill; but the Senate may modify it, somewhat. The Fishery and Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain was sent to the Senate, on 21st of June; but all action on this will be

suspended till the minds of the people of the Provinces shall be made up on the subject.

Intelligence from California states that the gold harvests are as good and as exciting as ever they were. Many robberies had occurred in San Francisco, to effect which chloroform had been used in some instances. The Chinese continue to come into the country at a great rate. The French Consul, Dillon, had been tried for a violation of the neutrality laws, but the jury could not come to an agreement in his case, and were, therefore, discharged; after which the District-Attorney entered a *nolle prosequi*, and the consul was released from his bonds. As regards the Mexican Consul, convicted on a similar indictment—that of enlisting men for Santa Anna—the District Attorney moved a discharge of all the proceedings, and Del Valle was entirely liberated from responsibility. On 16th of May, Ex-President Walker, and thirty-three men arrived at San Francisco in the condition of captives, and reported themselves to Major-General Wool. They had been, after many skirmishes and weary marchings, driven by the Mexicans, under Melendrez, toward the frontiers, and arrived near the line, on 7th of May, where at San Diego, they entered into an agreement with Major McKinstry, U. S. A., to report themselves to the authorities of San Francisco. To that place they proceeded on parole; and proceedings being instituted against them, the Grand Jury of the United States District Court found true bills against Walker, Snow, and Jernighan—the President, Secretary of the Navy, and Secretary of War of the late Republic of Sonora. They report four officers and six privates killed, eight wounded, and seven dead of sickness, since the commencement of the expedition.—From Texas we have had the news of an Indian rising, under Wild Cat, who, with five hundred men, had massacred a company of twenty-five soldiers, about thirty miles west of Victoria, and afterward killed thirty-six men belonging to a party of mustangers, traders, and citizens.—On 29th May, a strong body of Pawnee Indians waylaid an emigrant train at the Loup Fork, ninety-eight miles from St. Mary. The emigrants were proceeding from Missouri, under the command of Mr. Cooper, who owned the wagons, sheep, and horses, which composed the train. The Indians first rested in a seeming friendly way at Cooper's camp, and then went ahead to a hill near the roadway, where they made a breastwork and put the emigrants to flight by firing on them when they advanced, and killing one of the men. Every where, in the central and western parts of the continent, the children of the soil are pressed upon and astonished by the movements of our emigrating citizens.

NEIGHBORING STATES.

In Mexico, Alvarez still keeps Acapulco and its neighborhood against Santa Anna. It is not impossible he may be brought to order by the payment of the arrears due to himself and his officers, seeing that His Highness has got a reinforcement of North American dollars. The Gadsden Treaty, which was sanctioned by Congress on 29th June, gives him ten millions. By this treaty the boundary line between Mexico and the United States has been a little altered, so as to give us the ground of one of the proposed southern routes to California. The first article defines the line, which, running along the Rio Grande to where the river meets the parallel of $31^{\circ} 47'$, is carried thence westward for one hundred miles; thence to the parallel $31^{\circ} 20'$, and so on to a point on the Colorado river, twenty miles below its junction with the Gila, and thence up the middle of the former stream to the old line between the two countries. By the second article the United States are released from the obligation to defend the frontiers of Mexico against the Indians, thus annulling the 11th article of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Under the treaty now concluded, the vessels of the United States shall have

passage through the Gulf of California and the Colorado river, but no land privilege on the gulf. Article 8th recognizes the grant made by Mexico on 5th February, 1853, authorizing Colonel Sloc to make the Tehuantepec plankway and railway, and stipulates that American citizens shall pay no higher rates and charges in going across than any other people; also that nothing carried by the U. S. Government agents or citizens, in transit, shall pay custom-house or other charges levied by the Mexican government. No passports or letters of security will be necessary for persons crossing the Isthmus, nor will the transit way be in any particular under the control of any foreign people. Nothing in this treaty provides for the claim for compensation advanced by the Garay people, who are still to be satisfied, and on whose account we shall, doubtless, have some further discussions and negotiations with Santa Anna and the Mexican Government. Latest accounts from Mexico say that a revolution was about to break out at Matamoras and other places in the northern District of Tamaulipas. Cholera was making great ravages in Mexico, and Madame Sontag, the celebrated songstress, died there of that disease on the 16th of June.

The dispute between the United States and Spain, respecting Cuba, wears a very undecided aspect. The American demands seem to be still under discussion at Madrid. Meanwhile, the prominent fact of the matter seems to be the sending of a squadron from Spain to the island with 6,000 troops on board, destined to strengthen the garrisons of the island, at the same time that the organs of the government, both in the mother country and the colony, express the haughtiest determination to resist and repel any invasion of Spanish rights by the people or government of the United States. It is confidently stated that our government is desirous of purchasing the island; and a hundred reports of a filibuster armament, to set forth from some port in the south, have been flying about. Pezuela has taken the precaution to disarm the inhabitants of Cuba, except those who are known friends of the government; and what with the want of arms and the want of a strong insurrectionary spirit in the island, the burden and peril of a revolution would certainly be thrown upon the filibusters, who, it must be admitted, would have to fight against military and moral odds of the most formidable character. In view of these things, the above reports are not sufficiently important to dwell upon.—News from Nicaragua states that the revolution in that place is coming to an issue. The President Chamorro was almost entirely defeated by the insurgents. The cities of Leon and Managua have declared in favor of Don Francisco Castillon for provisional president. General Jose Guerrero is provisional governor of the department of Leon, and commander of the cavalry, under the chief command of General Xerez. The revolution upheld by these officers, receives the support of all the liberal men of the state, against Chamorro and his reactionists. The new government guarantees security and liberty to foreigners, and immunity to all Nicaraguan citizens, who are called upon to forget their past differences. It is thought the cause of Chamorro is hopeless; for the present, at least.—In New Granada the war was carried on by the constitutional General Herrera against the reactionist General Melo. Both parties go about the country, levying taxes, making proclamations, attacking towns, fighting battles and so forth. At Capiquira, Melo gained a victory over his opponents, and the revolutionary hubbub continues. While the belligerents are thus engaged in one part of the state, the people at the Isthmus are as busily employed about their railway from sea to sea. Chinese, coolies and others are vigorously at work, and the town of Aspinwall exhibits many evidences of improvement.—Late reports from the Sandwich Islands describe the people there as very favorable to the idea of annexation to the United States. Peti-

tions were sent to the Hawaiian Legislature from Hawai, Nihua and Oahu, relative to the annexation of the islands to the United States; but the Committee on Foreign Affairs referred the matter to the king, as the only authority empowered by the constitution to decide on it. They say they have the fullest confidence that he will decide justly, and are ready to support him in his determinations. It is probable, however, that his majesty is not as free an agent in this affair as he would seem. He is mastered by foreign influence: American, French and English. His Minister for Foreign Relations, Mr. R. C. Wyllie, is an Englishman; his Minister of Finance, Mr. C. H. Allen, is an American—each leaning to the interests of his own country, and the French influence is not less exerted upon the king and his government. Mr. Gregg, our commissioner there, writes word that the king is so controlled by the English and French that he wishes to appeal to the Americans; which merely proves that they are all together worrying and besetting and tempting the poor potentate. He has 119 foreigners in his kingdom, 53 of whom were Americans. As to the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, it is, like the annexation of Cuba, a European question, and concerns the great western powers, as they are called, who wield powerful armaments, and are pretty well agreed on matters of general policy, east and west. The French Consul at Hawai has already protested against the movement for annexation to this country; and if the question grows into any thing of a scramble, the owners of the strongest naval squadron will have that group—according to the oldest international law in the world.—The British Provinces are, at present, agitated by a proposed treaty of reciprocity between them and this country. Lord Elgin, Governor General of Canada, having at Washington agreed with Mr. Marcy and our government the terms of the treaty, proceeded to the north, and, on 15th June, delivered an address to the Canadian Legislature, in which he announced it, and spoke of it as a measure calculated to be advantageous to all the contracting parties. Next day it was submitted to the Canadian Parliament. Article 1st throws open the fisheries of British America, except those of Newfoundland and the salmon, shad and shell fisheries, to American citizens; the second article gives the British a right to our American fisheries to the 36th parallel of north latitude. The third article provides for the free exchange of flour, and breadstuffs, all kinds of animals, of flesh and smoked and salted meats, cotton, wool, vegetables, all kinds of fish, poultry, eggs, butter, cheese, tallow, coal, tar, pitch, grind-stones, unmanufactured tobacco, and a variety of other articles. The fourth article throws open the river St. Lawrence and the Canadian canals to American vessels, the American government undertaking to urge the States to open their canals also to the British. Article the sixth provides for including Newfoundland with her consent. Meantime, the Canadian Parliament, exhibiting its displeasure at the neglect to settle the question of the Clergy Reserves, went against ministers in the Address to the Throne—by 42 to 29. Next day the governor-general, in the midst of excitement, prorogued the refractory legislature, and the day after that dissolved it, wishing to appeal to the decision of the country. His lordship is exerting himself to the utmost to bring all the provinces into the arrangement. Their legislative consent is necessary to the ratification of the treaty with them. It is almost certain that Canada will accept it; the other provinces may refuse. But these mutual arrangements are so favorable to commerce that all parties, by degrees, will see the good policy of adopting them.

THE OLD WORLD.

Since the last monthly notice of Europe the war of the great belligerent powers has scarcely deserved the name. The only indication of gunpowder in all that time has been about the walls of Silistria, and a faint smoke away in the

Norse localities, where Brahestadt and Ulesborg suffered cannonadings. No blow commensurate with the great cause of debate has been struck; the Western Powers have not yet come up to the sounding terms of their manifesto. The Russians, under Paskievitch and Gortschakoff, have been cannonading and assaulting Silistria, but up to the date of the latest accounts, without success. Meantime, the Russian position has been changed. Paskievitch has made Jassy his head-quarters, and concentrated his forces in Moldavia, so that the line of his position, instead of fronting the south, is now facing the west. This has been attributed to the recent attitude and movement of Austria. The latter power, slowly and reluctantly, and urged strenuously from behind, by the two great Western Powers, is apparently about to make some movement. The Sultan has invited Francis Joseph to send his soldiers into Albania, and also to walk in and knock down the Montenegrins, should they think of breaking out in favor of Russia. All these things prove the solicitous apprehension with which France and England regard Austria, and their desire to engage that power on their side. On 23d of May, the four powers, France, England, Austria, and Prussia, signed a protocol, at Vienna, in which they agree that the occupation of the Principalities affects "the general interests of Europe, and those also of their own States"—a delicate and diplomatic way of setting forth what certain rude commentators have been terming a robbery, and so forth. They further say that they have not been able to disavow, (mark the phraseology of these crawling and cowardly Four Powers!) have not been able to disavow that the prolongation of the development of military force on the Lower Danube is inconsistent with the most important interests of Austria, and also with those of Germany." Therefore England and France are made happy by the assurance that, for the sake of those interests, the German Powers will look to the regulation of the Lower Danube. A message was accordingly sent to the Emperor of Russia, inviting him, doubtless, to make arrangements for coming to a conclusion respecting a general agreement which would result in the satisfaction of all the great powers, and so put an end to their apprehensions with regard to the fierce democracies waiting on all sides the signal of a general hurley-burley. Whatever may have been the terms of the message, the world has not yet heard the Czar's reply. It is probable that the expectation of that reply has been the cause of the great relaxation witnessed in the business of the war. It is not improbable that Nicholas will consent to another round of diplomatic notes, and arguments, such as would wear away the belligerent season of the year, and bring in the winter, in which no great power can fight. Meantime, the Russian fortresses on the Black Sea coast, from Batoum to Anapa, for two hundred leagues, have been deserted or destroyed, and the Circassians can now come down and hail the Euxine, as the soldiers of Xenophon did before. The Russian *stanitzas* and forts on the Kouban and the Terek are diminished and blockaded, and, in the Eastern Caucasus, the Sultan Schamyl, at the head of over forty thousand combatants, is preparing to rush down the southern slopes of Daghistan, and storm the walls of Tiflis. Tiflis is the capital of Georgia, and has thirty thousand inhabitants, with a strong Russian garrison. But the inactivity of the Turkish army in Asia is just as remarkable as the inactivity of the European powers, and leaves one in doubt concerning the secret springs which set the whole visible machinery going. The Caucasians may find themselves left in the lurch, after all these huge, hypocritical demonstrations.

The news from China is interesting. It was generally reported that the northern rebels had reached Peking, and that Heen Fung had left that capital, and made the best of his way toward the Tartar frontiers, with two thousand horsemen. The news, however, wants confirmation. At Shanghai, the English and Americans came violently in

contact with the Chinese—routed, in fact, an imperial army—thus showing their disrespect for the present Manchow dynasty. The army of the imperial Taoutae being encamped on the ground of the race-course, which is within the limits of the district appointed to the foreigners, the English residents found themselves repeatedly annoyed and insulted by the Chinese soldiers. On the 3d of April, an English lady and gentleman were insulted, and the latter wounded in a scuffle with some Chinese belonging to the camp, the consuls of the United States and England agreed with Captain Kelly of the United States ship Plymouth, and Captain O'Callaghan, of the British ship Encounter, on the plan of an attack for the purpose of driving away the Chinese army. A message was accordingly sent to the imperial general, to say that if he did not carry his troops off before three o'clock, he and they should be shelled out. At two o'clock, the English forces to the number of two hundred, were landed from the Encounter, and the brig Grecian, under the command of Captain O'Callaghan; and one hundred men were got together, under Captain Kelly. They then marched toward the camp, half a mile off, and, five minutes before the time specified, the Chinese commander sent to say he would not evacuate. On this, the English advanced on one side to the attack, and the Americans on the other. The latter having three howitzers, fired upon the fort occupied by the imperialists, and, after a time, advanced to attack it, but were met by a severe fire of *jingalls*, which somewhat checked their advance; but in a short time they returned to the charge, and finally forced their way over the defenses. The English had entered on the other side, and then both parties combined to attack another fort which still held out, but which was soon set on fire by the shells. The Chinese were driven out at all points, and took refuge in a fort on the Soochow Creek. The English demolished all the forts they had taken, and, moreover took possession of the entire imperial fleet, to hold them as hostages for the quiet behavior of the imperialists for the future. In this assault, three men were killed—George McCorkle, and J. E. Brine, on the American side; and W. Blackman, on the English; and sixteen were wounded, among whom were Mr. Gray, a resident, and Captain Pearson, of the American ship Rose Standish. The whole proceeding is significant of the contempt with which foreigners regard the power or the cause of the imperialists. It is not improbable that the rebels have driven Heen Fung from his capital, after all. At all events the Manchow cause seems hopeless.

Accounts from Japan are of an agreeable nature. On the 13th of February, Commodore Perry's squadron, the steam-frigates, Susquehanna, Mississippi, and Powhattan, with the Macedonia, Vandalla, and Lexington in tow, entered the American anchorage, twenty miles from Jeddo. The Japanese officials were very anxious to induce the Americans to go down to last year's station, at Uraga; but the commodore was resolute, and remained where he was, off the fishing village of Yokohama. After some delay, during which the Japanese pertinaciously urged the Americans to go to Uraga, that they may succeed the better. The 8th of March was the day fixed for an interview on shore between the emperor's messengers, and the envoy of the President. Commodore Perry went ashore in great state, with music and banners, and a force of four hundred men; and in a large hall erected and adorned for the purpose, met the four imperial commissioners—the Prince Hayasi, the Prince Ido, the Prince Isdua, and Udono, a revenue official. The interview was ceremonious and imposing, and the conversation on the business of the embassy was prefaced with a refreshment of tea, *saki*, and

sweetmeats. A second interview with the commodore took place on the 17th of March, and on the 24th, a third. The precise results of the Commodore's embassy have not been published; but in the letters written by some of those on board the squadron, there is enough to indicate the nature of the agreement which has been made. Two ports are given to trade, Matsmay, in Jesso, and Shodima, and another port is promised near the coal country. Whatever ports have been conceded, the object of Perry's expedition is attained, and Japan is, at last, forced to break up her self-imposed blockade, and maintain a trading intercourse with the rest of the world, on fair, fraternal terms. During the negotiations the Japanese showed themselves disposed to be courteous and friendly. They greatly admired the presents which were sent ashore for the Zlogoon. They took great pleasure in going round in the railway train, arranged circularly in a course of three hundred yards, and making about thirty miles an hour. They were particularly amazed at the conversations carried on by a telegraph, which was another of the presents; but they were never tired of looking at the machinery of a steamer in motion. In every thing their curiosity was of the highest and most intelligent character. Yezaiman, deputy-governor of Uraga, with nine of his suite, dined with Captain Buchanan on board the Susquehanna, and he and they conformed in the promptest and most knowing manner to the modes of Christian festivity. They used knives and forks with much dexterity, and appreciated roast fowl and brown stout with the readiness of the most highly civilized men. They replied to toasts and proposed them as well, and in return for their entertainer's champagne, would have given every port in the country, if the matter depended on them. On the death of one of the marines of the squadron, they showed none of that dislike of Christianity which has been imputed to them, and to their forefathers, perhaps truly enough. They gave a piece of ground for his burial-place, and a great many of them accompanied the funeral cortege, and stood by to hear the service of the dead, and the startling volleys which closed the ceremony. They permitted Mr. Bittinger, the commodore's chaplain, to go inland for about twenty miles and visit two of the large Japanese towns. Altogether the success of the American expedition has exceeded the general anticipation—not alone for what has been, doubtless, conceded in the treaty which the commodore had resolved to bring about, but for the reasonable and satisfactory mode in which our overtures were made and responded to. Our rough sea-captains, and other agents have shown themselves as capable of conducting a course of diplomatic duty, at once delicate and difficult, as the envoys of elder governments, long experienced in these things, and following the track of many precedents. The English attempts to conciliate the Chinese were all blunders—witness Macartney and Amherst, while in Japan the conduct of Captain Pellew made the very name of Englishman odious. As for the Russians they have always failed, too; and their late report that the Japanese promised them to open their ports in a year, the Japanese themselves have pronounced a falsehood. And, in this matter, we are inclined to believe the latter. The Russians, from the highest to the lowest, are a horribly demoralized people, and plundering, cheating, and lying are notoriously among the most kindly growths of that large tyrant-ridden society. Altogether, Commodore Perry has done himself and the service to which he belongs great honor, by his peaceful victory in the Japanese waters—one that will favorably compare with his namesake's in those of Lake Erie.

Review of New Books.

Lectures on the True, the Beautiful and the Good. By M. Victor Cousin. Increased by an Appendix on French Art. Translated, with the approbation of M. Cousin, by O. W. Wight, Translator of Cousin's "Course of the History of Philosophy," etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is a noble volume, treating of high themes in a manner worthy of the subjects, and evincing a vigor of reason, and eloquence of diction calculated to create the taste which appreciates and enjoys it. The work opens with a general discourse on the philosophy of the nineteenth century. This is followed by five lectures on "The True," in which the existence, origin and value of universal and necessary principles are luminously stated and discussed, and God, as the Principle of principles, is assumed as the ultimate basis of absolute truth. Five lectures succeed on "The Beautiful," the topics being "The Beautiful in the Mind of Man," "The Beautiful in Objects," "Art," "The Different Arts," and "French Art in the Seventeenth Century." The third part, on "The Good," contains lectures on "Primary Notions of Common Sense," "The Ethics of Interest," "Other Defective Principles," "True Principles of Ethics," "Private and Public Ethics," "God the Principle of the Idea of Good," and "Resume of Doctrine." It will be seen from the titles of the lectures, that the questions raised are fundamental, and their mere announcement suggests to the reader terrible labyrinths of metaphysics, in whose "wandering mazes" his common sense is liable to be lost. But, with Cousin as his companion, there is no danger. The Frenchman takes care that he starts no problem he cannot solve to his own satisfaction, and metaphysics, in his hands, "suffer a change" into "something rich and strange." His eager, voluble, rapid, brilliant mind is seen here in all its beauty and power; and to those who wish to master his philosophy, the resume of it, in these lectures, will be found especially fascinating. Those who doubt his fundamental principles and look upon his generalizations as presumptuous or fanciful, cannot fail to be charmed with the ardor and splendor of his rhetoric, to be enlightened by his clear expositions of philosophical systems, and to be exalted by the generosity and grandeur of sentiment which vitalize his most questionable conceptions. Mr. Wight, in his translation, has aimed to preserve the characteristic excellencies of his author's manner.

In his preface, Cousin remarks that Eclecticism is not the principle of his philosophical doctrine, but only one of its most important and useful applications. He then proceeds, in his vehement way, to declare—"Our true doctrine, our true flag is spiritualism, that philosophy as solid as generous, which began with Socrates and Plato, which the gospel has spread abroad in the world, which Descartes put under the severe forms of modern genius, which in the seventeenth century was one of the glories and forces of our country, which perished with the national grandeur in the eighteenth century, which at the commencement of the present century M. Roger Collard came to re-establish in public instruction, while M. de Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, and M. Quatremère de Quincy transferred it into literature and the arts. To it is rightly given the name of spiritualism, because its character, in fact, is that of subordinating the senses to the spirit, and tending, by all means that reason acknowledges, to elevate and ennoble man. It teaches the spirituality of the soul,

the liberty and responsibility of human actions, moral obligation, disinterested virtue, the dignity of justice, the beauty of charity, and beyond the limits of this world it shows a God, author and type of humanity, who, after having made man evidently for an excellent end, will not abandon him in the mysterious development of his destiny. This philosophy is the natural ally of all good causes. It sustains religious sentiment; it seconds true art, poetry worthy of the name, and a great literature; it is the support of right; it equally repels the craft of the demagogue and tyranny; it teaches all men to respect and value themselves, and, little by little, it conducts human societies to the true republic, that dream of all generous souls, which in our times can be realized in Europe only by constitutional monarchy."

His address to "Young France," is full of eloquence and wisdom, and we cannot resist the temptation to quote it: "May our voice," he exclaims, "be heard by new generations as it was by the serious youth of the Restoration! Yes, it is particularly to you that we address this work. Young men whom we no longer know, but whom we bear in our heart, because you are the seed and the hope of the future. We have shown you the principle of our evils and their remedy. If you love liberty and your country, shun what has destroyed them. Far from you be the sad philosophy which preaches to you materialism and atheism as new doctrines destined to regenerate the world; they kill, it is true, but they do not regenerate. Do not listen to those superficial spirits who give themselves out as profound thinkers, because after Voltaire they have discovered difficulties in Christianity: measure your progress in philosophy by your progress in tender veneration for the religion of the gospel. Be well persuaded that, in France, democracy will always traverse liberty, that it brings all right into disorder, and through disorder into dictatorship. Ask, then, only a moderated liberty, and attach yourself to that with all the powers of your soul. Do not bend the knee to fortune, but accustom yourselves to bow to law. Entertain the noble sentiment of respect. Know how to admire—possess the worship of great men and great things. Reject that enervating literature, by turns gross and refined, which delights in painting the miseries of human nature, which caresses all our weaknesses, which pays court to the senses and the imagination, instead of speaking to the soul and awakening thought. Guard yourselves against the malady of our century, that fatal taste of an accommodating life, incompatible with all generous ambition. Whatever career you embrace, propose to yourselves an elevated aim, and put in its service an unalterable constancy. *Sarsum corda.* Value highly your heart, wherein is seen all philosophy, that which we have retained from all our studies, which we have taught to your predecessors, which we leave to you as our last word, our final lecture."

The portion of this volume most likely to attract attention is that in which Cousin attempts to settle the philosophy of the Beautiful. It is curious that the Frenchman here overcomes the philosopher. By his abstract principles he is bound to place Shakspeare at the head of literary artists; by his impulses he is impelled to enthrone Corneille; and, it is needless to say, he obeys his impulses rather than follows his principles. Taking his definition of "The Beautiful," which he supposes to consist in unity, in variety, or, as an English critic would say, in the fusion

of the different in kind and the desperate in degree, there is no doubt that the highest realization of his ideal is found in Calderon and Shakspeare, not in Cornelle and Racine. But patriotism asserts its claims even in the head of the eclectic philosopher and metaphysical cosmopolite, and the glory of France tramples on the principles of Art.

Atherton and other Tales. By Mary Russell Mitford. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 12mo.

"Atherton," the largest story in this charming volume, was, the writer tells us, written under circumstances of debility and sickness which prevented her from doing justice to her materials. We should hardly have discovered this from the story itself, which has the same health and vigor of style and sentiment, the same quick sense and felicitous delineation of character, the same fine sympathy with whatever is beautiful and excellent in nature and human nature, and the pervading joyousness of tone which have made her other writings so popular, and so deserving of popularity. If we had any criticism to make it would be directed against the plan of the story. The relation between Arthur and Katy is so essentially unromantic, and comes so closely to a sale of the heart for money, that even Miss Mitford's genius cannot lift it into dignity. Arthur throughout is a failure in characterization. He is more like an embodiment of two or three opinions and duties than a man. But Katy is in Miss Mitford's best manner—a vivid picture of youth, beauty, health and innocence, with that sparkle in her happiness which conveys the impression of pure delight in existence for itself alone. Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Osborne, and Mr. Laughton are also admirably well portrayed.

In addition to "Atherton," the volume contains twenty short tales and sketches, originally contributed to the annuals. These are of various merit, but none is without traits of the writer's beautiful and kindly genius. Though not equal to the stories in "Our Village" and "Belford-Ragla," these are in every way superior to the ordinary literature of the works for which they were written.

Miss Mitford's descriptions of English rural scenery are so celebrated that it would be a work of supererogation to make them the subject of formal praise. We prefer to give some examples of her exquisite skill in such representations, and "Atherton" is luckily rich in them. Here is a winter scene:

"There are wintry days in England which have an indescribable beauty, and this was one. The pervading charm was the work of that great magician, hoar-frost. The morning had been misty, but toward noon the sun appeared, softened by a light haze, which gave a pearly tint to the cloudless blue sky, and accorded well with the perfect tranquillity of the landscape. Not a breath of air stirred, and in the perfect absence of wind, the degree of cold indicated by the thermometer was hardly felt.

"There was, however, no tendency to thaw. Rime was everywhere. The finest patch of moss on the irregular park-paling, the lichens that roughened the trunks of the great trees that overhung the road, had each its network of delicate tracery. The tawny leaves of the cut-leaved oak, which still hung quivering on the lower branches, were edged with its glittering fringe. The old rugged fir, the leafy beech, the tasseled birch, the bristly holly, the purple bramble, the crisp-brown fern; the green grass of the park, all showed their own varied colors and varied forms through the same chryselline medium, contrasting with the rich hues of the holly-berries, the dark ivy-berry, dear to the wood-pigeon, and the crimson haws which the birds love so well. In the stillness of that woodland scene the rustle of a robin's wing, the dropping of a leaf from the bushes, was distinctly audible."

Now let us quote an example of description of more abounding beauty. The season has advanced to May:

"That afternoon was indeed most lovely. Small fleecy clouds went sailing over the bright blue sky, casting here and there a shadow over a landscape almost too bright in the full sunshine. The leaves—some, as the elm and beech, just bursting from their brown sheaths; some, like the birch, waving in tenderest verdure; some, as the oak, sealed up in the dim buds—formed a variety enchanting to look upon. Even where the buds were bare, they were alive with sap mounting into the highest branches, transparent, glowing, full of purple light.

"The orchard of the farm was one flush of blossoms, every fruit-tree garlanded from the bottom to the top; whilst over many a cottage, and at the edge of many a wood, some noble old pear or wild cherry tossed its white flowers in the sun. Up the downs, too, came rich glimpses of the golden furze-blossom, thickets of heavy almond odor, left here and there to shelter the young lambs.

"The park revealed in gorgeous beauty: its noble mansion; its masses of evergreens, cypress, cedar, bay and pine; its bright waters, giving back the weeping willow, the drooping birch, and the huge Spanish chestnut; the long lines of American borders near the house already putting forth their gay colors; the broad avenue of limes; the spiral poplars; and, farther on, the grand old forest-trees—oak, beech and elm—with their undergrowth of hawthorn, holly and fern; that fern on which, under the tufted May garlands, does and fawns lay sleeping in the sun. The earth, too, was full of fragrance and of beauty. Everywhere the grass had the deep verdure of England, now powdered with daisies, now golden with buttercups, now enameled with the purple bells of the wild hyacinth."

The publishers of this delightful volume have also issued an elegant edition of "Our Village," in two volumes, which should be read by all capable of enjoying life-like delineations of unsophisticated character, and of scenery in harmony with it. Miss Mitford is essentially a cheerful writer, and has the genius to radiate her own cheer into the souls of others. To read her books is to increase one's sum of happiness and enjoyment. Scorn, misanthropy, dejection, ennui, cannot live in the light of her genial and sunny mind, and she has the power to eject them from other hearts as well as to keep them out of her own. The qualities of her genius are so thoroughly of a kind to impart the very spirit of happiness, that her books need only to be better known in this country to run the race of popularity abreast of the most successful works of the day.

Armenia: a Year at Erzeroum, and on the Frontiers of Russia, Turkey and Persia. By the Hon. Robert Curzon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume, by the popular author of "Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant," describes a country but little known, and a population which is almost a new variety of human nature. The writer's position being a diplomatic one, he enjoyed great advantages for observing the manners, customs, institutions and superstitions of the inhabitants. The following striking sentences will indicate Mr. Curzon's opinion in regard both to Nicholas and Mohammedanism: "It is much to be deplored that the Emperor of Russia, by his want of principle, has brought the Christian religion into disrepute; for throughout the Levant the Christians have for years been waiting for an opportunity to rise against the oppressors of their fortunes and their faith. The manner in which the Czar has put himself so flagrantly in the wrong will be a check to the progress of Christianity. That the step he has now been taking has been the great object of his reign, as well as that of all his predecessors since the time of Peter the Great, will be illustrated in the following pages. The accession of a Christian emperor to the throne of Constantinople will be an event of greater consequence than is generally imagined; for the Sultan of Roum is considered by

all Mohammedans in India, Africa, and all parts of the world, to be the viceroy of God upon earth, and the Caliph or successor of Mahammed; his downfall, therefore, would shatter the whole fabric of the Mohammedan faith, for the Sultan is the pride and glory of Islam, and the pale Crescent of the East will wane and set when Kurie Elidson is chanted again under the ancient dome of St. Sofia." It would seem from this that the triumph of absolutism would be the extension of Christianity—at least that form of it known as the Greek church.

Mr. Curzon's book is illustrated by a map and several excellent wood-cuts.

Russia. Translated from the French of the Marquis de Custine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

"I went to Russia," says M. de Custine, "to seek for arguments against representative government. I return a partisan of constitutions." The book in which he gives the causes of this change has obtained considerable celebrity in Europe, and has not been without its effect even in Russia. It certainly is not calculated to flatter the national pride of the country of which it treats. In addition to the knowledge it conveys of the people and institutions of Russia, it contains more reliable information respecting the social life and character of the higher classes than any of the books on Russia which we have read. The author was admitted to audiences both with the emperor and empress, and details his conversations with them. The view of Nicholas in regard to limited monarchy was thus communicated to M. de Custine: "I can understand," he said, "a republicanism. It is a plan and straight-forward form of government, or, at least, it might be so. I can understand absolute monarchy, for I am myself the head of such an order of things; but I cannot understand a representative monarchy. It is the government of lies, fraud, and corruption; and I would rather fall back, even upon China, than ever adopt it."

The style of the book is brilliant, with that tendency to epigram and apothegm, curt and cutting, so characteristic of French writers. Even froth is made to flash in the author's rapid periods.

Twenty Years in the Philippines. Translated from the French of Paul P. de la Gironiere, Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honor. Revised and Extended by the Author, expressly for this Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a capital volume, full of interest and information, and excellently translated. The author's bright, quick mind, and sunny disposition, bestow a charm on his narrative and descriptions, apart from the novelty of the scenery he depicts, and the strangeness of the adventures he meets. The details respecting the Indians who inhabit the Philippines, are very striking and valuable. The account of his hunting the buffalo, the cayman, and the box constrictor, will delight the sportsman. The description of the brain-feast of the Tinguian Indians makes the flesh creep, and he furnishes other examples of the ferocity of the aboriginal inhabitants, which give us no pleasant impressions of the savage state. The vein of autobiography that runs through the volume, lends it additional attractiveness.

Alpine Poets. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This publication proceeds at a rapid pace. Since we last referred to it we have to record the publication of Hood's delightful Poems, in two volumes, the Poems of Beattie, Falconer, Henry Kirke White, and Campbell, each in one volume. Hood and Campbell are too well known to need any other comment than a panegyric on the extreme beauty of the editions. Falconer, the miller-poet, whose "Shipwreck" is the clank of the oar, and plashes almost equally

the old salt and literary hand-lubber, appears for the first time in this country, in a neat dress. Beattie will always be read for the charm of his descriptions of nature, his delicacy of feeling, his thoughtfulness, the sweetness of his sentiment, and the melody of his verse. It is melancholy to think that this fine and sensitive poet, exqu岸tely alive to all misfortunes that touch the heart, had a wife whose intellect, to use his own expression, was "mangled with madness;" and Mr Dyce, his biographer, mentions that she once placed some China jars on the top of the parlor door with the benevolent intention that her misastrol-husband when he opened it, would receive them on his head. Kirk White's Poems appear to us to have a forced reputation. Consumption marks them as much as it marked him. We think his space might be better filled by a better poet; and it is the felicity of English literature to be so rich that it can spare him from her board of classics without much sense of loss.

Poems, Plays, and Essays. By Oliver Goldsmith. Boston Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This large and elegant duodecimo contains the miscellaneous writings of Goldsmith, with a life, and a critical dissertation on his poetry, by Dr. Aiken, and an introductory essay on his genius, by H. T. Tuckerman. The edition is very readable one. Mr. Tuckerman's essay, like every thing that comes from his pen, is compact in style, fluent in thought, delicate in discrimination. The extensive circulation of such a volume cannot fail to do good. Goldsmith is a writer who refines as well as exhilarates the mind; thoroughly pure, sweet, and healthy in his tone of sentiment and humor, and infinitely more attractive to such a reader for mere amusement, than those popular writers of the day, who rely on coarser stimulants to awaken and attract attention.

Life in Abyssinia. Being Notes collected during Ten Years Residence and Travels in that Country. By Mansfield Parkyns. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vol. 12mo.

This is the most complete and trustworthy account an interesting country, we have ever seen. The title "Life in Abyssinia," is no misnomer. The habits, manners, dress, amusements, religion, superstitions, history, and character of the people are graphically described. The book is dedicated to Lord Palmerston, as a tribute to his "wise and vigorous policy which has spread the great protection of the British Crown over the solitary and beleaguered traveler among nations, whose decadent civilization admits them to respect only where they fear."

The Quiet Heart. From Blackwood's Magazine. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The tenderness, pathos, and sedate beauty of this story have given it a marked prominence among the novels of the day. It wins softly upon the imagination of the reader, but fixes attention at last as closely as if it were busied in incident, and more engrossing in plot. The sentiment, however, is of that delicate and tremulous kind which is ever on the perilous edge of sentimentality, as much skill is shown in keeping it from toppling over to that waxy abyss.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses associated with the Royal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. 4. New York: Harper & Brothers. Dusk.

This volume continues the life of Mary Stuart. It full of information collected from a great variety of sources is written in a charming style, and is almost as interesting as one of Scott's novels. As a picture of Scottish manners at the time of Mary, it is exceedingly vivid and life-like.

Original Comicalities.



HARK me, oh! ye pleasure hunters, ye who fly from city heat!
 Ye who dream that Cape May bathing is a sport that "can't
 be beat"—
 Hear! while I rehearse the story, how my mother's only
 son
 Was by these same fond illusions taken in and sadly done.



Daily in his spacious parlors holds Old Ocean a reception,
 And the clock had struck eleven when I called on Mr.
 Neptune.
 See me—clad in raiment cross-barred, standing at the par-
 lor door,
 While the waves ne'er "stop their knocking," on the level
 sandy floor
 Ugh! the bare idea chills me! must I those cold billows
 meet?
 Were it not for fear of laughter, even now I would retreat;



But the bold resolve is taken, and the Rubicon is past,
 And I'm fairly in the ocean, bething at Cape May at last.
 Whew! my teeth are rattling, chattering, like a Spanish
 castanet!
 And I do believe my brand new pantaloons are *soaking wet*.
 There! my hat is gone, and I shall catch a dreadful cold,
 I know;
 If I once were out—oh! murder! there's a *crabster* at my
 toe!

Bah! that horrid dose I've swallowed is enough to drive
me mad!
Epsom salts, and oil and jalap, all combined, are not so
bad.
I've no doubt the fun's delightful, (would that I could
think it so!)
But if you ever find me here again, I only hope you'll let
me know.



If you would enjoy the basking, take my short experience,
Stand at ease upon the beach, and watch the sunbathers revel
thence:

See the robes of every pattern, every shade and every hue,
Brown and green, and red and yellow, pink and white, and
black, and blue.



See the old folks fatly waddling, see the matrons, who,
when dry,
May present a pleasant picture to the beauty-loving eye.

All is riot and confusion, people seem to think it fun,
But the source of their enjoyment is concealed from me for
one,
And in short, to sum the matter in a single, final line,
How can you escape a pickle if you plunge yourself in
brine?





Fashions for the Month.

GRAHAM'S MONTHLY FASHIONS.



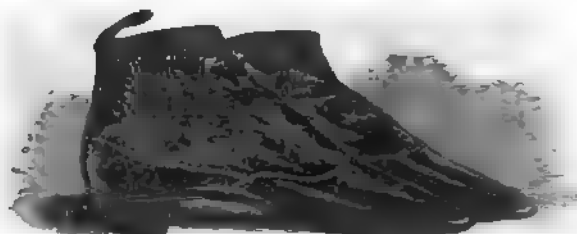
GENTLEMEN'S SHOES.

THE articles which we have chosen as the most *recherché* among the modes for the season for Gentlemen's wear, are selected from the fashionable establishment of

H. A. BROOKS,

575 Broadway and 150 Fulton Street, New York.

They consist of a pair of "OXFORD SHOES," for walking. The uppers are made of patent leather (glazed French calf-skin,) and are admirably adapted to promote the comfort of the feet in the heats of mid-summer; they are confined by a silk lace; a tongue under the lace prevents the dust from soiling the stocking. They certainly are a most desirable article.



The second group is a pair of "DRESS SATIN GAITERS," and for a summer toilet it would be difficult to find any thing more suitable either for beauty or comfort. They possess a peculiar dressy appearance, which renders them among the most popular styles of the day. They are fashioned with patent leather, which also is continued upon the quarters; they are confined by an elastic goring, which, closing snugly upon the foot, prevents the entrance of any dust. We confidently recommend them as the *me plus ultra* of foot-gear.

Journal of the

Seaside

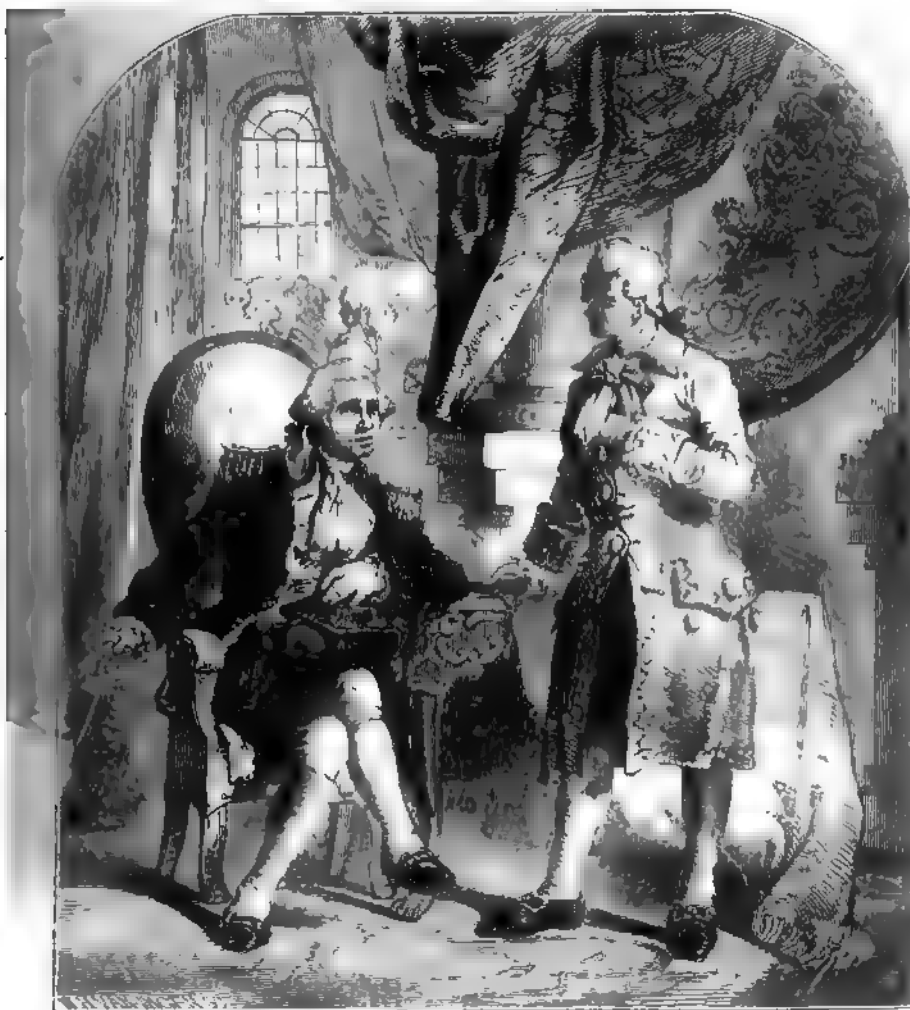


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NO. 3.



Interview between Washington and Lafayette. (See page 211.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

Continued from page 123.

CHAPTER VIII.

Washington's fame in Europe—Barbarity of the Hessians—Depredations of the troops—General Heath summons Fort Independence to surrender—Washington issues a counter Proclamation to that of Howe—Illy received in New Jersey—Five additional Major-Generals and ten Brigadiers appointed—Inhuman treatment of American prisoners by the British—Arnold and Wooster drive Gov. Tryon back to his ships—Melgs' Expedition to Sag Harbor—The British evacuate New Jersey—Arrival of Lafayette—His interview with Washington—The British land at Elk and march on Philadelphia—Washington advances to meet them—Skirmishing—Washington recrosses the Brandywine and takes position near Chad's Ford—Position of the Northern Army, etc.

An officer, writing from Morristown, after the battle, said, "Our army love their general very much, but they have one thing against him: which is the little care he takes of himself in any action. His personal bravery and the desire he has of animating his troops by his example make him fearless of danger. This occasions us much uneasiness. But Heaven, which has hitherto been his shield, will, I hope, still continue to guard his valuable life."*

As one traces Washington through this first campaign, and learns to appreciate all the difficulties that beset him, and looks into his secret heart and sees how pure, how noble, how unselfish and full of devotion to his country all his feelings are, he exclaims at every step, "INCOMPARABLE MAN!" No suspicion and distrust can excite his hostility, no reproaches or unjust insinuations drive him into hasty action—no accumulation of disaster or oppression or want shake his purpose or unsettle for a moment his judgment.

The nations of Europe had watched the progress of the struggle with great interest, and the news of these sudden victories at Trenton and Princeton, and of the first great check of the enemy, filled them with admiration. Says Botta, "Achievements so astonishing gained for the American commander a very great reputation, and were regarded with wonder by all nations, as well as by the Americans. Every one applauded

the prudence, the firmness and the daring of General Washington. All declared him the saviour of his country; all proclaimed him equal to the most renowned commanders of antiquity, and especially distinguished him by the name of the *American Fabius*. His name was in the mouths of all men, and celebrated by the pens of the most eminent writers. The greatest personages in Europe bestowed upon him praise and congratulations. Thus the American general wanted neither a noble cause to defend, nor an opportunity for acquiring glory, nor the genius to avail himself of it, nor a whole generation of men competent and well disposed to render him homage."

Washington had no sooner got his army well housed in log huts, than he began, as before remarked, to send out detachments to cut off English foraging parties. In this he received great assistance from the inhabitants, who, aroused by the atrocities committed by the Hessian and English troops, thirsted for vengeance. The pardon granted by Howe to those who took the oath of allegiance had been of no avail. The Hessian soldiers, looking upon the Americans as barbarians and outlaws, denied to friend and foe alike the protection usually extended to peaceful inhabitants by an invading army. The wintry heavens were made lurid with the flames of burning dwellings, and the shrieks of murdered men, and of women outraged and ravished in presence of their own families, were borne on every breeze over the land.

Oppressed with a powerful army, the inhabitants had been compelled to remain passive under these aggravated acts of violence, and those who had taken the oath of allegiance saw that their cowardice or lukewarmness in the cause of their country had only brought on them contempt and ruin. New Jersey became a scene of horror and desolation, and the atrocities committed by the enemy were bruited over Europe, and awakened in the French nation the deepest indignation, which compared the English to the Goths and Vandals in their incursions against

*Vide Sparks' Letters and Speeches of Washington

the civilized nations of Europe. This wholesale pillage of the inhabitants was not confined to the invaders, the American troops themselves sacked the dwellings of the wealthy, declaring they were partisans of the king, and hence their property should be confiscated.

But this sudden success of Washington put a different aspect on affairs. The outraged patriots flew to arms—many a wronged and robbed inhabitant became at once a spy, a scout, and a soldier, and lent good service in scourging these marauders back.

In the meantime Washington strung cantonments from Princeton to the Highlands, connecting his army with that of Heath, whom he had urged to make a demonstration against New York, for the purpose of compelling Howe to withdraw his troops from New Jersey and concentrate them in that city. This commander at length got under way, and appearing before Fort Independence, summoned it in a pompous manner to surrender. The whole expedition, however, proved a failure, and General Heath retired without any laurels to the Highlands.

Washington, having witnessed the effect of Howe's proclamation on the people of New Jersey, and finding that many, though wholly estranged from the British cause by the barbarities under which they had suffered, still regarded their oath as binding them at least to a strict neutrality, issued a counter-proclamation, [January 25th,] in which he commanded all persons who had received protections from British commissioners to deliver them up at once, and take in place an oath of allegiance to the United States. Thirty days were allowed them in which to do it—after that time, all who refused would be treated as enemies. This was the first palpable use Washington made of his power as dictator, and the manner in which it was received by the state authorities of New Jersey argued poorly for its working in the country at large. It was asserted that, there being no confederation of the states formed, Congress had not the power to exact such an oath, and hence could not delegate it to another—that its assumption by Washington was a direct encroachment upon the prerogatives of the separate states, to which alone this power belonged. The complaints extended even to Congress, and members were found technical and unpatriotic enough to take sides with New Jersey. Mr. Abraham Clark, a delegate from this very state, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, opposed it in Congress, and, in a letter to Colonel Dayton, placed his objections on the grounds already mentioned, and added, "*I believe the general honest but fallible.*"

Previous to this, Washington had addressed an earnest, pressing letter to the governor of the state, remonstrating against the raising of several battalions, as he had done, for the defense of the state alone, and not as a part of the continental army. That letter, though courteous and guarded, is couched in language that could not be mistaken, and gave the governor to understand most emphatically that the extraordinary powers with which he had been invested was not an idle ceremony, but would be wielded when the exigencies of his condition required it. After speaking of the superior advantages of having the drafts made for the service of the country at large instead of the single state of New Jersey, he adds, "I am sure that the necessity of having the continental regiments immediately completed is too obvious to need any further arguments. *I hope the powers of government are such as to complete the new levies by draft if they cannot be filled reasonably by voluntary enlistments. Necessity obliges me to call upon you, as I shall upon every other state, in the most pressing terms to complete, without delay, your proportion of the eighty-eight battalions.*" A call for the several quotas was also made from the other states, and Washington employed the power given him to collect and organize an army for a spring campaign. He also wrote to Congress, but this body seemed to have been suddenly exorcised of all its greatness, and much of its patriotism, and regarded his appeals apparently like petitions, which it had resolved beforehand to lay on the table. In the mode of appointing five additional major-generals, and ten brigadiers, in obedience to the long and urgent request of Washington, they showed how small a portion they possessed of the self-denying patriotism and noble devotion to the interests of their country which characterized the commander-in-chief, about whose abuse of power they had been so solicitous. When the fate of the country was involved, and the salvation of the army depended, in a great measure, upon the ability and character of the commanding officers, their appointment was brought about by political shuffling, and used to gratify personal friendship or personal ambition. Each state had its favorite candidates, and each candidate his supporters. There were exceptions to this conduct, it is true, but, in the main, Washington was not consulted, and officers were forced on him he never would have chosen. In order to apportion them properly to the different states and thus gratify local jealousies, incompetent men were appointed, and in some instances made to outrank officers who had served from the outset of the war. The latter were indignant at this injustice, and it required all Washington's

influence to pacify them. The miserable and low view Congress took of its duties in this respect, resulting as it did in sowing dissensions in the army and increasing the embarrassment of Washington laid the foundation, doubtless, of Arnold's after treason.

The pernicious precedent set at this time has ever since been followed, and probably will be to the end of the chapter. Congress, always ignorant of military matters, will thrust civilian generals on the army, just as the President dispenses offices, and political favor will carry a man to a higher grade than honorable scars.

While the two armies lay in winter-quarters, negotiations were opened for an exchange of prisoners. Various offers had previously been made to effect the release of Lee, and both Washington and Congress were very anxious about his fate. Although Lee had resigned the commission which he held in the English army before he joined that of the colonies, Howe chose to regard him as a deserter, and treated him as such, and threatened to try him by courtmartial. Congress immediately retaliated by placing Col. Campbell, a British prisoner, in a common jail, and refusing to five Hessian field-officers, taken at Trenton, the usual privileges of prisoners of war. The English government fearing the effect of this treatment would be to disgust their mercenary troops with the service, relented, and allowed Lee to be regarded as a prisoner of war; and finally consented to his exchange. Washington opposed those retaliatory measures as both inhuman and impolitic. "Why," he asked, "should an ineffectual attempt to relieve the distresses of one brave, unfortunate man involve many more in the same calamities?" It was bad policy, because the balance of prisoners was heavy against them, and hence, if the British commander followed their example Americans would be by far the heaviest sufferers. Howe, to his credit be it said, did not retaliate, though it might be asserted with some show of truth that he *could* not, for to what more loathsome dungeons, or dreadful want and suffering, he could doom the American prisoners confined in New York, it would be difficult to conceive. More unprovoked, useless barbarity, more cold-blooded, damning cruelty was never witnessed amid savages. The loathsome dens into which the victims were crowded were filled with stench and vermin, and unclad, unfed, uncared for, they died by hundreds, while those who survived till spring, came forth from their dismal abodes looking more like skeletons emerging from their graves, than strong-limbed soldiers whose only offense had been that of fighting for their fire-sides and their homes. Of the five thousand who had been locked up in the

prisons, churches and sugar-houses of New York, but few sound, healthy men ever came out. An Irish cut-throat by the name of Cunningham had charge of the "New Jail," in which most of the American officers and the eminent Whigs were confined. This miscreant jailer kept those officers of rank and gentlemen of wealth in miserable cells, or confined in an upper chamber, and crowded so close together that when stretched at night on the plank floor, they could not turn over except all at once, at the word "RIGHT—LEFT." He had a gallows erected, apparently for his own amusement, on which he almost every night hung some poor wretch. His hour for these occasional recreations was just after midnight. Howe was too lazy and too indifferent to the fate of a few rebels to make any inquiries about the condition of his prisoners; and, although he does not stand charged with cruelty, he was guilty of a crime closely akin to it—utter indifference to whether it was practiced or not under his authority. He indignantly denied the charge which Washington made against him, but the facts, as afterward proved, and his statements are as wide apart as heaven and earth.

So reduced had these prisoners become, that they were wholly unfit for duty, and when Howe proposed to exchange them, Washington refused to give the same number of healthy British and Hessian soldiers. Howe then accused him of violating the agreement made between them. Washington retorted in a withering letter, in which, after declaring that an exchange of strong, healthy soldiers for sick and helpless ones would be putting a premium on inhumanity, and that an agreement to exchange prisoners was based on the principle of equality, in not recognizing which *he* was really the one guilty of violating the compact, and adds, "It may, perhaps, be fairly doubted whether an apprehension of their death, or that of a great part of them, did not contribute somewhat to their being sent out when they were. *Such an event whilst they remained with you would have been truly interesting; because it would have destroyed every shadow of claim for a return of the prisoners in our hands; and therefore policy concurring with humanity dictated that the measure should be adopted. Happy had it been if the expedient had been thought of before these ill-fated men were reduced to such extremity.*" He also accuses him directly of treating the prisoners in his hands cruelly, and thus causing the death of large numbers.

The measures proposed for an exchange of prisoners thus became embarrassed, and were not carried out until some time afterward. The balance of prisoners against the Americans after the battle of Princeton was about one thousand. The Bri-

tish having taken in all a little less than five thousand, and the Americans about four thousand.

Spring opened without any general movement on the part of Howe. This was fortunate for Washington, as the enlistments for the war or for three years went on slowly, and the new levies arrived tardily and at long intervals, leaving the army weak and unable to offer any effectual resistance to Howe if he had taken the field vigorously. But he too was waiting for reinforcements, and tents and field equipments. In April, however, he sent Governor Tryon with ten thousand men to destroy the stores at Danbury, who was chased back to his ships by Arnold and Wooster, the latter, though nearly three score and ten, gallantly leading on his men till shot down by the enemy. Another expedition was sent against Peekskill. These, however, were mere bye plays, to occupy the troops till the time for a grand and decided movement should arrive.

Meanwhile Washington waited the further development of the plans of the enemy. The troops assembling from the East he ordered to concentrate at Peekskill, while those from the Middle States and Virginia were directed to join him at Morristown. It was evident that an enterprise was on foot, designed to crush the colonies at once, but in which direction the blow was about to fall remained in obscurity. A storm was brewing on the Canadian frontier, and whether Howe was preparing to coöperate with any movement in that direction, or push his way on to Philadelphia, could only be conjectured.

In the mean time, internal troubles continued to vex and embarrass the commander-in-chief even more than the conduct of the enemy. The constant report of men deserting—letters from officers all over the country, complaining of the neglect and injustice of Congress, and offering their resignation—the want of money and a commissary-general furnished daily and almost hourly annoyances which he had no power to escape. To some, like Arnold, he replied in the language of friendship and sympathy, to others he wrote sternly and rebukingly. Sullivan received a severe reprimand for his childish complaints about not being entrusted with a separate command. Gates a lighter one, for asserting that an equal distribution of tents, etc. was not made to the different sections of the army. While the different military departments were thus exhibiting only weakness, Lieut. Col. Meigs, a companion of Arnold in his bold march through the wilderness, showed what a single enterprising officer could do. Embarking on the 21st of May from New Haven, he sailed for Guilford,

and there taking with him a hundred and seventy men, in whale-boats, crossed over to Southold, and dragging his boats over land to the bay between the north and south branches of the island, pushed on to Sag Harbor, where they arrived at two o'clock in the morning, and immediately with fixed bayonets charged the outposts of the British stationed there. The alarm was instantly given, and an armed schooner with twelve guns and seventy men opened its fire upon them, within less than thirty rods. The gallant detachment, however, pressed forward, driving the enemy before them, and having killed and captured nearly a hundred men, and destroyed twelve brigs and sloops and a large quantity of merchandise, retired without the loss of a man. Col. Meigs reached Guilford at two o'clock in the afternoon, having marched and rowed ninety miles in twenty-five hours, besides fighting the enemy and destroying his ships and stores.

At length Washington moved his army, [May 21,] fourteen thousand strong, to Middlebrook, and intrenched himself in a strong position, resolved to give battle if the enemy advanced. Howe, who had collected a large force at Brunswick, only nine miles distant, [June 31,] pushed his lines into the country until his left rested on Millstone. Here he remained a week, hoping to tempt Washington from his stronghold to battle. But the latter having long before discovered what his raw troops were worth in an open field fight, refused to stir from his position. Howe then returned to Brunswick, evacuated it, and retreated to Amboy, pursued and harassed by General Greene, with three regiments. Washington followed with the main army to Quibbletown. The moment Howe saw that he had decoyed Washington out into the open country, he wheeled, and marched swiftly to the American left, hoping to turn it and gain the high ground beyond. Had he succeeded, a battle would have been inevitable. Washington, however, was too quick for him. The roar of cannon, and heavy explosions of small arms in that direction, as the enemy came in collision with a detachment of seven hundred Americans, revealed the well-laid scheme. Though severely pressed, he fell back, and reached his strong position at Middlebrook in safety. As soon as Howe saw Washington quietly in his den again, he gave up all attempts to bring on an engagement, and, abruptly leaving the Jerseys, passed over to Staten Island. Washington, who from boyhood had shown a peculiar love of agricultural pursuits, indeed seems to have had a positive attachment to the soil, saw with pleasure the withdrawal of the troops. It pained him deeply to behold the green fields

ready for the mower, filled with the marching columns, and the ripening grain trampled down by the ruthless hoof of war, or wrapt in conflagration. In a letter to Armstrong he says, "The evacuation of Jersey at this time seems to be a peculiar mark of Providence, as the inhabitants have an opportunity of securing their harvests of hay and grain." The farmer was never forgotten in the warrior, and the husbandman always received his peculiar attention.

The relief which this apparent abandonment of all immediate attempts against Philadelphia gave, was only momentary, for on the very next day a courier arrived in camp, bringing the astounding intelligence that Burgoyne, with ten thousand men, an artillery train of forty pieces, the whole commanded by officers of experience and renown, was moving against Ticonderoga. Whether Howe under these circumstances, would renew his attempts against Philadelphia, or endeavor to form a junction with Burgoyne, and thus separate the New England provinces from their brethren, was the important problem which Washington endeavored to solve. If the former course was adopted he must hover around Philadelphia; if the latter, his army could not be too soon in the strong passes of the Highlands. Howe was certainly collecting a large fleet, and evidently either for the purpose of ascending the Hudson, or of going by sea to Philadelphia. At length news was brought that the British army was embarking. Washington immediately dispatched Lord Stirling to Peekskill, while he himself still uncertain of the enemy's purpose, slowly followed by way of Ramapo, and finally encamped in the pass of the Clove. In the meantime he ordered the two brigades of Parsons and Varnum from the east to Peekskill—wrote to Governor Clinton to call out the militia, and hastened off a courier to Schuyler, who commanded in the northern department, to hold on to Ticonderoga. All eyes were suddenly turned to the northward, where the great and decisive conflict seemed about to take place. Roused by the impending danger, the settlers along the rich banks of the Mohawk, and the hardy yeomanry of Vermont and Massachusetts, and Connecticut and New York left their fields burdened with the rich promise of a coming harvest, and hastened to strike hands and move shoulder to shoulder with the battle-cry of freedom on their lips, against the common invader.

But while Burgoyne was slowly pushing the heads of his massive columns through the northern wilderness, the fleet of Howe hoisted sail and moved slowly down toward the Hook. The news no sooner reached Washington than he dispatched messengers to Sullivan and Stirling,

at Peekskill, ordering them instantly to recross the Hudson and hasten by the most direct routes to the banks of the Delaware, where he would wait their arrival. But though the vessels were moving seaward, he was still doubtful of Howe's designs, and resolved to remain where he was till he could ascertain them more fully. At length it was reported that the ships had been seen off the Capes of the Delaware. The army was then marched rapidly to Germantown, and Washington hurried forward to Chester, to gather more accurate intelligence. Here he was told that the fleet had again stood to the eastward and disappeared. Baffled by this strange conduct—without the least data to act on, Washington was compelled to base his movements entirely on conjecture. It was plain that nothing could be done till the enemy's plans developed themselves more fully. He, therefore, ordered Sullivan to take post in New Jersey, ready to move in either direction, while the main army was quartered at Germantown, prepared to march at a moment's warning.

While things were in this harassing and trying state of suspense, Washington rode over to Philadelphia, to confer a day or two with committees of Congress. He here, for the first time, met the young Marquis of Lafayette, whose ardent and noble espousal of our cause eventually wrought such a change in our prospects. A mere stripling, eighteen years of age, rolling in wealth, and basking in the sunshine of court favor, he tore himself away from all the luxuries that surrounded him—from the arms of a young and affectionate wife, whose expostulations and reproaches were harder to be borne than the threats of his friends and frowns of his king, to struggle in an almost hopeless cause, in a foreign land. Purchasing a vessel, and clothing and arms for soldiers at his own expense, he, with the brave De Kalb and eleven other officers, set sail for America. After a voyage of nearly two months, he reached Charleston, and, distributing arms and clothing to a hundred and fifty of the gallant defenders of Sullivan's Island, mounted his horse and rode nine hundred miles to Philadelphia.

Silas Deane had been for some time our minister at Paris, and with Franklin and Arthur Lee, who were afterward added to the embassy, was endeavoring to enlist France in our struggle. With the former young Lafayette had made an agreement respecting the rank he was to hold in the rebel army. But Congress received the letters which he presented coldly, for it had been much embarrassed of late with applications of foreign officers for appointments which, if made, would deeply offend our own officers. Only a few

weeks before, Knox, Greene, and Sullivan, hearing that a Frenchman by the name of Decoudray, had been appointed major-general, his appointment to be antedated, so as to outrank them, abruptly sent in their resignations. Besides all other considerations Lafayette was a mere boy only nineteen years of age, and could not be considered fit for a position of responsibility. Being told that his request would probably be denied, he sat down and wrote a note to Congress, saying—"After the sacrifices I have made, *I have the right to exact two favors; one is to serve at my own expense, the other is to serve at first as a volunteer.*" This magnanimity was too much for Congress, and it immediately made out his commission. The next day he was introduced to Washington at a dinner party. As it was about breaking up, the latter took him aside and spoke to him long and tenderly. The tall, commanding general of nearly fifty, and that youth of nineteen, presented a most interesting contrast as the one spoke of freedom, and the other stood and reverently listened, every feature beaming with excitement. There was something in the enthusiastic love for liberty of this young stranger—the revelation of an exalted purpose, not to be shaken by neglect or suffering—a noble, unselfish devotion, so unlike the petty rivalries, groundless jealousies, and selfish behavior of some of his own officers, that touched the tenderest chord of Washington's nature. His great, grand heart opened to him at once like a father, and from that hour Lafayette became a son, returning the wealth of affection lavished on him with all the devotion of his impulsive, impassioned, generous nature. Washington told him to consider himself at all times as one of his own family, but he must not expect to find in the republican army, the luxuries of a court, or the comforts even of an ordinary camp. Both the one and the other were indifferent to Lafayette, who had already triumphed over infinitely greater difficulties, and endured more suffering than could be meted out to him in the American army. That night he sent his horses and equipage to camp, and became an American soldier. His after career in connection with our cause, and with Washington, furnishes some of the most interesting incidents in American history. That apparently boyish enthusiasm proved to be the solid judgment and inherent principles of the man, and as he stood in all the fiery ardor of youth before Washington, so he afterward stood with white locks amid the infuriated mobs of Paris and Versailles. The impression Washington made on him may be inferred from the letter describing his first interview. In it he says—"Although he was sur-

rounded by officers and citizens, it was impossible to mistake for a moment his majestic figure and deportment." His surprise, however, at the army was equal to his admiration of Washington. On the very day he arrived in camp there was a grand review of the whole eleven thousand men, and the young marquis never before even in imagination beheld such a spectacle. Many were in their shirt sleeves—many without any shirts to their backs, their whole uniform consisting of a pair of pantaloons, while the majority of those who were clad wore simply long linen hunting-shirts. These were drawn up in two long lines—the smaller soldiers occupying the first line—presenting a most striking contrast to the military bearing and manner of their commander. "*As to their military tactics,*" he wrote home, "*it will be sufficient to say that for a regiment ranged in order of battle, to move forward on the right of its line it was necessary for the left to make a continued countermarch.*" The next day Washington took Lafayette with him to inspect the fortifications of the Delaware. As they rode along together, the former soon discovered that his young protégé possessed a knowledge of military matters by which the oldest generals in the service might have profited.

Though Congress continued its sessions in apparent tranquillity, the greatest excitement prevailed throughout the city and country. Sentinels were on every high peak that overlooked the ocean, sweeping the water in every direction with glasses to detect the first appearance of the fleet, whose approach was so much dreaded. But day after day passed by, and still no tidings of it came from the seaboard. At last the look-outs caught a glimpse of it, leagues away to the south of the capes of Delaware. Washington immediately inferred that its destination was south, probably Charleston. Ten days more passed by, and as nothing further was seen of it, a council of war was called, in which it was resolved to march back toward the Hudson, either to coöperate against Burgoyne, or, if circumstances proved favorable, to attack New York. Every thing was got ready to march, when on that very morning the exciting report was brought that the fleet was already two hundred miles up the Chesapeake Bay, and standing steadily on. It was now evident that Philadelphia was the object of attack, though, as Washington said, the enemy had taken a strange route to reach it. This at once relieved him from all indecision respecting the northern army. Previous to this, not only was he annoyed beyond measure by the surrender of Ticonderoga, then under the command of St. Clair, but at the apparently resistless manner in which Burgoyne

moved southward. He had sent the gallant Morgan with his five hundred riflemen north, and in announcing it to Governor Clinton said he thought it would be a good plan to let the fact be pretty well circulated, as well as to exaggerate their numbers. In this, which is dated on the very day of the battle of Bennington, he speaks of Stark's intention to close on Burgoyne's rear as a most excellent plan. As things grew worse and worse, Congress recalled both Schuyler and St. Clair, and put Gates over the northern army. Washington had also sent Arnold north, a host in himself. Still, so long as Howe's movements remained undeveloped he could not call on the New England states to hasten to New York state to resist the invasion of Burgoyne. But now all immediate danger to the eastern board was removed, and he wrote to Putnam to press on Governor Trumbull the urgent necessity of getting the whole force of New England "*to turn out, and by following the great stroke struck by General Stark near Bennington, entirely crush General Burgoyne.*"

In the meantime the militia from Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania turned out, and the country was alive with armed citizens, hastening to the defense of Philadelphia. Sullivan, who had just been rudely repulsed in an attack on Staten Island, was also ordered from the Jerseys, and the army soon assumed a formidable appearance, at least in magnitude.

At length the reconnoitering parties came in and announced that the enemy were landing near the head of Elk river. [Aug. 25th.] Washington advanced to meet them, and taking Philadelphia in his route, marched through the city with flying banners and martial music, cheered by the multitude. This was done to encourage the patriots and check the movements of the disaffected and disloyal. The next day after the British effected a landing; a heavy rain storm set in, which deluged both friends and foes, and injured the arms and ammunition of each. Washington at the outset sent forward skirmishing parties to harass the enemy, while he pressed on with the main army. Between these and the advance detachments of the British severe conflicts took place, ending, of course, in the retreat of the Americans, as the heavy columns of their adversaries closed upon them. On the 28th the Americans took some forty prisoners. Twenty deserters also arrived in camp, who stated that the infantry of the enemy was in good condition, but that the horses were knocked up by their long voyage. This was fortunate, as Washington's cavalry, under Pulaski,* was too feeble to cope

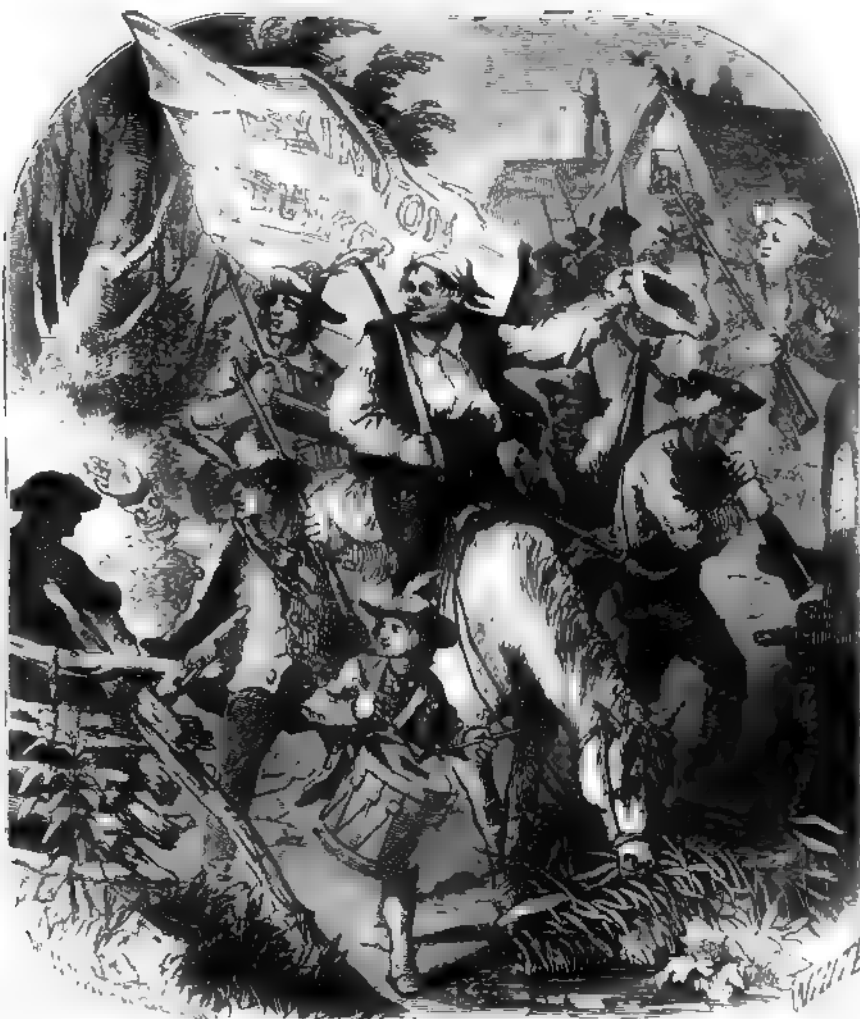
with any considerable force, while the country presented an admirable field for the movements of horse

The next day Captain Lee took twenty-four more prisoners. Five days after, Cornwallis, while advancing with his column, was suddenly assailed by Maxwell's regiment, the riflemen of which, having formed a sort of ambuscade, poured in a deadly fire upon him. But swept by the artillery and pressed by the formidable masses of the enemy, this brave regiment was compelled to retire with the loss of forty killed and wounded. The British reported their loss to be twenty-two, though a woman from their camp next day said she saw nine wagon loads of wounded brought in. They doubtless suffered more severely than they acknowledged; in fact, as a rule, it was always safe to multiply the current account given by the enemy of their loss by three. The two armies had continued to draw closer together, and now stood front to front, and a battle was daily expected. Philadelphia was the prize to be struggled for, and Howe and Washington both determined that the conflict should be a decisive one. The latter took position behind Red Clay Creek, directly across the route leading to the city. Howe then advanced, and being joined by General Grant, made a feint to attack the Americans, but instead of concentrating his forces at the assailing point, he extended his lines far away to the American right. The two armies were now only two miles apart, and threatened momentarily to come in collision, when Howe ordered a halt. Washington, whose experience during the last campaign had taught him to distrust every movement of Howe, soon discovered that a flank movement was being made to cut him off from Philadelphia, and hem him in on a narrow tongue of land from which escape would be impossible, and where he would be compelled under disadvantageous circumstances to fight a decisive battle. He therefore, after carefully reconnoitering the enemy, passed the order quietly through the camp to march, and at two o'clock in the morning of the 9th of September withdrew his army toward the Brandywine, and marching his columns over the river, took possession of the high grounds on the opposite side, near Chad's Ford, and there resolved to give battle.

While Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland were gazing with mingled expectations and fears on the two armies under Washington and Howe, as they slowly closed on each other, and the whole country was filled with con-

brigadier, was offered the command, but declined. It was then given to Count Pulaski, a Polish officer of great distinction and bravery.

*Previous to this there had been no officer in the cavalry of higher rank than colonel. Reed, after being made



Countrymen joining the Army under Gates.

fictitious rumors, agitating and cheering by turns, the works were rapidly going up at Saratoga, from which was to recoil the veteran army of Burgoyne. From every valley and mountain slope the sturdy yeomanry went pouring in to Gates, their patriotism kindled into brighter glow by the shouts of victory that came rolling from Vermont, and down the Mohawk from Fort Stanwix and the bloody field of Oriskany, and their rage redoubled to see the enemy with his ruthless savage allies in the very midst of their autumnal fields, and ravaging the firesides of the innocent and the helpless. Washington's anxiety for the fate of the northern army was equal to that for his own, and he listened with as deep a solicitude for the reports that might reach him thence, as he did to the thunder of the enemy's cannon

in his front. In the mean time, Burgoyne finding himself cut off from the assistance of St. Leger by way of the Mohawk, and a dark storm-cloud gathering in his rear, extinguishing the last hope that illumined the weary wilderness he had traversed, and seeing a mighty army rising as it were from the very earth before him, surveyed with a stern and gloomy eye the prospect that surrounded him. The second crisis in the American Revolution had come. With the simultaneous defeat of the northern and southern armies the nation would be prostrated, and the last hope of securing the alliance of France extinguished. Two such calamities would darken the land with despair, and fill the friends of freedom every where with despondency and gloom.

[To be continued.]

THE PROSE, POETRY AND SCENERY OF THE COAL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY ELS BOWEN.

(Concluded from page 131.)



Schuylkill and Entrance to Pottsville.

LITTLE more remains to be said on the subject of mining. It is an intricate business, requiring a large capital, and constant application to all its varied details, to make it successful. The miners and laborers are invariably foreigners—the former principally Welsh, English and Scotch; and the latter Irish and German. They are of a roving and adventurous disposition, rarely remaining for any length of time at one place. The average earnings of good miners, at the present time, will amount to about eight dollars per week—that of common laborers to about six dollars and a half per week. There are in the Schuylkill region at least twenty thousand persons employed directly in and about the mines, and many thousands more on the railroads and canals, and other departments of the trade connected with them. At the present time, the Schuylkill region is in the full tide of prosperity, and it is more than likely that it will continue

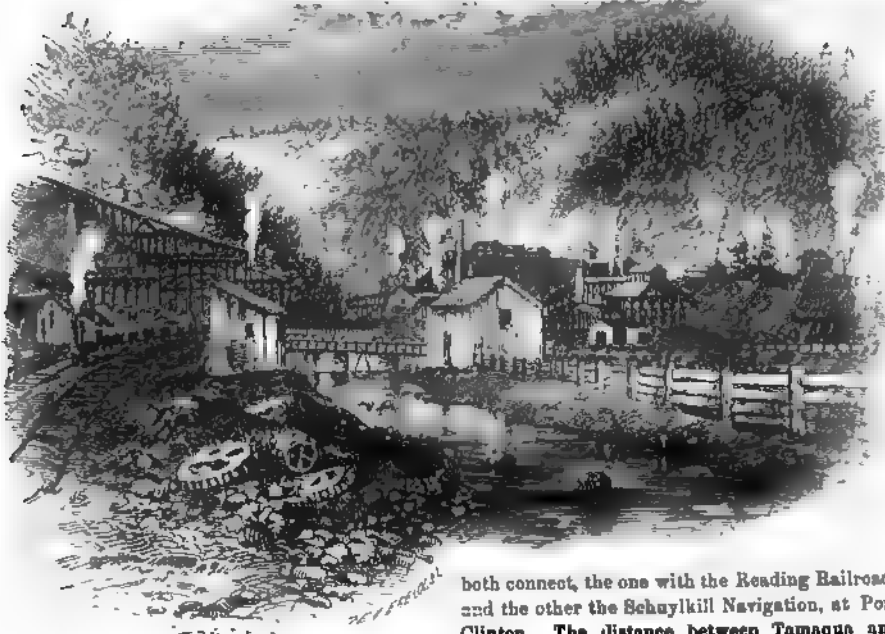
so, without material interruption, for many years to come. Whatever annual increase in the consumption of coal may hereafter occur, must be principally supplied by this region, as it is as inexhaustible as the hills which treasure it, and enjoys three different lines of transportation to market, which are far beyond the rivalry of those of any other region.

The points of shipment for the coal, via the Schuylkill, are all situated below Sharp Mountain, which constitutes the southern boundary of the coal formation. The first of these is Mount Carbon, about a mile below Pottsville, where several lateral roads meet the Reading railroad. Here the coal-cars are arranged in trains, and embarked for their destination below. Another place of shipment, principally by canal, is further east, near Port Carbon. Here extensive wharves are erected on the canal, upon which the loaded cars are brought, and the coal emptied out into

the boats. The wharves, however, are all provided with capacious shutes, into which the coal can be emptied, and from which the canal-boats can always obtain supplies. The process of loading a boat is very simple and expeditious. Drawing the boat close up to the wharf-shutes, a gate need only be opened to allow the coal to issue forth in a continuous stream. The coal shipped at this point and Mount Carbon, is mined in the vicinity of Pottsville, St. Clair, Coal Castle, Port Carbon, Middleport, and numerous other localities east of Pottsville.

The principle point of shipment, however, both for railroad and canal, is Schuylkill Haven, three miles below. Here the Mine Hill Railroad, after traversing every quarter of the coal region west of Pottsville, brings in its tremendous daily supplies. After the coal is weighed, the cars are arranged in trains for the railroad, or unloaded for shipment by the canal. It is no unusual thing to see a train of one hundred and forty or fifty coal-cars drawn by a single locomotive over this road; nor is it unusual to see the same train, or a like number, on the Reading railroad. Persons who have never visited the coal region

can form no idea of the extent and moral grandeur of its business and resources. Here is a region of barren mountains and uncultivated valleys, swarming with the fruits of gigantic enterprise, and bold, scientific, and mechanical skill. An endless net-work of railroads and canals, coal-cars, canal-boats, locomotives, horses, carriages, villages, people, bridges, viaducts, foundries, rolling-mills, furnaces—every thing that can give an aspect of busy life, of energy, of capital, is here confronting you in all directions. And yet scarcely the half is seen—for hundreds of feet below the surface are scenes of still greater activity—thousands of miners, picking and blasting into the coal, in their subterraneous shops, and comprising the main-spring, the very fountain which gives vitality to all that is seen on the surface! It is only on the first day, commonly called Sunday, or any other general holyday, that the real extent of population is suspected. Then every road and street is alive with people, and the whole region seems to be converted into populous thoroughfares, or, let us say, human processions.



Coal Mines above Tamaqua.

The Little Schuylkill Railroad, and the Little Schuylkill Navigation, running from Tamaqua,

both connect, the one with the Reading Railroad, and the other the Schuylkill Navigation, at Port Clinton. The distance between Tamaqua and Port Clinton is sixteen miles, and the former is the shipping point for both lines. Port Clinton is the point of divergence for the Sunbury and

Erie Railroad, now hastening toward completion, under the auspices of its present energetic management. Tamaqua is a handsomely situated borough, containing a population of some five thousand, and it is surrounded by many of the largest and most productive collieries in the region. About five thousand acres of land, most of it containing coal, is owned by the Little Schuylkill Company, and it is principally owing to the liberal policy of that company that the operations of this portion of the Schuylkill coal region have been so vigorously and successfully prosecuted.

A few miles further east—or more properly, a few miles toward the horizon—we reach the village of Summit Hill, the principal locality of the Lehigh company's collieries. This village is situated, if we remember correctly, sixteen hundred feet above the Delaware river. It is a desirable spot in the summer time, but the least said of it in connection with winter the better! Here is the spot where the first lump of coal was found, which lead to any active measures on the subject. A man named Philip Gintner, who lived "down in the valley below," some few miles off, having been out hunting, and spending the day unsuccessfully, was hastening to his humble cabin, in the dusk of the evening, when he stumbled, and hurled a piece of coal before him. He had heard of vague rumors of the existence of these black stones, in the mountains, and therefore took the specimen home. It was subsequently sent to Philadelphia, and finally coming under the notice of several intelligent gentlemen, they became the originators of the present Lehigh Coal Company, and proved the pioneers of a trade which, ere long, will astonish the world with its importance. There should be a monument, composed of anthracite coal, erected on the spot, to commemorate the discovery. The incident was more important to the United States than the battle of Waterloo to England.

The place of shipment of the Lehigh company's coal, as also that of the detached Mohanoy coal districts north, is Mauch Chunk. From the Summit to this place, a railroad is built, which, descending some six hundred feet in a distance of nine miles, the loaded coal-cars pass over it by the force of gravitation. Arrived at Mauch Chunk, shutes are erected on the canal, into which the contents of the cars are precipitated, from an elevation of about one hundred feet; or the cars are lowered by steam-power to the canal, and there emptied. Both modes are in operation. An inclined plane, twenty-two hundred feet in length, is situated a short distance north, over which the empty cars are hoisted. Elevated

to the top of a high mountain, another railway is here presented, over which the empty cars are passed by gravitation a distance of some six miles, when another inclined plane is ascended, and another section of railway passed over by gravitation, when they reach their destination. Thus, with the aid of two inclined planes, and two stationary steam-engines, the whole business of forwarding the coal to the canal-boats, and of returning the empty cars, is performed without any further aid whatever.

The railroad of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, running from near Pittston to Hawley, (on the Delaware and Hudson Canal, eleven miles beyond Honesdale, in the Wyoming coal region,) is also a gravity road, forty-four miles in length, with ten inclined-planes on the empty-car track, and twelve on the loaded track, each plane from seventeen hundred to two thousand feet in length. Three of these planes are worked by water-power, the others by steam. Most of them are supplied with three stationary steam-engines, of thirty horse-power each. There are in all upon this road forty-eight steam-engines of thirty horse-power each. The road, in some places, is constructed on high tressel-work. In one place it is from twenty-eight to thirty-five feet high, for more than a mile. The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company have also a section of railroad, communicating with the canal, which is operated on this plan.

Among the first parties identified with the discovery and development of anthracite coal, in the present county of Schuylkill, were the late Anthony and William Morris, of Philadelphia, who, it appears, owned considerable land in this region. The first ton of coal mined for a market, however, was by the late Col. James Shoemaker, of Pottsville, who hauled several wagon-loads to Philadelphia, for sale. Previously to this, blacksmiths in the surrounding country had used it, and various local experiments had been made. The coal of Col. Shoemaker excited a good deal of idle talk and curiosity in Philadelphia; but very few came forward to purchase. Several who were bold enough to venture into it, in a small way, after completely failing to ignite it, denounced the vender as an impostor and a villain, and writs were issued out for his arrest!—to escape which, it is said he drove some thirty miles in a circuitous route, on his hasty retreat home. What a comment is this upon ignorance and prejudice! A gentleman in Delaware county, however, who had secured a small quantity for trial, was more successful, and promulgated the result through the United States Gazette. Another gentleman, who had iron-works near Philadelphia, also came to the rescue—but his suc-

cess was the result of accident. One of his furnace men, who had all the morning been ineffectually endeavoring to ignite it, finally slammed the door shut, and proceeded to dinner. On returning, to his utter surprise, he perceived that his furnace-door was red-hot. This showed at once that there was "something in it," and the combustible nature of the coal was soon understood. All it wanted for complete ignition was a little *time*. Anthracite never burns in a hurry. These experiments were all prior to 1818, at which time the prices of wood became so extravagantly high, in Philadelphia, and the Schuylkill Navigation being partially able to do business, attention was called to this fuel. Great difficulty, however, was felt in its combustion, until the introduction of the fire-grate, which occurred, I think, in 1827. Simultaneous with this useful and important article, the coal-trade sprung into existence—1826 having been the first year when shipments of any consequence were made. Now that facilities for burning the coal advantageously were common and cheap, the trade suddenly excited extraordinary interest, and the coal region became the theatre of stupendous enterprises, and all kinds of wild speculations. Millions of dollars were invested in coal-lands and town-lots; in mines, and buildings, and avenues to market. The whole country was in a ferment. Frame houses were built in Philadelphia, and sent by canal to be erected in the new El Dorado—every thing was conceived in the spirit of speculation and excitement, and every thing went well for a time, when, crash!—something had to give way, and down came hundreds of splendid castles-in-the-air! Many persons were ruined—but the coal-trade continued to flourish, and to grow, and expand, upon the money thus squandered in the days of excitement.

Such noble improvements as the Schuylkill Navigation, the Lehigh Navigation, and the Reading Railroad, would probably not have been constructed at the time they were, had it not been for the speculative spirit which, at the outset, conceived them. Having been erected somewhat prematurely, they were, for some time, both unprofitable and surrounded with all sorts of embarrassments, from which the extraordinary growth and prosperity of the coal-trade is now happily delivering them. Not many years ago, when the present distinguished president became connected with the Reading Railroad, he could hardly make his appearance along the line without falling in with a host of sheriffs and constables, and hungry creditors, importuning him for debts which the company could not pay, and seizing its cars, locomotives and property in default! What is that road now, and what will it

not be hereafter! What a magical change has been wrought in a few years, by the administrative and remarkable financial genius of *one man*! And what sources of untold wealth have not all these magnificent improvements been, not immediately to the people of our own State, but to the whole Union? Look at the vast manufacturing and commercial activity which they have originated, sustained and stimulated. Look at the trade itself, with the thousands and thousands of men and families it supports—a trade richer and more enduring than all California—a trade whose genial effects are realized at every fire-side, and which places the strength of a thousand hands in every ton of iron—a trade, in short, which *produces* much more than it consumes, which gives strength, while it increases its own. Is it not beautiful to contemplate—does it not look as if the Creator of all good had designed the mountains and valleys, which bear the coal, for some such moral revolution as it is now achieving? When we contemplate the phenomena of the coal formation, and consider its present relation to all the purposes of human life and industry, the lines of Milton have more than poetic sublimity:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good;
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous, then,
Unspeakable, who sits above the heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen in these thy lower works.
Yet these declare thy goodness beyond thought
And power divine."

The artist has furnished us with a sketch of Tumbling Run, and it is not only the finest picture he has given us, but the scene itself is one of the prettiest in the coal region. The stream, whose waters are as bright as diamonds, traverses a narrow valley, between two high mountains; and the natural effect of the whole has been greatly enhanced by the huge dams erected by the Schuylkill Navigation Company. Instead of permitting the unrestrained flow of the water into the Schuylkill, the company have erected the dams, one of which is nearly eighty feet in height, to hold it in reserve for such times as it may be most needed to assist navigation on their line; and this happens during the height of the busiest season, and at the very time when water is the scarcest—viz. the middle of summer. The water thus accumulated (and which would otherwise be entirely wasted) would of itself pass a large number of boats from Mount Carbon to Philadelphia. The business of the company has reached that extent, when it becomes absolutely necessary, for future increase, to obtain an additional supply of water for the summer season, by artificial means—by means of numerous reservoirs, such as are erected on Tumbling Run. We be-



Never there are other reservoirs in Schuylkill county; but the aggregate supply now obtained from them is not sufficient, especially in seasons of particular scarcity. During the great freshet of 1850, one of the dams on Tumbling Run was carried away, and such was the force of the water thus suddenly released that, at its junction with the Schuylkill (also very much swollen) several houses and bridges were swept away in the flood, and two or three persons were drowned. A number of canal-boats were afterward found deposited high on the banks of the river, and in some instances, farther down, nearly a quarter of a mile from the canal. This freshet was destructive all the way down the river, and was one of the most remarkable, in every respect, that ever occurred on the Schuylkill.

Swatara Falls, situated about nine miles west of Pottsville, is one of the most picturesque cascades in the country. It is, in fact, a miniature Niagara, and as perfectly unique as it is beautiful. There are two falls; the first is only some six feet in height, and empties into a little basin, the bottom of which, as if from design, is stud-

ded with white sand and pebbles, which are splendidly reflected in the clear, transparent water. Some fifty yards below is the great fall, which, according to a hasty measurement we once attempted, is about sixty feet perpendicular. On both sides of it are high projecting rocky walls; while all around are magnificent trees, some of them of gigantic proportions, and peculiar form. The water is as transparent as glass, and being uncontaminated with the prevailing sulphur of the coal, (which destroys all the brook fish of the coal region,) the stream abounds in trout of the rarest kind. The falls are situated about a mile from the carriage-road, and the approach to them is exceedingly rough, over a tortuous footway. This, however, only renders the excursion to them, on a fine summer afternoon, the more delightful; for, after you get there, and catch the first glimpse of the magnificent scene, you feel that all your toils are repaid. No visitor to the coal region, if in quest of curious sights, should omit Swatara. The roads to all parts of the country are always in excellent order; and the scenery is so essentially different from what we are accustomed to in the agricultural districts, that no one can fail to be struck with the novelty of it, if he cannot make up his mind to be pleased. There are many other objects of curiosity, which we might point out; but, really, we have not sufficient poetic inspiration to "do 'em justice"—and, what is more, we have little taste that way. But, considered as a place of leisurable resort for the learned and more substantial class of our citizens, we certainly know of no quarter of the country where they would be more likely to dispose of a few days with entire satisfaction and profit than here; and more especially during the summer, when, on account of its elevated position, the mountainous character of the country, the pure air, and cool evenings—securing that finest of all luxuries, "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep"—it enjoys features which cannot be purchased at so-called watering-places. For our single self, we regard the coal formation as a far greater curiosity—a much greater wonder—than Niagara Falls or the Natural Bridge; and if, according to Mr. Jefferson's excellent taste in such matters, the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge at Harper's Ferry, was a scene worthy a trip across the Atlantic, the coal formation of Pennsylvania is certainly no less meritorious. Let the unhappy man contemplate it and declare, if he can, that "there is no beauty in earth!" Let the unbeliever study its varied phenomena, and say in his heart, if he dare, "there is no God!" And let the philosopher, in profoundly investigating its mysterious structure and me-

chanism, learn the utter impotency of human thought when brought to contemplate the grandeur of an Almighty design!

One word, now, for the benefit of our utilitarian friend, who desires to know as nearly as possible, what kind of coal he ought to buy, and we shall stop—for we have already had a presentiment that, in these hurried remarks, we have not quite approached the *utile dulci* we sought. The very purest anthracite coal, sir, can nearly always be identified by its brilliant fracture, which is minutely and delicately striated, and perfectly free from the rusty discolorations of iron—for there be some varieties, beautifully tinged with red, and green, and blue, which are nevertheless comparatively pure coals. But a good coal can be distinguished from a poor one by examination of the latter, which, although sometimes presenting a shining lustre, is more slaty than black, and more greasy than dry or meagre, and will readily soil the fingers. The fracture of pure coal is *always conchoidal*: that of impure coal is often parallel to lines of cleavage, and the broken fragments assume the forms of the cube.

For ordinary domestic purposes, there is no coal in the world superior to Schuylkill red-ash anthracite. As the ashes of this coal are heavier than those of the white-ash, it is the only coal that should be introduced in parlors or chambers, especially if burnt in grates; as the white ashes, being extremely volatile, fly about the room, and literally cover the furniture and carpet, while, the atmosphere being charged with floating particles of the dust, renders it extremely unwholesome and unpleasant. Red-ash coal is perfectly free from all these evils; and, on the score of *economy*, is even more preferable. An experiment, detailed by the late Mr. Taylor, in his "Statistics of Coal," gives the following result. "Two rooms of nearly the same size, and having the same temperature, were selected to ascertain how many pounds of each kind of coal (Schuylkill red-ash and Lehigh white-ash) would be required to heat them to a temperature of 65° during a period of fifteen hours, when the temperature out of doors, at 9 A. M., was at ten degrees below the freezing point. Two days were occupied in the trial, so that the red and white-ash coals might be used in alternate rooms. Fires were made at 9 A. M., and continued until 12 P. M. Two thermometers, one in each room, were suspended at the greatest distance from the grates, and the temperature was carefully registered every hour. The result was as follows:—thirty-one pounds, each day, of the Schuylkill red-ash coal, gave a mean temperature of 64 degrees; and thirty-seven pounds, each day, of the

Lehigh *white-ash*, taken from a vein of high repute, gave a mean temperature of 63 degrees; thus making 2,000 pounds of the red-ash to be equal to 2,387 pounds of the white-ash; or red-ash coal, at \$5 50 per ton, to be equal to white-ash at \$4 61! This," observes Mr. Taylor, "settles the question on the score of economy." Notwithstanding the superior economic value of the red-ash coals, as well as their cleanliness and beauty of combustion, the difference in the retail-price of the two, is only from twenty-five to fifty cents per ton. In fact, the character of the red-ash varieties in the market has been so much injured, that many persons prefer the white-ash. This is a result of one of the "tricks of trade." Shippers of coal, both by canal and at Richmond, are in the habit of mixing good red-ash coal with common gray or white-ash, and thus sell the *amalgam* to retail-dealers abroad as genuine red-ash! They buy the white-ash varieties from the coal-operators for some thirty cents per ton less than they can procure red-ash, and by the mixture, they realize a pretty handsome profit. This thing has been carried to such an extent, that it is difficult to procure an unmixed red-ash coal, unless the dealers contract directly with the operators themselves, and pay the commissions for shipping. Red-ash coal particularly suffers by association with white-ash—as the latter, under live heat, decomposes more readily, its ashes destroy the draught necessary to secure the complete combustion of the red-ash, and thus, from an imperfect fire, unpleasant gases are generated, and the carbon of the coal *passes off unconsumed*. White-ash coal, to be sure, is excellent in its way, but it has no right thus to rob its rival of its just and well-earned reputation; and we shall feel very glad if, in thus vindicating it, consumers will hereafter profit by our statements. White-ash coal is desirable for smelting furnaces, lime-kilns, and hot-air furnaces, but it should never be introduced in the kitchen, the drawing-room, or in chambers while pure red-ash is to be had in the market. Neither *economy* nor good taste, nor health, nor common cleanliness will justify it.

One of the most important features, however, in the use of all anthracite coals, is to know how to burn them. And while there is almost universal ignorance on this subject—and especially among servants—there are very few indeed, who are at all acquainted with the virtues of the poker, that would like to acknowledge it. To make and regulate a coal-fire is one of those every-day items of life with which all are familiar—but to do it properly, and economically, and *perfectly*, is a point in which the great mass of consumers are lamentably deficient. A coal-

fire should never be started without an abundance of kindling-wood; for, if this be scanty or damp, the chances are on the side of failure. The ash-pan should always be emptied before a new fire is made; and when the first supply of coal is thoroughly ignited, another supply should be thrown on. When this is covered with a red flame, the draught of the stove should be regulated so as to preserve an even heat, and no more coal ought to be thrown on for at least five hours. At 12 o'clock, or thereabouts, the grate should be moderately agitated, and a new supply of coal added, with a moderate increase of draught, to be lowered when thoroughly ignited. At about 5 o'clock, another supply should be thrown in; and, if intended to keep the fire all night, another thorough raking, and a slightly increased quantity ought to be thrown in. Now, after ascertaining the particular character of the stove, the chimney, and the coal, these simple directions should be observed with perfect regularity, and the result will be all that could be desired. Servants are generally too irregular in their attentions to the fires, and often entirely too assiduous in stimulating them to sudden heights, and hence make free use of the poker. The great mistake of all is to put on too much coal,

as if it were wood—the greater the quantity the greater heat. If too much coal is supplied, the combustion is necessarily imperfect, because the fire is “choked up,” the draught destroyed, and the elements of the coal, slowly escaping from it, pass off to the chimney unconsumed, or are disseminated in gases, throughout the room. Whereas, if the stratum of coal be but moderate, a red flame will play around the interior of the stove, by which entire combustion and a healthy heat are secured. One ton of coal, therefore, by thorough combustion, will often secure more heat and a healthier atmosphere than two tons consumed in the ordinary way; and this is a fact which can only be demonstrated to ignorant servants by close watchfulness over their movements. The evil of over-supplies becomes a serious one in the kitchen, where the victuals become full-charged with the sulphureous gases. Indeed, if the cook cannot be made to understand how to burn coal properly and sparingly, it should not be used at all—rather go back to “old hickory,” and oak, and thus be sure of steaks and roast-beef in their purity.

Speaking of roast-beef reminds me that these remarks must come to a conclusion. Ergo—it is done!

A MUEZZIN-SONG.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Noon is coming: brightly gleaming
Sunshine, without cloud or screen,
Sends its golden banners streaming
O'er dark heath and woodland green.
Day is on us, light around us,
Life with all its varied hum;
Up and work! for rich and poor,
There is One without the door
Calls for “labor” evermore!
Up! Night's slumbers, which have bound us,
Break! for Day is come!

Twilight cometh: birds are winging
Treeward to their leafy inns;
Cattle lowing, milkmaids singing—
Lo! the bat its flight begins.
Twilight brings the merry voices
Of the village fife and drum;
But pale Evening, too, hath duties,
Leisure loveth thought's grave beauties,
And the hymn, which never mute is
In the thankful mind, rejoices
That gray Eve hath come!

Night is coming: upward gazing,
What a field of stars is there!
Prayer its humble hands is raising,
Whispering words that wander—*Where?*
Ask not! They shall reach a hearer
Where God's music ne'er is dumb!
Work, and hope, and smile, and pray;
Pass thus manfully the day,
Thanking Him for health, and say,
“Earth's rest near, and Heaven's rest nearer:
'Tis well that Night hath come!”

And the Night will pass: in shadow
One would never rest for aye;
In dark lane, as on light meadow,
Welcome is the dawn of day!
Labor calls: even *thou* shouldst labor.
Thou, the Rich! for there are some
Who, poor and sick thine aid require—
Clothing and food, a roof, a fire—
Which thou may'st give them. Then aspire
To help the helpless! Lo, thy neighbor
Calls thee: Morn is come!

THE HEADSMAN'S SACRIFICE.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 95.)

CHAPTER III.

A MAN condemned to death was alone in one of those gloomy cells set apart in the prison of Antwerp for persons under sentence for political offenses. He was of rather more than middle age, tall and thin, with masses of silver gray hair, shading his forehead and drooping over his deep, earnest, and most sorrowful eyes.

His head was bent, and supported by the chin on the palms of his two hands, while he sat gazing wistfully on the small iron-knobbed door that, with its bars and bolts, shut him out from mankind. Thus he had been waiting for three hours, till the very impatience of his nature grew stagnant, and he gazed on with a dream-like apathy, because there was no other object but the bare walls on which to rest his weary eyes.

Yes there were other objects, an iron lamp, rusted as it were into the massive stone-work, that shed its sickly rays over his head, and a lean rat that crouched on its hind legs in a corner of the cell, watching him askance with its sharp, hungry eyes.

The prisoner at last rose slowly from his stooping position, and shook the lamp-light back from his hair.

"Alone! no one coming—Nina, my child—my child!"

The rat started at the sound of his voice, and after rushing up and down the cell with a sort of insane playfulness, planted himself close before the prisoner and eyed him as before.

"And is this all," said the man, shrinking mournfully from those diamond eyes, "am I cast out forever from the light of heaven? Even this poor brute seems waiting for me to be gone, and yet I have divided my last crumb with him again and again."

Two great tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke, and he once more sunk to the desponding position that had become natural to him.

Again the rat made a leap, ran into his corner and pressed himself into a crevice between the stone floor and the wall.

The prisoner, too, started, the light struck upon his face and revealed the glow of a wild hope that illuminated its pallor.

"She is coming. Nina—Nina, my child!"

Sweet Mother of Heaven, I am about to see my child!"

The faint sound that he had heard grew stronger and nearer. It was as if some live thing moved within the earth that rose above and around his cell, pierced only with dungeons like his own, filled with mysterious human suffering. Cells where the headsman burrowed for his victims when the tyrants above ground grew hungry for their blood.

Yes, it was the noise of an approach, the sounds were muffled, but he could not mistake them. Human life was coming toward him. He watched the door keenly. There came a harsh grating of iron—a push, a clang—and the red glare of a torch filled the windings of a black passage outside the cell till it was spent in the darkness beyond. Within this glare stood the sweet form of Nina—alas! no; but four men. One in priest's garments, with his pale hands folded within the loose sleeves of his robe, walked close by the turnkey. A monk bearing the vessels necessary to the solemn sacrament of extreme unction followed, and behind them moved a figure clothed in scarlet from head to foot, with a black mask concealing his face. As the lurid rays of the torch flared backward upon this figure, the prisoner arose to his feet as if to confront an enemy, his tall form towered upward, his lips closed firmly, and, with unflinching eyes, he watched the company defile into his cell, till at last he stood front to front with the Headsman of Antwerp. He did not waver; no man of his proud line had ever yet been known to shrink from death, let it come in what form it might; but the headsman moved gently on one side, as if to shelter himself from the proud glance of those eyes, and the priest stepped forward.

"Holy father, I thought not to see you next in such company, though you have been long a stranger to my poor cell," said the prisoner, bowing before the priest.

There was a tone of gentle reproach, more in the voice than the words, that seemed to move the priest a good deal.

"I have not been unmindful, my son!" he said, meekly lifting his eyes to the proud, mournful face bent forward toward him. "Not twelve

hours ago did I return from a mission to the emperor in thy behalf—"

The prisoner gave a faint start, then his lips slightly curved, and pointing to the headsman he said in a low voice—

"This is the imperial answer, then?"

The priest bent his head but uttered no word.

"And these holy appearances," continued the prisoner, pointing to the Host, "bespeak a short shrift and speedy axe—be it so, I am ready."

The priest stood gazing on him, earnestly, as if about to speak, but he did not.

"And yet," persisted the prisoner, more sadly, "I did but ask for a sight of my child! Surely even the tyrant himself might have granted this much before he sent me company like that."

The headsman, to whom these last words were applied, stood leaning against the wall, with his pale hands loosely clasped together and his eyes bent upon the prisoner. But through the mask his glances, really full of tenderness, seemed wild and fierce. So fierce that the prisoner met them with a defiant smile, as if he supposed they were intended to intimidate him. At last he turned to the priest.

"What is the hour—is it night or day—holy father? How many minutes or hours is it granted me to live?"

"It is some hours after noonday, my son. Before nightfall—"

The priest hesitated, but the doomed noble took the words from his lips.

"My Nina will be an orphan. Holy father, touching the poor child we must confer together, short as the time is. There is a youth—"

"I know," said the priest quickly.

"He is betrothed to my child—before I am buried perform the marriage rites between these two, and charge them both to flee this land forever."

The priest answered in a low voice that his behest should be held in sacred remembrance.

"Now," said the headsman, standing upright, and his voice was heard for the first time, "may it please you, holy father, I must converse with this man a moment in private. It is my order."

He stood directly within the torch light, waving his hand toward the door, with a mysterious air of authority that made the turnkey rush from the cell with a precipitancy that almost extinguished his torch. The priest and the monk moved away more slowly, both looking back with gloomy regret in their faces till they were engulfed in the reddening blackness of the passage.

The headsman turned to the door and closed it. Nothing but the meagre light of the iron lamp was left to reveal the scene that was about

to follow, but the headsman shrunk away even from that.

"My lord baron," he said quickly, "hasten—we have but a moment in which to save thy life."

"My life! thou!" cried the prisoner.

"Yes, thy life. Even I will save it."

"Thou, the Headsman of Antwerp? Dread fiend, this is mockery!"

"It is freedom and life to thee!"

"Nay, nay, if thy axe proves no keener than this mocking wit, thy deathwork will be lingeringly done. Stick to thy bloody calling, man; what wouldst thou with me?"

"I would," answered the headsman gently, "that without more delay those prison garments be cast off, that I may clothe myself in them. In this mine own lurid garb shalt thou go forth free as air to the embrace of thy daughter, and," he paused, the words seemed choking him, after a struggle he added, "her betrothed husband."

"Is this sooth?" questioned the prisoner, casting a wild look toward the door.

"Wherefore should I jest with thee?"

"Truly wherefore—but who orders this escape—is it the emperor?"

"I may not answer. Enough it is ordered by those who have power to enforce their wishes."

The prisoner gazed fixedly at the headsman, as if he expected to read the truth through that black mask. Then, as the idea of freedom grew strong within him, he cried out with a burst of tenderness—

"My child! my child! I shall see her again. Man, man, turn those eyes away—there should be joy in a man's eyes when he gives back a father to his child!"

The headsman fell back against the wall, and covering his masked eyes with both trembling hands, made no answer.

The prisoner looked at him suspiciously, a terrible reaction contracted his pale features.

"Hast thou dared to mock a dying man?" he demanded in a trembling voice.

The headsman dropped his hands and answered in a low voice that seemed full of tears—

"Ask no more. There is torture keener than any stroke of the headsman's axe. Let us spare each other."

The baron reached forth his hand—"That voice, those tears, it is a man who speaks from beneath those red vestments. Forgive me!"

The headsman took his prisoner's hand and wound his cold thin fingers tightly around it. Those fingers quivered perceptibly, and sent a strange mesmeric thrill through the nobleman's bosom.

"And thou wilt save me?"

"Be firm—have faith—and with God's help I will."

"Oh my poor Nina, would that she were here to bless thee."

"Thy Nina has blessed me."

"Nina! how?"

"She loves one that I love—"

"What! Alexander?"

"Ay, it is of him I speak."

"He is a brave youth, and Nina loves him scarcely more than I do myself. But thou?"

"I love him better than myself."

"Thou! the Headsman of Antwerp?"

"Even so, and if thou hast gratitude to one who ventures something to save thy life, repay it to that youth."

"He will be my daughter's husband. Living or dying I had so willed it," answered the baron firmly.

The headsman wrung the hand still in his grasp, and drawing a deep breath answered in a solemn voice, "Swear to be unto this young man a father, even as if he were of thy own blood."

"I swear," replied the baron, gazing solemnly into the eyes of the headsman, while their two hands shook in the firm grasp that accompanied the oath.

A moment they stood gazing into each other's eyes, then the hands fell apart, and the headsman proceeded to take off his frightful livery; going into a dark corner of the room for that purpose.

There was a dead silence in the cell while the two men exchanged garments. Little difficulty arose—they were very nearly of the same size and height, and both had masses of silver hair, still thick, as if it had turned gray suddenly, or in youth. The headsman did not remove his mask, but drew one exactly like it from his bosom and gave it to the prisoner.

When the exchange was complete, the two men drew close together, as if some mesmeric force forbade them to separate abruptly.

"Wilt thou not remove the mask, that I may for once behold the face of my deliverer?" said the baron, greatly moved.

"Nay, let it be thus," was the faint reply. "This mask has concealed me so long that it seems a portion of my face; besides it would but grieve thee to know how work like mine writes itself on the features. Go now, it is time."

"But first tell me, am I gaining life at the risk of thine?"

"Nay, nay, who ever questions the headsman? Go, go!"

"Still I must pause a little to ask—"

"Ay, I had forgotten the directions. In the passage, I think the third from this, the monk

will be found waiting. Go with him. Every thing is prepared. To-morrow at this time thou and all of thy household must be far away from Antwerp. But it matters not saying more, the holy father will bring directions when they are needed. Now depart, I pray thee, for I have much to do, and my limbs are getting weary."

The headsman sat down in the prisoner's old place, and pressing a hand to his left side, seemed for a few moments as if he did not breathe.

Tell me what can I say—how can I prove the gratitude that is almost making a child of me?" said the baron, gazing earnestly downward through his mask.

"This—this—hold me in thy arms one moment. Let me embrace thee—there is life in thy great heart for us both. How it beats—how it swells. So full of life—oh, God, so full of life! and saved—saved—saved!"

The last words were uttered in a whisper, and thus in silence the two men stood, girded heart to heart, till the full, strong life of the baron seemed to kindle and burn along the veins and nerves of the headsman.

"Go now, and with God's blessing upon thee. I have drank strength from thy heart. Go, thou leavest me very happy."

"But thou wilt follow—surely we shall meet again—say that we shall meet again, my heart would burst with its gratitude else," said the baron, still lingering.

"Surely yes, we *shall* meet again; so now farewell!"

"Farewell!"

The iron door fell together with a clang; quick footsteps followed. The headsman sat upright and listened; his breath came in short, faint gasps, his trembling hands were locked and pressed hard upon his chest. Then all grew still. The rat peeped out from his hole, encouraged by the silence, but slunk back again on seeing the mask.

Thus the headsman sat, lost in thought, looking wearily downward, while the rat, his sole companion now, peered at him suspiciously from the wall, afraid to venture out, but impatient of constraint the animal made a slight noise. The headsman started, removed the pale hands from his chest, and lifting them with an eager, trembling effort, unfastened the mask from his face and concealed it in his garments. Then the watchful animal came boldly out, for the face thus revealed was so like that of the prisoner that even his sagacity was at fault.

Not long after this the priest came back, attended by the turnkey, who had waited with him in the subterranean passage until the false headsman went forth. With an imperious air he had

commanded the monk to follow; thus it happened that the confessor came back alone.

Again the turnkey withdrew, in order to keep watch in the passage, and the priest stood by his penitent.

"How fares it with thee, my son?" he questioned, pressing both hands down upon the gray head that sunk meekly beneath his touch.

"Well, father, but sadly in want of rest. I thought a moment ago that it had come. Oh, father, we have been in each other's arms; his heart beat so close here that mine was almost hushed by it."

"But he did not know!" inquired the priest, anxiously. "No; he must have been moved by—"

"That invisible essence with which blood meets kindred blood. Beyond this he departed in ignorance."

"Happy, I trust, with freedom, bought, oh, my son, at terrible cost," said the priest regretfully.

"Happy! was he not, going to his child?"

"And thou, my son, is there no misgiving!"

"None," was the calm reply.

"Alas, if I could answer amen to that," replied the priest.

"Nay, father," said the headsman, musingly, "since last night I have reflected much upon that point, and my conscience is at rest. When the emperor gave me life, and promised to render back name and inheritance to my son at the end of that life, so that I faithfully performed the office of headsman; had I not then the right to choose between death and the tedious life he offered?"

"Assuredly, my son."

"Then have I not the same right of choice now, when my heart is breaking beneath twenty years of this horrid work. If I say, give me death rather than more butchery, after my hand has become so feeble that I cannot strike, who shall say that the choice is no longer mine!"

"Nay," answered the priest gently, "let us not question the subject further, but kneel down, my son, and in the name of Christ, and his Virgin Mother, give me confession, that the last offices of the holy church may be performed."

The old headsman sunk to his knees, and there, in the dim light shed over him by the prison-lamp, poured forth the confessions of a heart that had almost ceased to beat.

CHAPTER IV.

And now the streets of Antwerp were alive with human beings, all wandering up toward the open space where a scaffold had been erected for the coming execution.

Among the masses of citizens, all moving

toward this point, were some companies of soldiers, slowly wending onward, with shining helmets and glittering spears, making a parade and pomp of the death-scene toward which they defiled.

Slowly, and as a lake fills from a thousand tributary streams, the square became dense with human beings, some eager for an exhibition of blood, others with bent brows and wild, fiery eyes, brooding fiercely over an act they had come to witness, only that the vengeance burning in their bosoms might have new fuel to grow strong upon.

The scaffold was lifted, black and high, in the centre of the square, and around it ran, as it were, a flashing river of helmets and pikes, mingling with the fiery colors worn by the emperor's soldiery—a human river that grew broader and wilder as fresh troops defiled in from the various streets.

Beyond these soldiers the sea of human life swept on, one black wave heaving upon another till the earth underfoot was hidden, and nothing but human heads swaying apart and grouped together in masses, were perceptible even from the house-tops. Yes, there was the black scaffold, looming up from among the soldiery. Across it fell the slanting rays of the sun sent back again by the rows of helmets, till they seemed to quiver and glow like fire around the headsman's axe.

It was a horrid sight that headsman, tall gaunt, and in his blood-red habiliments, standing there with his feet planted on the blackness of the scaffold, and his figure cutting luridly across the sky. He leaned with both hands upon the helve of his axe, bearing a stern, heavy weight upon it, like one who held an iron purpose between a strong soul and a tottering body.

All at once the cathedral bells sent forth a low, wailing chime, and the churches of Antwerp answered it mournfully, like children prolonging the wail of a widowed mother. Then came a cry, and the rushing clamor of voices afar off on the outskirts of the crowd, and with it, from a street that led to the prison, a current of soldiery wending in, and forcing a passage through the people like a fiery serpent, whose progress was resistless, but followed by wails and cries and smothered curses, as it crept toward the scaffold.

Among the glitter and lurid brightness of the soldiery walked the old priest, whom we left in the prisoner's cell, bare-headed, with his robes girt by a cord. In his uplifted hands was an ivory crucifix, that gleamed out with a pure, calm beauty amid the spears and pikes that bristled around him. Backward walked the holy priest, with his crucifix lifted high, and his clear, solemn

eyes fixed steadily upon the man whose death-path his sandaled feet were treading.

With a slow, unfaltering step the doomed man moved on; his eyes were uplifted to the crucifix, but sometimes they glanced forth and dwelt with an expression of holy gratitude on the face of the priest. What a heavenly face was that! A glow of ineffable love lay upon his forehead, and lighted every placid feature, as we imagine the angels to grow luminous as they approach the throne of God.

Now the stillness became profound. Not a breath was drawn, as the mournful cortege came close to the fatal platform. The prisoner mounted the scaffold. He approached the headsman and spoke in a low voice, so low that it reached no other ear. The headsman was seen to reel till the axe wavered under him, he lifted one hand as if to prevent another word, and then his tall figure shrunk downward, supporting itself on the two hands which again grasped the axe.

Thus the two stood for a minute, during which a solemn hush lay upon the crowd. Then the headsman's axe fell with a clang to the scaffold; he staggered a pace forward and began with his great trembling hands to remove the garments from around the neck of his victim.

The old man, who had sunk to his knees before the priest, lifted his eyes to those that gleamed upon him through the headsman's mask, and smiled, with a look of such hopeful courage that even the soldiers around the scaffold began to sob.

"Courage, courage, my friend; it is but opening the gates of heaven to a weary man!"

No one heard these words but the priest and the headsman, but many saw the holy smile that crept over his lips, and the grief of the multitude became tumultuous.

Two great tears rolled down from beneath the headsman's mask and dimmed the axe that lay at his feet. "Oh, God! oh, God!" he cried, lifting his clasped hands upward with a gesture of anguish that thrilled through the crowd. "Spare me! spare me! I cannot take his life!"

Then the grief of the multitude broke out in low sobs, that grew louder and deeper, till they swelled into a wail that made the very soul tremble as it listened.

"How he is changed; how old the prison has made him. Look at his white locks; the sun strikes through them like a halo, sainting him before death," cried some one in the crowd. "But for his eyes, I should not have known him as the same man."

"Nay, nay, yon dungeons do quick work," cried another.

"Little wonder that he looks thin and older by ten years. But see, he rises; they throw

back his collar, they cut his gray hair—how the headsman's hand shakes—no wonder his iron heart gives way, the baron was a noble man. Curses, curses on the tyrant. There, there! The axe, the axe!"

The poor man buried his face in his hands, and stood in the midst of the crowd, shuddering and moaning, while he listened for the blow he had no heart to look upon.

That gray head was laid gently upon the block. Twice the headsman attempted to lift his axe, and twice his strength gave way.

"Alas, alas, wilt thou not strike?" murmured the prisoner, looking up with eyes full of mournful reproach.

The headsman stood erect, the axe swung upward, and fell with a dead, heavy crash upon the platform.

"Great heaven!" cried the headsman, springing toward the edge of the scaffold, as if he would have flung himself madly downward upon the spears of the soldiery that bristled on every hand. "Great Heaven, forgive me, I cannot do it!"

"Back, back to thy duty," cried the soldiers, leveling their spears.

"Leap over them! come to us, we will protect thee," yelled the people, casting up their arms in frantic hope of saving the old noble through the weakness of the headsman.

"Long live the emperor!" rang up from the outskirts of the crowd.

At this voice all others ceased. The headsman stood half poised for his desperate leap. The prisoner raised his head from the block and looked around him like one bewildered, and the whole crowd swayed round with their backs to the scaffold, gazing breathlessly upon a horseman who forced his way through the multitude, bearing a parchment in one hand, while a white handkerchief, hastily knotted to a spear he had snatched from one of the soldiers, fluttered over him, like a white dove winging its way to the scaffold.

"A pardon—a pardon! Make way—make way! Long live the emperor! A pardon—a pardon!"

These words rang through the crowd, and over the scaffold. The priest heard it, and grasping the crucifix between his trembling hands lifted it exultingly toward heaven. The headsman heard it, and staggering back toward the prisoner fell upon his knees, trembling from head to foot, while great sobs of joy shook his frame. The prisoner heard it, and all the sublime bliss went out from his face, he bowed his head on the block and wept like a child, murmuring—"Alas! alas! will they never let me go?"

[To be continued.]

TO A SEVERE CRITIC.

BY MRS. ADELINE T. DAVIDSON.

Oh! spare this humble little flower!
Let me its fragile beauty cherish;
Though trained within another's bower,
I would not lightly see it perish.

To loving eyes such buds uncloze;
Thy rougher touch perchance would harm it;
An infant's hand may crush a rose,
But Power Divine alone could form it.

And thus with many a blessed gift,
Which garlands Earth with graceful beauty,
If coldly scanned by sordid thrift—
Use would become the only duty.

Let butterflies on airy wing
Around your footsteps gaily wander,
Nor deign to stop their fluttering,
Nor on their base extraction ponder.

Must every warbler silent be,
And echo cease her merry ringing,
Because some critic grave may see
No grace Italian in their singing?

The bird that trills her heavenward way
Fills many a gentle heart with pleasure,
Although her unpretending lay
May take no heed of time or measure.

Even the fair arch of heaven's bright dome,
Could you but clasp its prised glory,
Crushed by your hand would soon become
But drops of simple dew before you.

From the same "crimson-tippet" flower,
By the one subtle perfume guided,
To different tastes, within the hour,
Poison and sweets are oft divided.

If from the caverns of the deep
The rose-lipped sea-shell thou shouldst sever,
All stormy memories will sleep
And one sweet tone be sounding ever.

There's many a tint of fairy grace
Upon the poet's soul is gleaming,
While unanointed eyes can trace
No magic beauty in their beaming.

The upward glance alone can see
The worlds that strew the fields Elysian;
Those glittering gems may never be
Reflected in the earthward vision.

And ever in the tuned ear
Some heavenly echoes still are ringing,
Which coarser senses may not hear,
Above the din of earth upspringing.

If in thy higher world—the soul—
No discord be allowed to enter,
What matter if the whirlwind's roll
Convulse this lower to its centre.

Could heavenward wishes but attain,
To make their aspirations real,
Such soulless critics would remain,
And freeze amid their cold ideal.

MARY.

Our child is dead. Death wore no dreadful form
Nor stole a feature from that gentle face.
As if to shield her from the beating storm,
He led her footsteps to a sheltered place.
And even when to chain her here we sought,
And whilst we gazed she passed beyond our reach,
And all the vision faded, like a thought
Too vague and beautiful to grasp and clothe in speech.

At dawn, the angels entered where she lay,
And as the daylight fades from mortal eye,
Leaving no track, the soul was borne away:
The curtain stirred not when it passed by.
It left her form a child of the cold grave,
A bark no longer needed by that mind
Which misadvised angels wafted o'er the wave,
Whilst on the lonely beach we wept and stayed behind.

I shall not go with flowers blue and white,
To strew her grave; but when the prophet trees
Extend their shadowy wands, foretelling night,
In fields I wander with the wandering breeze.
Encircled only by the sky's blue walls,
Where she would linger, whom we now call dead;
For in the twilight deeper glory falls
Upon the daisied grass which she was wont to tread.

And she would point me to the well-known hill,
That, when the sunset tide was in its flow,
Would slowly gather depth of light, until,
Transfigured in that calm and heavenly glow,
The landscape glistened like another sky;
And then, beneath the flood, its form would sink,
Remaining visible to mortal eye,
Like a reflected hill seen from a river's brink.

And, as between two worlds, she lingered where
The sunlight robed her form in golden sheen,
And, now and then, the breezes moved her hair,
To show that all was not a painted scene.
She watched that lustre, till the form of Night
Hid from her view those brighter streaks of red:
Even as travelers watch the haze of light
That hangs above the city which their feet will tread.

The spectral trees, after the autumn wind,
Like the dry bones, will gather leaves and live;
And as, when Night is dead, we cease to find
The lustre that its golden footprints give;
So, in the summer, I shall see the grass,
With flowers unbent, where they were plucked before
And without footprints, where she used to pass:
And this will keep her memory green for evermore.

GRACE NORTON.

THE DIVORCED WIFE.

MANY years since, where now stands the beautiful and thriving village of L——, in western New York, was collected but a small group of log cabins, or rudely-constructed frame houses—the first dwellings of adventurous settlers. Saw-mills, however, were busily slicing into building material many a monarch of the forest, which had for centuries withstood the rude blasts of the winds, and proudly reared its emerald crown toward heaven, as if defiant of time's changes, but was now, alas, laid low by the settler's axe. Situated upon the banks of a broad and beautiful creek which, a few miles farther on, disappeared in the waters of Ontario, and imbosomed in the virgin for st, now gradually receding with a soil yielding luxuriantly of its fruits, it seemed, in its calm and quiet beauty, a spot where the tired seeker of the world's pleasures might realize his Utopian visions, and dwell in Arcadian simplicity.

It was a bright summer day, in which our story opens, and through one of the shadowy woodland paths which led to this sequestered hamlet, a well-mounted horseman was slowly wending his way. He was a man in the very prime and vigor of his days—he might, perhaps, have seen some thirty-five years—and he sat his horse with the graceful ease of a practiced rider. In form he seemed tall, muscular, and athletic, and above his broad shoulders—a fitting pedestal—rose a head of rare beauty, from which the heat of the day had caused him to remove the rich velvet riding-cap which now hung at his saddle-bow. Above his broad brow curled magnificent masses of black hair, to which the sun, gleaming at intervals through interstices of the “leafy aisle” he was traversing, imparted a purplish tint. Large, dark eyes, like deep wells of thought and feeling, gleamed beneath long lashes, also of raven blackness, which imparted an air of almost feminine softness to the upper portion of his face. This, however, was amply redeemed by the aquiline nose, classically formed chin, and firm, well-cut mouth. His complexion was very dark, as if bronzed by the burning sun of a tropical climate, though the oriental character of his features led one to suppose this might have been its original tint. He was handsomely dressed after the fashion of the day, and his bearing betokened one who, having mixed freely with the world, had acquired all the polish to be obtained by the observance of conventional usage.

Yet, however long had been his commerce with the world of men and cities, he had not lost all taste for the beauties of nature; for, as he rode slowly onward, he glanced ever and anon with a delighted eye about him, gazed with admiration at the many-tinted foliage of the trees beneath which his path lay, and the tangled luxuriance of vines and shrubs that hedged it in, or as from out the forest some hidden warbler trilled his wild-wood lay, he paused to drink in with greedy ear the “liquid, long-drawn” notes. Thus he rode onward, sometimes in joyousness breaking forth into snatches of song with a deep, melodious voice, then relapsing into a reverie; at first pleasant and betrayed by smiles, but after a time, sad and gloomy, as his knit brow and flashing eye betokened. At length he reached the summit of the steep, wooded hill which rose above the valley from the east, and the smokes of the hamlet, curling above the tree-tops, first met his eye; a few paces farther on, and he involuntarily checked his horse with an expression of delight at the beauty of the quiet scene before him. Beneath him, at the distance of some three hundred yards, rolled the waters of the creek, flashing in the sunlight like molten silver, or where, the natural fall had been converted to mechanical purposes, breaking into spray, or floating off in mist-clouds, on whose bosom danced prismatic hues. Before him like a picture lay the group of rude dwellings, the ruder bridge which spanned the creek, the small meeting-house with its slender steeple, the great tavern with its broad unpainted verandas, with its sign giving to the world of L—— what purported to be a portrait of General Washington and his white horse, too often, we fear, mistaken for Jim Crane, the landlord, and his white New Foundland dog Jupe. Waving fields of grain, now nearly ripe for the reaper's sickle, occupied the cleared ground on either side of the stream, and round many of the cottages were gardens inclosed by rustic fences of roots and untrimmed branches, and now gay with flowers; while over the windows climbed the fragrant honeysuckle, or wild creeping plants from the forest. The hum of labor came softened to his ear on the drowsy summer air. The sound of planing and pounding in the great unfinished building which was to be printing-office and store, the blacksmith's hammer ringing on his anvil, the mower whetting his scythe, even the discordant sound

made by the miller in filing his saw, all mingled at that distance, into harmony with the voice of the cottage maiden singing at her wheel, and the shouts of the troop of merry children just released from school.

He sat long gazing on the quiet scene before him, wishing, almost resolving, that in this fair valley, "the world forgetting—by the world forgot," he would find a resting-place. Fancy pictured here a pleasant home, embowered by roses, sheltered by noble forest trees—within, a well-stored library, pleasant, lofty apartments, and above all, one loved companion to share his solitude, and say with him, "how beautiful!" and, perchance, a group of lovely children to gladden still further that retreat.

But the thought brought back the frown upon the brow, and the curl to the haughty lip. He had "loved and been deceived," and for many years had borne a desolate, seeking heart; and he murmured, "Not like you, beautiful, but false Josefa, shall be the sharer of my future home."

Then, as he sat, the scene before him, like a "dissolving view," melted from his sight, and in its place came the semblance of his early West-Indian home. There rose the long, white, low-roofed cottage, standing like an island in a sea of verdure, with its cool piazzas, its jalousied windows, its marble floors. There had his youth passed away; there dwelt his stern and haughty Spanish father, his gentle, high-bred English mother, and Josefa, the playmate of his childhood.

There was friendship between the houses of Da Costa and Mendoya, and their representatives, Frederick and Josefa, had been betrothed by their parents, in their infancy. The mother of Josefa had died at her birth, and the Senora Da Costa had taken the infant to her own home, giving her in all things the same loving care bestowed upon the beautiful boy two years her senior. Thus had they grown together—both nestled lovingly in the same gentle bosom—upon both had looked with deep affection the same soft eyes—the same ear had listened to their lisping evening prayer—the same caressing hand had parted from each brow the rich curls—and the same warm lips had showered their unnumbered kisses. They had been inmates of the same nursery, playmates in childhood; companions, friends, lovers, in maturer years.

They had scarcely been separated for a day, till, on the death of Senora Da Costa, when Josefa was about fourteen, her father at once removed her to his own home; but this being hardly a mile distant scarcely interrupted their intercourse. To say that Frederick loved, would

scarcely give an idea of the nature of his affection for the young Josefa. He had inherited the fiery passions of his race, quickened by the burning suns of the clime where he was born; but toward her his ardor was tempered by something of adoration, and contained also the elements of an affection as pure and unselfish as that of a mother for her child.

Scarcely had time softened his grief at the death of his mother, when, at the age of seventeen, he was sent to England to complete his education, hitherto pursued in a very desultory manner, under the care of an indolent and indulgent tutor.

It would require a bolder pen than mine to describe the passionate grief of those young lovers at this their first parting. Our fair northern dames, through whose azure veins the blood ripples so gently, whose strongest emotion scarcely quickens their slow pulsation, could little comprehend the wild agony, the almost maddening rage of Josefa, on the day of Frederick's departure. He long remembered the slight girlish figure, with its snowy, floating robes, and disheveled hair, that stood with hands outstretched toward him, till the gates of her father's plantation shut her from his sight. But he did not know that on that very instant she fell as if death-stricken to the floor, and those white robes were dabbled with the crimson life-torrent. A violent hemorrhage of the lungs had ensued from her over-wrought feelings, and for many weeks despair hovered over the dwelling where the heiress of that fair domain struggled with her almost mortal weakness. But youth and a good constitution triumphed, and she came forth at length from her sick chamber, and resumed her wonted avocations. But her step was listless, her eye heavy, and her merry laugh seldom gladdened the ear. She missed her life-long companion—the friend who had shared every amusement, and sympathized with every emotion.

Her father, alarmed at her apathy, at length journeyed with her to the gay capital of their island. Here he found himself surrounded by a circle of his early friends, like himself, of high rank; and the unsophisticated Josefa was speedily launched upon the current of dissipated society, and in its meretricious delights found food for excitement. Here the hue of health returned to her cheek, her light form flitted as gracefully, and her laugh rang as merrily as before she had known sorrow. Her fond father, delighted at the change, determined to secure a permanent residence in the city. There we will leave them to return to our hero.

Amidst the excitement of his embarkation, his voyage, and his arrival in England, he had found

little leisure for the indulgence of grief, and though his love for Josefa, was probably even then, of a deeper cast than hers, it found no vent in passionate demonstrations. He had a strong though uncultivated mind, and much of what is vulgarly called talent, with nothing of genius, and after passing through a short initiatory course at a public school, he entered, under the most favorable auspices, at Cambridge. Wealthy, distinguished, highly connected, and handsome, he soon became an acknowledged favorite in his college, while nearly all his vacations were most agreeably spent at the homes of his fellow-students. Many a bright eye glanced admiringly upon him, many a soft voice thrilled his ear, but his love never swerved from his beautiful betrothed, whose miniature always lay upon his heart, as if to shield it from the arrows of Cupid.

Four richly freighted years had rolled over the track of Time since the arrival of Da Costa in England—years filled with the joys, and hopes, and deeds of an aspiring young manhood. Love lay yet warm in his heart, and lent the energy of eager anticipation to all his pursuits. It is true he heard but seldom from Josefa, for she was indolent and never fond of writing; but she always assured him she was happy, and his unselfish nature was satisfied.

Da Costa was spending the summer vacation at the home of a college friend. There also were two manœuvering mammas, each with a marriageable daughter, fresh from the dissipations of a London winter, and each assiduously spreading her nets and angling for the rich West Indian. Did he remain within, he was continually requested to turn the music leaves, to play at chess, or read aloud for the gentle Lady Isabella. Did he seek out-door amusement, a walk in the park, a boating excursion, or a gallop over the country, the romping Miss Conway was ready to become his companion. One day he had escaped for a time from his fair tormentors, and in a lonely part of the park, where the luxuriant verdure reminded him somewhat of his distant home, was indulging in anticipations of his approaching return. He had thrown himself upon the grass beneath a fine old tree, and with his eyes fixed upon the miniature of Josefa, had fallen into a reverie, for he was even then a “dreamer of dreams,” full of the happiness his prescient gaze discovered in the future. His reverie was soon disturbed, however, by the approach of a servant, who presented him letters. They were from home, and the sight of one sent a quick, sharp pang to the heart which, but a moment before, had bounded so joyously at the prospect of tidings from the absent, for it bore the sable

token that so silently, yet meaningly tells that death has been busy among those who have dwelt in the sanctuary of the affections. With a trembling hand he tore it open, and read there of the death of his sole remaining parent—the kind though stern father, whom he so loved and revered. Alas! for his joyous anticipations, how had they vanished! Alas! for his crushed heart, another blow was ready to fall upon its quivering fibres! He sat perhaps an hour in deep and sad thought, before he summoned courage to open the other letters. There were none from Josefa, though his heart longed to receive from her some words of comfort. But one brought intelligence so stunning, so bewildering, that all other sorrows were swallowed up in the one maddening thought. His Josefa—his no longer—had become the bride of another. Deceived by the false glitter of a prepossessing exterior, she had left her home clandestinely, with one almost a stranger in the circle in which she moved. He was a man of whose family or previous life no one knew any thing; but he had somehow insinuated himself into the most exclusive circles of the city, had won his way to the love-yearning heart of the unsuspecting Josefa, and had at last borne her from her home. The fugitives had entirely disappeared. All trace of them was lost, and all search proved unavailing. Although at first stunned by these repeated blows, the thoughts they brought seemed to rouse, at length, all the latent energies of his character. After a time he arose and returned calmly, though sadly, to the house. He informed his kind entertainers of the mournful intelligence he had received, made preparations for a hasty departure, and in less than an hour was on his way to Cambridge. A week afterward he was a passenger on board a vessel bound for his native island, revolving deep schemes of vengeance against the man who had robbed him of his heart's dearest treasure.

We will pass lightly over his return, his search for Josefa, his wanderings in many lands, his discovery of his lost love after many years the queen of a pirate's stronghold, and the willing victim of the fierce outlaw for whom she had forsaken all that should have made life valuable. One interview they had, filled up, on his part, with passionate entreaties that she would return to home and friends—on hers, with tears and sobs, but ending at last in a firm refusal, and then they parted never to meet again.

He went forth with a sorrow-stricken heart to renewed wanderings. There was left to him but the memory of his first affection. He saw the beauties of all lands, and many smiled upon him but none could win him from that memory.

At length he visited for the first time this new republic. He passed through most of the cities upon its eastern borders, and wandering off to explore the fairer portions of the State of New York, in the beautiful summer-time, chance had at last brought him to the brow of the wooded hill we have described. The thought of a home in this fair valley, or, perhaps, some feature of its verdant beauty, had brought thronging memories of the past, and he had sat like one entranced, while the incidents of his early life passed in review before him, like the perturbed imaginings of a troubled dream.

But his dream was interrupted. There came a rustling of the branches beside his path, and, with a light bound, a young girl stood before him. One glance of curious astonishment at the unwonted apparition, and then with clasped hands and parted lips she stood motionless as if awaiting his questions. But her sudden appearance had startled the fiery horse, he swerved quickly, and then, before his rider's hand could restrain him, he bounded forward, crushing the girl's slight form beneath his hoofs. He was checked too late, and at a word stood motionless though quivering in every limb, while his rider dismounted and approached the girl who lay as if lifeless. She was not stunned, but looked with a reassuring smile into the countenance that bent over her.

"I think I am not hurt badly," said she, in a very sweet voice, in answer to his anxious inquiries.

He assisted her to rise, but as she attempted to raise her hand to brush the ringlets from her face, it fell again powerless at her side.

Her right arm was broken, though benumbed by the blow she had not before perceived it. But pain came with returned sensation, and she sank back with a groan to the ground. Da Costa raised the fair young creature tenderly in his arms, and supported her there while, with his broad cravat, he arranged a comfortable sling for her broken arm. Then, when she was a little recovered, he placed her in the saddle, and supporting her there, walked slowly by her side to the hamlet. There he was shown the prettiest cottage as her home, and at its door consigned her to the care of her mother. He then hastened for a physician, for in L—— the three professions were already represented, the minister being also the doctor, and a lawyer having recently hung his sign upon the piazza of the Washington House. He was easily found, and speeding the good doctor upon his way, Da Costa betook himself to the hotel to await his report.

Having seen his horse well cared-for, he was ushered by the landlord into the best room, with

its well-sanded floor and snowy curtains betokening good housewifery, and left to his own meditations. His thoughts were now all with the suffering girl, whose sweet face, clouded by the expression of pain she could not banish, seemed to rise before him reproachingly, and he paced the room impatiently till the doctor's return, heedless of the curiosity he excited. At length the doctor came, and was met with a shower of eager inquiries. His patient was quite comfortable; the fracture, being a simple one, had been easily reduced, and she was likely to suffer more from some severe contusions than from the broken arm.

Da Costa invited Dr. Remington to partake the supper now prepared for him, and during the meal gathered many particulars concerning the life and history of his fair young *protegée*.

Grace Norton ("a sweet name," thought our hero,) was the daughter of poor but industrious parents, who had exchanged their small but well-stocked farm and comfortable homestead, among the green hills of New England, for a settler's cabin, and a settler's rude life in the western wilds, in the hope that their children might hereafter reap the benefits to be gained by their own sacrifices. Grace, the eldest of four children, was but ten years of age when this change was made. Her father had often truly said, as he looked upon his pretty little daughter and his sturdy boys, "what will be the income of my fifty acres toward rearing, and educating, and setting up in the world so many children?" So, with true Yankee enterprise, he disposed of all, and sought a home in this beautiful valley, then far removed from the refinements of life, but not now without its comforts. During his five years residence his brawny arm had cleared and tilled some hundreds of acres of the fertile soil, and he was now a prosperous and well-to-do farmer.

His wife, the daughter of a New England clergyman, was a delicate and refined woman, of cultivated mind and strong affections. She had pined for the refinements of more advanced civilization, and for the quiet home and endeared circle of friends she had left with great reluctance. Always fair and fragile as the soft snow-wreaths upon her native mountains, she had seemed to melt away almost as imperceptibly as they, and after three years' residence in her new home, had been laid down to her last sleep beneath the sods of the valley.

Grace, who was thirteen years of age when her mother died, had greatly benefited by her instructions, and now endeavored to supply as far as possible the void left by her absence. The little boys improved rapidly under her gentle teachings, she was the sunshine of her father's

darkened heart, she was the good fairy that made their home a model of neatness and tasteful order. Her hands trained the clematis and honeysuckle over the porch, and planted the arbor in the garden at the foot of the old elm.

All was happy and peaceful under her gentle rule, till, about six months before the opening of our story, Mr. Norton had brought to the now lovely home a wife—one who was in some sort to supply the place of the lost mother. Coarse featured, rough and uncultivated, with her loud voice and rustic manners, her presence in the places where her own meek and gentle mother had moved, seemed to Grace like profanation. But beneath her uncouth exterior were hidden many noble qualities. She had a warm and affectionate heart. She loved the father, and the children first for the father's sake, afterward for their own; and Grace soon learned to love her in return, and even sometimes to bestow the sacred name of mother upon her.

Left more at liberty by the presence of this new inmate in their dwelling, Grace indulged her rural tastes in many a wild-wood ramble, and every turfy, flower-gemmed glade and mossy spring-head, nestled away in the forest depths for miles around, was as well known to her as to the oldest hunter. She was returning from one of these excursions when her sudden and disastrous rencontre with Da Costa had occurred, and formed an epoch in her hitherto almost eventless life.

The next day, and the next, found Da Costa at the house of Mr. Norton. His forced acquaintance had ripened into interest, interest into something which took the form of watchful friendship, and yet bid fair to become a warmer feeling. Each day might have been seen beneath that lowly roof the same pleasant picture. Drawn near the vine-covered window, would be the high-backed oaken chair, quite black with age, which a Puritan ancestor had brought from England in the Mayflower, and nestled in its depths, surrounded by snowy pillows, the sweet invalid; near her Da Costa, reading aloud from some of the choice books which were always his traveling companions, or gazing into the lustrous eyes that fell bashfully beneath the look, while he recounted incidents of travel, or legends of foreign lands; while in the distance the good step-mother busily plied her wheel, or with a huge basket before her, filled with bits of gay prints, triangular, hexagonal, or square, deep in the mysteries of a patch-work bed-quilt.

At length Grace could leave the house, and, supported by the strong arm of Da Costa, she reached the arbor in the garden, and resting there awhile, strolled on beside the flashing wa-

ters of the creek. Afterward, in the pleasant summer days, Da Costa, ciceroned by Grace, visited all the beautiful haunts of the neighborhood; and thus he lingered on till the sultry heats of August found him quite domesticated beneath the roof of mine host of the Washington House. His baggage had been sent for, and arrived from New York, with many rare books and curious engravings, most of which had found their way to the little rustic parlor where he sat so often with Grace Norton.

At the distance of a mile down the valley, where the semicircular sweep of the hills was broken as if to give outlet to the stream, was a slight, mound-like elevation, similar to the tumuli scattered all over our country. Indeed, Indian tradition made it the burial-place of some long-extinct tribe. Be that as it may, the hillock was very beautiful with its coronet of waving foliage. The tall, feathery elms nodded like giant plumes above the linden, tree of the crucifixion, of which superstition makes its flower-bearing leaves the type, and the dogwood sent perfume on every breeze from its magnificent clusters of flowers. The impulse which had seized Da Costa, on first sight of the valley, had long since been matured into a plan. He had selected the tree-covered mound as the site of his future home, and having secured it and the surrounding lands by purchase, preparations were already commenced for clearing the ground and erecting buildings. This spot had become the accustomed haunt of the lovers, for they had now been long acknowledged as such, in the pleasant summer evenings.

Here, then, at the close of a sultry August day, they directed their steps. The sun was just sinking to his gorgeous couch in the western sky, and his refracted rays imparted the rich purplish tinge of early twilight to every object in the "Happy Valley," as Da Costa loved to call the spot where his hopes seemed destined to realize a joyful fruition. The mound reached, the lovers seated themselves at the foot of a tall tree which grew upon its summit, in its luxuriant grandeur seeming to mock the decay from whence it sprang.

Here Da Costa drew the young girl to his bosom, and parting the soft curls from her fair brow, looked fondly down into the blue, love-lighted eyes that now met his gaze confidently. Then he spoke in low tones of the happy future, theirs by anticipation, in the home that would rise upon this spot; of the long years they would there spend together, joyously and usefully, living not alone for themselves, but mindful, always, of the duties and responsibilities imposed by the possession of great wealth and exalted

station. And so they lingered, entranced in conversation like this, and in all the soft nothings lovers hear and utter so fondly, till the deepening shades on hill and tree-top, and the gauzy mists creeping along the lowlands and the stream, warned them to return homeward. But, even then, it was with slow footsteps and eyes that sought again and again each well-remembered object, as if to treasure it in memory; for on the morrow both were to leave, for a time, the "Happy Valley."

Grace, escorted by Da Costa, was then to take her departure for New York, there to enter as pupil at a fashionable school, and receive instruction in those accomplishments which a man like her lover might well be supposed to deem essentials. It is true he delighted to hear the bird-like warblings of her untutored voice, as she sang the simple ballads, learned of her mother; but as his wife, her fair fingers must touch the piano-forte, and sweep lightly the sounding strings of the harp. It is true every motion of her slender, rounded limbs and undulating form, was full of grace, but it was the wild, untutored grace of the Indian maiden, in her native forests, and Da Costa had long been a denizen of courts and cities, and admired the subdued though haughty bearing of the high-born dames who tread the halls where taste and fashion reign supreme. So to the care of Madame La Verrier, head of this fashionable seminary, and fresh from the great Babel Paris, was this gentle young creature to be committed. Gifted with rare beauty of form and feature and fascinating grace of movement, with a heart full of kindly sympathies and ardent impulses, yielding and timid toward those she loved, yet strong in the defense of right as she deemed it, this shrinking wild-flower, which Da Costa had won to bloom in his bosom, was to be transplanted to this hot-bed of fashionable culture. And yet he feared for her no contamination; he deemed her deep, and pure, and grateful affection for himself her best safeguard. And, besides, he was to spend the ensuing winter in the city, and by his presence he trusted to shield her from all harm. In the spring he was to return to the "Happy Valley," to superintend the laying out of his grounds, and the erection of the mansion, which, when completed, would receive its lovely mistress.

Three years have passed away, and many changes have taken place in the village of L. More stores have been erected, another tavern, with broader balconies, and a more gorgeous sign, competes with its predecessor for the custom of the place. Two rival newspapers hurl weekly denunciations at the heads of their seve-

ral editors. The lawyer has taken to his home a wife from the city, and has students in his office. Good Doctor Remington has ended a long life of two-fold usefulness, and his place is supplied by others. A huge manufactory has been reared beside the stream, and the humble homes of its operatives, and the lordly mansion of its proprietor are grouped around it. Upon the spot where stood the rustic cottage of Grace Norton's father, has arisen a pretty, two-story house, with white walls, latticed portico, green blinds and tasteful paling. And afar down the valley upon the verdant mound is seen the noble mansion Da Costa has prepared for the reception of his beautiful bride. The house is built of free-stone, two stories in height, with a wide entrance-hall, and many lofty apartments, among which are a handsomely-fitted and well-stored library, with a music-room adjoining. From the large drawing-room a glass door leads to a conservatory, filled with ranges of rare exotics, and many flowering tropical plants, transported with great care from Da Costa's West Indian plantation. All the apartments are furnished in a manner befitting the taste and wealth of the owner of the mansion, while without, art, beneath the same tasteful care, has beautified the sylvan scene.

A fine lawn, dotted by clumps of forest-trees, the elm, the linden, the maple, the straight-limbed beech and silver birch, stretches in an undulating descent to the creek, where are steps down the rugged bank, and a little boat-house. In the opposite direction is a fine garden of nearly equal extent, and a well-stocked and thriving young orchard. In short, nothing is wanting, without or within, to minister to the most refined taste. To-day there is great bustle in the new mansion, for to-day Da Costa and his bride are for the first time to enter their home.

They had been married in New York about three weeks previous, and were now approaching their home with a party of friends from that city. It was toward the close of the long, sultry day that the carriage of Da Costa approached the brow of the hill where, but little more than three years since, he had caught his first glimpse of the "Happy Valley," and where he had first seen the lovely creature who now sat by his side. Grace had become much more beautiful than when we first saw her. The fair child had developed into the queenly woman. Very tall, her figure had expanded into the most majestic proportions. Her complexion pure as alabaster, her brilliant eyes, her long locks of "paly gold" falling in ringlets down her snowy shoulders, her voluptuous bust, her graceful, rounded arms, and tiny feet and hands, all were the perfection of

beauty. But was she now the same gentle creature as of old, or, conscious of her claims to admiration, did she now exact the homage she then blushed to receive?

They had preceded their party by some hours, in order that they might first reach their home and be in readiness to receive their guests. They paused upon the hill-top to gaze upon the well-remembered scene, but there were many new features, and Grace sighed to look once more upon the lowly roof which had sheltered her childhood, beneath which her beloved mother had died, and which had been the birth-place of her own great happiness. They drove first to the new dwelling of the family, where her father's rough welcome, and the boisterous greeting of her brothers awaited her; but all seemed strange and unfamiliar. The step-mother, with all her kindness, seemed more uncouth than ever—the rustic finery of the new home shocked the refined taste of Grace, and seemed to desecrate the spot hallowed by so many memories. So she was not sorry when Da Costa summoned her to proceed.

The sun was just setting as the horses toiled up the graveled carriage-way that led to the mansion. The fair bride was ushered through the groups of servants assembled to receive her, along the wide entrance, and up the marble staircase into a pleasant southern chamber fitted up as a dressing-room, with a delicately-tinted carpet, yielding like down to the footstep, and furniture and drapery all of the purest white.

"Welcome to *our home*, my darling," said her husband, as he pressed his lips fondly upon her brow, "but do not stay to thank me now, for you will have little enough time for your toilet, as our guests will soon be here." So with another kiss he left her.

It required but little time to smooth the bright ringlets, to fold around the majestic form the transparent robe of snowy muslin, and clasp upon the rounded throat and arms the necklace and bracelets of pearls, which could scarce vie with them in purity. This was scarcely done when her husband came with a fragrant bouquet from their own conservatory to complete her toilet, and led her down to the now lighted apartments. The guests had not yet arrived, and they strolled through the rooms. Grace, full of admiration, thanking her husband with many glances of her brilliant eyes and murmured tones of love and gratitude most delicious to his ear. He led her at last to the music-room, and seated her at the harp. Her fingers swept the chords in a brilliant accompaniment, and her voice, improved by the most assiduous cultivation, sounded in rich billows of music rolling far out on the still night-air.

The guests arrived, and Grace performed her new part of hostess with a grace and dignity quite unlooked for in one so young. At the head of her husband's table, in the dance, in conversation, she seemed equally at home and equally fascinating, and Da Costa more than once congratulated himself that this beautiful flower was not doomed to "to waste its sweetness on the desert air." And he shuddered at the thought that but for his opportune rencontre with her, his queenly, beautiful Grace might have become the wife of some rustic swain, her sole accomplishments the rearing of poultry or the care of the dairy.

So days and weeks sped on. Fishing, boating, riding, and walking filled up the days; dancing, music, and conversation the evening, and still Grace was the centre of attraction with all, till the chilling autumn winds came, and their guests fittled with the birds away to their city homes, and for the first time the married pair were left alone, but not lonely, in their splendid home. And so the winter passed, Da Costa acknowledging to himself each day that his visions of happiness were more than realized.

When the spring came, with the return of birds and the budding of flowers, a new joy was felt in their dwelling. A new human life had commenced there, with all its joys and sorrows, with all its hopes and fears yet to be enjoyed and suffered—for Grace was the mother of a son. With what unutterable joy did each gaze upon this child—with what care and tenderness was its daily growth watched, and its daily wants supplied.

Again an interval of years and Grace is a fair young matron of twenty-five. It is again a summer afternoon, and she stands upon the piazza of the mansion, with one arm thrown carelessly around a pillar as she watches the gambols of her six-years-old boy upon the lawn. Suddenly the form of a man emerges into view at the lower part of the lawn, and approaches the house. A burning blush at first floods her cheek and brow, then recedes, leaving them paler than marble. She turns as if to enter the house, then undecided remains to await his approach. The gentleman ascends the steps, approaches and endeavors to take her hand, while he murmurs in her ear "Dear Grace." She refuses his hand, and with some words of reproach, turns scornfully away. He follows, he hisses honeyed words into her ear, he calls her by every endearing name, and at length weak, simple woman, she smiles upon the tempter. Apparently a good understanding is established, for she enters the house leaning upon his arm. In the library they encounter Da Costa, who receives his guest with apparent cordiality, while the guilty wife shrinks

from observation, and retired to her own apartments.

The guest was a young and handsome man, but his loud and arrogant manner contrasted unfavorably with Da Costa's grave but polished address. His name was Alston, and he had been for two or three years a resident of the village. He had represented himself as a man of wealth and leisure, and though Da Costa had never really liked him, yet as he had been introduced by friends, he had found no pretext for refusing to receive him in his own house.

It must be remembered that Da Costa was many years older than Grace. He had exhausted all the pleasures of busy life—he had also felt great sorrow. He had traveled in many lands; he had visited the shrines of the old world, and explored the pathless forests of the new. He had seen human existence in all its phases, from the wigwam to the palace, and now longed only for the quiet of domestic life. But there had been much of the selfishness that taints the most exalted nature mingled with his love for Grace. Having been once deceived where he most fondly loved and confided, he had thought to take this young mind, pure as an unwritten tablet, and tracing there such characters as he wished, to make her all his own—to bind her to himself by the strong tie of love born of gratitude. And he had flattered himself that in the strength of this bond he should realize a security and repose, so perfect and so tranquil as to remain forever undisturbed by any earthly power. He had thought to find there a guaranty against the bitterness of love deceived and broken truth. It may be, however, that he had erred in the education he had bestowed upon his youthful protégé. He had taken her, beautiful, innocent and child-like, from her rural home to a great city. He had confided her to the care of one whose highest recommendation was that of being a native of the gayest capital of Europe. Here (for it was a part of Madame La Verrier's system of education) she had become accustomed to the gayeties of society, and everywhere her beauty, grace and accomplishments had attracted general admiration, till she had learned like a queen to receive homage as her right. Then he had taken her to his secluded home. Here he had surrounded her with every luxury, and with every means for quiet happiness, and for a time, as we have seen, with gay society. She felt the first shadow of loneliness when her guests departed, but the birth of her son, and the care of his sickly infancy, had for a time banished it. Da Costa withdrew himself more and more to the society of his books, and as her boy grew vigorous and strong, Grace began to feel the want of companions and friends

of her own age, who could sympathize with her fresh, youthful feelings better than the grave middle-aged husband, who looked upon her bursts of enthusiasm as traits of childish folly to be smiled upon but never encouraged. At this dangerous period she had first met Alston. His knowledge of the world gave him a key to her feelings, which, with ready tact, he determined should afford him an entrance to her heart. In pursuance of his plan he had gained her confidence by a thousand delicate attentions—and then by slow degrees he won her love. She had fallen—yet not without many a struggle, and many an effort to escape, which, but for Da Costa's fatal blindness must have resulted in her safety. But he, in the selfish indulgence of his studious habits, in the solitude of his library never dreamed that the tempter had gained entrance to his Eden. But he was not long permitted to remain in ignorance of the blight that had fallen on his domestic happiness.

It was a Sabbath day, and Grace had gone to the village church, while Da Costa, by some slight indisposition, had been detained at home. He sauntered into Grace's dressing-room, and threw himself upon the soft couch which seemed placed there to invite repose. As he arranged the luxurious cushions, a paper rustled to the floor, and as he stooped to lift it he remembered that morning to have seen Grace thrust something beneath the pillow as he entered the room. Without thought he glanced at the letter, as it seemed to be, and saw with emotions that cannot be described the name of "Theodore Alston." Almost mechanically he read on. It was a letter full of expressions of permitted love, addressed to his wife. With a wild bound he sprang to her escritoir, wrenched open the lock and commenced his frenzied search for further proofs of her crime. They were easily found. There were many letters from Alston, with copies of all the replies Grace had ever penned. There he traced the history of her fall, from the first friendly note with a lurking under-meaning, to the later letters full of the passionate expressions of unlawful love. Once found, he read them all deliberately, and with seeming calmness. When he had finished he paced the apartment—he groaned in his anguish, and tears started more than once from his proud eyes. At length he saw his carriage approaching up the avenue, and knew that Grace had returned. Then he descended and met her as she was about to alight.

"You need not alight, madam," said he, and his voice was hoarse with concentrated feeling: pray go immediately to your paramour, and tell him he did wrong to trust to your discretion to keep his flattering attentions a secret from your

husband. Coachman, drive wherever this lady directs.

Grace, petrified by astonishment, answered not a word, till, as the carriage was about to turn, her boy came bounding down the steps, his bright curls floating on the wind, with outstretched arms, and calling to his dear mamma to let him drive with her in the carriage. She screamed wildly then, and pleading vainly for one parting kiss, tried to reach him. But Da Costa was inexorable, and sternly bade the coachman drive on. Then he took his boy in his arms and returned into his now desolate home. Let us draw a veil over the hours of agony that followed. There are some seasons, in almost every human life, of sorrow too deep and sacred to be bared to the gaze of mortal eyes.

Thus parted, forever, the guilty wife and mother from the husband she had deceived, and the child she had degraded; but, if she saw them no more, neither did she see her destroyer. She went to the house of her parents, and its doors opened to receive the penitent daughter.

After vain entreaties to Grace to accompany him, Alston fled alone from the wrath of the incensed husband, and was never again seen in L—. Grace remained in her father's house for many months. Sometimes she saw at a distance Da Costa and her little son, but the sight always overcame her little fund of composure, and floods of tears, and long fainting fits would ensue.

Da Costa at length applied for and obtained a divorce from his wife. She heard the announcement with apparent composure, and her parents congratulated themselves that she had borne the trial so well. But the next morning she had disappeared, and all trace of her was lost for many years. On the same morning a lower window of Da Costa's mansion was found open, and soiled foot-prints leading from it over the soft carpets, away up the marble staircase, to the room—to the bedside of his fair boy. A long curl which had waved above his brow was severed, and upon his finger a little ring was pressed, but there was no other evidence of the presence of his mother, save that the boy declared that he had dreamed all night that she stood beside him, and covered him with kisses, and murmured soft words of endearment in his ear, while the tears were streaming from her eyes.

Vigorous search, in which Da Costa joined, was made for the wanderer, but all in vain. Many thought she had gone to join Alston; and after a time her name was no more mentioned, and her memory passed from the minds of all, save those she had injured, as if a billow of Time had washed it away forever.

Da Costa, thus a second time deceived, remained in his desolate home with a bowed form, a silvered head, and a broken heart, for the outward signs told plainly how grief had blighted every hope. The little Frederick grew up to manhood, and became his stay and comforter, always loved by his father with an intensity that has almost supplied the place of a mother's watchful care. They still dwell together in their beautiful home. Frederick is all the fondest parent could desire. The inheritance of rare beauty is his, and to it is added the gift of genius. He will never leave his father, but Da Costa is now an aged man, and when he has gone to his final account it may well be predicted that a career of proud fame will be the portion of his son.

More than twenty years had passed since the disappearance of Grace Norton from her father's house. In a poor hovel, in the outskirts of a busy western city, a woman lay dying. It was a winter day, and the chill wind poured through many a rent and cranny, and pierced the poor covering which was gathered about her emaciated form. Three squalid children were gathered about a few embers, the last decaying remnant of a fire. They were scantily clad, and there was no appearance of food or fuel. A man much intoxicated, evidently the husband and father had just left the house. A lady plainly dressed, but with a most pleasing and benevolent countenance, met him near his own door, and inquired if it was there Mrs. W. lived. With a surly ejaculation he answered "Yes," and bade her enter. Then he passed on his way, and the lady opening the door took in at one glance the scene of suffering we have described.

"I have come," she said, "and since you sent for me I learned you were in great destitution. I have brought you food and wine. My husband has sent you a load of wood which will soon be here. I see you are very ill—tell me what I can do for you?"

The woman burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh, Harriet Marshall! do you not know me? Am I so changed? I have sent for you because of my intense yearning once again to see a familiar face—once again to hear familiar accents, and to hear of those I still love but nevermore may see. I tell you I am Grace Norton. You never thought, in my days of pride and happiness, to see me die of starvation in a hovel! You never thought to see the form, that then rustled in costly fabrics, wrapped in a pauper's shroud inclosed in a pauper's coffin, and laid in a pauper's grave. But I am dying now, and I have waited till this hour, for I thought you would not scorn a dying woman, even though her

life had been sinful, and she had been forgetful of its highest duties."

The lady soothed and quieted the frail dying creature. She gave food to her and her starving children. Soon a bright fire blazed upon the hearth, and the poor room assumed an appearance of greater comfort. Then she told her of her child and his father, and saw the mother's eye glow with a proud light, even through the gathering shades of death, at the tidings of her son's goodness and manly worth. Then she read from the Scriptures words of comfort and of hope that pointed to a Heaven to be gained by the penitent, who meekly sought, even in the hour of death, a Savior's pardon.

All the day the lady watched by the sufferer. As night drew near, she saw that death also approached. The lady drew the weeping children about her, and knelt in prayer. When she rose the shades of twilight had fallen, but she saw by the dim light the soul had departed with the setting day. Let us trust she was, at last, at peace.

A veil of mystery hangs over the years that had elapsed since she disappeared from her father's house. Let us not strive to raise it, for beneath it may lie hidden scenes of suffering and shame such as we would not willingly connect with the memory of the dead.

Reader my "o'er true tale" is told. It has a moral which "he who runs may read."

SPRING AGAIN.

BY S. MARIE.

Now from my lattice, lone and high,
I see the wave-tossed river,
The soft white sails go wandering by,
The blossomed boughs that quiver;
The white spring-clouds athwart the sky,
That bends as blue as ever.

I see the pale moon going down
Streak on the old church-spire;
The mountains' purple peaks that drown
Themselves in morning fire;
And o'er the evening's falling crown
The sweet sun, rising higher.

From cottage roofs the blue smoke curls,
In meadows shrieks the plover;
Down the hill-side the village girls
Trip o'er the scented clover;
The fisher's boat its sail unfurls,
The huge mill-wheel turns over.

The violets open large and blue,
And shines the dripping heather;
The red rose peeps my lattice through,
The blue-bells swing together,
And o'er them all in sun and dew,
Comes the warm summer weather.

I hear the merry linnet sing
Under the beacon tower,
The yellow sunshine on his wing,
The sweet vine spray in flower,
Calling, calling to the spring,
Through the sparkling April shower

Well may the golden striped bee
Hum with its perfumed plunder;
The cascade laugh right merrily,
Its banks of glory under,
The fawn beneath the old oak tree.
Look on in happy wonder.

For me, I only sit and sing
Up by my lonely lattice,
Yet in the joy of each glad thing
My heart its faint life rallies,
I smile again, to see the spring
Come down on happy valleys.

When I am sleeping 'neath the hill,
And sods my mute lips cover;
Sing sweet birds, ripple golden rill,
Bloom o'er me, perfumed clover;
Joy that the aching heart is still,
And life's long struggle over.

DIVES.

THE Autumn winds are moaning drear
About the Hall,
The Autumn leaves are falling sere
Beneath the wall.
The rain is stayed, but one dull cloud
Hangs like a pall,
The branches groan, now low, now loud,
Around the Hall.

The Earth is very sad without,
The Heart within;
The cloud is meetly matched with doubt—
The cloud of sin—
Long like the leaves that fall about
Thy hopes have been.

The trees' green hopes may grow again—
What spring is thine?
Thine cannot be like Nature's pain,
Though now she pine.
'Tis thine own choice thou hast enjoyed,
"Earth be thou mine!"
Earth cries in answer waste and void,
"No longer thine!"

At length the belt of cloud is riven,
And drowns the fen;
Stretch forth thine hand, take what is given—
The tears of Earth, the frown of Heaven,
The hate of Men.

H. G. K.

BERNICE ATHERTON;

OR SPRING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

(Continued from page 155.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

AND so, doctor," said Paul to Walter Mitchell, who at nightfall came into his work-shop, "I consider," replacing the cloth carefully over the monument which he had uncovered for Mitchell's inspection, "I consider it all the better compliment that he should choose me for cutting the inscription after all. Particularly when he has had the opportunity of seeing so much that was first rate, in the same line. It's of a piece with his insisting that I should take the charge of his gardens, just the same as if they were my own. For a man who has such loads of things to think of, he keeps track of small matters wonderfully."

The doctor was completely enveloped in the cloud of smoke that proceeded from his pipe—he coughed when Paul had finished his sentence—but said nothing.

"You know, I suppose," continued Paul, here he stopped, and listened—he thought he heard a noise outside of the door, as of a hand feeling in the darkness for the latch. But no, it was a mistake, there was nothing without, waiting or watching, at his door. "You know, probably, that we've been talking up old matters, and I'm actually going away."

"Then *that* point is settled to your satisfaction," said the doctor; as he spoke, the door opened, and Bernice Atherton appeared, with the suddenness of an apparition, in the midst of the cloud of smoke.

"Oh, Paul, I'm so glad you are here," burst from her, when, after an instant's hesitation, she fairly discerned him.

Not so much pleasure as surprise was perceptible in Paul's face as he recognized the voice and figure. But thoughtful of her, in spite of his amazement, he said:

"Close the door, and come, let us see if it's actually the child."

"What is it that has happened now?" asked he, as she came shyly up to him, thoroughly conscious, for the first time, when she saw that he was not alone, of the step that she had taken. It was a brave soul that spoke out from the midst of her confusion, and declared its honest fear.

"Paul, Jep said that you were going away."

That was all she said, but she needed not to say more in order to discover to him all the fear and sorrow which such an announcement must have occasioned her in order to bring her to the village at such an hour, to discover if it were true.

"Did you come down alone?" he asked, smoothing away with his own hand the disordered mass of hair which fell about her heated face.

The tenderness of Paul's heart was aroused. Hardly a moment before, he had been musing with philosophic indifference on his proposed departure—one instant he had given way to a bitter thought of the little interest that would be aroused in any human being by his going, the next this poor agitated child-life had arisen, disproving the fancy, and Paul's heart grew tenderer, as well as his voice, when he looked at her who had come in such eager haste to ask if he was going away.

"Did you come alone?" he repeated, not that he had need of information on the subject, he knew already, but he desired to hear her speak. "I wonder that you did not loose your way in the dark, or break your neck. I guess it did not take you long to come. You must have got the wings we were talking about. Sit down and rest."

Paul got up as he spoke and gave her his place upon the slate-stone slab on which he and the doctor had been seated. Mitchell also arose, knocked the ashes from his pipe and placed it upon the shelf, and said, as he followed Paul to the window:

"This is decidedly romantic. What are you going to do with her?"

"Take her back home presently. Will you stay and go with me? The moon will be up in less than an hour—it is up already. It is at Tassie's, you know, that she lives."

The doctor declined the invitation on the plea of work yet to be done. Presently he went out, leaving Paul and Bernice alone.

"My little girl," said the stone-cutter, in a

gentle, fatherly way, "it is a long distance you have come to ask me this question. Did you forget it this afternoon?"

He did not intend that what he had said should be taken as reproof, nor perhaps did Bernice regard it exactly in that light—it was the conviction flashing upon her, independent of any suggestion of word, or look, or tone by him communicated, the conviction rising from the stillness and darkness of the night, the work-shop drearily full of smoke, and Paul engaged in a conversation, which she had broken, with another man, these things and Sue's words—was she Paul's ladylove? that let in a flood of light upon her mind.

"I must go right away back home," said she, hurriedly, "only I wanted to know if you were going. Jep told me that you were."

"Oh," said Paul, in a voice so kind, so full of all needful assurance of protection, that Bernice, listening to it, became again quite certain that he understood her, "I have talked about it, you know, for a great many years. I wonder that Jep should not have heard of it before. But you know that sometimes the more we talk about doing a thing, the less liable are we to do it."

"Don't you really think that you will go?" exclaimed Bernice, rising and going toward the door. "Then I'm glad that I came. I got to thinking of it, and I couldn't get it out of my mind again. I've had things serve me so before. But to-night I was mad at myself when I wondered and wondered, up in the garret, whether you were really going. And I made up my mind to come and ask, and so I came."

"Sit down and rest," said Paul, "I know that you are tired."

"No, I'm not. I'm going back home right away. Oh, Sue—I came near forgetting—she sent a message—she wants to see you up at her house, and the sooner the better, she said; to-morrow, if you can."

"Did you meet her?" asked Paul, looking around the room for his cap, and when he found it, placing it on his head and opening the door.

"Yes," said Bernice, rising, "and that was what she told me."

"I wonder you were not afraid," he took her hand and they went out together. "It's not safe for a little one like you to be out on such a night alone."

"I was n't afraid. I did n't think any thing about it. I come so fast."

"It was only by chance that you found me," said Paul—perhaps with the purpose of discountenancing any repetition of such unseasonable visiting. "I am hardly ever at my shop in

the evening. What would you have done if you had n't found me there?"

She did n't know; perhaps she would have gone on to Mr. Fillan's.

"Yes, but that you know is away down the village. It would n't be safe for you to be going about the streets alone on such a dark night—there are a good many factory people here, and nobody knows any thing about them."

"Oh, Mr. Paul," began Bernice, but she checked herself, having uttered these words. Paul said nothing—he purposely left her to struggle with her embarrassment, knowing that she would soon come to some kind of speech.

"I wish I had told you this afternoon—I wish I had!" she at length exclaimed.

"What about?" asked Paul.

"The factory-girl and me. . . . But it's no use telling you now. It's too late."

"Why is it?"

"Because I've promised. I shall stay with them always, till they want me to go. But I wish I had told you before I promised!"

"But what is it? I'm all in the dark," said Paul again. "You keep going round and round. I do n't know what it is you mean."

"Would it be good for me to be a factory-girl?" she asked, flying off in a tangent according to Paul's wish. "That was what I meant to ask. I would n't care how hard I had to work;" the enthusiasm with which she said this, gave way to returning recollection that it was too late to think about these things.

"You promised them that you would stay up there—well, then, you must do as you promised," said Paul.

"Yes, I shall."

"But why did you give the promise?"

"Jep said I would be running away."

"Jep again!" exclaimed Paul. "I wonder what he's made of!" He held Bernice more closely by the hand as they walked along together after this remark, as if he felt himself bound to be her protector. For a long while neither said a word, and along the same path in which they walked, in the distance glided a spectral figure, which they would have taken for a spectre had they turned and looked upon it. Like a shadow reflected from their figures at that distance, and not in the intermediate space, it looked. If you had walked beside the seeming shadow, you might have heard it laugh a harsh but pleased demonstration of a hidden thought, and yet not hidden either, for the words the figure spoke gave the direct key to the unusual mirth. "Her mother was kind to me, the poor, poor soul. I'll have the little gipsy creetur in my eye. Jep! ha! ha!"

"How many things trouble you, Bernice," said Paul, finally breaking the silence. "I guess I'll tell you a story—now see what you can make of it. Once there was a boy on board a vessel that was sailing over a great ocean. A storm came up, and the vessel, after a three days' struggle with it, went to pieces; and the crew was lost, and all the ship's company except the boy. He, as good luck would have it, clung to a bit of wood and floated about on the waves wherever they chose to carry him, until at last, getting tired of his company, I suppose, they threw him upon an island. One would suppose that he had seen enough water to last him for a time, but listen! The island, though covered in some parts with the most beautiful great trees, was as barren as a rock, and the ground as hard as iron; it was a wonder that the root of any tree or shrub could live in it. At the end of the second day after he was thrown upon the island, the poor fellow walked up and down the beach, and stooped and drank of the salt water, for he was parched with thirst, and could nowhere find a spring, or brook, or well, in the miserable desert island. On the third day he sat upon the beach, and looked upon the waves, but though his thirst was dreadful he would not stoop and drink them, they were bitter to his taste; and all he said was, I shall die of thirst. He said it more than once, and he really believed it—his groans came from his heart. But mind, Bernice, all at once he heard a sound like falling rain, but looking up he saw that the sky was as clear as if it had never heard of a cloud. He was so amazed at this, that he got up and shook himself, and pinched himself, to find out if he were actually awake. Then he held himself quite still and listened, and he heard the sound again like rain, falling softly in drops, as at the beginning of a shower. And the sound seemed to come in one particular direction. He turned his back upon the beach and began to walk off toward a distant grove. He had visited it that same morning, but not a sign of brook or spring had he found there, and he had now no hope that he should find one. It was the sound of the falling rain-drops that led him on—his curiosity was excited. As he neared the grove the sound was louder, yet still quite soft, like the slow drop—drop—as I said before, at the beginning of a shower. But still he could not account for the sound, never until he had gone quite through the grove, when there, what do you suppose he saw, but an enormous tree with drooping branches and long, narrow leaves, from which, drop, drop, descended the water they drew from the cloud that hung over them! That is all the truth. I mean something by telling it to you, Bernice. I guess you know what."

Bernice made no direct answer, but Paul understood very well that she was at no loss to guess his meaning. When she did speak it was still of himself, and the things which concerned him.

"Mr. Fillan showed you on the organ, didn't he, Mr. Paul?" she asked.

"Who told you that?" said Paul, not a little amused, and not a little affected by the undisguised interest of the child in his affairs and doings.

"Tim told me. Was it hard for you to learn? Did it take you long?"

"Not very. I have a pretty good ear, and I was quick at learning notes. The next time you come down to church you shall hear. Mr. Fillan says that I beat him—but I don't know about that."

Instead of saying any thing in reply to this, Bernice began presently to hum a tune.

"Where did you learn that?" asked Paul, after she repeated the strain three times, and the significance of her doing so had impressed itself upon him.

"I heard you whistle it the first day I saw you—when you were going down to the village. It is in my head always, and I have dreamed about it nights. I should like to hear you whistle it through."

"No," said Paul, "I will sing it." And he cleared his voice and began, and sang it as they walked on up the dark and rocky path together.

"Some day I will teach you to sing, if you are so fond of music," said Paul.

"And you will *never* go away," said Bernice, drawing nearer to him and holding his hand with a firmer grasp.

"If I should," said Paul, sadly, in spite of himself, "it would make no difference to anybody." And then, as if ashamed of exposing the weakness of his heart before the child, he said carelessly, "this place is only a speck in the world, you know. I should like to see the whole world before I die."

Back again fell the cloud and the sorrow upon Bernice. What though she should say to Paul, "It would be dreadful to me if you should go away!" he did not consider that she was anybody—and why should he? So she held her peace—but her silence was as expressive to the mind of Paul as a long, bitter lamentation would have been. And again he gave expression to the weakness of his heart.

"If I had any friend here who would miss me if I should go, who would remember me, and hope for me, that I would come back again some day, what do you think, my child? Would not such a friend be right glad for me, to know that

I had gone where I could study, and learn, and put what talent I had to a good use? Would n't such a friend be gladder to have me away where I could have the chance of making beautiful things, and doing good works, than he would to have me stay here all my days? If I wanted to go very much, because I knew it was best for me on a great many accounts, would n't my friend, if I had a friend, be glad for me that I could go?"

Paul's reason was trying to persuade his heart—he was addressing himself, not the singular child who listened to his words with breathless interest, making her own application of them in the intensity of her present self-consciousness.

Oh, Mr. Paul! if your friend had n't any but you, and could n't get any kind words, or good hopes, or comforts from any one but you! I don't think your friend would be so dreadful glad to have you go!"

"But, my friend," said Paul, understanding her words and her pathetic earnestness, and speaking quietly and patiently now in the same direction with herself, for the child's words strangely soothed the soreness of his heart. "My friend would find another to take my place just as good, and, who knows? may be a great deal better than I. Somebody that would become dearer, and, perhaps, more necessary, and more useful too. I have so much on my hands that I do n't have as much time as I should like for a friend. If I went away from here, of course, I must be a great deal busier than ever, and have no time to make new friends. So my old friend whom I left behind need n't fear that she was forgotten."

"Then you *are* going?" said Bernice, stopping short in the path.

"I cannot tell yet. I have been thinking of it as I told you, but I do n't make any plans. Where's the use? One never does the thing he expected to do. If you are making any plans you may be sure that when you grow up to be a woman you will do something altogether different from what you intended."

"I never shall do any thing or be any thing," said the child. "I do n't make any plans. I never made any. I wish I had kept on making the baskets, and building the kiln-fire, and I wish I'd never seen your sister, Pauline." Paul winced at this, "nor heard the organ, or any thing about you."

"That's not very gracious."

"I wish I had been left here alone, with Jep, and not known any thing about Christine. But then he would have married me, as he says he will now. But he shall not. He never, never shall."

"He says that, does he? the scamp! You are right, he never shall!" said Paul with genuine indignation. "You need have no fear about that. His father is a sensible man. He won't allow it. But I'm sorry to hear you saying such cruel thing about us."

"I would n't have known any better than just to go on as I always had."

"But then," said Paul soothingly, "it's just as I said about the angel Christine. You have so many more pleasant things to think of when you are alone by yourself. You do n't mean what you say, Bernice. You do n't wish any such thing. You would n't forget me if you could."

As they continued to ascend the mountain, the light of the moon in the full orb's ascent toward the mid heaven, fell upon the mountain-side, and up through the gorge.

"That is the way with us," said Paul, improving the opportunity, "one is not always left in darkness, there must be a sunrise at last, or, if not, a moon-rise."

"I'll go on alone, now," said Bernice. "I'd rather." They were standing on a bit of level ground at the base of the last ascent which led up to Tassie's door.

"First," said Paul, "You must promise me that you will not run about in such wild places, on such dark nights. I will tell you about my plans when I think of going away—it may be, as I said before, that I shall not go at all. Give me your hand, to prove that we are good friends."

He stepped forward toward her, and the child descending a step, for she had gone on in advance of him, gave him her hand. He looked into her face as she did so—the moon was shining full upon her, and distinctly every feature was revealed. She was silently contending with the emotion which was finding for itself vent in floods of tears—her face was wet with them. She did not look up, her eyes were fixed upon the ground, but her hand was extended with passionate haste. Paul took the hand, but, instead of at once releasing it, he held it clasped closely in his own, looking upon the agitated face of the child. With pitying love and tenderness he looked. Once she strove to move away, and made a little feeble effort to release herself, but he held the hand, though apparently without tightening of muscle or nerve. Then she looked up into his face, his eyes were fixed upon her, he seemed to have lost himself; but if he were plunging into old memories, engrossed with an anticipated future and its fortunes, Bernice could not tell. Only she knew that he was looking upon her as if he did not see her, and de-

taining her there in the lonely night, as if he knew not what he did.

"I really must go, Mr. Paul," she said. "Will you let me go?"

"Yes," he answered, "certainly. But I'm in no haste to have you gone. I do not know of any other person, Bernice, who would have taken such trouble as you, to find out what I meant to do with myself. I'm in no hurry to have you go. When I'm back in my shop, I shall think of what you have done, over and over gain. So you must never say that you are sorry you know me. It would make me glad if it only made you glad."

All this Paul said in such a way, with such a look, in such a tone, as left poor Bernice in no doubt that while he stood so silent, looking at her, he was thinking of her and of no one beside. And from the fullness of her heart she exclaimed, "I am not sorry. I'm gladder than I ever was at any thing."

Standing thus upon the outer verge of life, gazing into what seemed to her the unclouded splendor of his day, a heaven glorious with sunlight, through which the birds of hope, on wings all bathed in golden splendor, went flitting whithersoever they would, the child built in imagination a palace for the habitation of the man, with walls of ivory, and gates of pearl. And in her dream he was a king who ruled the world.

CHAPTER XIX.

But not in a heroic mood, nor in the least like a victorious king, did Paul retrace his steps.

And no matter what his meditations, they were broken before he had gone far on his homeward way, by an abrupt, unceremonious salutation, a harsh voice pronouncing his name, and old Sue, rising like a spectre in the path before him, demanding—

"Did she give you the message—your little lady-love?"

Paul instantly recognized the voice, and he smiled at the salutation, but it likewise set him to thinking on a train altogether new to him.

"The invitation to come up and see you? Yes, she delivered it," said he. "To-morrow you wanted me, I believe?"

"Now is as good—now and here," replied Sue, again seating herself on the rock from which she had risen on his approach. "Mr. Devlin up there, talks of sending you off; do n't go."

Paul laughed aloud in spite of himself. "You have all gone into league against me, I should think. What an important man I must be."

"Stop your nonsense. Don't you go unless you're a fool. Stay at home and tend to your mines, and your kiln, and do n't be a cats-paw

for anybody, as poor old Jee your father was. There's such a thing as being too honest. He trusted everybody, and what come of it? What come of it?" she repeated with a louder voice, lifting her arm, and holding Paul rooted to the spot merely by the power of her glance. "I'll tell you what come. Them that was poor got rich—and them that had it all in their own hands, suddenly found 'em empty. Side by side with your people I lived for twenty years. I was there—I took care of your father after his back was broke, till he drawed his last breath. I was there when your mother died. You know all that, Paul."

"Yes," said Paul sadly, "I remember it. I know how kind you were, Sue, I never shall forget. If ever I have a home on this earth you shall share it."

"That is 'nt what I want you for to say, Paul. Do n't speak so down. But tell me what it was old Joe—I do n't mean disrespect to you, but I knowed him by that name best—what was it he said with his dying breath, when you and I was there alone with him? Do you remember that, too?"

"Yes," said Paul, "I remember it all."

"What was it, then?" demanded Sue, impatiently, for she more than fancied that she could detect in Paul's voice an aversion to talk on this subject.

"Have you forgotten, Sue?"

"Forgot! You hope I have, by the way you ask. Forgot! There is n't a word I ever heard spoke by mortal man or woman, that I forgot! Say it if you know. But if you do n't know, why I'll say it for you."

"When I lifted him upon the pillows, and you put down the cup from which he had drunken for the last time, he said—'Paul, Mr. Devlin has promised—he will make it all right. I should have got the papers fixed, but could n't; it's too late now. He will do it up all right.'"

"Yes! he will. I think 's likely; but when? Not before the day of judgment has come to him! Are you going to wait till then? If you're willing, he is! I want it settled up now, Paul, I do. For, boy, I'm nearly done with this life—and you need n't be talking about getting a home for me. Get one for yourself—you've only got to speak the word. I've lived to see you out with it. If I have n't, I will! Do you think I'd rest in my grave and that thing not looked into?"

Paul was silent.

"Are you afraid to say black's black? 'Tell the truth and shame the devil,'" exclaimed Sue, getting more and more impatient as she observed how little confidence Paul was placing in her

words, and in a lower tone she muttered, "Like his father! If I took it into my head to pitch him off amongst them rocks, he'd thank me for it, and swear, if there was a breath left in him, 't was himself that did it."

"Not quite so bad as that, Sue," said Paul, speaking gravely. "Prove me, if you do'n't believe it."

"Why do n't you out with it like a man, then, and say how he's been a lying and defrauding you, and Lord knows what beside? Why do n't you, I say?"

"Because it is n't the truth, Sue. If you get into a passion, why then our talk may as well end first as last," said Paul quietly.

"I aint in a passion. Yes I be. I can't help it. Ain't you got any wit left in you? Your mother had enough for ten men. *She* knew it all, now did n't she? I'll leave it to you—did n't she know how things was going?"

"Sue, it's all very good of you to take such an interest. I know you are one of my best friends, but you're all in the wrong—so was mother. The land was n't father's to begin with.

"'T was! 't was his, and nobody else's"

"We thought so, but that was our mistake," persisted Paul, mildly.

"'T was n't! mistake! He bought it with his own 'arnings, and paid for it, money down. Was n't I like one of the family? Did n't Arthur and me know all that concerned old Joe and Fanny? Did n't we have our troubles and comforts together years and years? There never was an industriouser creature than Joe, and all them lands are yours. The mines are yours, and the kiln's yours; and you're bound to have 'em back, you are! Don't I remember the day, better than I remember what happened yesterday, when Devlin's shadow first darkened this mountain? He came up on horseback—that minds me of what a wise man said, 'put a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the Devil,' sure! He was traveling, to see the country he said. He stopped at Joe's all night. Arthur and me was in, as we was often of an evening, and a wonderful nice man we all said he was—yes indeed! He was a talker, and Joe was a talking man, like enough you remember—and the stranger took a mighty fancy to him, oh yes! after that Joe had told him about the lands he had just bought, and the things he was agoing to do. That's the man that hung about and hung about, a palavering and a palavering, and brought your mother up from Bangor such great presents, and fixed the house up with such things as we never see in *this* country afore that day. But he got his pay back, did n't he? Trust him for that. It's a pretty lie he's been a putting off

on you all this time—and you a-going to believe it."

"The land belonged to the government," said Paul, in answer, not in the least convinced by Sue's assertions. He spoke very quietly, as if in the hope of making her more calm. Was he not a master of the argument? Did he not know that she was altogether in the wrong? "The land belonged to the government—it was public land. It was sold, the lot that father held and a great deal more besides, in this region. And Mr. Devlin bought it, and said that he would pay father for it besides; but he was n't obligated to do that, having paid for it once to the government, and he did pay him something."

"Not a red cent, I'll swear," ejaculated Sue.

"Yes he did, Sue—and more than that, he has paid me along at odd times."

"Yes! for working in his gardens! I know; oh, Paul, are you a born natural? Go to the government and ask 'em if you aint! Did n't I stand by and see your mother when he asked her to put her mark to the deed? Did n't I see through that ar attempt? Did n't I know old Justice Fellows, dead and gone? Was n't *he* up to see about it? Lord bless your soul, you're a babe in arms for wit!"

"I know all that," said Paul, "but then . . . the deed father held was worth nothing—the land did n't belong to the man that sold it to him. Neither of 'em had a real clear right to it. You are in the wrong, not I, Sue."

"May be it was n't a good deed," said Sue, rising and approaching close to Paul, and speaking in a whisper—"may be it wa n't worth nothing. What did he set fire to my house for then, if it was n't to burn up that ar deed? *He* knew I had it—he knew your mother give it to me to keep for you, Paul Tintoret, till you was old enough to use it; but heaven knows if that time will ever come!"

"Set fire to your house, Sue! Mr. Devlin?" said Paul, certain now that Sue must have lost her senses.

"Set fire to it, and burnt it to the ground, Paul. That was the beginning of it. Arthur was used up—he never was nothing after that day. It was the ruin of as good a fellow, and as hard working, as ever, ever lived. And I've never had a home since, that a beast would harbor in, no, nor wont have on this earth. . . But," here her voice changed from a wail of lamentation over the lost and dead—"what are you going to do, Paul—will you have yer own?"

"Yes! my own, Sue; but no other man's," said Paul, kindly, but at the same time with decision.

"I vow to Heaven!" began old Sue again, with no abatement of energy from her former speech

but here she checked herself, and, moving forward planted herself in the path before him—"Before you go a step farther, promise me one thing, that you'll stay here for a month; that you won't be whisking off the minute the grand gentleman tells you that you may. What? will you promise—four weeks—twenty-eight days—say thirty—that's not so dreadful long, when he's kept you a waiting, and a waiting, year after year, so long, for his nod. Will you promise?"

"I'll come up and have another talk with you, Sue."

"Will you *promise*?" she persisted.

"To-morrow, if I can get away," he continued. "I don't see any prospect of getting off in a month. I've got work enough to keep me busy six months yet."

"Promise!" she repeated.

"Very well, then, I promise—but see, only because I appreciate your kind heart—and I remember what you did for those who are dead and gone. But if you took to vexing *him*, or spreading a story that you believe, I know, but which I can't believe—I don't know that I would if I could—"

"Of course you wouldn't," she interposed, her countenance expressive of an admiring respect that struggled with a scornful smile as she looked upon Paul's handsome, honest face.

"Why, I should be distressed and vexed beyond all telling. I don't know what I should *not* be tempted to do."

"Did I ever do a harm to any mortal man?" demanded she, stepping aside from the path in among the bushes which grew thickly on either side, waving her hand as she did so, in token that he was at liberty to proceed—at the same time saying, "If I ever did, find it out for me, and we'll talk about it—if I ever do, then'll be your time to fall afeared of me."

"Wait," said Paul, as she pushed her way among the bushes until she had passed him, striking then again into the path and continuing in it up the mountain. "Wait!" he repeated, but she neither turned her head nor otherwise paid heed—her communication with him for that time was at an end.

And as Paul turns presently from watching her receding figure, and goes slowly on his way, his thoughts emerge from the confusion into which they have been thrown, they arrange themselves, and present themselves thus before him.

"If Mitchell's mystery should turn out something infernal—if he were once a pirate on the high seas, or a highway robber, and a desperate struggle he must have been in somewhere to have

maimed his left hand in the way it is! I could endure it better if *he* turned out a villain, spite of our friendship, than to credit what that crazy old loon has been saying about Mr. Devlin. To come bothering one's brain about such trash, years after the whole thing was made as clear as the sun! Mr. Devlin shall know if she gets up any diabolical plan, that I haven't a hand in it at all events."

There is no doubt, indeed, that Paul holds slackly in his hand, just now, the friendship which, within a time whose lapse he could count by *hours*, was invaluable to him. There is no doubt that he would sacrifice it more readily than any other thing within his grasp. There is no doubt that the disappointment of a hope which he ignorantly cherished, which now he frowns upon as veriest presumption, would be heightened into anguish, and a life-long sorrow, if he could clearly convict himself of the reasonableness of the fear with which he looks on Mitchell, watching his words and motions, registering them and computing them. He cannot look upon him as a rival. Pauline has rendered it impossible, for—he is *her brother*! but all the rival's jealousy is in his heart, and he says to himself, "any one but him! I can bear that any one but him should win what I could not."

It is a meditation which during many days and nights continues unbroken. It makes him a spy—sleepless, unwearied. It changes his nature—not that he becomes another man to mortal sight—but it makes him hypocritical. He wears a mask. He smiles when his heart is brimmed with bitterness. He is chatty and jovial with Mitchell, when he would not spare if fate empowered him to blast his fairest prospect. He has grown keen of sight: he traces words to feelings, actions to their cause—even the lightest, even the simplest. He has grown shrewd. He guesses, he believes, where others do not so much as imagine a conjecture. Meanwhile he is in outward word and act what Pauline wished, believed, her brother. And now he never speaks of going away from Briarton, and if others do, he says, as he said to Sue, "I cannot think of it for six months at least. I have so much work to do."

But nestling constantly within the inmost recess of Paul Tintoret's troubled heart, was one thought, hovering over darkness, like an angel with wings silver-tipped. Poor, ignorant, and homely little Bernice! there was no polished falsity in the eagerness of the grief with which she had dared the darkness of that night to learn if he were going away. Light as was the value which he set on her act as illustrative of herself, the fact that gladdened him was, she had grieved

to think of his departure—that any one thinking of it had grieved, or needed him—needed him! tenderly he took that thought into his heart, and there through weary days he cherished it.

CHAPTER XX.

It was a very pleasant thing, an amusement which had the charm of novelty, for Mr. Eminence Devlin to entangle himself, in the way he was doing, in his all-conquering march toward the young heart which he fully intended to carry captive with him when he went back to his town-house in Bangor.

It was an exceedingly agreeable pastime in which he, before he was aware of it, became heartily engaged. His fiftieth birth-day found him in the enjoyment of such a vacation as he had never in his lifetime known before. While his far-seeing, much-comprehending eye took cognizance daily of all his affairs, north, south, east and west, it found also time and opportunity for much gazing on the lovely face of Pauline Fillan. Many as were the prosperous years which had rolled over him since in his youth he adventured penniless into this mountainous region, he has never but once dreamed the dream of love. And very short and very superficial was that dream, even though it had to do with such an one as her whose memory was consecrated in the lives of Paul and Bernice. He has since that time had his share of observation and consideration, but clad in his armor he has withstood the fire of bright eyes, and even more fiery darts of Cupid's arrow. In all those years he has done nothing but grow rich, cared for nothing but to grow rich, exerted himself for nothing but to grow rich. And rich he has grown very, as the reader has already been informed, and probably, since he has acquainted himself so well with times and seasons, ways and means, he will continue to increase in riches. He is in the right path for it—what is to hinder? If you pour water into a tunnel it will run through. If you wound a body it will bleed—no man better understands these laws of nature than does Mr. Devlin—he has obeyed laws, and grown rich.

But having seen Pauline, he had gone on from paying visits of respect to the old master and his invalid wife, and by degrees changed his relation with the family, and became neighborly; and now if a day goes by when he does not come in to leave a portion of his mail, to talk over the events passing in the world, to ask after Pauline's mother, or to bring Pauline's self some rare flower, or pleasant book: if he neglects this proceeding, there isn't a soul in the house but

wonders at it, and in fact feels somewhat disappointed, for reasons manifold and obvious.

Mr. Devlin believes that he is in love. He has indeed no question about it: and as he walks in his garden on a bright morning before dinner, and casts over his affairs mentally, and acknowledges to himself that if ever there was a marriageable man on earth it is that self, and taking up Paul Tintoret's affairs into a renewed contemplation, he again decides that it will be full as well to let the young fellow off—not that he fears Paul or his influence as a rival, or otherwise, but of course because poor Paul is so bent on launching out and making much of himself, (Mr. Devlin bites his lips and smiles as he pauses over that last reflection, as if a nature like Paul Tintoret's could ever make much of itself!) as he walks slowly up and down the walks whose borders Paul's taste has made so exquisite in shape and decoration, he spies in a distant part of the garden a strange figure bending down over a flower-bed: in momentary surprise he halts at the idea of an intruder there, and then strolls downward through the rose-walk, and the locust-walk, until he comes near the object of his curiosity.

It is Jop Tassie, who has been for the past week whirling in the maelstrom of passion, and having, no mortal can tell how, escaped from it, he has been sunning himself on its terrific borders, and refreshing himself by Sue Carroll's oft-repeated, vague assurances of prosperity in his love-affair with Bernice.

His love for her I name it. Let no one smile at that. It was such a passion as has led men to battle, hot, and fierce, and reckless, contesting for some fair one's hand; such a passion as might prepare the holder for a gladiatorial exercise in her behalf. Every emotion of which he was capable was aroused within him—every emotion that proved him equal to any exercise of thought, feeling, or affection, was aroused, so that his poor brain was nearly maddened by the excitement into which he was thrown.

Not of Paul was he watchful and suspicious, as though he were an actual suitor for the favor of the child. It was, of course, impossible that Paul should be any such thing. But because she, so evidently making a contrast between them, preferred to be with, and listen to the former. Paul had defended her. Paul was a handsome fellow, a full-grown man; he was wise; he was playful; he was kind to Bernice. And because he was all this, and Jop could not help observing it, and feeling it, he entertained for him the savage, furious regard the tiger may be supposed to entertain for the graceful camelopard moving across its path. Poor Jop, it was a sad business for him.

Because he had arrived at a climax, and did not know, under these circumstances, what to do with himself, what mad freak to indulge in, or what frightful feat to attempt, he went wandering up until he came to the mountain-top, and the beautiful plain on which Mr. Devlin's house stood, where he roved about apparently without an object, until he came to the garden, and the gay array of flowers reminded him of Bernice's fondness for them. So he made his way through the hedge, and was busy gathering a nosegay for the child when his labor was suddenly suspended by the quiet salutation, the speaker standing at his elbow—

"Well, Jep, all right at the mine?"

The boy's grimed hands desisted from their work, and the audacity of his countenance, as he looked up from the flower-bed into the gentleman's face, was in contrast with the subdued, respectful voice that answered—"All right, sir."

"And I hear good news of you, Jep," said the master, regarding with something like pity, the pitiable shape before him. "Mr Headman says you are an uncommon hand at the pick. That's the true way to prosper; keep a steady look out, and a steady hand at your business."

To all which doctrine Jep signifies his assent by manifold quick inclinations of the head, and some of those profoundly intelligent glances peculiar to him.

"By the way our wise woman is back again," continued Mr. Devlin, with an unconcerned air, and not at all as if an idea had occurred to him as he looked at the misshapen image before him, and recalled old Sue.

"Back and gone," said Jep.

"Gone!" repeated the master with undisguised surprise, "where?"

"A tramping, just like afore. She's great on tramping. 'Taint often she stops."

"She was sick, I thought. She looked as if her next tramp would be—into the other world," said Mr. Devlin, concluding his sentence in an undertone, as if addressing himself; and Jep, as his quick ear caught the words, and his quick eye observed the master's face, did not observe any evidence that Mr. Devlin felt specially relieved.

"She used to be telling people's fortunes. Does she keep that up yet?"

"More'n ever," said Jep, and Mr. Devlin observed the sparkle of the boy's eyes.

"Well, Jep, I hope she gave you a good one, my man. I'm sure you deserve it."

No character in Mr. Devlin's presence ever made the slightest revelation of itself that his keen eyes were not quick to note, and the remarkable change in the boy's countenance when

he next observed, "some shy sweetheart is going to smile on you, eh, Jep?" was observed, and commented upon, and put away for reference, like a labeled article for future use.

Close upon this question, which Jep answered with a grin, followed the remark—

"If you go to Briarton to-day, wont you see Paul Tintoret for me, and tell him I would be pleased to have him come up at his leisure? Do you know Paul?"

Neither did this second sudden electrifying change in the boy's countenance escape Mr. Devlin's notice. There was no discrepancy between the savage look and the voice of his reply.

"Yes, I should think I did."

"A friend of yours, eh? All the better for that," said Mr. Devlin.

"A friend? No, he ain't. He's an enemy."

"An enemy," replied the master with great apparent surprise. "Paul Tintoret anybody's enemy! He would n't hurt a fly knowingly."

"He never hurted me. Did I say so? I'd like to see him at it!"

"Now, Jep, see here. What do you mean? What sort of a mistake have you made, my man?" asked Devlin, in a frank, considerate way, best calculated to win the boy's confidence. "I've known Paul Tintoret since he was a youngster; he's a good fellow, first best."

"'Taint nothing," said Jep, looking awry at the flowers in his hands, the flower-beds at his feet, any where except at the face of the man who, when Paul's name was mentioned by whomsoever, and whensoever, was on the alert, eager, curious.

"If he has done you a wrong I shall have to put it to him."

"'Taint nothing," repeated Jep; looking however at the same time as if it were not only something, but a great deal. To divert the conversation which had become quite too personal, he said—"Paul's agoing away, they say. He'd better—he can't go too quick. You can't send him too quick."

The audacious look was again paramount, and its spirit permeated Jep's words. With ~~continuing~~ ^{growing} zeal he prepared to press this point as he noted its effect for an instant upon the listener, who said, however, in a careless way—

"What do you mean by that, Jep?"

"Sue says, the she devil! that he's coming to his own yet—if you can find out what she meant by that, sir."

An angry flush crossed Mr. Devlin's face as he looked down astonished at the boy. His look was terrible. He saw the boy quail before it, and instantly it vanished.

"Well, what *did* she mean, Jep? I guess

you're wiser on this point than I. It's a nice head that can make any thing out of Sue Carrol's prophecies." This he said in an easy, unconstrained tone, and he laughed a little as he again fixed his sharp eyes upon Jep.

"I do n't know, sir," returned he, and the voice in which he spoke, and the look accompanying his words was that of the most hopeless ignorance. "P'rhaps she meant that Paul was agoing to get old Fillan's Miss Pauline, 'stead of the doctor."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Devlin, surveying the boy with unmeasured astonishment; but it was an amazement of an altogether different character from that exhibited a moment since. He breathed freely, and he stood up more proudly erect than ever, for suddenly he saw a path opened before him, that had not one solitary obstruction, and he said to himself compassionately, as he looked upon Jep—"Poor idiot." But he had never in his life encountered one more alive to what he had done and meant to do, than this same idiotic creature, as he deemed him, with whom, unawares, he was struggling.

"That's what they always said in the village. That's all I know."

"That Paul had a lady-love—very likely. It would be a wonder if he had n't, and it's—it's—" he could not speak the word in that connection.

"Miss Pauline," suggested Jep. "That's what they said."

"And the doctor," began Mr. Devlin in spite of himself.

"That's what they say—kinder stepped in—but now Paul's going away—" he looked again into Mr. Devlin's face, as if to receive a surety there that this was a fact.

"And it looks as if he had given up his chance, you mean?" said the master. "Well," here he took out his watch and looked at the hour, "if you go to the village tell him to come up . . . I hope you'll be good friends before he goes away, Jep;" and Mr. Devlin turned upon his heel and walked off, not failing to observe the manner of reception the boy gave to his intimation that Paul was going away. And forthwith Jep Tassie went about his business.

And Mr. Devlin continuing his walk through the fragrant, blossoming garden, thought more seriously than ever that he was in love.

The reader will pardon the repetition of this statement, graciously remembering that, as intimated in the outset, the writer is attempting in this tale nothing more than the delineation of a passion which found for itself a little infective district, away off in the mountainous woods of Maine.

[To be continued.]

NIGHT SCENE IN INDIA.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

The flush of day is o'er; the sunny beam
Behind yon hills in gorgeous pomp retires:
The moon begins to shed her silvery fires
In flickering loveliness within the stream,
Chaste, cold, but beautiful; so some coy fair
With artless blushes steals a hurried gaze
—Modestly conscious—where the glass displays
The glowing charms her youthful features bear!
—The sun hath sunk: serene, in tranquil state,
Flow thy pure waters, Wurda, 'neath this bank!
Mild is the night—no exhalations dank
Skim o'er the ground: here let me lonely wait
The midnight hour, and in sweet tracks of thought
Employ my mind on scenes and shades remote.

Roll on, fair Wurda! other streams than thine
Bathed my young feet in Scotland's dewy straths,
The jungle near me hides more perilous paths,
For there the panther cowers, and serpents twine
Round trees, as venomous; o'er me incline
Bright fruits—lush mangoes drest in green and gold,
And acid tamarinds, with many a vine

Of scented jasmine laced;—my eyes behold
Instead of rocks with gloomy fir and pine
Sombrely feathered, and heath-covered wold
Purple with banquets for the questing bee,
Scenes altogether oriental—tree
And flower, and bird, and unknown woods that hold
Strange mysteries, which are still but dreams to me.

'Tis not the sombre fir, whose rustling cones
Sound o'er my head—'t is not the wild rose-scent
Embalms the air—'t is not the music lent
By distant pibroch—but the plaintive moans
Of the wood-pigeon, and the bool-bool's song
Re-echoing through the wood! O'er me depends
The fig-leaved banyan, whose thick boughs among
Scampers the squirrel; and with zephyr blends
The breath of golden gum-Arabic buds,
And the spice-odors of the wild Kaveet;
Whilst, flinging mystic shadows at my feet,
The night-hawk flits above me, and in floods
Of moonshine bathes its wings. Oh! both are dear
To me, the distant Scotland and the India here!

ASPEN COURT; AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

(A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.)

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

(Continued from page 165.)

CHAPTER XLI.

PAUL IN A NEW CHARACTER.

It is probable that when Heywood opened the conversation with Mr. Paul Chequerbent, which concluded in the disastrous manner recorded in the last chapter, the priest had not arranged any specific plan for rendering that excitable young gentleman useful in the prosecution of his main designs Heywood had in view, and which no means tended toward the comfort of Bernard Carlyon. But Paul unbosomed himself with so much facility, and indicated with such unconscious precision the chord which he aimed touching, that before Heywood resolved to take him home to St. Alban's Place, he had already determined what work he would set him to.

And the following morning, while tempting Paul's not over-eager appetite with divers stimulating delicacies, of which the priest was an exceedingly good judge, he broke ground without any preliminary.

Reverting to our little talk last night, Mr. Chequerbent," said the priest, busying himself with some of the breakfast arrangements, in order to let Paul get over any embarrassment which recollections might occasion, "I suppose you and Bernard Carlyon are intimate friends, and in one another's confidence?"

"Why, no," said Paul, "I can't say that. It is odd that we are not more intimate, all things considered; but Carlyon had always a certain air of mystery about him, or I fancied so, and he might go on telling me *your* history, and his troubles, and your love affairs, and all the details of it, for hours, and he would listen, and give me your advice if you wanted it, but he never gave me any thing in return."

"There might have been good reasons for that," said Heywood, significantly.

"I've thought so too," said Mr. Chequerbent, "many times. But, if there is any thing wrong, he has managed to keep it very close; and you see he gets into first-rate society, and is asked to dine at great people's houses, and altogether one does not know what to think of him. But what

you told me last night, and which seems like a dream to-day, has opened my eyes in a great measure."

"And do you intend to make any use of your enlightenment?" said Heywood. "Here, let me give you some hot coffee—try that devil—or do you propose to resign to him a young lady who, it appears to me, is almost worth looking after, unless you have other views."

"What I am going to tell you is in perfect confidence, Mr. Heywood. I have formed a great respect for you, and I shall be very glad of your advice. I—you would not perhaps believe it—but my affection for that young lady is very warm and very sincere, and I received a great shock in learning that she was Lord Rookbury's daughter, and a much greater one in finding that she is legitimate."

"Two circumstances, my dear friend, which one would have supposed were in your favor. Would you have preferred her remaining an actress, and being condemned all her life to paint her face, and exhibit her ankles, for the delectation of any snob who could find sixpence to pay half-price to a gallery?"

"That is one way of putting it," said Paul, discontentedly. "An artist's life—"

"My dear Chequerbent, do n't talk nonsense. The way I have put it is the way society puts it, behind the backs of artists, as you call them. Is that the life you would select for a girl whom you cared about?"

Paul remembered many pleasant days which he had spent with Angela while she was fulfilling her engagements, and he grumblingly admitted that the stage had its humiliations, but also its triumphs. The priest was obstinate, and would not even allow that the triumphs were worth having, the highest being the throwing an entire theatre into a paroxysm of admiration, which, from an ignorant mob, whereof the pit and gallery formed the overwhelming majority, was no compliment to an educated person.

"But," he said, "we are talking uselessly, because that part of the business is settled without us; and Lady Anna Rookton is not likely to

have to curtsy to the plebeians in return for another 'reception'—is not that the word? Do you know when she leaves town?"

"No," said Paul. That reminds me though. A very good thought. I'll go and see her this very morning. Twelve o'clock, by Jove; how late we are!"

"You slept soundly," said Heywood, "and I thought it might do you no harm to have your sleep out. Pooh, pooh, do n't look discomposed—the excitement of our conversation would have been enough to overset you, even if you had drank nothing. I have seen a man talk himself into intoxication, over water. But what good do you propose to do by seeing Miss Livingstone?"

"Well," said Paul, "I should like to come to an understanding with her. To tell you the truth, we have been so intimate for a very long time, that I think she is using me confoundedly ill in encouraging any one else's attentions."

"Is it fair to ask you whether you ever came to an understanding before, and when she was what you are pleased to call an artist?" said the priest maliciously. "Or, in plain English, did you ever tell her, or even admit to yourself that you intended to marry her? Come," he added, laughing, "you are in the confessional."

"If you put it so," said Paul, "I certainly have no right to say that I ever exactly proposed to her. But, bless my soul, I was always in her company; I have written her heaps of letters, I've got some of her hair in my purse here—no, it is in my other one—I have taken her out to hundreds of dinners, and I believe that I should have a good action for breach of promise against her."

"I should like to have brought up all that evidence against you, if the case had been the other way, and you had deserted her. How you would have thrown up your head, and blessed your soul then, and wondered, by Jove! what such girls were made of, to fancy that because a gentleman paid them some attention, they were to be a clog on him for life, and all that. I know you young fellows," said Heywood. "I do not believe that you can say, honestly, that you ever contemplated introducing that young lady to your guardian, or to your rich relations, the proud good old aunts in particular—in fact, you were very happy to flirt about with a pretty and amusing companion, but you thought as much of marriage as I do—I, a priest of Rome. Well, she is above that sort of thing now, and so you may go and look out for somebody else; there is plenty of other young ladies who like champagne and ice pudding."

Paul's conscience told him that Heywood spoke

the truth, but, (with our usual wisdom,) he instantly began to seek to convince himself that as he had been sincerely attached to Angela, he should have proposed one day or another, and that he was therefore ill-treated, and he mumbled something of the kind, which made the priest laugh.

"Come, my dear friend," he said, "there is no use in self-deception. I know that you like her very much, and if I were to say that I know she is very fond of you, I should only say what I have reason to believe."

"You know that?" said Paul, coloring up to the roots of his hair with pleasure.

"I do not speak lightly on such matters," said Heywood, gravely. "I retain sufficient respect for my vocation not to sport with affairs involving human happiness or misery." And if he could not repress a sort of smile as he spoke, he concealed it from Paul by finishing his sentence behind the newspaper.

"Then, by Jove," said Mr. Chequerbent, "my case is not so bad after all!"

"How do you mean, my dear sir?" said Heywood, earnestly. "If you imagine that you are at all in a favorable position in regard to Miss Livingstone, the sooner you disabuse yourself of such an impression the better. You have had many years of chances with her, but you have lost them all."

"Yes," said Paul, "but who was to know that she would be claimed by—" he stopped, with some discomposure, just then remembering that his observation slightly clashed with his previous professions. The priest nodded, to show that he saw the blot, but was not going to hit it, and Paul added. "Any how, if she cares about me, that is something gained, surely."

"With Miss Livingstone of the Polyhymnia, a good deal, no doubt; with Lady Anna Rookton, of Rookwood, not much. You have lost her, my young friend, and I tell you so plainly. You may take it from me, but if you prefer hearing it from Miss Angela's own lips, put on your boots, and take a cab in the Haymarket. I will wait here till you return and inform me that she has given you a dismissal."

Mr. Paul Chequerbent looked very blank indeed at this intimation, and began to break up his egg-shells, very vindictively, into extreme smallness, making curious faces all the time.

"Why," he suddenly exclaimed, after a long pause, during which Heywood read very quietly, "you asked me if I were going to resign her without an effort. That meant that you thought I had some chance with her."

"And in reply," said Mr. Heywood, "you gave me a sort of deceptive answer, intended to

make me believe that you and she were in a different relation from that in which I know you to be. Of course, I have no right to intrude upon your secrets, but no man likes to be thought a dupe, and I have only endeavored to show you that I perfectly understand your position." And he resumed his paper.

"I declare to you," said Paul, quite piteously, "that I had no intention of deceiving you, or of evading any question. On the contrary, I felt quite happy to think that you were inclined to interest yourself in my affairs, and I am very sorry you should misunderstand me." And he spoke in all sincerity this time.

Heywood, who deemed that he had now asserted his superiority sufficiently, turned upon him with the most pleasant smile.

"Do n't mistake *me*," he said, "for a moment. If I felt hurt, it was that I had not succeeded in making you think me worthy your confidence. I should be glad, very glad, to promote your welfare; and have reasons for being interested in you, of which we need not talk now. But if I interfere, it must be on the condition that you are either entirely guided by my advice, or that you reject it altogether. I should not interpose if I did not believe that I could be of material service."

"Any thing in the world that you can point out," said Paul, earnestly, "I will try to do. Can I say fairer?"

"I wish you could not, in that collocation," said the priest, "for it is particularly bad English. Never mind my saying that kind of thing," he added, laughing, "it is my way. Well, I am glad that you have so much confidence in my wish to serve you. And now answer a question or two which bear upon the business, though you may not see that they do. You are still, I believe, in the office of Molesworth and Penkridge?"

"M. and P. have still that honor," said Paul.

"But if I understand Carlyon aright, you do not attend much to business; in fact you do not know much about it?"

"It was very good of him to say that," said Paul, angrily. "If I give my mind to work, I rather believe I can master it as well as some other people who think themselves deuced clever, but who do n't make as many hits as they fancy, I can tell them. Why, it was only last Monday I went down the lane and attended a summons before old Pollock," (Mr. Choquerbent adopted the graceful form in which the junior members of a profession like to allude to its heads), "and I smashed Fossel and Pobb's managing man; smashed him utterly, sir, and had it all my own way. Pollock himself told me he had n't a leg to stand on."

"Take my advice, and give your mind to work

for the present," said Heywood impressively; "and it is possible that your rival may be reduced to the condition described by the Lord Chief Baron."

"As I said," responded Paul, "you have only to give me an *agenda*, as we call it, and I will be all obedience." For he had rapidly acquired a great and vague reverence of Heywood; and this had been increased since Paul had learned that he was a Catholic priest. He had some notion, I think, that the thunders of the Vatican, of which he had heard, but had a somewhat indefinite idea of, were about to be set rolling for his especial benefit.

"Then I gather that you do attend to business," said the priest. "Are you much in communication with your employer?"

"The old Mole? Well, no, not more than I can help," said Paul, for he is a cantankerous kind of party, and thinks, like Sir Peter Teazle, that it is a wicked world, and the fewer people we praise the better."

"And you like to be praised?" asked the priest, looking full into Paul's face.

"One likes to be appreciated, at any rate," said Paul; "and it is not in the old Mole's way to say much that is pleasant. But I know all that he is about, because I copy a good many of the entries out of his attendance-book into the bills of costs."

"Ah!" said Heywood, "do I understand that term rightly? The attendance-book is the record of what is done for clients."

"Not quite that," said Paul, delighted to be able to impart some information. "It is the book in which Molesworth puts down, every day, a note as to whom he has seen, what letters he has written, and so forth, to be charged against the client."

"But he would put down nothing that all the establishment might not read, I suppose?" said Heywood, carelessly.

"Why," said Paul, "in strictness he ought not; and his course is decidedly irregular and dangerous, as I often tell him. But he has a habit of making notes of explanations, and reasons, and things to be remembered in future, which, of course, do not go into the bills—I should *rather* say not, or some people's weak minds would be astonished—but there they are. However, he has some sense, and he is very particular about having this book brought back to him the moment we have done with it; and the old ones he keeps locked up."

"Ah, in tin boxes with staring labels. I know them."

"Yes: but the box in question is kept locked up in our strong-room," said Paul.

"Oh," said the priest, unconcernedly; "then I suppose there would be a difficulty in your looking back to any particular entry in one of these books?"

"A difficulty? Well, yes," said Paul, "because it would seem queer for me to be looking into a box like that. The other clerks might make observations; and I have more than one enemy who might take an opportunity of mentioning it to Molesworth."

"Carlyon's ingenuity, I suppose, would not have been so soon at fault," said Heywood.

"When I say that I do not see," said Paul, immediately brought up to the collar by this reminder, "I mean that I do not see at the moment. Of course the thing can be done."

"Well," said Heywood, "it is very desirable for your interests, as well as those of a certain young lady, that I should see a record of some transactions that took place in the course of a period which I can point out; and if Mr. Molesworth has given any of these notes, and explanations, and reasons, so much the better."

"And you desire me to copy them out for you?" said Paul.

"I had no idea of asking you to undertake that labor," said Heywood. "My notion was that if I could see them—an hour would answer my purpose—the object would be gained."

"You want me," said Paul, slowly and dubiously, "to get a book out of M. and P's. strong-room, and bring it to you to look at?"

"Do not put it in that way, if you please, Mr. Chequerbent," said the priest, with a show of displeasure. "I do not want it; I have no concern in the matter. I suppose myself to be endeavoring to serve you; and if you think that I am not qualified to do so, pray let us drop the subject. It is not to be expected that I should feel more strongly for Miss Livingstone than a gentleman does who professes to love her."

"Don't be displeased," said Paul, "but just consider my position. You see I am, as an article clerk, a sort of confidential man; and the thing is rather a queer one to do."

"Don't do it," said Heywood, "and there's an end. Only, as you have very properly, and I may say in a way which increases my respect for your intellect, referred to your relation with your employer, I may remind you that you are bound to take a large view of your responsibilities. Remember that in attaching yourself to Mr. Molesworth, you merely complied with one of the forms necessary to bring you into that great system of equity which is represented by law; and that you are in effect a minister of justice. How far you have a right, simply from private feeling toward Mr. Molesworth, to

abstain from any course which will promote the justice you have bound yourself to forward, is a matter for your own consideration."

This piece of sophistry was exactly calculated to please Paul, who immediately looked profound, and tried to catch the tone of the other.

"That I allow," said Paul, "is a view to which I have not, perhaps, given sufficient attention. Allow me a few moments." And he affected to be deep in thought. "Yes," he said, "I am prepared to admit that there is much in what you say, and certainly I am not the person to shrink from responsibility. You feel certain that the interests of Miss Livingstone are involved in the course you propose."

"Most certainly," said Heywood.

"Then by Jove it's done, sir," said Paul, relapsing into colloquiality.

"Perhaps I had better not ask how you mean to manage," said Heywood.

"Just so," said Paul. "Leave it to me. But I should like Angela to know that I am engaged in trying to serve her."

"If you will accept my advice, you will abstain from saying any thing to her, or to anybody else, until the service is accomplished. Remember, women seldom give you credit for your intentions, if you fail. Success is a woman's idol."

"But in the words of Mrs. Macbeth," said Paul, "'I have screwed my courage to the sticking place,' and shall not fail. And now—who is the party whose business I am to refer to?"

"It seems to me," said the priest, "that it may be convenient and even advantageous hereafter, should you be unable to charge yourself with having, to your knowledge, given any information on the subject. There may be no reason for such forethought, but you are a shrewd, keen-sighted man, and need not to be told that a good player never throws away a chance."

"Quite right," said Paul. "You are the sort of person with whom I like to work. But how the deuce can I get you the information, without knowing that I have done it?"

"If you bring me the book containing the record of Mr. Molesworth's business transactions during the last year, that will do. I shall easily find out what I want to know, and you will hereafter be able to say with a safe conscience that you never heard the name of the persons in question from my lips."

"It shall be done, and to-night," said Paul.

"To-night!" said the priest to himself; "I thought that was his idea. So be it," he added. "What, are you going? Take some cognac before you go."

"A hair of the dog that bit me?" said Chequerbent facetiously.

"No, sir," said Heywood, "of no relation to that brown beast. This is a *liqueur* of a thousand. 'Fortress' brandy, sir? No, thank you. 'We are spirits of another sort.' Good bye. I am always here, mind, after ten at night."

"Some time after ten to-night expect me," said Paul, "and thanks for your hospitality."

"The vow of my order," said the priest, crossing his arms with mock gravity.

That day Mr. Chequerbent went to his business in a curious state of mind, and the peculiar locality of the office seemed to wear a new phase for him. He held a different relation with his principal to that which he had previously borne. Probably, although his intellect was none of the strongest, and although the loss of the faculty of reasoning accurately often accompanies the loss of the habit of self-control, he could not entirely close his eyes to the fact that he had engaged to do a wrong thing—at all events, a thing that required a great deal of justification, and one which it would not do to describe baldly, and in the terms by which cold third parties would characterize it. Strictly speaking, he was going to avail himself of his situation, in order to place some of his employer's secrets in the possession of a stranger. So depicted, the act looked very much like a piece of rascality, and so, had our Paul's mind been in a healthy state, he would have viewed it. But he had always been very self-indulgent, very reckless and shifty, and of late he had been soured by the inevitable consequences of his follies, and was disposed, instead of taking advantage of the lesson, to regard society as his enemy, and to look at its regulations with some contempt. Clearly the orthodox theory, which apprises us that all our misfortunes are for our good, had not yet been vindicated in Paul's case—he was decidedly the worse for what he had undergone.

As it happened, too, he was very late at the office on a day when Mr. Molesworth had wanted him. For a fortnight they had never spoken, but this morning chance induced Molesworth to inquire four or five times for Mr. Chequerbent, and to be as often apprised that he had not yet arrived. When Paul did show himself, Mr. Molesworth's observations were not of a pleasing character, and his sarcastic recommendation to Paul to look out for some other vocation, for he would never be worth a farthing as a lawyer, did not tend to diminish Mr. Chequerbent's animosity against his employer.

"A dishonest old humbug," he observed, on departing. "He can say that to me now, having sacked my three hundred guineas premium. I suppose he would not return any of that, as compensation for not qualifying me for my pro-

fession. Eh? O! Of course. That did not occur to the ancient miscreant." And going to his desk, he recorded a vow of vengeance in his pocket-book, and felt calmer after that amiable entry.

The day went very slowly—dragging itself past, rather than passing—but at length six o'clock arrived—and the various clerks departed, as did their employer. Paul had been considering different plans for effecting his object, and that upon which he had decided was to return late, under pretext of wanting some papers left in his desk, and so to make his way to the strong-room in which Molesworth kept the box containing the book desired by Heywood. The offices of Messrs. Molesworth and Penkridge were in the rear of the house, which looked upon the street, and there was a side-door, through which inferior clients, clerks, and others were admitted during the day. But the more aristocratic employers of the firm were received by a porter at the door of the house itself. On the departure of the clerks, the side-door was barred and bolted, and the only access to the office was through the house. Paul's first idea was to linger last, and then to achieve his purpose, but he was so much in the habit of anticipating the hour of leaving, and, like Charles Lamb, of atoning for coming late by going away early, that he feared to excite suspicion by departing from his practice. So he went away as usual, rather before than after the others. It was unlucky for him that he did so.

Paul got rid of the next three hours as best he might; he went to dine, but had no appetite for dinner, and rather eschewed liquids, from a certain sense that he might require all his self-possession. And he was unable to fix his mind to a newspaper, and yet, by what he regarded as an absurd fatality, his eye incessantly lighted upon accounts of burglaries, and of terrible accidents happening to the unfortunate criminals, some falling off parapets, others being shot, and so forth. And though not superstitious, he could not help repeating to himself that perhaps these were warnings to him, and then he angrily discarded such ideas as unworthy of an enlightened man. And at last the time came at which he had determined to make his attempt.

He knew that there would be no one in the house, except the porter, and with this official he had always been on very excellent terms, cast off clothes, cigars, and other small presents on the part of Paul, having established a good understanding between them. And he had planned that he would send out this man, whose name was Galton, to fetch him some spirits, an errand at which the porter was not entirely a novice,

and during his absence, Paul would surmount the only real difficulty in his way, that of obtaining from Molesworth's room the key of the box. His entering that room might surprise Galton, or the latter might persist in attending him with a light, and so prevent his taking away the key; but that obtained, his proceedings in the distant office, beyond which was the strong-room, would be unobserved.

But as he was about to knock, the street-door gave way before his hand. It had been left unclosed. Paul speculated for a minute as to whether this were by accident or design. If Galton had stolen out on some errand of his own, there was nobody in the place, and the opportunity was very favorable. He slipped quietly in, closed the door, and listened. There was no sound of any kind. A small lamp, which usually stood on a bracket in the hall, had become extinguished, but Paul felt that it was in its place, and he lit it from a match-box with which he had taken the precaution to provide himself. Then, taking the lamp, he made his way quietly to Mr. Molesworth's room. The door was closed, but this was usually the case, and the key, though seldom removed, was generally turned. Paul remembered this, applauded himself for recollecting it, and tried the key, but the door was unlocked. If Molesworth were there! But, looking through the key-hole, he saw that there was no light inside. He entered the room, and went at once to a glass-case, within which Molesworth was accustomed to place the bunch of keys that opened the boxes in the strong-room. There was no particular precaution used in regard to them, any clerk could have them on asking for them, and giving a reason, but Molesworth liked to see them through the glass of his case. There they were. The door of the glass-case creaked, and Paul was enraged with it, and believed, like Plato, in the inherent malignity of matter, but he captured the keys.

Then, turning to go, he looked round in the direction of Mr. Molesworth's usual seat. This was a comfortable, high-backed arm-chair. It was drawn away from its place at the table, and in it sat, or rather reclined, a man.

Paul gave a great start, but neither dropped his lamp nor uttered a cry. A singular presence of mind seemed to come to his aid, and he deliberately raised the light and inspected the stranger. He instantly made out, first, that the latter was a rough-looking fellow in a fustian jacket and a red night-cap, and, secondly, that he was fast asleep.

"I have it," said Paul, "a house-breaker! What a scoundrel! he has let himself in, murdered Galton, and broken into Molesworth's wine-

closet. Having drank himself stupid he has wandered here, and gone to sleep. My coming is most providential. I will make him safe."

And, forgetful for the moment of his own business there, he knelt down, and creeping close to the man, took out a large handkerchief, and secured the leg of the latter very tightly to that of the arm-chair. The man grunted a little, but did not awake. Paul then stole out, greatly elated at his stratagem, closed the door and turned the key.

"Now," he said, "I will go and look for the body of the unhappy Galton."

But at that instant he recollected his own errand, and resolved to perform it. The service he was going to achieve rendered such a matter a mere trifle in his eyes, and he scarcely trod more lightly than usual as he hastened along the passages which led to the distant office.

The strong-room, which was simply a fire-proof chamber with an iron door, contained, in addition to more valuable documents, certain books of accounts, in daily use. These being wanted during the entire day, the clerk who first arrived in the morning usually took them out, and the key of the room was therefore merely concealed in a place where no one who had no business to know any thing about it would think of looking for it. Paul, well acquainted with the place, went to it at once. The key was not there. The door of the strong-room was safely closed.

"That scoundrel has taken it," said Paul. "Perhaps he put Galton on the fire, and by torture compelled him to reveal the place where it was hidden." And, arming himself with a very heavy ruler, he went back, opened Molesworth's door quietly, and found his prisoner just as he had left him. And, truly enough, there lay the strong-room key on the table. Paul considered for a moment whether he ought not to demolish the miscreant at once, but he withheld his blow, from a mixture of feelings of which humanity may fairly be set down as the chief.

"He cannot escape," said Paul, "let us leave him to the hangman." And once more he hurried back to the office, and, setting down his lamp, applied the key to the centre of the door. Four large bolts were set in motion by the action, but they were well oiled, and slid back with little noise.

It was very little, but it was immediately followed by a hideous and menacing yell.

Paul turned very pale, and certain ghastly terrors came upon him. He could not exactly say that he believed in evil spirits, but very few men, I believe, would care, when alone and at night, and about to commit an offense, to declare that such things did not exist; and whatever be-

lief Paul may have had upon the subject suddenly and momentarily revived. But the strange and terrible noise ceased; and Paul, after an instant or two of hesitation, half persuaded himself that the whole affair had been an effort of the excited imagination.

He pulled open the iron door. Two flaming eyes, on a level with his own, met his gaze. The next moment he was dashed violently to the ground, and, though half stunned by the blow, he was conscious for a moment of intense pain. The fangs of the demon, or whatever it was, had fixed in his shoulder, and his arm was agonizingly lacerated. Hot breath was upon his face; the eyes of fire were close upon his, and he fainted.

CHAPTER XLII.

ANOTHER STEP FOR BERNARD CARLYON.

The Minister, Selwyn, was at his desk of work, reading letters by the pound, and minuting upon each some three or four words, to be expanded into official replies by his subordinates. Each letter, at the startling rate at which practice and keenness enabled him to pluck out the heart of its mystery, occupied him on the average, two minutes—allow another minute for consideration of the answer and for marking down the hieroglyphics as materials for it, and this railroad process gave but twenty letters to the hour. Yet people complain that epistles of eight sides of small writing, setting forth opinions upon matters of government, and advice for the guidance of the administration, receive curt replies, or mere acknowledgments from a Secretary of State. When her majesty engages one with as many eyes as Argus, with as many hands as Briareus, and with a brain whose dual function is multiplied by fifty, to match his other endowments, people who pester him may get a quarter of their absurdities duly noticed.

Lord Rookbury demanded audience, and obtained it, for the virtuous Selwyn was always glad to receive his evil old friend and antagonist.

"Do you mean that you actually read that rubbish?" said the earl, pointing with his ivory-headed cane at the heap of letters to Selwyn's left.

"Some of it," said the minister; "but it will not prevent my listening to you. Have you brought me some news?"

"I want you to leave off saving the country for a couple of hours, and take a drive with me, Selwyn. There now, don't look as if you thought I was mad, and don't tell me that you cannot be spared, because I have seen all this sort of thing for years. The constitution will be right to-morrow, even if you do play truant

to-day. I am not a deputation, you know, so you need not look awfully at me."

"No, but I expect three deputations in the course of the next hour."

"Let your clerks see them. You men make yourselves too common, granting audiences to any batch of nobodies who intrude their twaddle upon you for the sake of getting themselves noticed in the newspapers. I met a provincial town-clerk in a railway the other day, and he told us that he had been talking to you, and that he had induced you to give up the District Depopulation Bill. I told him I did not believe it, so he sulked and was silent, which made the rest of the journey more comfortable."

"I know the man. We had decided on giving up the bill a week before I ever heard of him, but he has a good deal of influence in his locality, and so—" said Selwyn, stopping, with a sort of deprecatory half-smile.

"And so you let him think that his logic had converted you, eh, Frank. Dear me," said the earl, "only to think that such wickedness should exist. But come out, will you, and leave word for the deputations that you are sent for to Windsor."

"They will see in to-morrow's 'Court Circular' that I have not been there," said Selwyn, humoring his lordship's irregular suggestion.

"And what's the 'Court Circular' for, if it does not tell lies to suit a minister's convenience?" said the earl. "Tell young Carlyon to send the proper paragraph. By the way, how does young Carlyon please you? Are you grateful for my recommendation?"

"He is a very good secretary," said Selwyn; "I was thinking of proposing something more permanent to him."

"What, give him up, if he suits you?" said Lord Rookbury.

"Well, in the first place, it is fair to a clever man to give him a lift; in the second, I think he can be made useful; in the third, he is your *protégé*; and in the fourth—no, I don't know that I have a fourth at present."

"Yes, you have," said the earl, significantly.

"Then include the fourth," said Selwyn, with composure, "and tell me on all accounts why I should not do as I propose."

"In the fourth place," said Lord Rookbury, "Mr. Carlyon is a good deal at the Hotel Forester, Park Street. That's the way you treat the public, giving three weak reasons for your conduct, instead of one strong one, and that's why the intelligent public regards you as a red-taper. That woman will have you, Frank Selwyn—you had better strike while you can do it peacefully. Let me convey your proposal to her, and you marry her when the House rises."

Selwyn looked defiant and rock-like, and not at all as a man who meant to let himself be married against his will; and then he went on with his letters.

"But Carlyon is too much a man of this world to let himself be made in the slightest degree useful to *her*," said the earl inquiringly.

Selwyn paused for a minute, and then he said, growing irate at the reflection.

"She has the perseverance of the arch-enemy, Rookbury. I need not say that Bernard could by no possibility commit such a *bêtise* as to be supposed to have a suspicion of what is going on, but I am certain that despite himself that woman has got a hold upon him, and finds out where I go, and where her notes will reach me. I believe that he would be eager to be released from knowing any thing about me."

"I know the hold, if that's all," said the earl. "The young gentleman has a virtuous passion for a Popish beauty, and the Forester knows something which would make mischief. I do not wish to injure your secretary with you, but he has rather a susceptible nature; so far as I see, the chief fault in his character."

"You naturally regard that with great aversion," said Selwyn.

"Do you mean that I am susceptible?" said the earl. "No, sir. Early in life I learned to estimate our natural enemies at their right value; and if I have ever done absurd things in regard to women, it has been with my eyes quite as wide open as those which I made stare at me."

"I cannot discuss such a matter in such a tone," said Selwyn. "You know my opinions. I am sorry, too, to hear what you tell me; for, though it is a bad plan to get to, whether you are served by one clerk or by another, so that you are served well, I was disposed to take a personal interest in young Carlyon."

"As I said, I would not willingly injure him," said the earl. "I sent him to you because I liked him; and I like him still. But I should not think of concealing any thing from you, Frank, and the fact is that this young gentleman's heart seems to be extraordinarily large. He first secures the affections of a sweet little girl in the country, one whom I quite loved as a daughter; and her he has thrown over for this Roman Catholic lady, with whom, I believe, he is seriously entangled—not so much so, however, as to prevent his forming a theatrical *liaison*, for you give him so little work to do that he has time to write plays. And fourthly, as you would say, there is a little matter in Mrs. Forester's keeping, of which, I daresay, he would be very sorry the Madonna should hear. Finally, I was yesterday apprised by a Catholic priest—such a clever

fellow, Frank, I must make you know him—that Mr. Carlyon has other aspirations in a quarter in which I have some interest."

"You have taken a good deal of pains to marshal the case against your late *protegé*," said Mr. Selwyn coolly. "Either he has given you some grave offense, or the difference in your positions makes it amusing that you should be so much interested in the love affairs of this young fellow."

The earl winced for a second; for the instinct of the scrupulous and highly-bred Selwyn had prompted the retort, to which Lord Rookbury, whose tact had been somewhat coarsened by a life of assumed irresponsibility to one world or the other, had assuredly laid himself open. But he laughed.

"Very true, Frank," he said; "and I admit that it is absurd that such a matter should occupy your attention or mine; but there are circumstances. We are inclined to push this young man in his way through life, only we need not do it blindfold. A man cannot do better than try to improve his position by a good match. I told Bernard so when I sent him to you; but I hate to see a man running from one girl to another, causing unhappiness and frittering away his chances."

"Still," observed Selwyn, who saw that all this meant something more than had yet been said, "I cannot see, while my secretary answers my letters punctually, and generally does his duty, that I have any right to inquire into his matrimonial views."

"I see I must tell you frankly," said the earl, "what I rather supposed you would have gathered. You spoke of promoting this young man, and of giving him an independent position."

"I said that I thought him an able young man, and one likely to be a useful public servant," said Selwyn, who had now got into one of his attitudes of mental determination, and felt inclined to fight Lord Rookbury for every inch of the field.

"And, therefore, you meant to give him a chance of showing his utility, Frank."

"I have, as you know, Rookbury, certain opinions as to one's duty, and although it is difficult in an office like this always to do and to say exactly what one wishes—"

"As when town clerks are deluded into beliefs," said the earl.

"As when town clerks delude themselves into beliefs," said Mr. Selwyn, continuing in the same composed tone, "still, where there is no reason against at once rewarding a useful man, and securing his services to one's department, I should regret my failing to do so."

The earl was growing wickedly irritable, but

he had known Francis Selwyn for years, and was well aware that against that haughty and self-collected Evangelical, the storm of his lordly wrath would have about as much influence as the dashing of a shower against the double windows of his apartment.

"Confound you," said the earl, "when you get upon the high Clapham ropes, there is no talking to you. Will you listen to this? Do you know that a very interesting event has recently taken place in my family?"

"I do not go to the theatres," said Selwyn, a little maliciously, "but somebody brought me a playbill, on which I read that an actress having been discovered—"

"Oh, hold your tongue," said the earl, with a great oath. "Wasn't it enough to drive one wild? However, I am going to punish the scoundrel. But you say that you understood it. Why did not you write and congratulate me?"

"Because I supposed that I understood it," said Mr. Selwyn, gravely. "You know that I can look at such subjects in one way only, and that you will be annoyed if we continue the conversation."

"By George! I should like to know *what* you thought it meant, Master Frank," retorted the earl. "Just as a matter of curiosity, now? For, to do you religious men justice, if one does allow you the slightest excuse for supposing any thing improper, you do give your righteous imaginations the rein with a vengeance, and beat us all to nothing."

"I thought that I saw evidence that melancholy wickedness was in course of action," said Selwyn, gravely, "but I did not desire to follow out its details in thought, nor do I now desire to discuss them. You are a highly intellectual man, Rookbury, and you know all that there is to say on such affairs, and what is believed by myself and others as to their end."

"I will say that you seldom talk cant to me, Frank, and you will admit that, in return, I seldom vex your soul with observations that you do not like to hear. But I must tell you that, on the present occasion, you have made a marvellous mistake. You read in that d—d play-bill that a young lady was to leave the stage, and that I—"

"I believe," said Selwyn, with displeasure at the subject being pursued, "that it is not the first time that a miserable young woman has left her miserable profession at your suggestion. A time may probably come when you will think of these things with less levity. Meantime, let us avoid the discussion."

"As I supposed," cried the earl, triumphantly, and applauding with his cane. "Bravo, Clap-

ham! Bravo, Exeter Hall! Trust you for putting the very worst possible interpretation upon every thing. This time, however, my dear Selwyn, you are quite wrong. I do not mean to say that I am quite free from blame in the affair, seeing that I neglected the young lady in question for many years during which I ought to have watched over her. But I have at last come forth as a father should do, and claimed my child. No, you need not look so doubtfully, or take up Debrett in that manner—you will not find her name mentioned there."

"Nor her mother's, I imagine," said Selwyn.

"Possibly not," said Lord Rookbury, gravely. "I was abroad when we were married, and the editor's circular requesting the latest corrections did not reach me."

"We need not play with the poor girl's misfortune," said the minister, evidently regarding this last speech as a mystification.

"Thank you," said Lord Rookbury, "but bad as I may be, I cannot see that it is exactly a misfortune for a young lady to be called my daughter. In a word, Selwyn, this girl, of whom you have heard, is my child, in lawful wedlock, and though, reasons which I will explain to you, I desire to postpone my public recognition of her at present, her *avenir* will be a very happy one."

"In some way," said the minister, "you were going to connect her name with that of my Secretary. I do not desire to inquire into any family arrangements, but what are you leading up to?"

"To what I started with. I want you to delay giving Carlyon his place."

"Are you going to marry the young lady to Bernard Carlyon?" asked Selwyn quickly.

"No, no," said the earl, thrown off his guard for a moment by the statesman's sudden question. If he had seen its intent, he would assuredly have lied.

"In that case," said Selwyn, "I could easily have understood that you might desire to make your own provision for him, or to test his disinterestedness, or fifty things. But if the young people are nothing to one another, I do not see how her position affects his."

"You will have chapter and verse for every thing, Selwyn. Did I not tell you that a Catholic priest gave me some information yesterday, which concerned a person in whom I am interested."

"I do not believe, as a rule, every thing *Roman Catholic priests say*," said Selwyn, (with Protestant emphasis on the localizing word,) "nor, I imagine, do you. But you insist on being mysterious, and yet you ask me to do what I feel would be unjust. Do you mean that the

giving young Carlyon this berth will embolden him to make advances toward Miss—Miss—”

“Toward Lady Anna Rookbury,” said the earl, angrily. “After what I have said, you can have no doubt as to her name. And you have rightly guessed the reason why I wish Mr. Carlyon retained for the present in his situation of secretary.”

He lied this time, that good-for-nothing old earl, for he knew that had he given the real reason—you shall hear it one of these days—Helwyn would have cut the interview very short.

But he felt that he had failed in obtaining his object, and was not at all surprised to hear Selwyn say:

“Upon my word, Rookbury, I do not think that is reason enough for doing Carlyon an injustice. Let him offer for your daughter, if he likes. You can refuse him, you know: though upon my word, I do not know that I should. I shall give him his place, I think.”

And the first deputation was announced, and Lord Rookbury departed in a great rage.

[To be continued.]

MY COUSIN WILLIAM.

A SIMPLE TALE.

I WAS as sure as one human heart could be of another that my cousin William loved me. Not that we ever spoke of such a thing, being mere children—I seventeen, he eighteen—keeping June holidays at our grandmother's house. It was an understood thing in our family that no cousins were allowed to fall in love or marry, so our fondness was of course mere brother-and-sister liking. I thought it so till one evening, coming home from the rectory, my grandmother and the rector being a long way behind, we stood looking up at Orion, and there, in the star-light, under the yew-hedge, William kissed me.

William kissed me. I smile as I write it now—but then, though I said not a word, nor he either, when I parted from him and went up to my own room, I lay awake half the night weeping. Of course we could never be married—in fact, the notion of marriage scarcely crossed my thoughts; but William loved me—William had kissed me.

We had only been at The Ivies three weeks—the two families of which he and I were eldest children—yet for a fortnight I had known quite well that William liked me, and for the last few days I had begun dimly to feel that—I liked William. Not that we were ever foolish as young people of our age will be; he was too manly to “pay attention”—I was too frank to play the young lady in love. Besides, what couple could do the sentimental with a parcel of children ever at their heels? I think we were hardly alone together a minute all day long. But somehow, in that quaint country-house, our lives grew together day by day—from the early morning when I woke to hear his step on the gravel-walk, and his whistle along the garden below my window—

through field-rambles, and rides, and afternoon saunters up and down the yew-tree walk—until the last quiet half-hour, when his merry face grew serious, and his careless, boy's voice low, manly, and sweet, as he read the evening chapter for grandmamma. Then we used to bid good-night on the staircase, and my heart sank back into its grave self, till his whistle came in with the bird's morning songs at my window, and I woke up again to another happy day.

Thus I had lived, thinking only of each hour as it passed—each morning, evening, noon, and night, until—William kissed me.

I woke up at dawn, feeling sad and strange. My head ached—its was not used to weeping and wakefulness. Why had I been so foolish? And all for nothing! For in the broad sunshine at first it seemed like nothing. And little Ada crept into my bed, and put her sleepy lips to mine. She did not know—ay, it must have meant that, he would not have done it else, for he was of a shy, earnest nature, though so merry—William loved me.

Still I felt strange—happy, but strange.

William was not in the room when I came down to breakfast, but there was the little white rose that I always found on my plate. I took it up—it looked different to all the other many roses he had given me. But when he came in with Ada in his hand, and one of his own little brothers riding on his back, we said, “Good morning, William,” “Good morning, Mary,” in our usual way. He was so merry, and looked such a mere boy, it seemed impossible that we were in truth such children. It was absolutely ridiculous in me to have had such serious, even sad thoughts, as I had had the few hours before.

So all the morning we became children again, William and I among our two sets of young folks, and except for an occasional grave look beyond his years, or a sweet, fond, quiet smile turned downward on me when we walked together, I should have thought it all a mistake of mine that he was, or wished to be, any thing beside what everybody knew he was—my loving cousin William.

I do not think he would tell—or any one—from any word or manner of mine—that I had ever for a single hour felt as aught but his cousin Mary.

We made the most of that day, for it was the last when we two should be sole regents of the little flock at the Ivies. Another guest was coming—a grown-up young lady, twenty-one years old, an orphan, and her own mistress. She had been educated abroad, and now was going, or wishing to go ~~again~~ on the continent, as a governess, so she said, and wrote to grandmamma, who rather unwillingly invited her here, which we were all very sorry for, as none of us knew the least in the world about her except that her name was Melanie Blacquiere.

William pulled many comical, wry faces at having to drive to the coach to meet her, and seemed quite determined not to like Miss Blacquiere at all.

“Oh, Mary, Mary,” he said, as he put me and Ada and James out of the Phaeton, to walk home; “We are so happy, just you and I and the children. When shall we have one of our old drives and walks again?”

Ah, when, indeed! I could see his fond, kind look, as he leaned over the carriage—the look which only came into his eyes when they turned toward me. William, William! we all change—little blame to us for it; but your eyes spoke true that day.

We gathered at the hall door, in great curiosity, to see William come back with Miss Blacquiere, who to us was quite an awful personage. A governess, too. We hoped she would always sit in the parlor, and pay visits with grandmamma to the rectory and elsewhere, and take no notice of us. We pitied William, and wondered whatever he would find to talk to her upon during the long drive home.

But he seemed to have got through it pretty well—at least to judge by the way they both were laughing as they drove up the garden, and William handed her down with the grace and self-possession of a grown-up cavalier. I ought to have said, that though but eighteen, he was very manly-looking, strong, and tall.

Miss Blacquiere was quite a ~~little~~ person, and not grave or ancient in the least; she hardly

looked so old as I. I did not notice whether she was pretty until William called me aside and asked me if I did not think her so? I said, “Yes,” of course, as indeed anybody would. She had a skin like a rose-leaf, delicate features, laughing eyes. In fact, her face had but one fault, though William looked astonished when I mentioned it,—a certain opacity of expression, like a beautifully shaped lantern with the light taken out. For all else, though rather Frenchified, she was very agreeable indeed. The children liked her—grandmamma liked her—William, yes, William evidently liked her. Into such an abundance there was no need for me to throw my mite, so I hesitated a little, to see and judge first, being always rather stingy in the small coin of love.

Melanie—everybody called her Melanie after she had been here a week and a half—had now been with us a week, joining in all our amusements, playing with the children, though not quite so much as she did at first, saying they tired her; and she seemed very soon to grow tired of things and people. She had bestowed an immensity of friendship and confidence on me when she first came; but gradually it faded out. It might be my fault—I do not know. But I may as well tell the truth, I did not like Melanie Blacquiere.

It was not out of selfishness or wicked jealousy, God knows. Because so sure was I of—things which no one else saw or guessed—that it never entered my mind to be jealous. William might talk with her, or walk with her, and she seemed to like hanging on his arm, and patronizing him as a woman of twenty-one will patronize a boy of eighteen, yet it never troubled me in the least, any more than if she had been Miss Miles, the rector's sister, who kept his house, and was, nobody knew, how old. It never entered into my head as a probability that—what any one more worldly-wise must have seen was not only possible, but extremely probable.

Still I did not like Melanie. She made a confidante of me, doubtless wishing to show off before a simple country maiden seventeen years old; and then I found out by slow degrees her real character. There is not many women like her. I trust in God! at least, not Englishwomen. Suffice it, that she was altogether false, a painted show, a beautiful foulness, a creature that revered nothing, believed in nothing, loved nothing, a woman with some brain, no heart, and no soul.

Of course, being young and inexperienced, I was some time in finding out the whole of this, but I very soon saw enough to make me shrink from her, shocked and deceived. I kept it to

myself—there was no one at the Ivies for me to tell any thing to but William—and how could I tell William?

Nevertheless, our way of life at the Ivies was completely altered, and the change came very gradually—so that no one noticed it, scarcely even I, until I began to find out that I was left all day ever with the children, while she and William were habitually together. At last the little ones grumbled—saying cousin William was not so nice as he used to be—that he was getting too much of a man to play with them now; and liked best to go about all day with Melanie. One day they told him so to his face, and William blushed scarlet, but said nothing. This struck me as strange, for he was of a quick temper, and could avoid giving word for word. When he went away, I scolded the children quietly for teasing him, and showed them that it was only his good-nature and politeness to a stranger. And I truly thought so myself—knowing, or believing, how impossible it was a noble lad like William could have any sympathy with such a woman as Melanie Blacquiere. For her—she would get tired of his company, as she did of every thing else, and set him free as soon as she found some one else equally useful.

This came to pass. The rector and his sister called, and like most other folk, took a very great fancy to Miss Blacquiere. There had not been such a charming girl in the village for years, Miss Miles said. Such a merry, warm-hearted, innocent young thing! “Warm-hearted!” “innocent!”—Heaven help us all! But I had not courage to be that mean thing—a backbiter and tell-tale; and she would soon be clear away; so I held my tongue.

The second week of Melanie's visit matters changed. There was nothing but dining and going between the Rectory and the Ivies. No wanting of William continually to take her walks and rides. She was well satisfied with the pudgy little rector and his prosy sister for company. True, she made game of them for our entertainment every night; but then she went out with them again next day.

William had never cared for the Miles's; still he went there with or for Miss Blacquiere every day. He said it was but polite, as he was the only gentleman at the Ivies, and she was my grandmother's guest. But often he came home alone, and wandered about the garden restless and cross. For now, sometimes, the children said, and, alas! I could not deny it, that sweet-tempered, kind cousin William, was “very cross indeed.”

“Can't you stay with us one afternoon—just this one afternoon?” cried Ada, calling to him

from the hay-field, where we were all sitting. “Nobody wants you at the rectory to-day, and we want you dreadfully, cousin William.”

He was very fond of Ada always. He came and sat down with us on the haycock.

“Why are you not at Meriton Abbey to-day, with Melanie and the Miles's? You like Meriton.”

“No—I did not want to go.”

“Perhaps,” Ada said wickedly—she was a precocious little thing—“perhaps, cousin William, nobody wanted you? Melanie said so, for I heard her.”

He looked startled a moment, then laughed. “Oh, so did I. It was only her jest. She is such a merry creature, isn't she, Mary?”

“Very merry.”

“I don't think you like her as much as the rest do?”

“Do I not, William? Well, I can't like every body. Do you like her so very much, then?” For I wanted to know if he did, and had so rare opportunities now of asking him any serious question.

But he passed this off with a jest, and went on plucking the thorns off a branch of wild roses.

“Why do you do that? Who is it for?”

“Only Melanie; she wants it for her hair to-night, and one wouldn't like her to wear any thorns.”

“I hate Melanie,” said Ada, pettishly. “You never do any thing for us children now; it's always Melanie. I should n't wonder if, supposing you were big enough, you wanted to be Melanie's sweetheart. The maids say so.” And Ada, after having thrown her shaft, ran away.

“Oh, William!” I turned to him, half-laughing at the idea. His face startled—even shocked me. “Oh, William!”

“It's quite true, Mary.”

He rose up, and left me sitting by myself alone.

“How well I remember that long, still afternoon, lying on the hay, with Ada and the rest playing a little distance off, and the sound of scythes sharpening, and wood-pigeons cooing in the plantation, and the great wide starry blue sky overhead, with not a single cloud.

I hope no one will think that I was what people call “disappointed.” That William and I should ever be married, which I always knew a thing as impossible as that the sun should go down eastward through that midsummer sky. As soon as he went out into the world, our cousinly fondness would of necessity “fade into the light of common day:” but it was sweet while it lasted. And now to find it all a mistake—to know myself only second in his thoughts—that though he nearly liked me, he loved Melanie Blacquiere.

It was suffered when young, suffered and over soon, in a few hours, so far as any personal pain was concerned, but at the time it was a sharp pang. For years the scent of a hay-field made me turn sick and cold.

By supper-time, when we met, I had conquered every thing; he was my dear cousin William once more, and I was his faithful cousin Mary.

Now began a new life—full of new interests, pains, and fears; we never said another confidential word together: but since I could read William's heart in his face, my eyes were rarely off him from morning till night. He was greatly altered; it was more a man's passion than a boy's that was consuming him. He did not follow her about, or whine, or sigh, or make a fool of himself, as young lovers generally do; but I sometimes caught him gazing at her when no one saw, and I felt he would have laid down his life for that woman.

That woman, who was—what I knew her to be.

If William had loved a girl of his age—a girl he could have married—above all, a good, innocent, noble girl; but for him to love Melanie Blacquiere! Whether he thought it hopeless I cannot tell; probably no young lover ever does think the maddest passion quite hopeless; but any one in their senses could see that Melanie cared no more for him than she did for any one else who was amusing and useful to her, while the use and amusement of them lasted. As for marrying William, why, she had told me over and over again that she only wanted "*un bon parti*"—that love was mere nonsense and sham, that all husbands were alike after the honeymoon. "It would be very convenient for her to be married soon," she said, "instead of going out governessing; and as for the bridegroom, why, she would take whatever heaven sent, and be thankful."

She repeated this to me with smiles and smirks, one night when she sat at my bed's foot, having come home from a party at the rectory. And that very evening William had been talking to grandmamma and me, arguing whether, instead of his beginning the world as a clerk in his father's bank, it would not be wiser for him to dash at once across the seas to Australia, work hard, grow rich, and come back in a few years a man, and a prosperous man, to settle in England? Poor boy! I knew as well as if he had told me, what was in his bold, brave, tender heart! I sickened when I looked at Melanie Blacquiere.

Things went on thus a few days longer. Sometimes she stayed at home, went about with him, was merry and kind, and William was his own happy self once more. Then she changed her

manner, and he was miserable. Sometimes, in a dim, vague way, he let me guess at his sufferings—me, his cousin Mary, that he was so fond of always. But if, made half desperate for his sake, I hinted a word against his idol, he only said sharply, "Oh, I forgot you don't like her, Mary," and was silent altogether.

So I found it was no use for me to do any thing but sit by mutely and watch.

The holydays were nearly over. William was going home. His education was finished now, and he was immediately to commence the hard duties of life. Perhaps, in their daily routine, this fatal, silent passion—for, of course, conceived so early and for such an unattainable object, it could not be any thing but silent—would fade away. I hoped so. All I longed for was to get his departure safe over. Strange! I counted the days—the hours—till William went away.

The last evening came. It was a soft, warm, rainy July night; but I had been in-doors all day, and I went out even in the midst of the rain. I walked up and down by the yew-hedge, which sheltered me. The children were all in bed; my grandmamma, Melanie, and William I had left in the drawing-room. At last I thought of something I had forgotten to say to William. I had been putting his books and clothes together, as, indeed, he asked me, and it was a pleasure to do any thing for him. I did it almost in a motherly fashion: he seemed now such a deal older than I.

I came in and went straight to the drawing-room. My grandmother was gone to bed; the other two were there. Melanie sat on the sofa, laughing immoderately. William stood opposite: there was a dark flush on his face; but he stood unflinching and firm. I knew—I guessed. O poor William!

"Stop, Mary; do n't run off—the best joke in the world. William says—shall I tell her, William?"

"No—yes," he added, recovering himself. "I am neither afraid nor ashamed, Mary. I have been telling her what you know—that I love her dearly; that if she will wait till I am my own master, and have a home to offer, I will marry her."

He said it so quietly, earnestly, in such manly simplicity withal, that even Melanie could not laugh any longer at the boy. She only said, lightly,

"Nonsense! How can you be so foolish, William? Why, I am a woman, and you are only a lad of eighteen. Marry me, indeed!"

"I will. I will make myself worthy to be your husband. You don't know how much older I have grown since I loved you. Boy as you call

me, I can feel like a man: I could act like a man, strong and brave, to meet the battle of the world—if you only love me, Melanie."

It was the truth he spoke; his voice, steadfast, passionate, and low, gave evidence of that; even Melanie seemed to believe it.

"Very likely—I do n't doubt it. You are a fine fellow. I always liked you, William; but I could n't wait for you—I could n't, indeed."

"Do n't jest. I love your merry smiles; but speak earnestly this once, dear Melanie. You are not so much older than I. In three years I shall be of age—you will be only twenty-four. Give me till then—hold yourself free till then."

"Oh, Mary, what an obstinate lad it is! Why, I have had a dozen boys sighing and dying for me, and I never had the least trouble with them before. They were quenched at a word, poor fellows! Really, William, you must have a little sense. This love-making is very inconvenient to me just now."

"Is it?" He flamed up. "May I ask why?"

She began to titter and play with her handkerchief. "Well, perhaps I had better tell you—you'll know it to-morrow. You see, William, I have a great liking for you. In fact, under some circumstances I might have had a nice, harmless little flirtation with you; but I'm going to give up all that sort of thing."

"Melanie!"

"Stop. No need to look so glad. I am going—to be married."

William stood, quiet as a stone.

"Yet," I said, "you told us all you were not engaged. It was just like you. Who is the fortunate man?"

"Do n't sneer; he is fortunate. It is n't every pretty girl that would take up with such a round dumpling of an old parson. But love's all stuff and folly. Since he wants me, why I'll have him. I hate teaching, and I shall make a very comfortable, dashing Mrs. Miles."

She danced about the room in exuberant pleasure. Her end attained, there was no need to bethen herself with more virtuous disguises. The mask fell, and showed her to William as I had seen her, and prayed that he might see her, for many, many miserable days.

He sat down, leaning on his hands. It must have been a cruel moment—the moment that shattered forever his boyish dream—a dream so intense, so unlike a boy's, that I doubt if any one

would have broken it save she herself. But his nature was so intrinsically pure and noble—it so revolted from every thing false, or foul, or mean, especially in a woman—that one glance into this girl's real heart, or rather into the thing which did duty for one—and the charm was snapped forever.

"William," I whispered, touching his hands. He caught mine and clasped them hard.

"I know you are true, my cousin Mary."

Then he rose and walked direct to Melanie, who stood pulling her curls out at the glass.

"Well, William, are you cured?"

"Quite," he said, after a grave bend and smile. "Miss Blacquiere, I thank you for your confidence. I hope your marriage will be as happy—no, *happier* than it deserves to be."

"And you wont say any thing of this little affair of yours, or go and break your heart about me either?"

"Certainly not."

Melanie seemed annoyed at his coolness. "You are the stupidest, oddest boy! And there's Mary crying like a watering-pot. Well, go to her, she'll comfort you."

"She will always," said William in a low voice, as he put his arm round her and gave her a kiss on the forehead, tender, brotherly, but oh! not like the first.

He went away next morning. His life and mine sloped wide apart. We did not meet again for many, many years.

My cousin William is a middle-aged man now, a prosperous man, too, a husband and father of a large family. He comes now and then to see my sisters and me, in our quiet cottage; we are very happy in his coming, and rather proud of speaking to the neighbors about "our cousin William."

We never spent another summer at the Ivies, and never shall again. I told him one day lately that the yew-hedge had been cut down. "What yew-hedge?" he said; and with difficulty remembered it. But I saw it, and see it still sometimes very clear, like a picture in a dream, all in the soft dusk of that midsummer night, with Orion shining through the trees. And however foolish it was, and however much better things are as they are than as they might have been, I feel glad that I was William's first youthful fancy, that I had his first shy, innocent, boyish kiss, and that he had mine.

THE HISTORY OF A BACHELOR.

Le mariage est une chose très sérieuse; on n'y peut pas trop penser. Heureux ceux qui y pensent toute leur vie!
BACHELORS' CONSOLATORY REFLECTION

It has always been a puzzle to his very large circle of acquaintance, that my old friend, Charles Dashwood, is not married. And although, out of my superior wisdom, I do not share this astonishment, I must confess it to be reasonable enough in the ordinary and superficial observer. Thus, I did not attempt to contradict my wife's voluble friend, Mrs. Babington, when, only a day or two since, she favored me with her sentiments on this subject.

"For the last ten, fifteen, ay, twenty years," she began, while my thoughtful friendship mentally thanked heaven that Dashwood was safely out of hearing of such a cold-blooded calculation, "I have been in daily expectation of the intelligence that Mr. Dashwood had taken unto himself a wife. Every successive season that I have returned to town from the sea-side or the continent, I have examined my pile of letters and billets, in the anticipation that one of the highly-glazed envelopes would yield forth the wedding-cards, and 'at home' of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dashwood. You know, he is the very man of all one's acquaintance that you would naturally suppose most likely to marry. There is nothing in the world to prevent it; every thing, on the contrary, tending to render it the most desirable consummation possible. Ever since I have known him, he has been entirely his own master, with a liberal income, a handsome house, of which any woman might be satisfied to be the mistress; in fact, with every attendant circumstance to render matrimony most desirable. Then he himself is young, (at least he was, and indeed twenty years seems to have made small difference in him,) quite good-looking enough for a man—clever—kind-hearted—very popular in society. *Que voulez vous de plus?* I declare I should stare very wonderingly at the woman who could refuse such a combination of attractions. Should n't you?"

Here she took breath, and stopped for an answer; so I bowed assentingly, although I *had* happened to see, without staring, one or two females answering her description.

"Well, then, it follows, of course, that since the fault does not lie on the other side, it must be all his own; and yet he has the name of being a great admirer of the ladies; and, indeed, during all these years that I have known him, I

remember he has always had some one fair object of his attention at the various parties, balls, and pic-nics where we are accustomed to meet. There was that pretty Clara Vandeleur, (you knew her, surely—a tall girl, with black eyes, and beautiful eye-brows?) everybody used to talk about Clara Vandeleur and Mr. Dashwood; everybody said that would be a match. But she married Captain Allan, and went off to Gibraltar; and next season there was our friend completely *en prise*, to all appearance, by the golden-haired beauty, Miss Dundas. She suddenly vanished from among us, (did n't she go into a nunnery?) and Mr. Dashwood consoled himself by a *tre-mendous* flirtation with little Rosa Sunningham. I confess I never thoroughly fathomed that mystery; and why, when, as every one said, she might have had the handsome, brilliant, affluent Charles Dashwood, Rosa quietly went and married that sober, matter-of-fact country cousin of hers, I don't comprehend to this day. Well, after that—let me see—who came next?"

But although I was compelled to listen to my guest's verbose *résumé* of these long gone-by incidents, I have no intention of wearying my readers by its repetition in full. Her thoughtless chatter, however, with its usual ingenious mosaic of truth and fiction, set me thinking on the fate of one in whom I have taken a considerable interest, ever since we were first thrown together as boys at school.

From that time, Dashwood and I have been friends and intimates. At that same school—(and well and fondly we both remember the old brick-house, with its huge mulberry-tree, and sloping lawn, and dear Doctor Kirby, stern-browed and kindly-hearted!)—at school we were class-mates, and partners together in every boyish frolic; at college we were chums; and when my profession called me into active life, and he, happy fellow! as I thought then, with a ready-made income, and no one to control him in the spending it, set off for the tour of Europe, separating us for some two or three years, even then we corresponded, with a regularity and a length of manuscript more befitting the letter-writing powers traditionally imputed to young ladies, than the bearded, broad-clothed "men of the world," as we began to consider ourselves.

When again we met, our friendship resumed itself, and I was soon called upon to enter on the duties of the post he had assigned me—that of his sole exclusive confidant. And I had no sinecure. His nature was impulsive, mercurial, and unreserved. It was more as a safety-valve to the exceeding candor of his disposition than any thing else, I believe, that he poured out to me his thoughts and feelings. Certainly, it was not for the purpose of gaining *advice*, for which he never troubled me; and, indeed, when on some occasions I volunteered a little in that respect, my counsel was uniformly and at once rejected. That was not to be wondered at, so unlike as we were.

Temperaments like his are the surest to be soon influenced by love. And his experiences dated from his school-days, when little Ada Kirby nearly broke his heart by preferring a bigger boy's bigger oranges to his, accompanied though they were by an ingenious *impromptu*, which we had both lain awake half the night before composing.

Then, at Oxford, how hardly I fought to prevent his marrying a young milliner there, with nothing to recommend her but her bright eyes and glossy hair, and whom, I veritably believe, he would, in spite of me, have made Mrs. Charles Dashwood, had she not put such a step out of the question by eloping one morning with a very youthful baronet in an adjacent college.

His long letters during his travels were chiefly filled with the same burden. Such agonies of admiration as he suffered in Paris, Vienna, Baden, Rome, Venice, Florence, Lisbon, Madrid, and even at St. Petersburg, were, I should think, seldom endured by man. Till I grew familiar with his peculiar traits of disposition, I was in constant alarm with regard to my friend's matrimonial prospects. I looked for the announcement of his marriage with the expectant faith of Mrs. Babington, though, to be sure, with not quite the same assured satisfaction in the expectancy. His taste, with regard to women, was so catholic—he was so honestly and unconventionally indifferent to all considerations of rank, fortune, education or position—that I remained in perfect suspense as to whether I should be haply called on to greet as his wife a Spanish gitana or an Italian prima-donna, a French marquise or a Parisian grisette, a Russian widow, rolling in gold, or a Welsh milk-maid, to whom shoes and stockings would be a novel luxury.

"I never thought to look upon thy *single* face again!" I observed to him some time after his return, when I had been gently rallying him on the high-flown strain of devotion in which he used to write to me concerning various of his foreign beauties.

"Ah! all that is past," he replied with earnest emphasis; "those were boyish feelings, keenly felt, but soon forgotten. It is very different *now*. When a *man* loves, it is an irrevocable, irredeemable destiny, whether for good or evil."

I divined the coming "confidence." I believe I am a very good listener—certainly, I have always been so to him—and on this occasion I was a patient auditor to his eloquent description of the lady's attractions and his own devotion. I forget at this moment whether it was Jane Wilmot or Clara Vandeleur that had now enslaved him. His attachment to one demoiselle followed so closely on the other, I may be forgiven the slip of memory. However, I know that both affairs ended in nothing. I scarcely know why; but I must confess that my knowledge of the concluding passages in Charles' love adventures was always of the vaguest. He was less confidential on those points; it was with regard to their commencements and rapid growth that he always placed me *au fait*.

I remember one morning, when I had not seen him for some time, he came to my chambers, and threw himself into a chair opposite to my writing-table, with a face of the most radiant ecstasy.

"Congratulate me, my dear fellow! I'm the happiest man in the world—I am accepted!"

"My congratulations have long been awaiting you," I answered, heartily shaking his hand. "I am truly happy, my old friend, in your happiness. But tell me, I added, dubiously, remembering we had not had any confidences for a considerable period, 'who is the lady? Has Clara Vandeleur—or Julia ——?'"

"Clara—Julia!" he repeated, with an air of supreme disdain, vastly uncomplimentary to those ladies—"what are you dreaming of, Staunton? No, indeed! This time I have not been deceived by the meretricious attractions of a mere ball-room young lady. My little Lucy is as pure, unsophisticated, and inexperienced as a child. She is little more than a child, indeed, in years, though she has all a woman's depth of soul and boundless capability of loving. She is not 'out' even. She is still under the care of her governess; she knows nothing of the world except from books—nothing of mankind, of society."

"Then how," I interposed, "did you meet her?"

"By the most romantic accident possible."

Now, I am ashamed to confess, I have long forgotten the particulars of this; I only remember something about a thunder-storm in a field, no shelter but the perilous trees, an umbrella, and a cloak chivalrously brought to the rescue by Dashwood—gracious acceptance of the same—as also his escorting home the two ladies, etc. etc.

"Mrs. Tremaine, a clergyman's widow, is intrusted with her education by my Lucy's father, who is a colonel on service, now with his regiment at ——. Most fortunately, my father knew the late Mr. Tremaine, so I am kindly received at her cottage at Fulham; the *only* unmarried male visitor, I believe," he added exultingly, "they live so *very* much retired, by Colonel Forde's express desire."

"And how does the colonel like the idea of his son-in-law elect?"

"The news is now on its way to him, if, indeed, he does not return to England ere he can receive the letter. He is about to come home on sick leave; but Lucy—oh, Edward! you must see her! such a simple-minded, single-hearted being, her innocence shining in her face!—her loving eyes,—blue eyes (don't you think women's eyes should never be any other color?) and her fair, delicate cheeks, whose deepest blush is the faint pink of an apple-blossom; then her hair, which she wears in long curls, floating about her face and neck like a golden cloud."

And so on. I had certainly never seen my friend so enthusiastically in love. For reasons of my own I could entirely sympathize with him, and bore even the proverbially wearisome "lover's raptures" with every indulgence. And when he departed, elate and eager to go and spend the evening at Fulham, it needed the exercise of all my friendship to prevent a feeling, half of envy, mingling with my felicitations to the fortunate lover.

Alas! poor Dashwood was not long destined to be an object of envy on this score. A few weeks passed by, and again he sought me; but this time it was with a haggard look, and a distracted air, that alarmed me even before he spoke.

"For heaven's sake, tell me what has happened to you?" I exclaimed, as he threw himself, in a kind of abandonment, on my sofa, and covered his face with his hand.

"I have lost her!" he said, at length, in a tone of calm despair, very different from his usual passionate grief; "they have taken her from me!"

His last words relieved me from the apprehension I had entertained, that poor little Lucy was dead. But even had that last, worst calamity occurred, he could not, it seemed to me, have regarded his situation more hopelessly.

It appeared that Colonel Forde had returned home sooner than had been anticipated, and finding his only child in the society of, and engaged to, a young man of whom he knew nothing, his wrath had been perfectly overwhelming. Without allowing any explanation or remonstrance,

he had, with true military promptitude, at once removed his daughter from Mrs. Tremaine, and had carried her off, no one could tell whither. Mrs. Tremaine was too much overcome by dismay at being thus suddenly deprived of her charge, to be able to assist the unhappy lover with her advice, even had she been disposed to do so.

"Which she is not," said Dashwood, as he strode to and fro along the room, the recital of his woes having aroused him out of the dull lethargy he had before suffered under, "for she looks upon me with disfavor now, as being the cause of bringing her into this trouble. Unjust; but all the world is unjust! As if my wretchedness was not the hardest to bear!—as if any misery could be put in comparison with *mine*!"

"But, my dear Dashwood," I said, soothingly, "surely your case is not really so desperate as you imagine. Colonel Forde is like many men of his class, madly unreasonable while he is in a passion; but his senses will surely return when his blood cools. He—"

"You talk admirably," interrupted Dashwood, with impatient bitterness, "as all lookers-on can. You know nothing about it—you are not in love."

I was silent. He went on heatedly—

"You don't know what it is to set your whole soul on one being, to concentrate all your life's sunshine in one face, to merge all that your ear can drink of music in the sound of one voice! She is gone from me, I may never see her more, and you talk of *consolation*. You have never been in love—you do not understand what I feel!"

Still I was silent, till his heart, a generous heart always, reproached him, perhaps, for he turned to me and grasped my hand with compunctious cordiality. Then he sat down and besought me to advise him; so I began over again to argue the probability of the colonel's anger subsiding, when he surely might be brought to listen to the overtures of a man of Dashwood's position for the hand of his daughter.

"You must follow them directly—see the colonel—convince him."

"But, my good fellow," interposed he, "how am I to find them out?—there is not the slightest clue."

"You—a lover!" I cried, in very sincere astonishment, "and can't devise means of finding your mistress! Why, if she were in England, in Europe, in the world even, I'd force my way to her."

He looked somewhat surprised at this sudden warmth in his usually phlegmatic and self-possessed friend. However, he listened to me, resolved to take my advice, and, with only a few

more passionate parentheses about Lucy, he expressed himself ready to exert himself to the utmost to recover her.

So we set to work in a business-like manner, to ascertain whither the colonel had conveyed his daughter; and after a vast deal of trouble, we discovered that he had borne her off to Paris, and that they were visiting at the fashionable hotel of some friend or relative residing there.

To Paris, accordingly, my friend rushed incontinently. I saw him off. As he pressed my hand, thanking me for my sympathy and help, his face was flushed with eagerness, his whole manner full of a sort of chivalrous excitement.

"I will find her—tear her away—bear her off—though she were guarded by her tyrant father's whole regiment!"

These were his parting words, and I turned to my own abode with sincere admiration of his energy.

I waited with great impatience for a letter from Paris. It came. He was in despair. They had left Paris the very morning after his arrival. Is it possible, thought I, that he passed a night without stirring heaven and earth to see her?—and he had not yet, even with his utmost diligence, discovered their retreat. "But I will," concluded the epistle, with numberless blots and agitated flourishes. "They shall not, with all their arts, keep me from my beloved Lucy. Life shall leave me ere I submit. What is life to me without her?" etc., etc.

Another letter followed quickly on the first. Joy of joys!—he had seen her, though only in public, and at a distance. Directly after he had dispatched his depressing intelligence to me, he had adjourned to the Grand Opera. There, between the acts of "*La Juive*," happening to cast his eyes around the audience part of the gorgeous theatre, he beheld, seated in a private box, *au troisième*, the object of all his waking thoughts and dreaming fancies, fair and fresh, and with the same innocent blue eyes as ever, save that there was a pensive shade in them, he thought. But was that to be wondered at? The rest of the letter was so perfectly unintelligible in its ecstasy, that I could not at all make out whether he had gained any advantage from this accidental rencontre, beside the rapture of beholding his adored one. But, to be sure, I thought, all will be right now. He will have discovered her abode, and made friends with the colonel, and his next letter will contain an invitation to the wedding.

I relaxed my friendly anxiety thus, for some weeks, during which I received no tidings from Dashwood. Happy lovers are proverbially forgetful of everybody and every thing, save each

other—a fact I knew, though, alas! not from personal experience; and I knew, also, that Dashwood especially was never oblivious of his confidant when he had any woes to pour forth into his sympathizing ear.

Believing, therefore, that my friend was happily established as *fiancé* to the colonel's fair daughter, and sunning himself in her smiles at Paris—O blissful fate! thought I, this dismal November weather—imagine my utter astonishment when, on my way down the Strand one morning, recovering from a twentieth concussion against a passing street passenger, I looked up, and distinguished Dashwood's familiar face beaming on me through the yellow fog.

He appeared half abashed by my unequivocal expression of surprise. The smile passed from his features, and he became singularly confused, and even constrained in his manner, as I linked my arm in his, and drew him with me to my chambers.

"And now, Dashwood," said I, when we had reached my sanctum, thrown ourselves each into an easy-chair, and each also taken a turn at the poker—his intimacy qualifying him even for the dear privilege of stirring my fire—"now tell me what has brought you to London? How long have you been here?"

And I poured forth a string of interrogations, at each successive one of which he looked yet more uncomfortable than before, his handsome face flushing visibly, till at length he nervously grasped the sacred poker, and inflicted sundry hammerings on the big lumps of coal.

There are some things the most patient man cannot submit to, even from his dearest friend. I confess to the weaknesses common to my sex, and that I was equally annoyed by my questions being unanswered, and my poker being brandished thus unceremoniously. To allow any other human being to interfere at all within the solemn precincts of your fender is, as every man will feel, a tremendous proof of the strength of friendship. But there is a limit even to the closest attachment; and I maintain, that when another man takes up your poker, and deliberately breaks your big lumps of coal, he passes that limit, and altogether exceeds the privileges of intimacy.

This consideration possibly caused some accession of asperity to the tone in which I repeated my questions.

"Leave the fire alone, Dashwood, and condescend to speak, to satisfy the anxiety I have, as you know, long been in on your account. When did you leave Paris?"

"About—about three weeks ago."

"Three weeks! and you never let me know—never—"

"My dear fellow, the fact is, I was distracted—maddened past endurance."

"How was that? Your last letter bore good news of the object of your journey. Nothing has happened since, I trust?"

"Nothing!" he repeated. "Oh, Edward! a whole world has happened—counting by feelings, not events."

I could not understand him at all. The expression of his face was exulting rather than depressed; his evident embarrassment, even, was not that of a man laboring under any misery. I put another query—

"How is Lucy?"

At this the color rushed into his face, and he stammered something in reply, which was quite inaudible.

"I do n't want to force your confidence," said I, coldly. "I will ask no more questions, since it appears unpleasant to you to answer them. Shall I offer you a glass of wine?"

"Do n't be foolish," he cried, with a laugh, and an effort at throwing off his restrained air; "I'm not such an ungrateful dog as you deem me. Only—to tell the truth—"

"Ah!" I exclaimed, a sudden light bursting upon me, "I see it all—you've eloped, you and Lucy?"

"No, no, no!" said he, quickly and emphatically; "nothing of the kind. Miss Forde is, I suppose, still in Paris, enjoying herself among the frivolous gayeties naturally attractive to her youth and—and intellect."

"Miss Forde—frivolous gayeties!" I murmured to myself, beginning to comprehend, and, sooth to say, beginning also to feel rising in my mind a certain disdain for my friend's inconceivably volatile nature.

However, I could not but presently admit that his philosophical resignation of his beloved was at least a proof of his wisdom. The ice once broken, he was voluble in his explanations. In a few minutes he had informed me how he followed Lucy home from the opera; how he had bribed her maid to convey a letter to her; how a meeting had been arranged, to be effected by the romantic adjunct of a rope-ladder; how said rope-ladder broke, and precipitated him into the shrubbery beneath (he rather skimmed over these details;) and how the old colonel overtook him as he was making the best of his way with a sprained ankle out of his domain; how the colonel upbraided him with secret and underhand behavior; how he rejoined, by saying, that were it not for his gray hairs, and the fact of his being his daughter's father, etc., etc. Finally, it seemed that while poor Dashwood was laid up with his sprained ankle, the shrewd colonel had taken

the opportunity of letting his young daughter see something of the world. She went about to balls and parties, and speedily the new English beauty became the rage among the Parisians—none the less that she was said to be a rich heiress.

"So," concluded my friend, "when next I met her at a grand assembly, the young lady scarce deigned me a look, and passed along surrounded by her crowd of adorers, as if she had never seen me—never known me. Ungrateful, heartless! but what could I expect from a school-girl—a Miss in her teens?"

He went on in this strain for some time, confounding his own folly and congratulating himself on his escape. Still it seemed to me that this was not *all* he had to divulge. And, in short, not to weary the reader with the continued suspense in which his embarrassed hesitation kept me—the injured lover had already found consolation, and the reign of Lucy and innocent unsophistication was succeeded by that of a lovely widow—a Frenchwoman—whose talents equalled her beauty, both being excelled by her devotion to the fortunate Dashwood.

I listened in grave silence while his tongue, as if rejoiced to be freed from its unnatural restraint, pursued, *con amore*, the theme of Madame du Chêne—his irresistible, adored, and adoring Valentine.

"Her gracefulness, her piquancy, such as we never see in any but a Frenchwoman! Out of France they do not seem to comprehend that indescribable *espièglerie*, which is so exquisitely fascinating—you never find it in an Englishwoman!"

"No, thank Heaven!" I muttered parenthetically.

"You, with your artist's eye, would admire her, Edward," he continued. "Such perfection of form, such richness and warmth of coloring. The clear, olive complexion, the dark eyes, floating in an ocean of light and lustre, the rich bands of jetty hair—who, after gazing on such a picture, would care to turn to our fair-haired, pale-eyed, neutral-tinted beauties? After all, I always thought there was something very insipid in a *blonde*."

This happened to touch me nearly, and I started from my quietude.

"Come, Dashwood, you are too bad. It is not a month since you were raving about the surpassing attractions of a *blonde*. And I remember that you even said women's eyes should never be any other color but blue—azure blue."

"Well," he rejoined, half pettishly, "one can't go on thinking the same thing forever. Besides," he added with a piteous look, "you will admit I have good reason for—for—"

"For your change of opinion? Certainly;" and I threw aside my ill-humor, and laughingly shook his hand. "I congratulate you on your philosophy, Dashwood. You are a fortunate fellow."

"I feel myself so," he said, with emphasis; "to have gained the love of a woman like Valentine du Chêne is a fate worth living for. A woman high-born, talented, accomplished; she paints finely, sings exquisitely, plays the piano, harp, guitar, to perfection; dances—ah! what does she not do?" and his parenthesis floated off into an ecstasy of rapture.

But here, I confess, ended my interest in Charles Dashwood's love affairs. I listened passively, though perhaps not quite so patiently as heretofore, to his eloquent praises of the fair widow. I even went to see her, and, to his entire satisfaction, admired her beauty, her air of fashion, her agreeable conversation, and her perfect taste in dress. But my earnest sympathy in my friend's attachment was gone, and my deep anxiety for him was alleviated forever. And, though it was impossible to find any fault with Madame du Chêne—charming and accomplished Frenchwoman as she was—my feelings toward my friend's future wife were always of the most mild, polite nature, at all compatible with that admiration which every man has for a fascinating woman.

Therefore, I had some trouble in concealing, under a decent mask of condolence, the innate satisfaction I could not help experiencing, when a hurried, blotted scrawl from my friend summoned me to his bedside—he being prostrated, distracted, beyond every former precedent, by the announced marriage of Madame du Chêne with Lord Greenfield.

"A boy—a mere boy, whom I myself first introduced to her! A brainless dolt—a gawky lad, scarce released from his mother's apron-strings."

"But wealthy, I conclude," was my remark; "and a peer of the realm, remember. And if she loves him—love is blind, you know."

"Love him! She does n't love him," shrieked poor Charles, in a convulsion of anguish—"she loves me—me! She has always said so—even now she confesses it. Look—this letter!"

He flung me a small packet, consisting of ten or twelve tiny sheets of pale rose-colored paper, closely written in a slender, delicate hand.

The French are renowned for their talents in letter-writing—the epistle of the fair Valentine did no discredit to the national accomplishment. It began by an appeal to *ciel*—went on to express the ardent desire she had to find that peace and rest in the grave which life had never afforded her—briefly gave the outline of her history from

the earliest childhood till now: "Now, when the short space is over, during which I have enjoyed the only real happiness of my existence, till I beheld you—oh! *mon trop cher ami*!—I had never loved, and now all my dreams of bliss are rudely cut short. The sun of my day sinks for ever; I am plunged into the dark night of despair." Family reasons sighed forth the gentle sufferer, made it incumbent on her to accept the offer of Lord Greenfield. She had always been the victim, always been the sacrifice for the good of her family. Her mother, her aunt, her grandfather, her great uncle, and a numerous tribe of youthful cousins, all were to be benefited by her marriage with this English peer. "I yield, I submit," wrote she. "I renounce my life's happiness—assured that that life will not be of long duration." And the letter ended with a plentiful sprinkling of impassioned valedictions, and the assurance that—ever—ever—ever—she was his heart-broken *amie dévouée jusqu' à la mort et après!*

"Have you read it?" asked Dashwood, in a hollow tone.

I assented mutely.

"Is it not soul-rending, agonizing? Not only to suffer for myself, but for *her*. O, Valentine! poor angel!"

In my simplicity, I thought it might console him could I succeed in persuading him of the unworthiness of the woman who had thus shamelessly deceived him. Hitherto he had always evinced a most commendable resignation with regard to the disappointment, the lost lady generally ceasing to be desirable when she ceased to be his. But now it was different, and I discovered with surprise, and some little amusement, that the healing balm to his woes, despite his frequent declarations to the contrary, rested in the belief that Valentine was a victim, an injured angel, and that she adored him still.

Poor Dashwood! heart and soul he is entirely that rarity—a *gentleman*; and few men are less of a coxcomb. And yet, to this day, the *ci-dérant* Madame du Chêne's attachment to him is his pet illusion. And I have seen him, when some turn in the ever-moving wheel of fashionable dissipation has brought them together—I have seen my friend move aside with a species of complacent melancholy, from where Lady Greenfield (handsome and bewitching as ever, and wearing her broken heart with unexampled grace) has formed the brilliant centre of a circle of worshippers.

This was the last of his passions. He appears now to be thoroughly settled into bachelorhood, and assumes to be thought quite content with that condition. He delights in quoting cynical observations respecting matrimony, of which that

at the head of this paper affords a fair specimen; he has a malicious satisfaction in discovering when a *ménage* is not so entirely happy as it might be; and he rubs his hands, and thanks his stars *he* has no fidgetty wife or tiresome children to interfere with his comfort.

All this is hollow enough. Like every good man, his instincts are domestic; and, disguise it as he will, he keenly feels the solitude of his fire-side, the loneliness and lovelessness of his destiny. I can quite understand the meaning of the sigh he sometimes breathes, as if unconsciously, when he forms one of the party round my well-peopled hearth.

"Oh! you're a lucky fellow, Staunton," he said, only the other day, being more than usually frank and open-hearted, "a very lucky fellow. I wonder why," he went on, thoughtfully, "the blessing of a loving wife is given to one man, while another—"

"Ay, but *fought* for—not altogether given," corrected my wife, with a rising color. "People who gain such blessings (as you are polite enough to call us) are not quiescent in the matter, believe me. Remember Edward's uncomplaining

patience during all those long years, till he was rich enough to marry. Remember his energy, his industry, and above all," she added with a wicked smile, "his *constancy*, Mr. Dashwood."

Here my modesty interfered, and I stopped Kate's lips from indulging in further wife-like praises.

As for Dashwood, he only laughed—somewhat tunelessly though—and turned his attention to my youngest boy, who was vigorously tugging at his coat, and entreating a ride on his knee.

"Never mind what my wife says," I cried, feeling for my friend, "married women have such a violent *esprit du corps*, they are not accredited witnesses on the subject."

"But she is right—quite right," he rejoined in a subdued tone; "it is all very true what she says. And, Charlie, my boy!" he exclaimed, to his bright-eyed little namesake, "you shall not follow your god-papa's example—when you are a man, *you* shall win a wife."

"Yes," broke in the child, all his military propensities aroused, "like mamma says, *me* fight for her!"

ADELAIDA.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

O, ADELAIDA, gentle, fair and true;
 Did Nature, when she cast thy perfect heart
 In the pure sanctuary of her Art,
 Take diamond and dissolve it to a dew?
 Did she take fixed Lightning in her hand,
 And with it bathe thy pure intelligence,
 Thy nimble Fancy, and thy subtle Sense,
 A linked armor nothing may withstand?
 Did she rob Zephyrus of his long, soft hair,
 To plait thy locks for thee? and in thine eyes
 Pour the clear essence of the glad blue skies,
 And cut thy gleaming forehead from a star?
 Fair creature, art thou of Mortality,
 With that great spirit bound in slender frame,
 Whose quenchless and unconquerable flame
 Makes weakness strong, and frailty brave in thee?
 My days were dark before I saw thee shine,
 But they are daily brighter since that day;
 And, should thy flower of beauty pass away,
 Still would thy winged heart rule over mine.
 Thy locks are fairy-fine, thy limbs are slight,
 But in thy Spirit strength and beauty lie,
 As on the magic mirror of the eye
 The sun can shape an image of his might.
 Not iron hosts could dazzle thy calm eyes,
 Nor mighty thunders stay that little hand

Armed with the force of right, as with a wand,
 And bent on victory or self-sacrifice.
 The tender beauty of a moon-lit night,
 The glory of the earth on summer-days,
 The lovely spirit of a human face
 Do stir thy heart, or move it with delight
 The lofty deeds of men—the starry ways
 Of knowledge—linked troubles flung in vain
 O'er godlike souls that arm themselves in pain,
 Do move thy love, thy knowledge, and thy praise.
 To thee Despair's dim countenance is known,
 And Hunger with its palsied steps; thy tears
 Will flow when others' sorrow fills thine ears,
 Although thou rarely weepest for thine own.
 When thine own griefs thy blissful eyes o'ercloud,
 Let but another's for their solace pine,
 And they will cease to weep—Oh! they will shine
 Like Hope's own phantom bursting through her shroud!
 Thou hast a heart attuned to all things fair—
 Thou hast blue eyes of joy—a merry voice—
 But canst yield up the world, and all thy joys,
 And do for Love what Pride would never dare;
 Thou couldst in darkness and a dungeon be,
 Far from the sounds of life, and songs of youth,
 With none but me to watch thee, and to soothe,
 So that I love thee as thou lovest me!

THOMAS DE QUINCEY AND HIS WORKS.

FROM HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR.

On entering upon the study of De Quincey's writings, the first thing with which we are impressed is a certain air of perfect ease, and as it were relaxation, which breathes around. "The river glideth at his own sweet will;" now lingering to dally with the water-lilies, now wandering into green nooks to reflect the gray rock and silvery birch, now rolling in stately silence through the rich, smooth meadow, now leaping amid a thousand rainbows into the echoing chasm, while the spray rises upward in a wavering and painted column; mildness, or majesty, or wild Titanic strength may be displayed, but the river is ever at the same perfect ease, all-unconscious of the spectator. We think the metaphor is no exaggerated expression of De Quincey's mode of writing. "My way of writing is rather to think aloud, and follow my own humors, than much to consider who is listening to me;" these words, used with express reference to the mode in which he composed the "Confessions," may be taken as characterizing, in a degree more or less eminent, his universal manner. The goal, indeed, is always kept in view; however circuitous the wandering may be, there is always a return to the subject; the river's course is always seaward; but there are no fixed embankments, between which, in straight purpose-like course, the stream is compelled to flow: you are led aside in the most wayward, unaccountable manner, and though you must allow that every individual bay and wooded creek is in itself beautiful, yet, being a Briton, accustomed to feed on facts, like the alligators whom the old naturalists asserted to live upon stones, and thinking it right to walk to the purpose of a book with that firm step, and by that nearest road which conduct you to your office, you are soon ready to exclaim that this is trifling, and that you wish the author could speak to the point. But there is some witchery which still detains you; the trifling seems to be flavored by some indefinable essence, which spreads an irresistible charm around; you recollect that nature has innumerable freaks, and may present in one-quarter of a mile, the giant rock and the quivering blue-bell, the defiant oak and the trodden lichen, the almost stagnant pool and the surging cataract: at length the thought dawns upon you, that this author is great because he cannot help it; that he is a force in the hand of

nature; that, whether you smile or frown, or weep, or wonder, he goes on with the bounding grace of absolute ease, speaking with pure spontaneity the thoughts that arise within him. Then your trust becomes deeper, your earnestness of study redoubles, you are profoundly convinced that there is no pretence, no unnatural effort, and your murmuring turns to astonishment at the complexity, richness, and strangely-blended variety of nature's effects. If your experience is the same as ours most honestly was, you will proceed from a certain pleasurable titillation produced by what you deem twaddle, though twaddle deliciously spiced by genius, to the conviction that however hampered, however open to objection, here is an intellect, in all the great faculties of analysis, combination, and reception, of a power and range which you are at a loss to measure or define.

De Quincey's writings lie scattered wide. We hesitate not to think that those on which a correct and definite appreciation of his merits may best be grounded, have not yet been separately published in this country; we at least never formed any thing approaching to an adequate conception of his genius, even though acquainted with the "Confessions," until we found access to certain of his papers, published long ago, and since hidden from the general gaze in "that vast abyss" which, to use his own words, "has, like the sea, swallowed treasures without end, that no diving-bell will bring up again." His analytic powers were comparatively a secret to us until we read his "Templars' Dialogues," which indicate to us more strikingly than even his large work on political economy—in which, indeed, we made but slight progress—a clear, far-seeing intellect; and we had no idea, even after reading his "Confessions," that there had ever existed an Englishman who could have written "The Vision of Sudden Death," and the "Dream Fugue" founded thereon. It is well the diving-bell is at work in the bringing up of those and other treasures. If readers judge our estimate of De Quincey any wise too high, we bid them wait. Let them, besides, consider that we take into account, in judging of the powers of De Quincey, the fact that his life has been shadowed by one great cloud, which would have fatally obscured any ordinary intellect, that he has seen the stars

through a veil, and that we have to mete the power of that vision which could pierce such an obstruction. Once more, let it be remembered that the mind of De Quincey must, on all hands be allowed to be one of a very singular and original kind. It is prominently characterized by two qualities, which are partially regarded with suspicion by hard thinkers, and tend to lower the expectation of the reader who is in search of substantial intellectual sustenance; we mean humor and what we can only call mysticism. De Quincey is essentially and always a humorist; a humorist of a very rare and delicate order, but whose very delicacy is mistaken by hard minds for feebleness or silly trifling. He is also, to some extent, an intellectual mystic. We use this word in no disparaging sense; nor do we lay emphasis upon the fact, that he has devoted years of study to the works of express mystics. We indeed think that this last is not of material importance in estimating his writings; the influence of these writers was not, it appears to us, of sufficient power materially to color his originality. By the quality of mysticism, as attaching to the mind of De Quincey, we mean rather a certain affinity, so to speak, for the mysterious, a strange idiosyncrasy, in which associations of terror, of gladness, or of gloom, link themselves with certain seasons and places. Voices of sympathy awaken for him, where no sound falls on the general ear; sorrows from which the common mail of custom and coarseness, or even active practical occupation, defends other men, affect him with poignant anguish; and joys which are far too delicate and aerial to approach the hard man of the world, float over his soul like spiritual music; he has a sure footing in dim and distant regions, where phantasy piles her towers, and raises her colonnades, and wraps all in her weird and wondrous drapery. He tells us that, "like Sir Thomas Browne, his mind almost demanded mysteries in so mysterious a system of relations as those which connect us with another world;" and we cannot hesitate to use the hint for the explication of much to which he does not, in that connection, intend it to apply. I know we are met by expressions of sentiment, regarding summer, and death, and solitude, which may appear strange or far-fetched, and we are told of woes which our duller imaginations and less tremulous sympathies almost compel us to deem fantastic. Altogether, to the matter-of-fact English reader, the phenomena presented by these works are astonishing and alarming; and it is well for him, if his hasty practicality does not prompt him to close them at once, deciding that there is no real metal for life's highway to be found there, but only such

airy materials as might be used by some Macadam of the clouds. Now, we are confident that De Quincey has performed intellectual service for the age, which could be shown to be practically substantial to the most rigorously practical mind; but we would specially urge, that it is quite possible that writings may be of the highest value, although one cannot trace their association with any department of economic affairs. We are practical enough, and make no pretension to having "wings for the ether." But let it at once be said, that the world is not a manufactory. There are regions where the spirit of man can expatiate above the corn-field or the counter; it is lawful for the immortal principle within us to rise for a time out of the atmosphere of the labor curse; the universe is really wonderful, and it is not well to forget the fact; nay, finally, it is well for a man, perhaps at times it is best for him, to spread the wings of his mind for regions positively removed from, antipodal to, practice, if haply he may gain glimpses of habitations higher than earth, and destinies nobler than those of time. Bold as the assertion looks, we should question the power of any man to be a docile and accurate disciple of the Comte school of philosophy, who found the highest enjoyment of understanding and sympathy in the works of De Quincey.

When, beneath all its drapery of cloud and rainbow, the grand physiognomic outlines of De Quincey's mind reveal themselves to the reader, his primary observation will probably be, that it is marked by an extraordinary analytic faculty. De Quincey's own opinion declares this to be the principal power in his mind; and though we should not deem this in itself conclusive, we cannot but think it strongly confirmatory of the general evidence gathered from other quarters. "My proper vocation," these are his words, "as I well knew, was the exercise of the analytic understanding." The more we know of De Quincey's writings, the more are we driven to the conviction that his mind is, in this regard, of an extremely high order. His intensely clear perception of the relation between ideas, the delight with which he expatiates in regions of pure abstraction, where no light lives but that of the "inevitable eye" of the mind, the ease with which he unravels and winds off what appears a mere skein of cloud-streamers, too closely blended to be taken apart, and too delicate not to rend asunder, afford irresistible evidence of rare analytic power. That our words may be seen to be no mere rhetorical painting of our own fancies, but a feeble attempt to indicate what our eyes have seen, we shall glance cursorily at one or two of those portions of De

Quincey's works which give attestation of this power.

The science of political economy is remarkable as one of those in which the abstract and the concrete are seen most clearly in their mutual relations. Beginning with mere abstractions, or what appear such, with factors which must be dealt with algebraically, and seem absolutely independent of practice, it proceeds onward until it embraces every complexity of our social existence, until every mathematical line is turned into an actual visible extension, and every ideal form has to take what shape it can amid the jostling and scrambling of life. It is thus, in our opinion, perhaps the very best study in which a man can engage for the culture of his argumentative nature. For, as we say, it has every stage: it demands mathematical accuracy in one part, and lays down rigidly the ideal law; it brings you on till you are in the field and workshop, till you have to calculate the strength of varied desires, the probable upshot of complicated chances, the modifications produced by a thousand nameless influences. From the mathematical diagram to the table of statistics, from the academy to the street, from the closet of the philosopher to the world of the statesman, political economy conducts the student. Whatever the practical value of the science to the merchant, legislator, moralist, or philanthropist—and we have no leisure to demonstrate, as we think is possible, its practical value to each—it scarcely admits of a doubt, that, as an instrument of mental culture, it is invaluable. But this remark is incidental: we have glanced at the general nature of the science of political economy, in order that we may exhibit clearly the particular department in which De Quincey is distinguished. This, of course, is the abstract portion. The fundamental laws of the science, or rather the one fundamental law on which it is all built, furnished his mind with occupation. This one fundamental law is the law of value. It determines what is, viewed abstractly, the grand cause which fixes the relative value of articles—how much of any one will exchange for so much of any other. Once this is found, you know whence all deviations depart, you know how each modifying element will act, you have, so to speak, formed your theory of the seasons, although you cannot tell what showers may fall, what winds may blow, what ripening weeks of sunshine may usher in the harvest. “He,” says De Quincey, “who is fully master of the subject of value, is already a good political economist.” We perfectly agree with him, and think that political economy first and forever became an established science, when the theory of value

was perfected. The honor of having published the demonstration belongs to David Ricardo; but De Quincey, as has so often happened, found himself anticipated with the public, for he had arrived at the same results: as it was, little remained for him to do, but to silence a few objectors who long continued to oppose Ricardo. This he did in the “Dialogues,” to which we have referred, in a manner so clear and conclusive, that assent may be said to have become synonymous with comprehension. It is difficult to convey any idea of these papers to one who has not read them. To quote any passage were an improvement upon the brick sample of the house, for it would be to offer a stone as sample of an arch; to abridge is out of the question, for they are a model of terseness. Considered as pieces of reasoning, they are really masterly. There is an artistic perfection about them. The beauty of precision, of clearness, of absolute performance of the thing required, is the only beauty admissible. Accordingly, there is not an illustration which is not there simply because it speaks more clearly than words; there are no flourishes of rhetoric: all is quiet, orderly, conclusive. It is true that, even in them, De Quincey could not be dull, and so there is the slightest infusion of humor, which adds a raciness to the whole, and is thus promotive of the general effect. Mr. McCulloch, a man not given to enthusiasm, says of these papers, that they “are unequalled, perhaps, for brevity, pungency, and force.”

De Quincey's introduction to political economy was characteristic, and illustrates remarkably the nature of his powers. He took to it as an amusement, when debility had caused the cessation of severer studies. About the year 1811, he became acquainted with a great many books and pamphlets on the subject; but it seems that what had employed the concentrated, protracted, and healthful energies of men for about a couple of centuries, could not for a moment bide the scrutiny of his languishing eye. Thus politely and composedly does he indicate his general impression of what books, pamphlets, speeches, and other compositions bearing on political economy had come in his way:—“I saw that these were generally the very dregs and rinsings of the human intellect; and that any man of sound head, and practiced in wielding logic with a scholastic adroitness, might take up the whole academy of modern economists, and throttle them between heaven and earth with his finger and thumb, or bray their fungus heads to powder with a lady's fan.” Such sudden and amazing proficiency, we presume, scientific professors would not extremely desire. However, this sur-

prising pupil was soon to meet the master:—"At length," he proceeds, "in 1819, a friend in Edinburgh sent me down Mr. Ricardo's book; and, recurring to my own prophetic anticipation of the advent of some legislator for this science, I said, before I had finished the first chapter, 'Thou art the man!' Wonder and curiosity were emotions that had long been dead in me. Yet I wondered once more: I wondered at myself, that I could once again be stimulated to the effort of reading; and, much more, I wondered at the book. Had this profound book been really written in England during the nineteenth century? Could it be that an Englishman, and he not in academic bowers, but oppressed by mercantile and senatorial* cares, had accomplished what all the universities of Europe, and a century of thought, had failed to advance even by one hair's-breadth? All other writers had been crushed and overlaid by the enormous weight of facts and documents; Mr. Ricardo had deduced *a priori*, from the understanding itself, laws which first gave a ray of light into the unwieldy chaos of materials, and had constructed what had been but a collection of tentative discussions into a science of regular proportions, now first standing on an eternal basis."

Are our readers acquainted with the "Principles of Political Economy and Taxation," by David Ricardo? If not, they will hardly appreciate De Quincey's enthusiasm, or understand what it implies. Butler and Edwards are by no means drawing-room authors, yet the perusal of their works seems to us to approach the nature of an intellectual recreation, compared with that of this book of Ricardo's. We consider it that volume which, of all we know, requires the highest tension and effort of intellect. It has a thousand times been charged with obscurity, and filmy subtlety of speculation; yet its difficulty consists principally in that it is the production of a mind so exceedingly clear, that it could completely master and fully embrace a subject, by seeing its great leading points of illumination without tracing the path from the one to the other. Thus the reader is, as it were, carried from eminence to eminence by the writer, without being shown the way he travels; and having reached each, not by the usual step-by-step method, he is moved to question the reality of his progress, and to object to the extraordinary new method of instruction, in which he must ever and anon commit himself to the strong arm or wing of the preceptor, to be carried to a higher station. He feels that too large a de-

mand is made on his faith; he wishes to walk a little by sight. Ricardo coolly sets him down, with the assurance that his progress has been real, and that now he stands on a higher platform than he ever occupied before, but with the declaration that he must find some other to explain pedagogically the mode of advancement, since there are further heights to which his guide must forthwith ascend. Now De Quincey had the supreme satisfaction of going side by side with Ricardo in his aerial voyagings; he knew well whither he was going, and the absolute certainty that it was onward; he could look down, with a satisfied, half-sneering smile, upon the strugglers below, who jogged honestly but slowly along, proclaiming their distrust in all aerial carriages. In those "Templar's Dialogues," he just seems to us to be sitting in the chariot with Ricardo, laughing at Malthus and other disbelievers, and calling them to look up, and see that all their difficulty of apprehension lies in the fact, that the one path is through the air, and straight as an arrow's flight, while the other is along the ground, amid sand heaps and tangled jungles. De Quincey himself has admirably described the nature of Ricardo's obscurity, by saying that, if it can be fairly alleged against him at all, it can arise only from "too keen a perception of the truth, which may have seduced him at times into too elliptic a development of his opinions, and made him impatient of the tardy and continuous steps which are best adapted to the purposes of the teacher. For," he adds, "the fact is, that the *laborers of the mine* (as I am accustomed to call them), or those who dig up the metal of truth, are seldom fitted to be also *laborers of the mint*—i. e., to work up the metal for current use." "Seed corn," says Goethe, "should not be ground." Such were the difficulty and the obscurity of Ricardo. Now, we certainly should found no claim to an extraordinary analytic faculty, on the mere power to comprehend any author; but the fact of keen enjoyment, of free exulting pleasure being derived from the perusal of a book, is always conclusive proof of an affinity with the powers it exhibits; and the instant recognition with which De Quincey welcomed Ricardo's discoveries, as well as the perfect comprehension, nay, light and graceful, and absolutely commanding mastery with which he ever after used and expounded these, may be regarded, even independently of his own words, as sufficient evidence that he himself had trodden the same high path, and that, as has often been the case, the same laws unfolded themselves, almost contemporaneously, to the analytic intellects of De Quincey and Ricardo. We claim not for the former any honor

* "Senatorial:"—This is a mistake. Ricardo entered the House of Commons in 1819; his work was published in 1817

which the succession of the years denied him; but when the question is not of the honor of a discovery, but the possession of a faculty, the above argument is irresistible. We think, therefore, that, in the mere power of analysis, leaving all else out of account, an equality may be vindicated for De Quincey with the great legislator in political economy. More than this we do not claim; but no one who has any acquaintance with the works of Ricardo, will require a further proof that the English Opium-eater is a writer whose works deserve earnest study from all who love clear and far-seeing thought.

Leaving political economy, and entering the wider field of history, professing also no longer to abide with psychological correctness by the faculty of analysis, but seeking the traces of general power and clearness of intellect, we would advance the general proposition that De Quincey has looked over the course of humanity with such a searching, philosophic glance, that, desultory though his teaching has been, he has discerned and embodied in his works certain truths of the last importance. They are of that sort which may be called illuminative. They are rays of light which go along the whole course of time, revealing and harmonizing. Their value can be fully appreciated only when one traverses history, carrying them as lamps in his hand, and observing how, in their light, the confused becomes orderly, the dark becomes bright.

We cannot find a better instance than in his ideas regarding war. These furnish, indeed, a remarkable case, and that with which we have been most struck: we think it of itself sufficient to justify what we have above advanced. We had long been of opinion that the ideas regarding war, which not only floated in the public mind, but found countenance from men of high and unquestionable powers, were singularly superficial and unsound. From Foster and Carlyle to John Bright, we heard no word on the subject with which we could agree. It was the first general glance, and that alone, which was taken; the observations on which the arguments were based, were such as every child must again and again have made—that war was accompanied with great effusion of blood, that in its scowl the face of the world gathered blackness as of death, that there was not enmity or personal quarrel between the individual combatants, and the like. Foster we found unable to thrill to the ardors of the "Iliad," or, if he did experience a rising sense of its glories, we saw him shrinking, as if from guilt, and likening it to a beautiful but deadly knife. Carlyle, with a satire whose intense cleverness made cool examination of the philosophic value of his words almost impossible,

resolved our late wars into the aimless volleys by which the peaceful inhabitants of two far-separated French and English villages of "Dumb-drudge" exterminated each other. We found no clear conception of the function, in the evolution of human civilization, of agencies in themselves calamitous. We found no philosophic conception of war in its real nature, as the most direful, yet indispensable effect of reason acting under the curse of labor and the obscuration of sin—the sublimely fearful yet necessary lightning which has flashed in the night of human history. We had indicated our opinions on this matter in these very pages, (in a paper on Wellington,) but were unaware that we were not alone, when we happened to fall in with an article by De Quincey, in which he treated of war. A glance was sufficient. We had cause of pride, but also of humiliation. We agreed with every word. The germs of a whole philosophy of war were before us, every lingering doubt was dissipated. And it was a consoling assurance that our views were not, as they looked, peculiarly savage, to find that De Quincey, whose womanly tenderness is, in our knowledge, unexampled in literature, yet sympathized with calmest deliberation and profound intensity, in those feelings to which men have ever attached sublimity, from the shouts of Marathon to the thunders of Trafalgar. But how could we ever have imagined a linguistic garb like that in which we now saw our notions arrayed! How perfect was the mastery with which the whole was grasped! He played with his subject. He touched it as he pleased with his magician wand, and it took what colors he chose. Whatever of dimness had attached to our ideas, was dissipated as mist by sunlight; all was boldly, clearly, definitely evolved. The thoughts which we had clothed in the homespun of prose, and it might be with a want of analytic clearness, now leaped forth in the mail of logic, and the plumes of poetry. We were proud that we had agreed with De Quincey; we were, with a somewhat different feeling, impressed by the incommensurable distance which there may be between two expositions of an idea in the English tongue.

This whole paper on war we would cite as singularly characteristic of De Quincey. Here, most emphatically, is there attested the danger of trusting to first appearances and impressions. Philosophy and fun do so intermingle their parts that one is astonished and startled. Now all seems mirth and jollity; the writer is intent on proving that the ancients pilfered jokes on a large scale from the moderns; that it must have been the former and not the latter, is plain from the fact that those were "heathens, infidels,

agan dogs." Then you have a long detail respecting a fund which is to be commenced by a half-crown legacy of De Quincey's, and which is to be put into requisition, when the Peace Congress has prevailed, and war vanishes from human history. The fund may accumulate at any interest: ere required, it will, under any circumstances, have reached to the moon; therefore the man in the moon is named a trustee. The destination of the fund is the support of all those to be put out of employment when armies and regiments are disbanded, and the trustees are most eloquently and earnestly charged to deal handsomely, nor bring disgrace on the testator's memory by niggardliness. And all this giggling alternates with flashes of revealing intuition, which rectify your every idea regarding human history, with truths which open up to you the vista of the past, and enable you to define the position of humanity in the present. It is an intermingled dance of northern lights, and far-luminous gleams of precious radiance: the writer is as one sitting in a chariot at a Roman carnival, and flinging, from the same hand, crackers, and sugar-plums, and lumps of pure gold. Ill is it for him who sees the crackers and sugar-plums, and thinks there can be no gold; and the remark applies more or less to the whole range of De Quincey's writings. On the one hand, no man can fail to perceive the jocularity of the paper we have been describing; on the other, if it is important or indicative of high powers to see beneath all the superficial phenomena of war, and discern its true function in human history, if it is a proof of profundity, that a clear, indubitable light is cast into regions where Foster and Carlyle stumbled about as if blindfold, then we can appeal to this same article as a triumphant vindication of the sterling value of De Quincey's intellectual powers. How strongly, last of all, does it confirm what we have said respecting the perfect ease, the absolute want of effort, the free, careless naturalness with which he writes.

De Quincey has devoted several papers to an attempted proof that the sect of Essenes, mentioned by Josephus, were none other than the early Christians. The series is distinguished by great acuteness of argument, and possesses that scintillation of style which characterizes every production of their author. The whole logic of the case is brought out in a figure, so simple, so precise, and yet so tasteful, that we may quote: "If, in an ancient palace, re-opened after it had been shut up for centuries, you were to find hundred golden shafts or pillars, for which nobody could suggest a place or a use; and if, in some other quarter of the palace, far remote,

you were afterward to find a hundred golden sockets fixed in the floor—first of all, pillars which nobody could apply to any purpose, or refer to any place; secondly, sockets which nobody could fill;—probably even 'wicked Will Whiston' might be capable of a glimmering suspicion that the hundred golden shafts belonged to the hundred golden sockets. And if it should turn out that each several shaft screwed into its own peculiar socket, why, in such a case, not 'Whiston, Ditton, and Co.,' could resist the evidence, that each enigma had brought a key to the other; and that by means of two mysteries there had ceased even to be one mystery." The unoccupied sockets are the several heads in the description of the Essenes by Josephus; the missing pillars, the early Christians. Thus is the whole argument seen at a glance. But we cannot say that we have been convinced. We indeed think it remarkably probable that the early Christians and the Essenes were one and the same; but we cannot bring ourselves to regard Mr. De Quincey's manner of accounting for the name satisfactory. We cannot admit the theory of an assumed disguise on the part of the Christians. The plain command to confess Christ before men; the almost excessive valor of the early Christians, prompting them even to court martyrdom; the contrariety of such a method of defense to the whole genius of the opposition of the true religion to all that is false in every age, which has always been to unsheath the sword in the face of the foe, to fling away the scabbard, and to defy him in the name of the Lord; the scarcely conceivable possibility of Christians suddenly, as it were, ducking their heads before the wave of persecution, and emerging again, unrecognized, as Essenes. These, and similar considerations, close the avenues of our mind to the most plausible array of proofs which could be adduced against them. But not only are these papers marked by high ingenuity; they contain striking gleams of insight into the whole course of the development of Christianity. We think, for instance, that the following remark is not more daring than it is important:—"In strict philosophic truth, Christianity did not reach its mature period, even of infancy, until the days of the Protestant Reformation." This casts a light before and after. And it is a sublime idea to which it leads us—the idea of the whole human race through long millenniums gazing upon the hand-writing of God, and only in the slow course of centuries spelling it out. There is also an exactness of conception as to what Christianity really is, which sets De Quincey at a quite immeasurable distance from your general Christian litterateur. He does not confound it with

"virtue," or any conceivable ethical theory. He does not, with a mouth homage which is but disguised atheism, lay artistic hands on Christianity, and take it, like any old mythology, to play a part, or to act as a background, in an art novel. He recognizes the perennial supernatural element which is inseparably involved in its very idea, the continual action from age to age of the Spirit of God on the mind of man. In various parts of his works, indeed, De Quincey exhibits a profound insight into the spirit and nature of Christianity—its essential distinction from Paganism, as a system of doctrines, and not a mere ritual, and its absolute agreement with what is darkest and deepest in the human heart and history.

We have lingered perhaps too long on the subject of De Quincey's strictly intellectual powers; but we regret the less having done so, because it is here that our remarks may be of the greatest practical value. All men acknowledge De Quincey's genius; all men appreciate, more or less, the grandeur and the delicacy of his imagination; all own the supremacy of his command over the English tongue. But we think it is not so generally conceded, that he is a substantially valuable thinker; that there is not only intellectual amusement, that there are not only masterpieces of style within the compass of his works, but that there is much also of that intellectual stuff, with which one might build up his system of opinion, or on which he might nourish his highest powers. Even this we have not so much proved, as partially indicated the means of proving. We might have enlarged on the vast stores of his learning, and still more on the perfect command he has over it all; how with the true poetic might he can fling a subject into the furnace of his genius, shapeless, rugged, and drossy as it may be, and show us it again flowing out in the purity and brightness of molten gold; how at eleven he was a brilliant Latin scholar, and at fifteen could talk Greek with such fluency and correctness, that his master said he could address an Athenian mob better than his instructor an English; how he studied mathematics, and metaphysics, and theology, and scholastic logic, and all which could give exercise to his soul in the herculean youth of its powers. But we say no more. We think we have said enough to make good our point. We differ from De Quincey in several respects. We fear that, in theology, we march nearer to the standard of Calvin than he would approve. We have already intimated our discontent with certain of his arguments on the identity of the early Christians and Essenes. We think he has underrated John Foster, and he has certainly outstripped our

charity in the matter of Judas: but yet we esteem him, and we think our readers will agree with us in esteeming him, a really powerful thinker, whose criticism upon human knowledge, and whose direct contributions to its stores, are worthy of being eagerly seized and earnestly scrutinized by thoughtful minds.

We have spoken hitherto of what may be figured as the skeleton or bare frame-work of De Quincey's mind. We have found him here comparably with Ricardo. But now we pass to a different delineation; now we leave Ricardo and all dry algebraists, geometricians, metaphysicians, and scholastics behind; we come to look upon the glorious garment of sympathy in which De Quincey's mind is robed, and the grand imaginative eye which is his, and which can clothe every algebraic formula in light as of the stars. He himself speaks of the "two hemispheres, as it were, that compose the total world of human power—mathematics on the one hand, poetry on the other;" and we must think that he was born a denizen of both. It is our belief, indeed, that every mind of a very high order is. It is of beneficent arrangement that men in general are furnished with several classes of tendencies and powers: it is well that each man does his own work best, and even has a certain suppressed feeling that his special work is the most important in this world. But it is a positive and confounding error to apply the general rule to the few individual minds which rise far above the common level. Of these minds we think no assertion can be made with less of hesitancy or qualification, than that their powers and sympathies are diverse. We can trace the smothered gleams of a burning imagination through the works of Jonathan Edwards, like volcanic fires kept under by the solid ground, and towered cities and stable mountains of some Italy or Trinacria. Plato was the greatest prose poet that ever lived; the softening radiance of poetic light which played over the massive intellect of Luther, gave it a beauty which will never fade; and we have no doubt that imaginative fire burned in the unwavering, far-searching eye of Calvin. To borrow a suggestion from those words of De Quincey regarding the hemispheres, we would say, that all great men have an intellectual night and an intellectual day: in the still, vast night, when no color rests on the earth, and the stars in their courses are treading the fields of immensity, they look up calmly and abstractedly, to learn, by pure unimpassioned thought, their motions and their laws; in the blaze of day's sunlight, when the world is arrayed in its robe of many colors, and clouds, waves, and forests are rejoicing in their beauty, then they also

share the joy, and can take of the glories of nature to clothe the thoughts revealed to them in the silent night. We are not prepared to say that what De Quincey has actually accomplished will prove sufficient to vindicate for him a place among the mighty ones of bygone ages, among the few who occupy the intellectual thrones of the world; but we do say, that there are unmistakable traces that his natural endowment was of this royal order, that, in the two great forms of intellect—the imaginative and the abstractive—he was magnificently gifted. The reader has seen how he was affected by Ricardo's political economy—it was a case of positive rapturous delight. But now hear this: “A little before that time (1799) Wordsworth had published the first edition (in a single volume) of the ‘Lyrical Ballads;’ and into this had been introduced Mr. Coleridge's poem of the ‘Ancient Mariner,’ as the contribution of an anonymous friend. It would be directing the reader's attention too much to myself, if I were to linger upon this, the greatest event in the unfolding of my own mind. Let me say, in one word, that, at a period when neither the one nor the other writer was valued by the public—both having a long warfare to accomplish of contumely and ridicule, before they could rise into their present estimation—I found in their poems ‘the ray of a new morning’ and an absolute revelation of untrodden worlds, teeming with power and beauty as yet unsuspected among men.” These are the words of De Quincey. Now we think it a very remarkable fact, and one to which, in forming any estimate of the author of whom we treat, great importance is to be attached, that he was the first, or among the first, to hail the rising, in quarters of the literary heaven so widely apart, and with such an antithetic diversity of radiance, two such stars as Wordsworth and Ricardo. The light of Ricardo is perhaps, in every sense, good and bad, the driest in English literature; the general intellect even of practical England turns away from it. Wordsworth is, of all poets, the furthest removed from the practical world: he is the listener to the voice of woods, the watcher of the wreathing of the clouds; he can drink a tender and intense pleasure from the waving of the little flower, from the form of its star-shaped shadow; he can even enter, by inexpressible delicacy of poetic sympathy, into the feelings which his own creative power imparts, and wish that little flower

“Conscious of half the pleasure that it gives;”

from him, too, the general intellect of practical England, as well proved in the case of Arnold, turns away dissatisfied. In the range of De Quincey's sympathies—and the sympathies are

the voices or the ministers of the powers, the leaves by which the strong plant drinks in the air of heaven—there was compass for both. It is no fable of poetry or dream of a fevered brain, that the human mind is a macrocosm of nature; it is a fact to which even physiological science is now according her assent, and which a psychological comparison of the intellects of the great and the small in all ages would irresistibly demonstrate. Weakness of intellect and littleness of intellect are found, when well examined, to mean narrowness of intellect; trace men through all their grades, from those humble forms of the “world-school,” where sit the artisan, the husbandman, and the private soldier, until you reach that august region where human history and all time seem to be spread out, one imperial domain, beneath the sky-like dome of the mind of Shakespeare; you will find every increase of greatness, accompanied by, we had almost said synonymous with, expansion of range. We certainly know of nothing in modern literary history so boldly and strikingly demonstrative of a superb natural endowment, as the delight, which his own words show to have been rapturous, with which De Quincey watched, on the one hand, the unimpassioned Ricardo threading with his safety-lamp the unexplored sunless labyrinths of political economy; and gazed, on the other, on nature in the dewy light cast over it by Wordsworth, or on the magician Coleridge, as he blended the glories of chaos and creation in one wondrous phantasmagoria around his spectral ship and his spectral mariner. I am a man, and nothing human do I think foreign to me: the sentiment is too true to grow old; it is also a fact that the more human I am, the nearer I approach to what a man may be, the less is there, in all that can be seen or heard, thought or imagined, in air, earth, or ocean, in literature, science, or art, in all this universe, which will be foreign to me.

And since the sympathies are but the ministers of the powers, since sympathy is the reconciling, and winning, and gathering invitation, at whose voice all that there is of beauty, in stars, and clouds, and dew-drops, and the golden leaflets with which summer fringes her robe of green, comes obsequiously to the intellect which can marshal them in a new order, or bid a new creation arise from their combination, the question here presses itself upon us—What has De Quincey himself done, what new field of truth has he opened up, what great poetic structure has he built? The answer is one which can be easily rendered, but which must create sad reflections. We unhesitatingly say, De Quincey has done much, but we profoundly and sorrowfully feel that he might have done much, incalculably

much, more. How gloriously Coleridge rose sunward in his mighty youth, sweeping at once into fields of the poetic heaven which had not been entered since Milton! But, as if some maddening or bewildering enchantment had fallen on him, it was seen that the aerial poise of his wings became unsteady, he seemed to stagger in the sky, and never again, however grand his convulsive flappings, however determined his efforts to sustain his upward flight, did he sail with aught of the Miltonic strength or the Miltonic majesty. That maddening enchantment was opium; under its tremendous sway fell also De Quincey. The English tongue seems somewhat too practically framed to serve well the purpose of lamenting; it affects rather the battle melody, or the song of the worker; and whatever its powers may be in this direction, we shall not here tune it to elegiac murmurings. It is a truly British sentiment which Carlyle expresses, when he says—

"Tis a thriftless thing to be sad, sad;
Tis a thriftless thing to be sad."

We shall abandon, then, the language of regret, and endeavor rather to find cause of rejoicing in what has actually been realized for us by De Quincey. And truly, if it may appear startling or absurd to speak of the English language as inexpressive of sorrow, when it is the language in which De Quincey has written, while yet what we allege remains true, since it is a grand, an elevating sorrow, a sorrow which makes us weep no weak or ignoble tears, and is immeasurably removed from whining, to which De Quincey has given expression, we may say that the sorrow with which we regard the influence exerted over De Quincey by opium, is one which is unusually and wondrously checkered by gleams of gladness. We confess that sorrow is, on the whole, the prevailing emotion in our minds, when we regard the total phenomenon; for we are convinced that nature in perfect health will always work more grandly than nature in any conceivable state of disease, and we doubt not that all the beauty which we now admire in the writings of De Quincey, had been secured and enhanced, had he never known the delirious joys or sorrows of opium. Yet who that has looked in wondering admiration at what he has actually done, can pretend to say that he can know, by any effort of conceptive sight, and not solely by faith, what potentialities of grander performance De Quincey did possess? Are we sure that, had there been no opium in the case, such efforts had been suggested, or that a canvas would have been found for such picturings? The question can scarce be answered.

We suppose it will be agreed that there is nothing in our language to be compared with De

Quincey's dreams; nay, to speak of comparison is inadmissible, for they are absolutely alone; all other authors who have ventured on visionary delineations—and of these there are enough—would grant that their dreams were generally different from his. In Germany, there have been two writers who can be put in comparison with him—Richter and Novalis. His own translations and Carlyle's have made us familiar with the terrors and the glories of Jean Paul's dreams. The "Dream upon the Universe," which De Quincey rendered into English in the "London Magazine," and various others which are widely known, enable us to form a definite opinion regarding his general manner; and we record it as our decided impression, that it may be maintained as a general truth, that there reigns over De Quincey's dream-creations a taste more austere classic, more chaste, more majestic, than ruled those of Richter. The "Suspira" have been much lauded; we acknowledge their surpassing power; but it is to the "Dream Fugue," founded on the "Vision of Sudden Death," that we point with calmest assurance, as illustrating our general remark, and demonstrating the superiority of De Quincey over Jean Paul. In the visions of the latter there is a certain barbaric splendor, a chaotic wildness, a bewildering accumulation of fearful or of gorgeous images, suggestive rather of the fury and might of the tempest than of the strength of light; the supremacy of order seems, as it were, questioned or questionable; the picture seems hidden by its own drapery; the melody scarce traceable in the immeasurable volume of sound. Right or wrong, the British intellect cannot tolerate indistinctness. Now, it seems to us that in that succession of dreams which we have mentioned, and which seem to us to constitute De Quincey's masterpiece, there is, over all the splendor and terror, a clear serenity of light which belong to the very highest style of poetic beauty. The conceptions are very daring, but each form of spurious originality is absent—the fantastic and the grotesque; there is the mystery of the land of dreams, yet so powerful is the imagination which strikes the whole into being, that the wondrous picture has the vividness and the truth of reality; while, with every change of scene and emotion, the language changes too—now rich, glowing, and bold, when the idea is free, sunny joyousness—now melting into a gentle or spiritual melody of a more than Æolian softness—and now rising to a Homeric swell, that echoes the everlasting gallop of the steeds which drag that triumphal car. This "Dream Fugue" is of no great compass, but we think that it would alone have been sufficient

solutely to secure a literary immortality. Seen in connection with the incident which was occasion; considered as a poetic idealization of reality, and an effort of linguistic power; judged by the severe rules of art as demanding the very highest manifestation of order and harmony possible by man, we think we could maintain against all comers that this is, for its size, the noblest production in English prose. And we cannot but think that nothing so perfect ever came before the imagination of Jean Paul Richter. The little we know of the dream-paintings of Novalis leads us to think that there is a closer similarity between his manner and De Quincey's than subsists in the case we have mentioned. The delicacy, the mildness, and the powerful imagination of Novalis, remind us strongly of De Quincey; but we do not know enough of his writings to draw a detailed parallel.

We are utterly unable to justify to our readers the above opinion respecting the "Dream Fugue;" and we confess that we have a certain reluctance to associate any description we could give with the impressions which the original is intended to produce in the minds of readers. But we feel it necessary to give at least something like positive proof that our words are not those of extravagance; and therefore we compel ourselves to attempt to extract one or two such pieces from the "gorgeous mosaic" of this dream, as may, though faintly, suggest the idea of the whole.

During the late war, De Quincey used to come down annually on the mail-coach from London to Lancashire. It was the office of the mail to read the news of the great victories. On one occasion, he came down after a great battle; and an incident which occurred on the way was the occasion of the "Dream Fugue." It was a sight which De Quincey alone was capable of describing:

"Obliquely we were nearing the sea upon our way, which also must, under the present circumstances, be repeating the general state of halcyon repose. The sea, the atmosphere, the light, bore the orchestral part in this universal lull. Moonlight and the first timid tremblings of the dawn were now blending; and the blendings were brought into a still more exquisite state of unity by a slight silvery mist, motionless and dreamy, that covered the woods and fields; but with a veil of equal transparency. . . . Still, in the confidence of children that tread without fear every chamber in their father's house, and to whom no door is closed, we, in that sabbatic position which sometimes is revealed for an hour on nights like this, ascend with easy steps from the scrow-stricken fields of earth, upward

to the sandals of God. Suddenly from thoughts like these I was awakened to a sullen sound, as of some motion on the distant road. It stole upon the air for a moment; I listened in awe; but then it died away."

The coachman was fast asleep, and could not be awakened; the horses were going at a fearful pace; the mail was heavy. It was on the wrong side of the road. Any living thing, or any vehicle containing such, which came across its path, must go to shivers. All this and more De Quincey comprehended at one intuitive glance. "Ah, reader! what a sullen mystery of fear, what a sigh of woe seemed to steal upon the air, as again the far-off sound of a wheel was heard!" On they dashed; every effort he made in the way of remedy was vain; at last the horses, by this time at fiery speed, swept round an angle of the road, and all was revealed. "Before us lay an avenue, straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length, and the umbrageous trees which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high over head, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a light, reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady." These are either married, or in the highest state of love; for a reason which De Quincey and we do not understand, the young man "carries his lips forward to hers." "The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour, and the parties within it being thus tenderly engaged, are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a half." De Quincey shouts; at the second shout the young man takes the alarm. He has just time to raise his horse's fore-feet by a strain on the reins, and pull him round, and make him give one leap forward, when the mail tears past. In its way, it gives a stroke to the little gig, which makes it shiver as a thing alive; those who sit there all but taste the agony of death, yet are safe. "The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in horror, to look upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene, which in a moment told its tale, and wrote all its records on my heart forever.

"But the lady——! Oh, heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing! Figure to yourself,

reader, the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your mind the circumstances of the unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moon-light, dawn-light, dream-light—from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love—suddenly as from the woods and fields—suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation—suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death, the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice.

“The moments were numbered. In the twinkling of an eye, our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at right angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams forever.”

The elements with which the writer works in the “Dream Fugue” are now before the reader: the coach at an unusual pace, and laureled with the tokens of victory, the umbrageous avenue like a cathedral aisle, the narrow escape of the lady. These re-appear in the “Fugue” in various forms, and transfigured by the light of an imagination, which creatively remodels, recomposes, and illumines the whole. The mail-

coach becomes a triumphal car, on whose path all nations attend, and which carries to all peoples, in letters of mystic light, the tidings of a victory which has broken the bonds of the world; over the heads of the horses the tidings go, embodied in this legend, which casts around a golden light, “Waterloo and Recovered Christendom.” The gates of cities fly open; rivers are silent, as the car, in its tremendous gallop, dashes across them; “the infinite forests” shiver in homage to the word. The umbrageous avenue becomes an immeasurable cathedral aisle, along which the tireless steeds sweep onward in almost viewless speed. In the far distance is seen a vast Necropolis, “a city of sepulchres, built within the saintly cathedral for the warrior dead that rested from their feuds on earth.” Of purple granite was the Necropolis; yet, in the first minute, it lay like a purple stain upon the horizon—so mighty was the distance. In the second minute it trembled through many changes, growing into terraces and towers of wondrous altitude, so mighty was the pace. In the third minute, already, with our dreadful gallop, we were entering its suburbs. Vast sarcophagi rose on every side, having towers and turrets that, upon the limits of the central aisle, strode forward with haughty intrusion, that ran back with

mighty shadows into answering recesses. Every sarcophagus showed many bas-reliefs—bas-reliefs of battles, bas-reliefs of battle-fields; of battles from forgotten ages—of battles from yesterday—of battle-fields that, long since, nature had healed and reconciled to herself with the sweet oblivion of flowers—of battle-fields that were yet angry and crimson with carnage. And the lady—what has become of her? Does she always occupy a place in the wondrous pageant? Yes: her transformation is the most strange, and yet, in its beauty, the most perfect of all. Look again:—“And now had we reached the last sarcophagus, now were we abreast of the last bas-relief, already had we recovered the arrow-like flight of the illimitable central aisle, when, coming up this aisle to meet us, we beheld a female infant that rode in a carriage as frail as flowers. The mists which went before hid the fawns that drew her, but could not hide the shells and tropic flowers with which she played—but could not hide the lovely smiles by which she uttered her trust in the mighty cathedral, and in the cherubim that looked down upon her from the topmost shafts of its pillars. Face to face she was meeting us; face to face she rode, as if danger there were none. ‘Oh, baby!’ I exclaimed, ‘shalt thou be the ransom for Waterloo? Must we, that carry tidings of great joy to every people, be messengers of ruin to thee?’” By sudden and magnificent changes in the dream-pageantry the baby is delivered, and perhaps the boldest yet finest effort of imagination in the whole occurs soon after these sentences. But we can quote no more, and, save quotation, we have no resource in such a case. We have given the outline of only one of the visions. We find the original elements variously transformed: we have the coach changed into a stately vessel, the avenue into towering cathedral aisles, grouped from the mists of the sea, the lady into one who sits in a fairy pinnace on the ocean. The dangers and the splendors here are such as are accordant with the situation.

But we pause: we think we have already vindicated all our assertions. And now will our readers be prepared to estimate the difficulty which attends a decision of the question, whether, on the whole, it is to be regretted that De Quincey fell under the influence of opium? Our own feelings we have already expressed. We think De Quincey was naturally fitted to take his station among the great systematic thinkers of the olden time, and something unique in the history of the world might have been achieved by the combined operation of such a piercing intellect and so imperial an imagination on the pedestal of the nineteenth century. When his

arms, in the strength of manhood, and with all their gigantic powers untrammelled, might have been piling mountain upon mountain, he had still to wrestle in mortal agony with a serpent of deadlier venom and more overwhelming power than ever coiled around an ancient hero. No man has more than a certain force allotted him by nature; it may be greater or less, but it is measured; and it cannot be expended twice. Consider the intellectual might necessary to vanquish opium in its three fearful assaults, and then decide concerning the powers of him whose works, wondrous as they are, were all accomplished in the breathing spaces between paroxysms of convulsive warfare. It may, of course, be alleged, that without the opium we never should have had those writings which are most closely associated with the name of De Quincey. But it is our decided opinion that the dreams produced by opium were but the occasion of the visions wherewith the opium-eater has amazed the world. They are strictly works of imagination, and may be tried by the same tests as the dreams of Richter and Novalis. We concede that much of their terrific coloring is traceable to opium; but De Quincey's imagination, we are assured, would have worked under any conditions.

We have done little more than glance at the extraordinary man and the extraordinary works of which we have been treating. We have left ourselves no space to speak of his *taste*, which yet so well deserves notice. We merely remind our readers of his account of the little heroine of Basedale, and her little brothers and sisters, and bid them think of the perfect simplicity of the narrative, of the absence of all rhetoric, of the tender delicacy of the feeling; we merely ask them to consider the grace and ease, the softened glow without glitter, the chastely-arranged flower-wreaths from which every gaudy weed is instinctively bidden away; in one word, the peace and moderation which every where meet us in the writings of De Quincey. Nor can we speak of him *as a humorist*, although this is perhaps his most important and prevailing aspect. Often his humor is merely an exquisite flavor of drollery, a half-hidden smile, a something which fills you with a certain quiet comfort, but does not make you laugh outright: sometimes it is broad farce, when you do laugh, and cannot but laugh, were it only at the imperturbable gravity of the comic actor; sometimes it is downright horse-play, as when old "Toad in the hole" is kicked out, by universal consent of the company and of readers, "despite his silvery hairs and his angelic smile." Sometimes, although very rarely, De Quincey's humor intrudes

into places where its presence is utterly indefensible. We shall instance one, by far the most striking. We think it were difficult to match in our late literature, if indeed in our whole literature, the pathetic effect which he has realized in his paper on the Maid of Orleans. He has there enabled us to define, clearly and conclusively, the function which such as she have, even in their death, performed for mankind. We have so much to harden us in this world, so stern is the struggle of existence, so sadly do the morning dew-drops and the early flowers vanish or wither in life's hot day, that you actually confer a precious boon and benefit on a man, when you make him shed a noble tear. No man ever wept with Cordelia by the bed of her stricken father, no man ever saddened at the tale of Margaret's sorrows in the "Excursion," no man ever hung over the dying bed of a true friend, without being a better and a gentler man. And who does not see that, besides all else of instruction and of consolation which arises from the pyres of the martyrs of Christianity, besides the deathless lessons of courage, of devotion, of purest holiness, which they convey, there is this also in their legacy to the human race, that, by sympathizing sorrow over their woes, each generation is elevated, and humanized, and ennobled. This great lesson De Quincey has embodied, with an almost unexampled felicity, in his paper on Joan of Arc. But what must we say to the fact that even here humor is permitted to intrude, that even here there is the sacrilegious play of wit and fun? We can only expostulate, as we do most earnestly, that such be removed in the completed issue of his works. We must not approach that awful and beautiful spectacle, round which angels were weeping, through a porch painted with satyrs and bacchanals; no "insulting light" must "glimmer on our tears;" we must approach through an avenue of cypress, under whose shade we may weep alone. We can pardon the gambolings of an irrepressible humor when the matter is argumentative, but the heavens must be hung with sackcloth around the pyre of Joan of Arc.

The full time has probably not yet arrived to attempt a final portraiture of De Quincey, to estimate the value of his works, and to ascertain their rightful place among English classics. The public mind has yet, in a great measure, to be introduced to these works, and a few introductory remarks, a few almost colloquial hints, are all we have here offered. It will, indeed, whensoever attempted, be a task of no common difficulty to portray, in its complete and united proportions, the extraordinary mind of which these multiform and many-tinted writings are the pro-

duction and manifestation. We must not attempt it here. To speak of separate characteristics is, indeed easy, whether they be those of the author or his compositions. One may mark the indications of a gigantic receptive faculty, seizing, hundred-handed, and gathering into one storehouse, from all lands and centuries, what intellectual treasures it chooses to make its own; proof may be adduced of that power of original thought, which penetrates into untrodden regions, but dimly pointed toward before, and of that creative, imaginative glance which gives form and life to what hitherto was airy nothing; special attention may be called to a sympathy resembling a musical instrument of unmeasured range, which can distil a melody more tender than the tear of childhood, but has yet chords to voice the

roar of ocean or the thunders of war; and one may enlarge indefinitely on the style, on that astonishing mastery over the English language, by which, in swiftly-changing variation, we are startled, animated, melted, terrified, amused, and which does certainly, at times, attain a softness, a beauty, an aerial glow, which can be claimed as peculiarly De Quincey's, and which compel the describer, sensible of his weakness, to borrow the colors of the master himself, and liken them to the timid tremblings of the dawn, or the blending of moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight. But these are at best scattered traits—individual instances; it is their union which is the wonder and the peculiarity, and of this union we can present no theory at present.

THE POET'S ASPIRATION.

Pass forth, ye thoughts of beauty, into light—
Forth from your palace in the poet's soul;
Where ye have been a glory and delight,
Swaying all senses with your sweet control:
Therefore, ye thoughts, speed on your wingéd way—
Your life greets song as Memnon greets the day.

Long hast thou dwelt within my soul, O song,
Like the sweet music in an ocean-shell;
Making life sweet amid the senseless throng,
With the fair magic of thy deep-loved spell:
Therefore my hymn, O! Hebe of the soul,
Queen of a realm where death hath no control.

E'en as a youth, blue-eyed and golden-locked,
Watches the midnight in a holy fane—
Watches until the weary eye is mocked
With the rare glories of each pictured pane:
For lo! behold! the arms of knighthood there—
The heart to win them and the soul to dare.

Thus do I watch within this world's wide fane
The laurel-wreath that crowns the knight of song;
Making my life one vigil of sweet pain—
Chanting a song-march to the grave along:
Living with one hope clasped around my heart,
That same may greet me ere from life I part.

But yet, alas! it is a fruitless task,
Fruitless as were the homeward tears of Ruth;
A sun in which our young desire to bask—
A painted fly upon the path of youth:
Once in each lifetime is the heart's-harp strung—
Once to the soul reveals the ever-young.

Memories of old will ever rule on earth,
Nestling serenely in the poet's heart;
Bringing him draughts all joyous as the birth
Of some great thought beside the sculptor's art:
Memories of childhood are the thoughts of God,
Clothing the past like flowers on Aaron's rod.

Thus do those memories flash across my mind,
Bright as the spear-blades of an armed host;
Flinging a glory where the past is shrined,
E'en as a Pharos on a sea-beat coast:
Thus doth the mind twine garlands ever green,
To deck the haunts where beauty once hath been.

Visions there are like sunsets steeped in gold,
Where the rich past has crowned some glorious scene,
Whose spirit lingers on the sands of old,
Fair as a syren by the sea-marge green:
Lo! they arise before my tranced sight,
The soul's creations in their robes of light.

The Lesbian isle, the flush of eventide—
The white-robed singer leaning on her lyre;
The placid look where love has been denied,
Veiling the throbbings of the heart's desire:
Bright on thy cliffs, oh, Leucas, sets the sun—
Sappho, arise; the Parcoe's task is done.

The dreary moor, the bleak and barren hill,
The break of day adown the rugged pass;
The gorgeous Persian gazing long and still
On Sparta's child, the dead Leonidas:
The living slaves, the dead alone the free—
Such were thy guests, thou gray Thermopylae.

The banquet-hall, the lion-headed kings,
Gazing forever with the same mute stare;
The Jove-locked Roman toying with the rings
That clasped the wealth of Cleopatra's hair:
"Blest be the Gods! for me earth has no charms
Save the love-couch within mine Egypt's arms."

Day's royal hour, the war-ships on the sea,
The leaguered city flashing in the sun;
The battle-shout, where throng the Osmanli,
To gain the wall San Marco's lion won:
The steel-cloud parts, the war-flag waves, and lo!
Their foremost foe the Blind Doge Dandolo.

Swiftly they pass upon their lustrous wings,
Those lofty pageants time shall ever know;
The battle-march of bronzed Assyrian kings;
The maids that wept o'er Sion's overthrow:—
Swiftly they vanish in the Past once mbré,
Those gods who guard the deathless banks of yore.

Rich are those iris-hued thoughts to me—
A bow of promise o'er the prostrate soul;
Sweet music gushing from their melody,
Like nectar drops from Ganymede's bowl.
Thus do they leave for aye my heart's recess,
To feel the chills of this world's loneliness. J. J. W.

"ROSALINE."—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

Thou look'd'st on me all yesternight,
Thine eyes were blue, thy hair was bright .
As when we murmured our troth-plight
Beneath the thick stars, Rosaline!
Thy hair was braided on thy head,
As on the day we two were wed,
Mine eyes scarce knew if thou wert dead—
But my shrunk heart knew, Rosaline! **LOWELL.**

I AM going to write an autobiography, and I have headed it "Rosaline," because, by that name, my life is bounded. When I first met her, I commenced to live, and when I lost her, I lived no more. During my boyhood, I but traversed the wonderful paths of a world of dreams. The men and things along my way were all spectres; I took no cognizance of them save as ideal phantoms. I dwelt for many years of my boyhood in a stately castle. It was the home of my fathers; the residence of the Ernsteins, for many generations. There was a gallery, hung with portraits of grim knights and stately dames; and at one end was the dark, frowning face of the founder of our family, the stern Rudolph Von Ernstein. For him was I named. There was a tale of his having murdered a priest at the altar, while he was saying a mass for the repose of the dead; and tradition said that the Lord Rudolph was never known after that to rest quietly in his bed—that he died haunted by a vague and nameless terror, and when he called for a priest, in his last agony, the ghost of the murdered monk stood over his bed-side, and heard his shrift. The family legends said, a curse rested upon the race forever; that every seventh male heir should be a maniac.

The Lord of Ernstein, in the seventh generation from the founder, was a raving madman. Seven more generations had passed, and the soothsayers said the curse rested darkly upon my brow. My mother was a proud, strong-minded woman, and she gave no credence to the prophecy, but I think my father feared it; for he himself superintended my education with the greatest care. My wishes were never thwarted, and the most scrupulous precautions were taken that I should be surrounded by only pleasant and soothing influences. The grounds about the castle were laid out with exquisite taste. There were grassy knolls and wooded coverts; glens and water-falls; mimic lakes; and the rarest flowers

from foreign lands. Here I wandered for the greatest part of my time. My temperament was highly poetical, and my studies, which my father permitted me to select for myself, were in the highest degree calculated to foster this exuberance of imagination.

I was never, from my earliest boyhood, without a companion—the Egeria of my fancy. It may be that she grew old with me; that my ideal changed as my intellect ripened, but her face was always the same. She had large, melting, indescribably glorious eyes, of the tint of the lapis-lazuli. Her hair was like shadows cast upon the meadow-grass in a summer afternoon, tangled here and there with the threads of sunshine sifting through the leaves. I used to look into those supernatural eyes—to twine those tresses of the sunshine around my human fingers, and to listen to the melody of that spirit-voice, which always sounded to my ear like tones from a far-off star, falling downward through an atmosphere of golden haze.

I told her all my hopes and visions, and with her I was never lonely. But one night I had a dream. I was fifteen at the time, but even in person I was older than my years; how much more in my habits of thought and being. I had wandered all day in the forest, and I slept soundly. It was the night before the first of May, and at midnight I had a vision. Egeria stood beside me. Her long hair fell about her shoulders like a veil, and her eyes were dim with tears. I took her hand, and would have raised it to my lips, but she drew it gently back. "Farewell, farewell," said her faint voice. "I have come to you for the last time—to-morrow you will meet your destiny. You will love the mortal woman whose shadow I have been. You will kiss lips that are human and earthly, and pine no longer for a spirit of the air. But she is like me. When you look into her eyes you will whisper 'Egeria;' when her tresses baptize your

brow at night-time, you will remember your spirit-bride, and her locks which you have pressed to your bosom. I shall never be forgotten. In death you will join the world of shadows, whereof I am one, and the bride of your boyhood, will be the bride of your eternity!"

She ceased, my eyes seemed sealed with kisses; my brow was signed with the baptism of her love. The vision passed, and I slept, but I woke the next morning with her prophecy floating through my mind, like a strain of music. That day I dressed with care. There was a May-day festival on my father's grounds. I had never attended one before, and I was entirely unacquainted with the rustic villagers. I had heard that several noble families were to be present, and I doubted not that among them I should find the object of my search. My father was pleased with my resolution to be present, hailing it as an omen that I had commenced to take more interest in the affairs of those around me.

I was presently introduced to the assembled noblesse, but I soon made the discovery that the object of my search was not among them. At that moment there was a cry—"the queen, the queen," and a band of white-robed girls led forward a maiden toward the throne in the centre of the green. She also was robed in white, and I no sooner met the glance of her clear blue eyes than I knew it was her of whom Egeria had spoken. The dream of my life had become an embodied reality—the being before me was God-given, and in my heart I claimed her as my wife. But I could afford to wait. They came up to her, one after another, to do her homage; and now I became sensible of the maddest, the most intense jealousy. Every lip that touched her hand sent a thrill of pain through my whole being, and I only forgave her because she was not yet apprised of our heaven-appointed nuptials.

They had put her name, "Rosaline," in golden letters over the throne-like chair in which she was sitting, and while I waited, I spelled them out to myself, and wondered whether there ever was another name which syllabled so much music.

At last, my turn came. I knelt at her feet and whispered "Rosaline." She blushed timidly, and I thought her more beautiful than ever. "I have a message for your ear, fair queen; will you deign to walk with me for a few moments? I am Rudolph Von Ernstein, your majesty's humblest vassal." She blushed again, and this time she smiled. Then, rising, she took my offered arm, and we strolled onward.

I said little beyond a chance comment or two upon the beauty of the day, until I had drawn her away to a cool and fragrant nook which was

one of my favorite resorts. Then I seated her upon the grass by my side, and told her the history of my past life. I concluded with the vision, and I said, pressing her hand to my heart, "Lo! I have found you; do you not know that we are united forever? Do you not love me?"

"Not yet," was the reply, breathed in such low, spirit-tones, I scarcely knew whether her voice gave it utterance, or whether it was a whisper from the stars. For three hours she sat beside me, and I held her hand in mine. We talked to each other with all the simplicity of childhood. She told me of a mystery attending her birth; that she was not the child of the humble people with whom she lived, but that a beautiful lady, richly drest, had brought her many years ago to their door, and she had grown up there. She loved every one that was good, she said; and she loved all the lambkins upon the mountain, the flowers in the meadow, and the birds in the trees; but beyond and above this general love for the beautiful and true, she cared for no one. And then I said—"I also am desolate, oh, beautiful queen; wilt thou not love me?" And again came that soft answer, "not yet," and Rosaline drew nearer to me, and looked into my face with her radiant eyes. "You have a work to do," she said gently, "and when it is perfected you may hope for love. Your father has the first claim upon your obedience. Go to the university; be diligent, be successful!"

"But if I obey my father, and go hence for a season, shall I not lose you?"

"We had better lose *all*," she said, "than lose the *right*, but fear nothing; I am young yet, and I will wait. Be worthy of love and it will come!"

Then I learned to reverence as a saint the being I adored as a woman! She was just my own age, timid, and a girl; and yet I gathered from her in that hour, a higher wisdom than all my years of study had ever taught me, and raising her hand to my lips, I whispered—"I will do *your* bidding, my beloved. I will yet win love, for I will be worthy." I placed upon her slender finger a ring of richly-chased gold, set with a single ruby, and I said, "Be this the sign. Love, to him who is worthy! You will wear that for my sake, and I will toil faithfully for yours." I dared not clasp her to my heart, or press my lips to her virgin brow; but I left many a kiss on the white palm of her hand, and that was our parting.

The next morning I announced to my father my intention of proceeding, as he had long desired, to the university. He was beside himself with joy at my resolution, until I told him *its*

origin; and then a heavy frown darkened his brow for a moment, but it passed away, and he said, smilingly—"Well, my son, any thing is better than the dream-land you have traversed so far in life. You shall go to the university, but you shall go free and unfettered. During the two years you reside there, you will remain so. In the meantime, we will bring this Rosaline home to the castle, and she shall be educated as becomes your wife. If you love one another when you return, it will be well. I will give you my blessing. If not, you shall both be free."

And so I went to the University of Gottingen. From the moment I left Rosaline, I date, as I have said, the commencement of my life. From that moment I had a task to perform equal to my highest ambition, to become worthy of my bride, and to make her happy.

At the university I succeeded even beyond my expectations. I stood at the head of my division, and was a favorite with my professors. I had thrown off the misanthropic reserve which had isolated me from mankind since my infancy. I was popular with my fellow-students, and I had *one* friend. I loved Wilhelm Heine, because he was a poet. I have said nothing, so far, of my own person. I had a face which seemed to claim no kindred with my German ancestry. In *mind* I was a German. I had all the German profundity, transcendentalism, and love of mystery; but, in *heart*, I was an Italian, and I had an Italian face. My hair was raven black, crisp, and curling; my brows were arched, and my eyes were the large, passionate, languishing eyes of Italy. Wilhelm differed from me widely. He had the clear blue eyes, fair forehead, and blonde hair of the Germans, and he was strikingly handsome. To this day I have never seen a mortal who possessed half his genius. He had, whenever he chose to exercise it, an irresistible power of fascination. I was completely charmed with him during the first week of our acquaintance, and as time passed on, the tie between us strengthened. I confided to him every secret of my life. I told him of all the vague mysterious dreamings of my earlier years, of my father's castle, and Egeria. But I dwelt longest upon Rosaline; or, as I used lovingly to call her, my German Rose. He listened with the most tender interest, and bestowed his confidence upon me in return. He, too, it seemed, loved a being fair as the beautiful sisters of the Hartz Mountains, and when he gave me this account, I was satisfied, and persuaded him to return home with me in the vacation, that he might look upon my pure Rose, my darling.

My father welcomed us cordially, and my first inquiry was for Rose. I learned that they had

been unable to prevail on her to take up her residence at the castle, but my mother had often visited her, and had learned to love her like a daughter. They had procured for her the most skillful teachers, and she was rapidly being perfected in all graceful and lady-like accomplishments. My stately mother seemed instantly attracted toward my friend, and I left them together, and took my way alone to the cottage of Rosaline. I saw the fair girl, as I approached, sitting on a low bench by the open door. I had thought her perfection before, but she seemed lovelier than ever. She looked up as I drew near, and instantly her face and neck were suffused with a burning blush. It thrilled my heart with rapture. I stole softly to her side, and whispered, as I held her hand—"How long must I wait for love? I have striven to be worthy."

It was night. The moon and the stars, however, made the heavens almost as luminous as day; and I could see every blush, every emotion that flitted up to her sweet face. She drooped her long lashes over her downcast eyes, so that they swept her cheek, as she murmured, "I love you already. I have loved you long!"

Then, for the first time, I drew her to my bosom, and pressed upon her pure lips the chaste kiss of our betrothal. She was mine. My ideal was tabernacled in a human form, and I worshipped her as if once more the divinity had been incarnated.

During that visit Wilhelm Heine shared little of my company. He met Rose once or twice, and though he admired her, as who would not, he did not bestow on her the enthusiastic praise I had looked for, in one of his poetic temperament. For the most part I abandoned him to my mother, and devoted all my time to her, who was now, with the fullest sanction of my parents, my betrothed. Oh, those were happy days, and they lie warm and bright yet in my memory, though the sun has set many times since then, and the moon risen, sometimes to go down in a night of sorrow. I was loved. The wildest dreams of my boyhood were satisfied. Every soul has an angel. Some go through life pining for their presence, and die, at last with the vision unfulfilled, the shadow yet resting on their souls, but I *found* mine. My whole life became an anthem of praise!

Two years from the May morning of our first meeting, Rosaline became my wife. I do not need to describe the wedding; indeed, I remember nothing concerning it, save the face that was uplifted to my own, the hand that trembled in my clasp, and the white robe that floated round one graceful figure. These, and the low sound

of the church anthem, swelling and dying away like the ebb and flow of waves upon the beach at midnight. As we left the church, the impulse to *claim* her was strong within my soul, and wondering what manner of reply I should receive, I passed my arm about her waist, and whispered, "My wife." The blue eyes were uplifted to my face, the red lips approached a little nearer, and clear and soft as the voice of an angel, I heard the response—"My beloved, my husband!"

I wished not to carry my Rose to pine in the sunshine of a stately castle, and my father, ever indulgent, fitted up for us a retreat as beautiful as the bowers in the Paradise of Mahomet, where dwell the Houris in their eternal beauty. A marble hall, sunny and radiant, rose up in the midst of surrounding trees. Fountains tinkled a lulling music in the porch; rare-birds flitted to and fro among the branches, and the walls were hung with the masterpieces of ancient painters; gems that you might have covered inch-deep with gold, and yet not have told their value. In the pleasure-grounds, under the branching trees, stood graceful statues, that you might have taken for the guardian spirits of the scene, shrinking timidly beneath the leaves.

It would be but an imperfect expression of the truth to say that I was happy here, and even happiness, in its weakest sense of freedom from pain, visits mortal hearts but seldom. I was lapped in an elysium of bliss. Every day I thought Rosaline could grow no dearer, and every night I acknowledged that I loved her better than ever before. I never tired of watching her. Every expression of her face had some new charm. I trembled lest I should lose a single one. That sense of satiety which some writers say falls even to the lot of the most loving, never came to me. Every kiss I pressed upon her lips seemed to bring with it a higher sense of ineffable sweetness, than I had ever experienced before. She was my world. Apart from her, I had no hope, no ambition. There was no such thing as silence between us; again and again we recalled the brief history of our past acquaintance, and each time we lifted our hearts to God with a prayer of thanksgiving. It was the Eden of my life.

Six months had passed in this blissful dream, before I bethought myself of a promise I had made to my friend Wilhelm Heine, that I would invite him for a visit to my new home. I mentioned it to my little wife. She said, laughingly, "We don't need any third person, do we, darling? nevertheless, I suppose he must come."

The next day, I saw a shadow on her brow. "What is it, Rose!" I asked, laughingly, "has

your pet magpie stopped chattering, or the white gazelle strayed into the forest?" There was a smile round my little Rosa's lips, but her eyes did not smile, and when she attempted to answer my question in the same playful humor in which it was spoken, they grew filled with tears.

"No such grave misfortune," she said, "but, Rudolph, I do not like that Mr. Heine, and I wish he were not coming."

"Why didn't you tell me so yesterday, my darling? But, even now, I will write and retract the invitation."

"No, indeed, my husband. Such a course would make me seriously unhappy. It was only selfishness in me, not to wish our present felicity interrupted. You know I have n't seen much of Mr. Heine yet, and I am sure I shall *learn* to like him because he is your friend."

"Yes, dear, and for his own sake, too. Wilhelm Heine is at once the most gifted and the most fascinating man I ever met."

Ten days after that, our guest arrived. I was heartily glad to meet once more the only man for whom I ever conceived a friendship. He became one of our own family at once. He shared our common sitting-room, and had every opportunity to watch my sweet wife's graces, and learn to love her. I was rejoiced to see that she commenced to take an interest in my friend, and I encouraged their intimacy by every means in my power. He would sit by her side for hours, and read old ballads of hopeless love, and I, with my head lying in her lap, never thought of wondering at the choice of his subjects. I left them a good deal alone together, as the management of my estate, which I had for some time neglected, required my attention; and gladly availed myself of an opportunity when I could leave Rose a companion, to beguile the tedium of the long hours.

One morning I left home for a ride of some twenty miles, to transact some business at neighboring town. As I was kissing Rosaline good-bye, Wilhelm Heine remarked, carelessly, "You had better return as early as you can. I shall find it necessary to leave this afternoon, and be gone three or four days, and Rosaline will be lonesome until you come back."

"Well," I replied, giving his hand an earnest grasp, "you will stay as long as you can, and I'll try to reach home by nightfall."

All that day my path seemed flooded with sunlight. I was half wild with joy. Well as I loved Wilhelm Heine, two or three days alone with my beautiful wife seemed like an eternity of happiness. I hurried through my business, and then, stepping into a jeweler's, bought a whole set of delicate pink corals; I thought the

would besit so charmingly the blonde style of her beauty. As I turned up the bridle-path, leading to my fair home, I half wondered that no light, little figure sprang forward to meet me. But my second thought was of her delicate health, and I said, the evening air is chill, I am glad she did not come. I reached the door, but she was not there, and an indefinable sense of fear and pain stole over my heart. I entered the house. "Where is your mistress?" I asked the first servant I met, my faithful butler.

"Alas, sir, I do not know," was his reply.

"Good heavens! butler, if you know any thing speak quickly. My wife is not dead is she?"

My manner must have terrified him, for he turned fearfully pale, as he answered. "Mr. Heine left about an hour before noon, sir. Some two hours after, my lady went out, with her favorite maid, for a walk. I went to the village, about that business you wished me to arrange, and on my return I met a close carriage. It whirled rapidly by me, but through the windows I recognized in the inside, my lady and her maid, and Mr. Heine. That is all I know, sir?"

I made him no reply, but entered my own room, and locked the door. For twenty-four hours I neither spoke nor moved, except to shout a denial to the servant, who several times besought admittance. I was utterly stupefied with my grief. I never thought of pursuing the fugitives, or avenging myself on the wretch who had so basely betrayed me. Bright sunny eyes, and lips just ready for a smile, and from whose cheek, study, or midnight vigil, had never stolen its roundness.

When all was stilled for the solemn rite, another figure lightly entered, gliding like a spirit till she stood near the clergyman.

She was a lady of elegant form, and whose face must have been exquisitely beautiful, had health and happiness but given it one glow. Her cheek and brow were white as Parian marble, and round her finely moulded head her black, glossy hair was wound in wavy, graceful folds; her eyes were large, and so darkly blue that at a first glance they seemed most like the liquid black common to the daughters of Italy. But her chief beauty lay in her mouth and chin—red-lipped and dimpled beauty still rested there.

She was attired in a closely-fitting black silk dress, and over her shoulders was gracefully thrown a velvet mantle of the same color. Her black attire was entirely unrelieved, save by a small pearl pin, placed in the neck of her dress, and a diamond of great beauty on one hand, and on the other a white kid glove.

She stood near, like a statue—her ungloved hand laid across her bosom, and the diamond on her finger glittering there like a star.

to you. I am, oh, so tired. Hold me on your true heart, my husband, and let me rest; and then I will tell you all."

I was fully roused from my apathy now. I put her from me, and answered sternly, "hold you, Rose! A false wife has no right to rest upon her husband's heart. I have loved you so fondly, that I will not tell you how much I must henceforth despise you. I will leave you our home, and all its luxuries, but we two shall never meet again. You have—" but I paused, for she fell down, apparently lifeless, at my feet. I lifted her upon a couch, and summoning the servants, told them I was about to leave home, and enjoined upon them the strictest and kindest attention to their mistress, under penalty of a discharge from my service. I lingered beside her couch, till I saw the red faintly creeping back into her cheek, and then I put spurs to my horse, and dashed away in pursuit of Wilhelm Heine. I had ridden three days, and the greater part of three nights, upon his track, before I encountered him. I challenged him to mortal combat, and the weapon he chose was pistols. I had had very little practice, while my antagonist was an excellent marksman; and I fancied that if I should succeed in avenging my wrongs, it would be by a special interposition of Providence. We fired at the same moment. I saw his hand tremble as he took aim; and his shot passed harmlessly through the crown of her own head. At the same instant, he, the bride, turned to the bridegroom, and in tones low and clear murmured, "This is for your bride."

CHAPTER II.

—It may be a sound—

A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—

A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.
BYRON.

Hubert Lansing was a lonely widower, and with health and fortune ruined. He sat alone in his room, conscious that the sands of life were ebbing fast away. The past and the present alike oppressed his soul. His children—his daughters—to leave them friendless and penniless; and the image of Maria Wilder—his early love, his discarded bride—vividly was she pictured to his mind as he last saw her on the evening of his marriage, and the tones of her voice seemed again to fall upon his ear as she parted with his sacred gift.

Of all whom he had counseled and served, of all on whom he had showered benefits, his heart turned to her as the only one to whose truth and benevolence he could, with unwavering confidence, intrust his children; but could a mind

delicately strung ask her to take them to her home and heart.

Thus wrapped in agonized thought his daughters entered. The younger was especially his child—the inheritor of his intellect; and she bore, too, the name of Maria. The mother had chosen the name in memory of a sister, but each time the father murmured it, it had been fraught with another memory. This child, too, was the object of his greatest anxiety. There was in her a depth of feeling, an intensity of emotion, a capability of suffering which he well knew required the guidance and sympathy of a strong and affectionate spirit, and to whom could he commit so holy a trust?

He stretched his hand toward the child, and said, "Maria." The word fell upon his own heart with strange power. There came back to him all the faith and unreserve tinged with a glow of his early love, and in the fullness of his heart he wrote her:—

"Maria, I am a stricken man—the Lord has laid his hand upon me. My wealth is scattered, and that energy of character, that strength of intellect which first won for me your undying love, has waned and is fast waning with my life. Yes, I know that I am dying, that the decree is irrevocable, nor can I, like the ancient prophet, pray that it may be prolonged.

For seventeen years, Maria Wilder, your name has never passed my lips, nor has my pen traced one word to you; but now the "waters of the great deep" are breaking up. I will not attempt to palliate the past, but with my dying lips I affirm that it was not in prospect of the great wealth which I received with my bride that caused me to break my faith with you, though I know that I was dazzled with the luxuriousness, the gems of art, and the brilliant gayety by which she was surrounded, and the high position which her father occupied in a nation's trust.

Yes, Maria, forgetful of you, I pledged myself to her; and you were almost lost to me in the whirl of excitement which followed, till, like a spirit from another world, you appeared before me on the evening of my marriage.

Then I became myself again. It roused me to consciousness, as the force of a sudden calamity will sometimes bring to instant reason those made mad with alcohol.

The enchanter's wand was taken away. What was luxury, or the works of art, but that which sordid gold might purchase? And legislative fame, was it not as often won by cunning and low cabal, as by intellectual worth or moral power? And my bride—deep pity filled my heart for her, and she became dear to me as a sister.

I was glad when I heard of your marriage. I

knew that love could never more bloom in your heart—that the fire had gone over your soul and left it too "scorched and seared for the flower of a second love ever to find resting-place" there; but I thought the path would be very lonely, and might be long, and that it were better thus than to walk the valley all alone. Thoroughly I understand your nature, and know well that your tents were not easily struck, or readily pitched elsewhere—that your love was such as planted a "terribly fixed foot."

Think not that in this I had a secret satisfaction; for glad would I have been to have known that you had hated me, could it have given back to you the joyous love which I had blighted, and enabled you to have placed it as a fresh gift upon another altar.

And now years have gone over us, and to you alone can I commit my dying trust.

Maria, when I am dead, will you receive from me the only legacy which I have to impart—my children? My last gift to you was a ring of betrothal—the next are children who called another mother. Tell me that your home shall be theirs, and that your heart will receive them; and I die in peace.

HUBERT LANSING."

CHAPTER III.

Either the human being must suffer and struggle as the price of a more searching vision, or his gaze must be shallow, and without intellectual revelation. DE QUINCY.

Though the bloom of life has been nipt with a frost, yet the soul must not sit shivering in its cell, but bestir itself manfully, and kindle a genial warmth from its own exercise, against the autumnal and the wintry atmosphere.

HAWTHORNE.

Qui n'auroit pas souffert, n'auroit jamais senti ni pensé.
COURMAYEUR.

True as it is that there are great sorrows that overwhelm the heart—sorrows from whose stunning power the soul is never awakened; that many there are who live with "heads above water and with hearts beneath," walking the earth with firm step and unruffled brow, yet bearing a heart that looks for no rest, hopes for no joy on the shores of time; so true is it, that for such consolations of a peculiar character are prepared. To such is given a power, strength, and depth of character, and even an intense capability of happiness of which they have never conceived who have not known the force of a great sorrow. It is an alchemy which creates a new attribute, or rather changes and refines every other principle. To them a new book is opened: to them a strong angel is sent and lifteth a seal: to them *faith* becomes a word of mighty meaning: not something far off, but near: it is Jesus walking upon the waves of the heart, and saying, "Peace, be still;" and fulfilling in the soul his promise,

"I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Such had been the influence of sorrow upon Mrs. Carlton—the once light and joyous Maria Wilder.

From a dream which had made existence beautiful, and robed earth in the drapery of heaven, she was suddenly awakened to a life which she knew must forever be to her a failure and an abortion.

And then evil spirits came to tempt her. Despair, with its madness; misanthropy, with its bitterness; and gayety, with its heartlessness. But they won not the victory. Strength from heaven came; hope, born from above, beamed in her soul; our common humanity she loved again; and she gathered the little wild-flowers of peace that grow in many lowly, hidden spots, and are found but by those who seek them.

She waited not for opportunities to perform great deeds of self-denial or of generosity, for she knew that those who would make others happy, who would have a "daily beauty in their lives" must, like Naaman, learn to bathe in other streams than those of Damascus; and her ever ready kindness and genial smile sent sunshine into many hearts.

It were at least doubtful, whether such a marriage as hers with James Carlton were wise and well. But if that deep confidence which never veiled a thought or feeling—if that sympathy of taste and affectionate regard which made the society of each grateful to the other were enough for such an union, it was theirs; and when, after many years, in which they had grown very dear to each other, death entered their dwelling and bore hence the generous and noble-minded husband, Mrs. Carlton mourned for him, not, it is true, with the wild and untamed agony with which she would have mourned the chosen of her youth, but with a deep, earnest and quiet sorrow.

Unhesitatingly, and rejoicing that even for him she would not have lived in vain, she answered the letter of Hubert Lansing.

"Hubert,—With a gladness akin to that with which I received your first gift, do I accept from you your last legacy; and the love—the passion—the agony which in my youth I gave to you shall be distilled into an intense affection which shall ever fall, faithful as evening dew, upon your children.

I cannot tell you what consolation God has

given me in my own children. It has been through them that he hath "tempered the wind to the shorn lamb," and remembered his promise, "the bruised reed I will not break."

With gushing joy—with more than a mother's wonted tenderness, have I gazed upon my eldest my noble son, my Walter, with his glorious intellect written on his brow, and his loving heart traced upon his lip. I have felt that had he called you—the beloved of my youth—had he called you father, my love for him could not have been greater.

And now a new source of consolation you offer me in the gift of your children. I had not believed that in the arrangements of Providence it would ever be given me to do you another kindness, though I knew that to you or to yours as freely, as frankly, as when you knew me in youth and in happiness would I minister to your pleasure.

I cannot come to your side. The effort would be too painful both for you and me. Receive my boy as my own representative; trust to his care your children till my own arms shall embrace them.

And now, Hubert, beloved, farewell; and rejoice with me that Heaven and Love are immortal—that the star whose brightness the vapors of earth have not dimmed, will only set in death to rise in heaven. MARIA."

CHAPTER IV.

Death is a black camel that kneels at every man's door.

TURKISH PROVERB.

Death had done its work. Hubert Lansing had yielded to that "tremendous necessity" that awaits all living.

The young Walter Carlton had, with his daughters, stood at his bedside, and mingled with theirs his tears of affection and sympathy; and so much was he the representative of his mother's youth, that in the dim, shadowy fancies of the dying man, he was the Maria of his youth, and with glazing eyes fixed upon him, among the last words his failing lips had uttered had been her cherished name.

The home of Mrs. Carlton became the happy home of the daughters of Lansing, and with her children they mingled as sisters, and became dear to one another as those of the same hearthstone, while her own heart owned no difference in the love she bore her own and the children of her adoption.

Monthly Summary.

UNITED STATES.

Legislative. Passage of the Homestead Bill—Rivers and Harbors Bill—Civil and Diplomatic Bill—Fortification Bill—Post Route Bill—Ratification of Russian and Bornean Treaties—California—Washington Territory—Oregon, etc.

In its progress to the close of the session Congress has been marked by a more important amount of business done. On 6th of July the vetoed Indigent Insane Land Bill which had passed on the 8th of March, was rejected by the Senate. On 7th, the Appropriation Bill was passed in the House, by a vote of ninety-two to sixty-seven. On the same day, in the Senate, a bill was reported for the improvement of the Patapsco river, and for making the harbor of Baltimore accessible for war-steamers. On 9th, Mr. Clayton made his ironical amendment of the Homestead Bill, to the effect that settlers should rather get one hundred and sixty dollars out of the treasury, than one hundred and sixty acres of land, and Mr. Broadhead's motion for a postponement of the question to December was defeated. In the House, on the proposal of renewing Mr. Colt's patent for seven years longer, Mr. Clingman charged the abettors of the business with corrupting the members, and a committee was appointed to investigate the charge. On 10th, the House passed a bill authorizing letter-carriers, or ambulatory post-offices in California and the territories of the Pacific, where single letters will be delivered for twenty-five cents each. On 14th, in the Senate, the Homestead Bill was further discussed, and some bills passed, viz: One appropriating six hundred thousand dollars for certain improvements in the public buildings at the capital, granting land for railroads in Missouri, and for the New Orleans and Mobile Railroad, for postal services in California, and Washington, and Oregon territories; a resolution to distribute the works of Thomas Jefferson, and making Cairo, Ill., a port of delivery. The River and Harbor Bill was passed in the House on 13th. It appropriated about two millions and a half of dollars. The light-house appropriation bill also passed, including twenty thousand dollars for life-boats, and other suitable apparatus, to be placed along the Jersey shore. On 17th, in the Senate, a bill providing for the preservation of life and property in shipwreck, was passed. Its application is general. On 19th, in the Senate, Mr. Clayton, to test the matter, moved to lay the Homestead Bill on the table, and was defeated, 27 to 24. On 18th, in the House, an amendment of the Army Appropriation Bill, giving the superintendency of the national armories to civilians was agreed to. On 19th, Mr. Olds' bill to repeal the late postage reduction on periodicals and newspapers, was defeated, and a bill was passed providing for the accommodation of the federal courts in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. On 20th, in the Senate, the Homestead Bill—"the same, but, oh, how different!"—was passed by a compromise—that principle which is generally denounced by straight-forward, earnest people, but which, in the hands of the genius of our constitution, has vindicated some of the fairest results of legislative wisdom. All the debates and amendments which had grown around the bill as it came from the House, were pushed aside by Mr. Hunter, who offered a substitute; and that passed with suddenness, as if Congress had been waiting for it. The first section of this bill provides that after July 1, 1855,

lands which have been in the market for five years, shall be sold for one dollar an acre; for ten years, seventy-five cents an acre; for twenty years, twenty-five cents; for thirty years, twelve and a-half cents. The second section declares that any state desiring it shall acquire preemption right; the third that the states may, at the above rates, have 7,680 acres of land for every mile of railroad or canal they resolve to make; and other sections regulate these dispositions. The eighth section provides that any free white person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and is capable of holding lands under the laws of the state in which they lie, shall be entitled to one-quarter section of land. The ninth section provides that no patent shall be issued for lands till the person who has preempted them shall have paid for them, and resided on and cultivated them for, at least, five years. Along with this bill, the Senate passed a bill appropriating \$8,500,000 for the redemption of the debt of Texas, and another, increasing the pay of executive and judicial officers in territories. In the Senate, on 21st, Mr. Pettit rather agreeably scandalized the conscript fathers, by reading a vigorous retort against Colonel Benton, who, in a public letter, had called the former "a great liar, and a dirty dog." On 25th, Mr. Badger moved, in reference to the bill passed for the water-works of the District of Columbia, an amendment that the President be authorized to employ in his official household, a secretary, at two thousand dollars a year, a clerk at sixteen hundred dollars, a steward at one thousand dollars, and two messengers at nine hundred and seven hundred and fifty dollars respectively. This amendment was adopted. On 24th, in the House, the important Fortification Bill passed. Under this appropriations were made for the purpose of putting all the coasts of the federation in a state of defense. On 25th, Mr. Boccock, submitting an amendment of the Navy Appropriation Bill, contended for a reform in the navy, and especially the increase of the seamen's wages, and the raising of the naval force from 7,500 to 10,000 men. Mr. Phelps opposed any thing which would look like the establishment of a civil list, and proposed that \$300,000 should be put at the disposal of the Secretary of the Navy, that he may pay higher wages, if necessary. This last was adopted. Mr. Gerritt Smith proposed an amendment prohibiting the use of alcoholic drinks in the navy, and it was adopted. But on a confused reconsideration next day, it was defeated by a casting vote. Same day \$370,000 were appropriated to pay the expenses of the Japan Expedition. In the Senate on the 25th, the treaty with Russia was ratified. It guarantees the neutrality of the United States in the present war, and establishes the principle that free ships make free goods. At the same time was published a treaty made last year, between the Sultan of Borneo and the United States, signed by Omar Ali Selfeddin himself, on one side, and J. Balesier on the other. On 27th, the Senate adopted an amendment of the Civil and Diplomatic Bill, increasing the salaries of the ambassadors to France and England to fifteen thousand yearly, and the bill itself was subsequently passed by 25 to 16. On the 28th the Post Route Bill was passed by the Senate, having been already passed by the House. This bill was much needed. It arranges on a systematic plan all the routes now in operation, as well as about six hundred new ones proposed to the committees for establish-

ment during the present session. Since the introduction of railways the route bills of 1810 left the system in a good deal of confusion, which is done away with by the present bill.

The gold business of California continues to be carried on prosperously. The streams of the Mokelumne, the Kern, the North Fork, and the South Fork, fall every summer season in their channels; but no drought ever seems to fall upon the metaphorical river of that country—the Pactolus of the West. It flows on and looks as if it would flow forever. Another exciting gold shout has risen in the Iowa hill, on the ridge of the Nevada. In that place near three hundred tunnels have been run into the earth, while at Kern's Pass, Carson Valley, and elsewhere, the people are agitated by the same excitement. At these places, and also at Minnesota, Camptonville, Forest City, the concourse of miners has caused great inconveniences in the matters of food and shelter. Science is now in a great measure used instead of the ruder labor of the earlier period, and tunneling and shafting are very generally employed. Some squatter riots have taken place in California, and an earthquake-shock was felt in Santa Barbara, on 13th of June. The cereal harvest promises to be plentiful. Between the over stocks of flour, and the good harvests, the Californian loaf will be cheaper than ours. A U. S. custom house is in process of erection at San Francisco. The news from the Indian Reservation, at Tejon, is very encouraging. Ex-President Walker being brought to trial, postponed it to 2d August, giving \$10,000 bail. The usual amount of fights, duels, burglaries, and so forth, continues to diversify the social condition of that gold country.

From Washington Territory we have an account of outrages committed by the Fort Simpson Indians against the white settlers of Bellingham Bay. Governor Douglas of Vancouver's Island has put a guard of seventy-five Indians on Bellevue Island, to keep the sheep of the Hudson's Bay Company—about three thousand. Governor Stevens claims the island, and would doubtless attempt to seize the nation. But Douglas threatens to seize any American collector who may go to the island for that purpose. Governor Stevens has informed the Hudson's Bay Company that it shall no longer trade with the Indians in Washington Territory. To add to the confusion, the Russian Indians of Fort Sitka have been assaulting the Indians attached to the English settlements.

The people of Oregon have refused, by a decided majority, to have a convention to make a constitution. Almost all the Indians of the Rogue River have been induced to live on the reserves appointed by treaty. The commission at present employed in making a boundary between California and Oregon, have discovered that the town of Yreka, Sailor's Diggings, and Alt House Creek, supposed to be in California, are in Oregon. This will be bad news for those who, living in those places, have been in the habit of voting both in California and Oregon, and refusing to pay taxes in either.

The last and present months have been marked by the prevalence of cholera in nearly all the States in the Union. The general statistics of death showing the fatal character of the visitation.

NEIGHBORING STATES.

Mexico; Insurrection—Cuba going to Sleep—Greytown Blown Down—American Pronunciamento in New Granada—Costa Rica—The Sandwich Islands—Annexation of part of Russian America.

A muffled sound of insurrection proceeds from the interior of Mexico; there is fighting, but the combatants are not seen distinctly. Some say the arch-rebel, Alvarez, is dead; others maintain that he is alive. There is an insurrection in Michoacan, which seems to be general, in spite of the desire of the government to hush the report

of it as much as possible. Rebel chiefs were moving up and down, and the towns were calling on government for assistance against them. The official *Diario* of Mexico speaks of an attack made by the commandant of Iguala on Villalba, an insurgent chief, commanding seven hundred men, and an indecisive result. There are also notices of other conflicts elsewhere. Meantime the Indians on their side are rioting over the helplessness of the Mexican government throughout the northern states, while the Indians of Yucatan are repulsing the troops sent against them. The whole South and West seem to have loosed themselves from their allegiance to Santa Anna. He, meantime, is in the capital, distracted apparently by the variety of discontent and rebellion that has grown up about him.

There has been no intelligence of importance from Cuba. The Spanish reinforcements have strengthened the defenses of the island, and the Spanish war frigates continue to cruise round the island, apparently checking the importation of negro slaves. The rumors of Cuban invasion have died away in the south, and the negotiation carried on by our minister at Madrid, seems just now driven off the carpet by the outbreak of the constitutional generals.

Accounts from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico have been interesting. An American ship-of-war has insulted the protectorate of England, in Nicaragua, by destroying Greytown. The people of this place came to entertain feelings of dislike and offense toward our citizens, who no doubt, if they did not provoke those sentiments, reciprocated them cordially enough. A few months ago, the honorable Solon Borland, our Minister in Central America, interfered to protect an American captain of a river steamer, against the authorities, and was mobbed by the people of Greytown. He then left a guard of returning Californians to protect American interests in the place, and returned home for instructions. The authorities at Washington whose causes of action, no doubt, included more items of complaint than would appear in the Borland business, issued their orders, that the Cyane, Captain Hollins, should go to this semi-English town and demand satisfaction with a promise of better behavior. The demand was peremptorily made and refused with obstinacy; whereupon, on 13th July, Captain Hollins cannonaded the place and afterward landed a party which set it on fire. The population of about 500 persons, went aside into the woods, and the foreign residents who desired it, were brought to the States in the American steamer, which called at the place two days subsequently. This would be considered a paltry blow, were it not that it is partly struck against England—a fact which may entail some very serious consequences.

The news from New Granada are not less interesting. New Granada, which is, at one side, in the throes of civil war, is, at the other, agitating a scheme of secession and independence. The people of Aspinwall and the parts adjacent have no interest in the confusions of Melo the absolutist or Mosquera the constitutionalist; being in a great measure foreign residents, they look to the chief management of their own concerns, and, at least, a free town, of a mingled native and foreign government. For several months past, the residents of Aspinwall generally have not paid taxes, seeing the local government was inefficient. Some time ago, a Vigilance Committee, was formed for the punishment of murder and robbery. By these means the foreigners came to be something like an *imperium in imperio*, till, at last, the New Granada officials began to demand taxes and be otherwise annoying, whereupon the foreigners took a remonstrating attitude, and formed themselves into committee, they argued they could better regulate the town than the Granadans, and in this conviction, they have demanded a peculiar government for Aspinwall. The matter is a curious conglomeration. It is evident that the government of New Granada

is not suited for the men of Aspinwall, and it is easy to perceive that in a short time that Isthmian thoroughfare will be placed under our liberal laws and our influence. The progress of our people is rather significant in that region, seeing that they simultaneously demand a town for themselves on the Isthmus, and beat down another established by the Queen of England. Engaged in their ferocious, feeble war among themselves, the rival Granadan parties do not perceive the presence of a controlling power that will yet push both aside.

Accounts from Costa Rica, say that Commodore Vanderbilt has received from government the privilege of opening a way across its territory—or of making use of the way already employed; for except that the Vanderbilt terminus on the Pacific would be Salinas, while that of the present Nicaraguan company in San Juan del Sur, the routes are the same. It is stated that this grant concluded by Costa Rica, is partly on ground disputed by Nicaragua. Such being the case, the act of putting an American with his dollars and his revolver on that perilous point of dispute, will be apt to lead to a little more violent confusion in that quarter.

In the Sandwich Islands, King Kamehameha has issued a proclamation calling on all his subjects to remain neutral, in the coming war between the European potentates, and to abstain from attacking any of them with privateers. His majesty at the same time warns the aforesaid great powers that they must respect each other in his harbors, and never proceed to decide any of their quarrels therein. His government was rejoicing in an excess of receipts over expenditures, and contemplating an improvement of the harbors and an increase of the standing army, which, at present, is nearly 100 men. The port charges of Honolulu have been abrogated by act of parliament, and a bill was about to be introduced to admit to the coasting trade all who would pay a sum for license. In spite of reports circulated in these states, it seems that petitions to the Hawaiian parliament have been sent from all the islands against American annexation—except in case of French interference. So that this talk of annexation may be only used as a bug-bear for the French at Hawai, who show themselves at times very much disposed to domineer over the little kingdom. It is only when our steamships to Loo Choo, and Hong Kong or Shanghai shall make of Hawai a resting-place, and a strong body of American citizens find themselves located in those islands, that annexation will assume an aspect of probability.

From Russian America, we have received notification of a national dispute, and also of the means of putting an end to it. From time immemorial the people of the American continent had enjoyed the privilege of fishing and trading along the whole N. W. coast, without reservation. When the Aleutian Islands came into the possession of Russia, that privilege was farther secured to them by treaties, the last of which is dated 1834, up to the present year there was no great cause of complaint; but in April last the Russian government transferred those fisheries, of which Sitka is the capital and chief station to a powerful Fur company. The latter insisted on an exclusive right, and the Cabinet of St. Petersburg supporting this claim, issued notices accordingly at Sitka, and even went so far as to arrest an American and a Chilian fishing vessel, to prevent their intrusion on the forbidden grounds. This produced a strong protest from the American consul at Sitka and would doubtless have led to something more serious still, if the Russian Government had not resolved to dispose of the islands and waters in dispute to the United States, to this they are strongly impelled by the fact that if they do not sell them, the English will send a war ship to clutch them all at one fell swoop.—Toward the close of July, Stoekel, a Russian envoy, had made at Washington proposals for the sale and transfer to the United States. From this we see how likely it is that

the annexation of a part of Russia may actually precede the annexations of those places nearer home which have been so long under our acquisitive eyes.

THE OLD WORLD.

The Seats of war—The Czar firm—The Allies at last on the Danube, and the graver strategy about to begin. A French army going to the Baltic—Revolution in Spain—The Insurgents victorious—Queen Christina fled—New Ministry at Madrid—Further Austrian Loans, and English grants.

On the 15th of June the Russian advance, in the direction of Constantinople, had reached its furthest point, and then ceased, and the tide of war slowly ebbed into the Principalities. On the above date, after vehement siege of a month, the Russians withdrew from Silistria, into which two days previously Omar Pasha, advancing toward the Danube, had thrown a Turkish brigade. Some days subsequently, the Turks fell upon the Russians as they moved from their encampment over against Silistria, and defeated them according to English reports. The Turks then crossed the river and occupied the Danubian Islands and Giurgevo. It was generally reported that the Russians were, about the beginning of July, proceeding to evacuate Wallachia, and even Moldavia. But this has been a very great mistake. It was also falsely reported that the Austrians were marching in, to occupy the Principalities. But the Czar still held the left bank of the Danube, from Aluta downward, and his troops were busily employed in erecting batteries on the Transylvanian frontier, in Moldavia.

Meantime, on 6th July, the reply of the Czar to the overtures of Austria and Prussia—a reply on which hangs the decision of all the military movements—arrived at Vienna, in the midst of great suspense. The tone of Nicholas in addressing the German Powers was courteous, but still firm. As a concession to his brother of Austria, he professed himself willing to treat again all round, on the basis of the protocol of the Four Powers of 9th April, which went to establish a common protectorate of all the powers over the Sultans Christian subjects. He agreed to withdraw if the English and French withdrew at the same time, and the Austrians did not enter the Principality. He would still, however, retain the line of the Sereth in Moldavia as a guarantee that, in making peace, they should not deprive him of any of his territories. In his letter to the King of Prussia that terrible Slavon chieftain—who seems to stand erect while they are all crouching about him—said he was an ill-used individual, and would fight to the last rouble and the last man. Prussia is of opinion that the Czar's terms are fair, and Austria apparently leans to the same opinion, while the smaller German Powers prepare to take their cue from the great chiefs of the Fatherland. A horrible distrust of Austria is beginning to creep through the veins of the two Western Powers. The English and French journals cry treachery. The *Daily News* of London and other papers denounce the base Austrian alliance, the *London Sun* and other organs have been lauding Kossuth in an unwonted manner, and, although the Hungarian denounced the British government, for its Austrian tendencies, the *Times* had not launched at him a single bolt. Western Europe secretly fears or hopes the ultimate union of the German Powers with their natural friend and protector.

For the rest, the allied armaments were ineffective. Neither Sebastopol nor Cronstadt have been struck. The Anglo-French army, 50,000 strong, has at least reached the Danube, and is stationed between Varna and Shumla. The Turkish flotilla, assisted by the vessels and boats of the allied squadron, have taken possession of the Danube mouths, and begun to make them clear for the passage of trading ships. The destruction of the channel of that noble stream was an unpardonable sacrilege on the part

of the Czar. The beachhead was of the ancient river-god belongs to all the world. Sir Charles Napier having surveyed the defences of Orontides sent him to know if he should attack them, and some supports and miners were sent along with a sealed reply. It is probable that the admiral, assisted by the French troops sent from Calais and Boulogne in English war-ships, in the beginning of July, would undertake the occupation of the Aland Islands, in which is Bomarsund which he lately bombarded. Those islands would be a formidable base of operations against the capital of Russia. It is thought the allied force in the Baltic will be about 30,000 men.

Meantime latest accounts say that an ultimatum was sent from Vienna, on 17th July, demanding the evacuation of the Principalities within a month. The Turks had crossed the Danube in several places, and were nearly in the positions they occupied eight months ago—menacing an advance on Bucharest. Omar Pasha had his head-quarters at Giurgiuvo on 9th July. On 11th, the Turks advancing from that place engaged the Russians on the road to Bucharest. Prince Gortschakoff, was said to be proceeding from the latter place to meet the Pasha, and a strong body of the Allies had crossed the Danube, to support the Turks. A great battle was expected. But it is probable the Russians will retire when St. Arnaud gets fairly across the river. It is only now that the European war seems beginning in earnest. Austria has officially announced a new loan of not less than 350 millions of florins, and the Queen of England has sent to parliament to ask for an extra vote of credit for three millions of pounds sterling.

THE SPANISH INSURRECTION

Spain is once again in the ferment of a general insurrection—which may also be termed an insurrection of generals. Generals O'Donnell, Olaso, Dolas and others having drawn off a portion of the royal troops from Madrid on 25th of June, issued a proclamation denouncing the evil ministers of the queen and calling for the reconstitution of 1837. The insurgent generals with about 1000 troops marched in the direction of Toledo, awaiting the effect of the proclamation. Indistinct reports of the movements of rebels and royalists have reached us. But the main results as yet have been that the rebellion has become general, that Madrid and the garrison have pronounced for the revolution, that Espartero has put himself at the head of a body of insurgents and moved on the capital, that the queen mother, Christina had fled to Bayona, and that Imbelle's ministry had left the country. Latest accounts state that, after some military fighting in the streets of Madrid, a new Ministry has been formed with Duke Rivas as President, and containing an equal number of moderates and progress-men. It was feared that Spain was about to fall into another paroxysm of general anarchy.

CHINA, JAPAN, BORNEO, PACIFIC TREATIES.

The civil war in China, whatever progress it may be making, cannot be spoken of with certainty. Our interest in that country is attached less to the struggle of dynasties than to the movements of the foreigners who sit round her courts and watch the course of events. In our last summary we spoke of the combined attack of the English and American residents at Shanghai on the imperialist camp. Since then we have been made acquainted with a more interesting passage of Chinese history. It is a letter from our President to Hsien Fung, the emperor, transmitted by the Hon. Humphrey Marshall. On 2nd of July, 1863, Mr. Marshall accompanied by Rev. Mr. Culbertson and other Americans, and attended by a cortège of interpreters and chair-bearers, proceeded from Shanghai in boats to hold an interview at the city of Kwoosun with Hsien, a relative of the emperor, and Viceroy of the great district round the cities of Hankow and Lowchow. It was with difficulty and

through his friend, the Taotai or provincial judge of Shanghai, that he brought about the meeting. Having landed at Kwoosun, a little to the north of Shanghai, Mr. Marshall's party proceeded in great state, from their boats to the city, the American flag fastened round the viceroy's chair, and the whole of the mandarins and population turning out in their gala dresses to greet and welcome the children of the President. Hsien, a venerable old nobleman, received Mr. Marshall with the most cordial respect, and having explained why a former letter of the envoy had not been transmitted to the Prime Minister, to whom it was addressed, undertook to forward to the emperor himself the letter of the American President. Mr. Marshall was received in a very honorary manner, and his business seems to have won for him an amount of attention and respect so rarely accorded by the Chinese authorities to foreigners. No doubt they desire to secure the friendship of the Americans in the present struggle, and have been the more courteous accordingly. At all events, we have obtained a privilege of direct communication with the Chinese government, which nothing for the future can abrogate. It is expected that Hsien Fung will consent to receive an American minister either at his city of Peking or the port of Shanghai. Indeed, as matters stand, the emperor is not in a position to refuse any thing, and we can easily perceive how the trading and general interest of foreigners must inevitably thrive in the midst of those Chinese battles and confusions.

With the Japanese empire we have at last concluded our Treaty. It was done on 31st of last March, at Kanagawa in the Bay of Yedo. By this treaty the port of Simoda, in the central islands of Nippon, and the port of Hakodade, in the Principality of Matsumai are granted to Americans as places of harborage, refitting, supply and so forth. The first port was opened at once, the other to be open in a year. Provisions are made for the good treatment of all American ships and crews cast away on the shores of Japan, according to the customs of civilised nations, and also for a course of trade and exchange between the Americans and Japanese. Any citizens of the United States staying at Simoda shall be at liberty to wander over the country, within a circuit of seven miles, and something of the same privilege shall be enjoyed at Hakodade. In 18 months from the signing of the Treaty, American consuls or agents may reside at Simoda; and any future concessions to any other foreigners shall be extended to our citizens. The Japanese government shows itself rather parsimonious. But such was to be expected from such a system of despotism, fostered and reformed for ages. The small end of the wedge, however, is inserted, and the rest will follow, in time.

Simultaneously with our Chinese mission and the Japan treaty, we have been completing a treaty, scarcely less important, with the Sultan of Brunei or Borneo, the largest and richest island of the globe. This treaty was signed on 12th of July, 1863, by Omar Ali Saifuddin the Sultan, on one side, and the Hon. J. Reister on the other, in the royal city of Brunei. The terms of this treaty secure to us the largest advantages—contrasting somewhat with those obtained from the Japanese. The citizens of the states are permitted to go to Borneo and reside and trade there on a perfect level with the Borneans themselves—the latter to have the same privilege whenever they please to come to our country. All the ports of Borneo to be free to our commerce, and no charge, further than that of a dollar per ton to be made on any American merchandise entering them. Americans may export any of the products of the country, and these exports shall be free from any charge at all. Sultan Omar has a strong suspicion, doubtless, that Uncle Sam is the greatest free-trader on earth, after all—John Bull not excepted. By another article it is decreed that whenever the American-Borneans have disputes with the "natives," the decision of those disputes

must be referred to American consuls or agents, and the same is to be the rule when Americo-Borneans and other foreigners are at issue. This gives our citizens a powerful influence in the island—places them, in fact, far above the Borneans themselves on that soil! What with Rajah Brooke at Sarawak, and Uncle Sam everywhere else in

Borneo, we can fancy what a civilized state of things good Omar Ali Seifeddin is going to have about him in process of time! Perhaps he may come to express a desire to be annexed. The future of that Indian Archipelago will make some interesting chapters of the world's history.

Review of New Books.

Walden: or Life in the Woods. By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

Whatever may be thought or said of this curious volume, nobody can deny its claims to individuality of opinion, sentiment, and expression. Sometimes strikingly original, sometimes merely eccentric and odd, it is always racy and stimulating. The author, an educated gentleman, disgusted with the compliances and compromises which society enjoins on those to whom it gives "a living," goes off alone into Concord woods, builds his own house, cooks his own victuals, makes and mends his own clothes, works, reads, thinks as he pleases, and writes this book to chronicle his success in the experiment. Mr. Thoreau, it is well known, belongs to the class of transcendentalists who lay the greatest stress on the "I," and knows no limitation on the exercise of the rights of that important pronoun. The customs, manners, occupations, religion, of society, he "goes out" from, and brings them before his own inward tribunal for judgment. He differs from all mankind with wonderful composure; and, without any of the fuss of the come-outers, goes beyond them in asserting the autocracy of the individual. Making himself the measure of truth, he is apt to think that "difference from me is the measure of absurdity;" and occasionally he obtains a startling paradox, by the simple inversion of a stagnant truism. He likes to say that four and four make nine, in order to assert his independence of the contemptible trammels of the world's arithmetic. He has a philosophical sneer and gibe for most axioms, and snaps his fingers in the face of the most accredited proprieties and "do-me-goodisms" of conventional life. But if he has the wildness of the woods about him, he has their sweetness also. Through all the audacities of his eccentric protests, a careful eye can easily discern the movement of a powerful and accomplished mind. He has evidently read the best books, and talked with the best people. His love for nature, and his eye for nature, are altogether beyond the ordinary love and insight of nature's priests; and his descriptions have a kind of De Foe-like accuracy and reality in their eloquence, peculiar to himself among all American writers. We feel, in reading him, that such a man has earned the right to speak of nature, for he has taken her in all moods, and given the same "frolic welcome" to her "thunder and her sunshine."

But we doubt if anybody can speak so well of Mr. Thoreau as Mr. Thoreau himself. He has devoted so much of his life to the perusal of his own consciousness, that we feel it would be a kind of impertinence to substitute our impressions for his knowledge. We will first extract his account of his expenses for eight months in his woodland home:—

"House,.....	\$28.12½
Farm, one year,.....	14.72½
Food, eight months,.....	8.74
Clothing, etc., eight months,.....	8.40¾
Oil, etc., eight months,.....	2.00
In all,.....	\$61.99¾

As the article of food, put down at \$8.74, is unaccompanied by the items thereof, we subjoin them in order that our readers may see on how little a philosopher can live:—

"Rice,.....	\$1.73½	
Molasses,.....	1.73	Cheapest form of the saccharine.
Rye meal,.....	1.04¾	
Indian meal,....	0.99¾	Cheaper than rye.
Pork,.....	0.22	
Flour,.....	0.88	Costs more than Indian meal, both money and trouble.
Sugar,.....	0.80	
Lard,.....	0.66	
Apples,.....	0.25	
Dried apple,.....	0.22	
Sweet potatoes,.	0.10	
One pumpkin,...	0.06	
One watermelon,	0.02	
Salt,.....	0.03	
	8.74	

All experiments which failed.

One of the great trials of authors and sages has its source in the necessity of being clothed. Mr. Thoreau has discussed this matter with unusual sagacity, and what thinker, after reading the following, can mourn over the fact of being out at the elbows:—

"As this business was to be entered into without the usual capital, it may not be easy to conjecture where those means, that will still be indispensable to every such undertaking, were to be obtained. As for clothing, to come at once to the practical part of the question, perhaps we are led oftener by the love of novelty, and a regard for the opinions of men, in procuring it, than by a true utility. Let him who has work to do recollect that the object of clothing is, first, to retain the vital heat, and secondly, in this state of society, to cover nakedness, and he may judge how much of any necessary or important work may be accomplished without adding to his wardrobe. Kings and Queens who wear a suit but once, though made by some tailor or dress-maker to their majesties, cannot know the comfort of wearing a suit that fits. They are no better than wooden horses to hang the clean clothes on. Every day our garments become more assimilated to ourselves, receiving the impress of the wearer's character, until we hesitate to lay them aside, without such delay and medical appliances and some such solemnity even as our bodies. No man ever stood the lower in my estimation for having a patch in his clothes; yet I am sure that there is greater anxiety, commonly, to have fashionable, or at least clean and unpatched clothes, than to have a sound conscience. But even if the rent is not mended, perhaps the worst vice betrayed is improvidence. I sometimes try my acquaintances by such tests as this:—who could wear a patch, or two extra seams only, over the knee? Most behave as if they believed that their prospects for life would be ruined if they should do it. It would be easier for them to hobble to town with a broken leg than with a broken pantaloon. Often if an accident happens to a gentleman's legs, they can be mended; but if a similar accident happens to the legs of his pantaloons, there is no help for it; for he considers, not what is truly respectable, but what is respected. We know but few men, a great many coats and breeches.

If my jacket and trousers, my hat and shoes, are fit to worship God in, they will do; will they not? Who ever saw his old clothes,—his old coat, actually worn out, resolved into its primitive elements, so that it was not a deed of charity to bestow it on some poor boy, by him perchance to be bestowed on some poorer still, or shall we say richer, who could do with less? I say, beware of all enterprises that require new clothes, and not rather a new wearer of

clothes. If there is not a new man, how can the new clothes be made to fit? If you have any enterprise before you try it in your old clothes. All men want, not something to do with, but something to do, or rather something to be. Perhaps we should never procure a new suit, however ragged or dirty the old, until we have so conducted so enterprise or sailed in some way, that we feel like new men in the old, and that to retain it would be like keeping new wine in old bottles. Our moulted season, like that of the fowls, must be a crisis in our lives. The loon retires to solitary ponds to spend it. Thus also the snake casts its slough, and the caterpillar its wormy coat, by an internal industry and expansion, for clothes are but our outward cuticle and mortal coil. Otherwise we shall be found ending under false colors, and be inevitably ensnared at least by our own opinions, as well as that of mankind."

In a description of his visitors, occurs the following testimonial to a Concord philosopher, who occasionally penetrated to his residence. Although the name is not given, we suppose Mr. Thoreau refers to A. Bronson Alcott:—

"I should not forget that during my last winter at the pond there was another welcome visitor, who at one time came through the village, through snow, and rain, and darkness, till he saw my lamp through the trees, and shared with me some long winter evenings. One of the last of the philosophers,—Connecticut gave him to the world,—he peddled first her wares, afterward, as he declares his brain. These he peddled still, prompting God and disgracing man bearing for fruit his brain only, like the nut its kernel. I think that he must be the man of the most faith of any alive. His words and attitude always suppose a better state of things than other men are acquainted with and he will be the last man to be disappointed as the ages revolve. He has no venture in the present. But though comparatively disregarded now, when his day comes, laws unsupported by most will take effect, and masters of families and rulers will come to him for advice—

"How blind that cannot see serenity!"

A true friend of man, almost the only friend of human progress. An old Mortality say rather an immortality, with unwearyed patience and faith making plain the inner engraven in men's bodies, the tool of whom they are but defaced and leaning monuments. With his hospitable intellect he embraces children, beggars, insane, and scholars, and entertains the thought of all adding to it commonly some breadth and elegance. I think that he should keep a caravansary on the world's highway, where philosophers of all nations might put up, and on his sign should be printed: Entertainment for man, but not for his heart. Let us go that have leisure and a quiet mind, who earnestly seek the right road." He is perhaps the sanest man, and has the fewest pretensions of any I chance to know, the same yesterday and to-morrow. Of yore we had sauntered and talked and effectually put the world behind us, for he was pledged to no institutions in it, freeborn, ingenuous. Whichever way we turned, it seemed that the heaven and the earth had met together, since he enhanced the beauty of the landscape. A blue-robed man whose steepest roof is the overarching sky which reflects his serenity. I do not see how he can ever die. Nature cannot spare him.

Having each some shingles of thought well dried, we sat and whittled them, trying our knives and admiring the clear yellowish grain of the pumpkin pine. We waited so gently and reverently or we pulled together so smoothly, that the fishes of thought were not scared from the stream, nor feared any angle on the bank, but came and went granily, like the clouds which float through the western sky, and the mother-of-pearl flocks which sometimes form and dissolve there. There we worked, revising mythology rounding a fable here and there and building castles in the air for which earth offered no worthy foundation. Great Looker Great Expecter! to converse with whom was a New England Night's Entertainment. Ah! each discourse we had hermit and philosopher and the old witter I have spoken of—we threw—it expanded and racked my little house. I should not care to say how many pounds weight there was above the atmospheric pressure on every circular inch. It opened it seems so that they had to be caulked with much dullness thereafter to stop the consequent leak. But I had enough of that kind of work already picked."

Here is a defense of intellectualism, in its large sense of following one's genius, the sense in which Mr. Thoreau uses it.

"If one listens to the patient but constant suggestions

of his genius, which are certainly true, he sees not to what extremes, or even insanity, it may lead him, and yet that way, as he grows more resolute and faithful his road lies. The faintest assured objection which one healthy man feels will at length prevail over the arguments and customs of mankind. No man ever followed his genius till it misled him. Though the result were bodily weakness, yet perhaps no one can say that the consequences were to be regretted, for these were a life in conformity to higher principles. If the day and the night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, is more elastic, more starry, more immortal,—that is your success. All nature is your congratulation, and you have cause momentarily to bless yourself. The greatest gains and values are farthest from being appreciated. We rarely come to doubt if they exist. We soon forget them. They are the highest reality. Perhaps the facts most astounding and most real are never communicated by man to man. The true harvest of my daily life is somewhat as intangible and indescribable as the lights of morning or evening. It is a little star-dust caught, a segment of the rainbow which I have clutched."

The volume is so thickly studded with striking descriptions that it is difficult to select an average specimen of Mr. Thoreau's power and felicity. We take the following as one of the best:—

"Sometimes I ramble to pine groves, standing like temples, or like fleets at sea, full-rigged, with wavy boughs, and rippling with light, so soft, and green, and shaly that the Druids would have furnished their oaks to worship in them, or to the cedar wood beyond Flint's Pond, where the trees, covered with beary blue berries, spring higher and higher, are fit to stand before Valhalla, and the creeping juniper covers the ground with wreaths full of fruit; or to swamps where the aspen lichen hangs in festoons from the white-spruce trees, and tondoloka, round tables of the swamp-gods, cover the ground, and more beautiful fungi adorn the stumps, like butterflies or shells, vegetable winkles, where the swamp-pink and dogwood grow, the red alder-berries glow like eyes of imps, the waxwork grooves and crumbs the hardest woods in its folds, and the wild bully berries make the beholder forget his home with their beauty and he is dazzled and tempted by nameless other wild forbidden fruits, too fair for mortal taste. Instead of railing on some scholar, I paid many a visit in particular trees, of kinds which are rare in this neighborhood, standing far away in the middle of some pasture, or in the depths of a wood or swamp, or on a hill-top, such as the black birch, of which we have some handsome specimens two feet in diameter; its cousin, the yellow birch, with its loose golden vest, perfumed like the first, the beech which has so neat a bole and beautifully lichen-painted, perfect in all its details, of which, excepting scattered specimens, I know but one small grove of shagbark trees left in the township, supposed by some to have been planted by the pigeons that were once baited with beech nuts near by it. It is worth the while to see the silver grain sparkle when you split this wood the base; the hornbeam, the *colletes occidentalis* or fallow elm, of which we have but one well-grown, some taller mast of a pine, a shingle tree, or a more perfect hemlock than usual, standing like a pagoda in the midst of the woods, and many others I could mention. These were the shrines I visited both summer and winter.

Once it chanced that I stood in the very alutment of a rainbow's arch, which filled the lower stratum of the atmosphere, tinged the grass and leaves around, and dazzling me as if I looked through colored crystal. It was a lake of rainbow light in which for a short while I lived like a dolphin. If it had lasted longer it might have tinged my employments and life. As I walked on the railroad causeway, I used to wonder at the halo of light around my shadow and would fain fancy myself one of the elect. One who visited me declared that the shadow of some Irishman before him had no halo about them that it was only natives that were so distinguished. Benvenuto Cellini tells us in his memoirs that, after a certain terrible dream or vision which he had during his confinement in the castle of St. Angelo, a resplendent light appeared over the shadow of his head at morning and evening whether he was in Italy or France and it was particularly conspicuous when the grass was moist with dew. This was probably the same phenomenon to which I have referred, which is especially observed in the morning, but also at other times, and even by moonlight. Though a constant one it is not commonly noticed, and, in the case of an excitable imagination like Cellini's it would be liable enough for superstition. Besides, he tells us that he showed it to very few. But are they not indeed distinguished who are conscious that they are regarded at all?"

We fear that our extracts have not done justice to the attractiveness of this curious and original volume. We might easily fill a page with short, sharp, quotable sentences, embodying some flash of wit or humor, some scrap of quaint or elevated wisdom, or some odd or beautiful image. Every chapter in the book is stamped with sincerity. It is genuine and genial throughout. Even its freaks of thought are full of suggestions. When the author turns his eye seriously on an object, no matter how remote from the sphere of ordinary observation, he commonly sees into it and through it. He has a good deal of Mr. Emerson's piercing quality of mind, which he exercises on the more elusive and fitting phenomena of consciousness, with a metaphysician's subtilty, and a poet's expressiveness. And as regards the somewhat presumptuous manner in which he dogmatizes, the reader will soon learn to pardon it for the real wealth of individual thinking by which it is accompanied, always remembering that Mr. Thoreau, in the words of his own motto, does not intend to write an "ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake his neighbors up."

Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Illustrated from Designs by Hammat Billings. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

These volumes consist of letters written by Mrs. Stowe to her friends, during her visit abroad, with passages from the journal of the party, written by her brother, the Rev. Charles Beecher. The book will fully meet the expectations of the judicious admirers of the authoress. It seems to us modest in tone, and excellent in spirit. Many of the passages of description are, in vividness and eloquence, worthy even of Mrs. Stowe's reputation as a powerful wielder of expression. The light and gossiping portions, relating to persons high in rank, or eminent in genius, are very attractive. Such are her sketches of the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Russell, Lady Carlisle, the Marchioness of Stafford, Macaulay, Hallam, Dickens, Gladstone, Lord Mahon, and others. The most objectionable thing in the book, in point of taste, is the depreciation of Murillo, whose most celebrated pictures Mrs. Stowe had an opportunity of seeing. She gives her own impressions of that artist, with the full knowledge that her opinions are heretical, and were it not that her criticism on him is a tissue of amusing blunders, we should feel inclined to praise her independence of the stereotyped cant and hearsay talked by ordinary tourists about great pictures. She finds that all Murillo's power lies in expression, and then proceeds to indicate that by expression she means mere mechanical felicity without any inward vital power. She says he occupies among artists the position that Pope occupies among poets. He is deficient in ideality, spirituality, and earnestness—an outside, superficial painter, who does not touch and thrill her by any force of genius. Now Murillo is not only a great imaginative painter, but his imagination rises to ecstasy; and her criticism is about as appropriate as a Frenchman's would be, who, after glancing at Shelley's poems, should decide that Shelly's position among poets was on a level with Watteau's position among painters.

Mrs. Stowe's book is full of information regarding the plans and movements of English philanthropy in regard to the miseries of the English poor. Her account of Lord Shaftsbury, who is especially prominent in this good work, is very interesting. She visits with him the Model Lodging Houses of London. In regard to the antecedents of this nobleman, she makes one ludicrous mistake. "While," she says, "I was walking down to dinner with Lord Shaftsbury, he pointed out to me in the hall the portrait of his

distinguished ancestor, Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftsbury, whose name he bears. This ancestor, notwithstanding his skeptical philosophy, did some good things, as he was the author of the habeas corpus act." We suppose that Mrs. Stowe means the author of "Characteristicks," when she refers to "skeptical philosophy," and he was the grandson of the first earl. No two men could be more different than Anthony Ashley Cooper, the ablest, astutest, most daring and most unscrupulous of English demagogues, and his pedantic grandson who has connected his name with English infidelity. The present Lord Shaftsbury, deficient in the talents of either, but who is widely known for his active benevolence and evangelical piety, is a new and queer graft on such a family-tree.

We have already referred to Mrs. Stowe's felicity in sketching persons, and of making them known to her readers. Here is her introduction of Mr. Cobden.

"We went to breakfast at Mr. Cobden's. Mr. C. is a man of slender frame, rather under than over the middle size, with great ease of manner and flexibility of movement, and the most frank, fascinating smile. His appearance is a sufficient account of his popularity, for he seems to be one of those men who carry about them an atmosphere of vivacity and social exhilaration. We had a very pleasant and social time, discussing and comparing things in England and America. Mr. Cobden assured us that he had had curious calls from Americans, sometimes. Once an editor of a small village paper called, who had been making a tour through the rural districts of England. He said that he had asked some mowers how they were prospering. They answered, 'We aint prosperin', we're bayin.' Said Cobden, 'I told the man, 'now do n't go and publish that in your paper,' but he did, nevertheless, and sent me over the paper, with the story in it.' I might have comforted him with many a similar anecdote of Americans; as, for example, the man who was dead set against a tariff, 'cause he knew if they once got it, they'd run the old thing right through his farm;' or those immortal Pennsylvania Dutchmen, who, to this day, it is said, give in all their votes under the solemn conviction that they are upholding General Jackson's administration."

The following is her description of Macaulay:

"His whole physique gives you the impression of great strength and stamina of constitution. He has the kind of frame which we usually imagine as peculiarly English; short, stout and firmly knit. There is something hearty in all his demonstrations. He speaks in that full, round, rolling voice, deep from the chest, which we also conceive of as being more common in England than America. As to his conversation, it is just like his writing; that is to say, it shows very strongly the same qualities of mind.

"I was informed that he is famous for a most uncommon memory; one of those men to whom it seems impossible to forget any thing once read; and he has read all sorts of things that can be thought of, in all languages. A gentleman told me that he could repeat all the old Newgate literature, hanging ballads, last speeches, and dying confessions; while his knowledge of Milton is so accurate, that, if his poems were blotted out of existence, they might be restored simply from his memory. The same accurate knowledge extends to the Latin and Greek classics, and to much of the literature of modern Europe. Had nature been required to make a man to order, for a perfect historian, nothing better could have been put together, especially since there is enough of the poetic-fire included in the composition to fuse all these multiplied materials together, and color the historical crystallization with them.

"Macaulay is about fifty. He has never married; yet there are unmistakable evidences, in the breathings and aspects of the family circle by whom he was surrounded, that the social part is not wanted in his conformation. Some very charming lady relatives seem to think quite as

much of their gifted uncle as you might have done had he been yours."

"I was seated between Macaulay and Milman, and must confess was a little embarrassed at times, because I wished to hear what they were both saying, at the same time.

"Milman's appearance is quite striking; tall, stooping, with a keen, black eye, and perfectly white hair—a singular and poetic contrast.

"Macaulay made some suggestive remarks on cathedrals generally. I said that I thought it singular that we so seldom knew who were the architects that designed these great buildings; that they appeared to me the most sublime efforts of human genius.

"He said that all the cathedrals of Europe were undoubtedly the result of one or two minds; that they rose into existence very nearly contemporaneously, and were built by traveling companies of masons, under the direction of some systematic organization. Perhaps you knew all this before, but I did not; and so it struck me as a glorious idea, and if it is not the true account of the origin of cathedrals, it certainly ought to be.

"Looking around the table, and seeing how everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves, I said to Macaulay that these breakfast-parties were a novelty to me; that we never had them in America, but that I thought them the most delightful form of social life.

"He seized upon the idea, as he often does, and turned it playfully inside out, and shook it upon all sides, just as one might play with the lustres of a chandelier—to see them glitter. He expatiated on the merits of breakfast-parties as compared with all other parties. He said dinner-parties were mere formalities. You invite a man to dinner because you *must* invite him; because you are acquainted with his grandfather, or it is proper you should; but you invite a man to breakfast because you want to see him. You may be sure, if you are invited to breakfast, there is something agreeable about you. The idea struck me as very sensible, and we all, generally having the fact before our eyes that we were invited to breakfast, approved the sentiment.

"'Yes,' said Macaulay, 'depend upon it; if a man is a bore he never gets an invitation to breakfast.'

"'Rather hard on the poor bores,' said a lady.

"'Particularly,' said Macaulay, laughing, 'as bores are usually the most irreproachable of human beings. Did you ever hear a bore complained of when they did not say that he was the best fellow in the world? For my part, if I wanted to get a guardian for a family of defenseless orphans, I should inquire for the greatest bore in the vicinity. I should know that he would be a man of unblemished honor and integrity.'

We must close our extracts from these agreeable volumes, not from a lack of excellent matter to quote, but from a want of space to give it insertion. We can cordially commend the work as one of the pleasantest and most stimulating books of the season. Mrs. Stowe's letters, which form by far the larger portion of the work, are natural and forcible, evidencing no self-elation at the homage she received as the author of the most popular and influential romance ever written, and full of passages marked by the traits of her peculiar genius. The journal of the Reverend Charles Beecher is exceedingly clever, but we doubt if it belongs to that kind of cleverness which will bear publication. To the reader it often sounds strangely wild and flippant, and its intrusive egotisms of sentiment and expression, seemingly inserted to make the composition racy, are sometimes as flat as they are presumptuous. Yet the Beecher talent and character are strong in him as in all the rest of the family, and we doubt not that he will make his mark in the world, when his ability has been a little chastised by taste, and guided by some reference to the proprieties of individualism.

A Popular Account of the Ancient Egyptians. Revised and Abridged from his larger Work. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, D. C. L., F. R. S., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

This is the cheapest, most interesting, and most reliable work on the ancient Egyptians extant. The larger work of the author has acquired a permanent reputation, and the present volumes, though in some respects an abridgment of that, contain important additions, the result of the writers subsequent visit to Egypt, and of later discoveries made by other explorers. The manners and customs, the religion, art, government, class divisions, etc., of the ancient Egyptians, are described in a popular and comprehensible style, and illustrated by nearly five hundred wood-cuts.

In a discussion of the comparative wealth of ancient and modern nations, Wilkinson compiles some curious information respecting the fortunes of individuals among the Romans. "Crassus had in lands £1,614,563, besides as much more in money, furniture and slaves; Seneca £2,421,875; Pallas, the freedman of Claudius, an equal sum; Lentulus, the augur, £3,229,166; Cæc. Cl. Isidorus, though he had lost a great part of his fortune in the civil war, left by his will 4,116 slaves, 3,600 yoke of oxen, 257,000 other cattle, and in ready money £484,375. Augustus received by the testaments of his friends £32,291,666. Tiberius left at his death £21,796,875, which Caligula lavished away in less than one year, and Vespasian, at his succession, said that to support the state he required £322,916,666. The debts of Milo amounted to £665,104. Julius Cæsar, before he held any office, owed thirteen hundred talents, £251,875; and when he set out for Spain after his prætorship, he is reported to have said that "*Bis millies et quingenties sibi dessee, ut nihil haberet*," or, that he was £2,018,229 worse than nothing. When he first entered Rome, in the beginning of the civil war, he took out of the treasury £1,095,079, and brought into it at the end of the war. £4,843,750; he purchased the friendship of Cæsar, at the commencement of the civil war, by a bribe of £484,373, and that of the consul, L. Paulus, by fifteen hundred talents, about £279,500. Apicius wasted on luxurious living £484,375. Caligula laid out on a supper £80,729; and the ordinary expense of Lucullus, for a supper in the *domus*, was 50,000 drachms, or £1,614. The *domus* of Lucullus bought of Cornelia for £2,421, was *domus* of Lucullus £16,152. The burning of his villa was *domus* of Lucullus £807,291; and Nero's golden house *domus* of Nero an immense sum, since Otho laid out, in furnishing a part of it, £403,645."

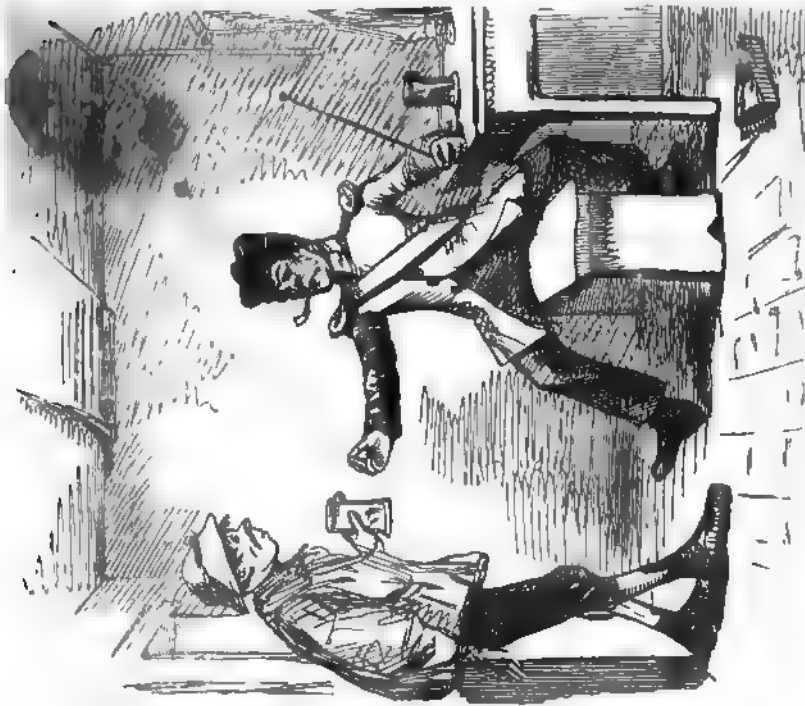
Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, The Pursuit of Truth, and on other Subjects. By Saml. Bailey. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is a reprint in one volume of two works of acknowledged merit, originally published several years ago. The author is essentially a thinker. He has the requisite force, clearness, and calmness of mind to look at practical questions in their large relations to life and conduct, to lift principles from the individual passions and prejudices in which they get so often entangled, and to compel his readers to reason on subjects on which they are accustomed to dogmatize and declaim. He braces and invigorates every mind whose attention he succeeds in arresting. The topics he discusses are of primal importance, and he treats them with a mingled ingenuity and comprehensiveness eminently philosophical. He not only communicates thoughts, but he evokes the faculty of thinking, and he inspires even when he fails to convince. He is an admirable intellectual physician to prescribe for huddled or willful understandings; and we know of many young men who first learned to think from a study of these essays.

Sips of Punch.



Unapprehensive Little Girl. Now, you 'a done, Billy. If you aint quiet directly I'll give yer to this great, big, huggy man!
[Immense delight of Beell in gorgeous array.]



Inflamed Militia Man. Talk o' th' Boobham! There! dang'd if I would n't now e'm down for a shillin' an' sore!



"How then, Young Gen'l'man, we can't expect the Pony to drag us both up such a hill as this, and as your legs are younger than mine, you'd better
Get out and walk."

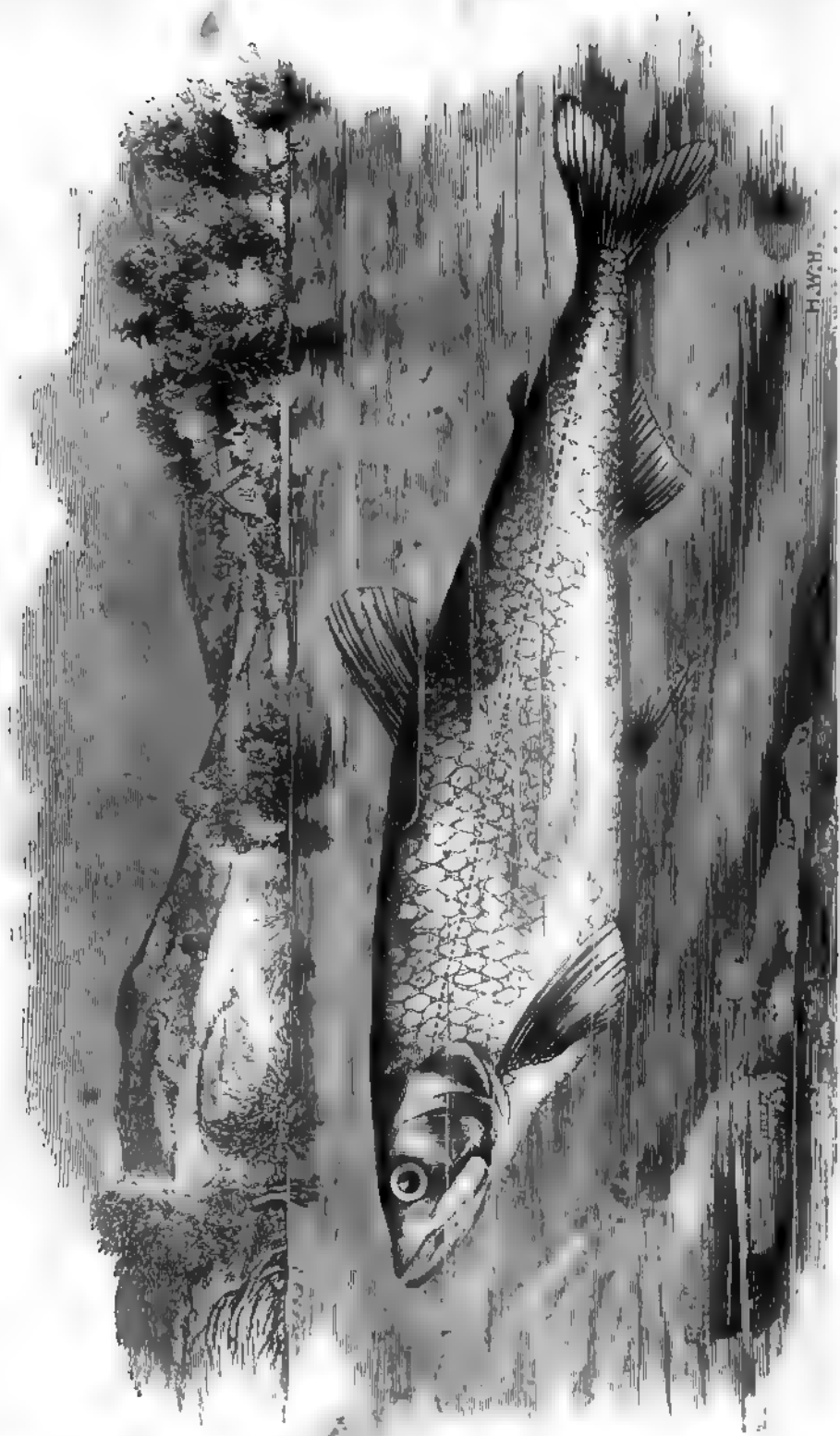


Fashions for the Month.

A glance at the open, graceful basquine, we believe will determine every one in its support. The sleeve, plaited in flat plaits at the shoulder, and flowing freely at its other extremity, with a cross cording at its front, where the sleeve is slit, we consider as truly beautiful. The trimming of the dress may be gimp, ribbon, or a ruche of this last, or of the same stuff as the dress itself, at the option of the wearer. The laces are Mechlin, or Maltese if preferred. Great diversity exists in the mode of the chemisettes and sleeves, when the stomacher is worn as in the plate—collars we do not regard as becoming as the manner in which the one we illustrate is constructed.

The boy's dress is blouse-fashion, after the style prevalent among the pages at some of the most famous courts of the fourteenth century. It is wide, with full sleeves, which are terminated with mousquetaire cuffs, cross-corded upon the back; the neck or breast opens shirt-wise, and closes with fancy buttons: the skirt is short, and a black leather belt with buckle is worn to this style of costume.





GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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NO. 4



Night Attack at Focill. (See page 314.)

[Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1854, by J. T. HEADLEY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States in and for the Southern District of New York.]

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

Continued from page 217.

CHAPTER IX.

Battle of Brandywine—A new account of the loss of the British, found among Gen. Clinton's papers—Washington again offers Howe battle—Defeat of Wayne at Paoli—Philadelphia taken—Fortifications erected at Mud Bank and Red Bank—Tenacity of Washington—Battle of Germantown—Cause of the defeat of the Americans.

On the morning of the 11th of September the American army, eleven thousand strong, lay stretched along the Brandywine, whose shallow bed at that time furnished frequent fording-places. Washington concentrated his main force against the most important of these, called Chads' Ford. The right wing, composed of the three brigades of Sullivan, Stirling, and Stephens, extended up the river to look out for the fords in that direction, while Armstrong with a thousand militia guarded Pyles' Ford, the only one below. At daybreak Howe put half of his force under Cornwallis, and accompanying it in person, took a road running nearly parallel with the Brandywine, a few miles inland, for the purpose of ascending the stream beyond the farthest outposts of the American army, and crossing it unperceived, come down on Washington's flank. This extraordinary movement, by which an army was separated seventeen miles, a movement which, but from mere accident or treachery, would have overthrown the allies at Waterloo, here, by a strange fatuity, was destined to be completely successful. It was a foggy morning, and a dense forest darkened the bank of the stream, almost the entire distance, on the side where the British lay. About nine o'clock Knyphausen, with the other division of the army, took up his line of march directly for Chads' Ford, where Wayne commanded. The fog soon lifted and rolled away, and the long lines of gleaming bayonets looked like streams of light through the forest, as in beautiful order, and to the sound of fife and drum the columns pushed their way to the river. But the woods as they proceeded seemed alive with Americans, who, concealed by the thick foliage, kept up an incessant attack upon the advance parties and strewed

the green uniforms thickly under the greener arcades. Maxwell, who commanded them, made such havoc with his sharp-shooters that a strong corps was sent against him, which forced him back upon the Brandywine. Here, met by reinforcements, he turned furiously on his pursuers, driving them before him till they closed in with the main column. Knyphausen then sent a large detachment to take Maxwell in flank, but the latter detecting the movement, ordered a retreat and recrossed to Wayne. Having cleared the woods of the enemy Knyphausen moved forward and drew up his division on the bank and began to plant his cannon. The Americans were in high spirits, and several detachments boldly dashed into the stream, and securing a footing on the farther side fell with loud shouts on the working parties and those detailed to guard them. Knyphausen, enraged at these constant and bold attacks, ordered forward a large force, which advancing to the charge forced the Americans to a rapid retreat. They came on a run through the water which was dashed into spray by the shower of bullets that fell around them. In the mean time Knyphausen opened a heavy cannonade on Wayne, who returned it with spirit, and to all appearance the main effort was to be made at this ford. The former manœvered his troops so as to convey the impression of a much larger force than he possessed, while at the same time he was apparently making extensive preparations for an immediate assault on Wayne's battery. While Washington was watching the effect of this heavy cannonade, Sullivan, who had been ordered to take care of the fords above him, received the following note from Lieutenant-Colonel Ross:

"Great Valley Road, 11 o'clock, A. M.

DEAR GENERAL, A large body of the enemy, from every account five thousand, with sixteen or eighteen field-pieces, marched along this road just now. This road leads to Taylor's Ferry, and Jeffrey's Ferry on the Brandywine, and to the Great Valley at the sign of the Ship, on the Lancaster Road to Philadelphia. There is also a

road from the Brandywine to Chester, by Dilworthstown. We are close in their rear with about seventy men. Captain Simpson lay in ambush with twenty men, and gave them three rounds within a small distance, in which two of his men were wounded, one mortally, I believe. General Howe is with this party, as Joseph Galloway is here known by the inhabitants, with whom he spoke and told them that General Howe was with him. Yours, **JAMES ROSS,**
Lieutenant-Colonel.

Here was accurate information from a responsible officer, and every road designated by him should have been secured beyond the Brandywine. Ross had seen the army, nay, fired into it, and was steadily following it in its rapid march up the river. Its destination was apparent to the most casual observer, and how, after such information, Sullivan could allow himself to be surprised by an army of five thousand men, dragging a heavy train of artillery after them baffles all explanation.

Washington immediately penetrated Howe's design, and resolved to defeat it by sending Sullivan to occupy him, while he, with the rest of the army, would cross over, and falling on Knyphausen in rear and front at the same time, crush him before the other division could arrive. This daring resolution was the inspiration of true genius, and had it been carried into effect, Brandywine would doubtless have been another Saratoga to the British. He issued his orders at once, and riding along the lines to animate the troops, was received with loud huzzas, and "long live Washington," rolled over the field. General Greene was ordered to lead the advance, and crossing above Knyphausen assail him in flank and rear. In a few minutes the field was alive with the marching columns. At this critical moment another aid came galloping in from Sullivan, who reported no enemy around the forks of the Brandywine. This was a fatal mistake, and Washington immediately reversed his orders and the army again took up its former position. It was now high noon, and Knyphausen having received dispatches from Cornwallis announcing that the river was won, opened on the Americans with a tremendous discharge of artillery and musketry, so as still more to confirm the delusion under which he saw Washington was evidently laboring.

In the mean time Cornwallis had formed his troops on the banks of the stream, and was coming rapidly down on Sullivan's flank.

A Squire Cheney reconnoitering on his own responsibility the movements of the enemy suddenly came upon the advance as he was ascending a hill. He immediately wheeled his horse, a

fleet, high-spirited animal, and dashed away toward head-quarters. Shots were fired at him, but he escaped and reached the American army in safety. To his startling declaration that the main body of the enemy was on his own side of the stream, and coming rapidly down upon him, Washington replied that it was impossible, for he had just received contrary information. "*You are mistaken General, my life for it you are mistaken,*" exclaimed Cheney, and carried away by the great peril that threatened the Americans, added, "By h—! it is so; put me under guard until you find my story true," and, stooping down, he drew a rough draft of the road in the sand. At the same time a hurried note from Sullivan confirmed the disastrous tidings. The enemy were only two miles from the Birmingham Meeting-House, which was but three miles from Chads' Ford. Washington saw at once the fatal error into which he had been beguiled by the false information of Sullivan, and saw, too, that in all human probability the day was lost. Suddenly calling to his side his aids, he asked if there was any one near acquainted with the country, who could guide him by the shortest route to Birmingham Meeting-House. An elderly man named Brown, living in the vicinity, was instantly seized and asked to act as guide. He began to make excuses, when one of Washington's aids, mounted on a splendid charger, leaped to the ground and told the old man to mount at once, and conduct the general by the shortest, quickest route to the meeting-house, or he would run him through with his sword. Alarmed by the threat, Brown mounted and pushed straight across the country, his high-bred animal taking the fences in his course like a hunter. Washington with his suite pressed after, and though the old man seemed to fly over the fields and fences, the head of Washington's horse constantly lapped the flank of the animal he rode, and there rung continually in his ears from the excited, anxious chieftain by his side, "*Push along old man; push along old man.*" The fate of his army was trembling in the balance, and no fleetness could equal his burning impatience to be at the point where it was so soon to be decided, for already the loud roar of cannon and rattle of musketry ahead, told him that the shock had come. The tremendous cannonading at Chads' Ford, blending in with that around Birmingham Meeting-House, needed no additional confirmation of the deep disaster that had overtaken him. As he approached the scene of conflict the balls fell so thick around him that the old man stole away. His absence was unnoticed, for his services were no longer needed, the roar of battle and shouts of men were a sufficient guide. When Washington first set out he had ordered



Washington urging the countryman to greater speed.

Greene to advance with his division, as fast as possible, to the support of Sullivan. The latter with two brigades immediately pushed forward. The brigade under Weedon led off, and starting on a trot, with trailed arms, made the four miles that intervened between them and the enemy in the astonishingly short time of forty minutes. Not a sound was heard from this noble brigade save the clatter of their arms and panting of the men as shoulder to shoulder they swept like cavalry to the rescue of their companions.

Sullivan had been completely taken by surprise, but with his accustomed bravery strove to remedy the error that had been committed. Rapidly advancing to a gentle slope near the meeting-house, he formed his line in an open space, each extremity resting on thick woods. But in executing a manœuvre designed to thwart

a French General Deborre, who insisted on occupying the right of the line contrary to his orders, his brigade did not arrive on the field in time to get fully into position before the action commenced. Howe on his huge raw-boned horse, Cornwallis glittering in scarlet and gold, together with other officers, sat grouped on Osborne Hill, and watched with unfeigned surprise the beautiful, regular formation of the American line.

The battle was commenced by an advance company of Hessians, who crossed the road, and resting their pieces on the fences fired at a small body of Americans in an adjoining orchard. Soon the field was piled with baggage, blankets, etc., thrown aside under the oppressive heat, and the troops went pouring forward to the conflict. The artillery opened, and the contest became close

and murderous. The American troops, though most of them were undisciplined militia, behaved with astonishing coolness. From their steady, deliberate volleys the disciplined ranks of the enemy recoiled in amazement. The chasseurs came charging down the slope with clattering armor and to the sound of trumpets, but could not break the firm formation. Grenadiers and guards were each and all hurled back, but the overwhelming numbers continued to pour forward, bearing down by mere weight alone the American ranks, till at last they began to shake and undulate over the field. Sullivan, who had seen two of his aids fall by his side, galloped along the disordered line, and strove by word and gesture to animate the soldiers to another effort. But his example and appeals were alike in vain. First the right and then the left wing broke and fled toward 't'had's Ford. Finding his troops could not be rallied, he then separated from them, and threw himself into a part of Stirling's division, in the centre, which still heroically maintained its ground. Here was also the youthful Lafayette, kindling by voice and gesture the enthusiasm of the men. Dismounting from his horse he passed through the ranks exposing himself like a common soldier, when a musket ball pierced his leg and stretched him on the earth. Cornwallis seeing with what stubborn resolution this band of eight hundred men maintained their ground ordered his artillery to be concentrated upon them. The effect was instantaneous, and the troops, scourged into madness by the close, deadly fire, fled to the woods for protection. Washington, in the meantime, had ordered Green to take possession of a pass, and hold it against the enemy. He did so, and as the fugitive Americans came on he would open his ranks and let them flow to the rear, then close again and present a firm front to the enemy.

The heavy conflict at Birmingham Meeting-House, and the sudden departure of Greene's division, was the signal for Knyphausen to advance. The head of his column entered the stream under the protection of the heavy batteries, and though severely shaken by Wayne's artillery, pressed firmly forward. The American force was too small to resist half the whole British army for any length of time, and though Wayne bore up nobly against the unequal numbers for awhile, he saw, after Sullivan's defeat, that a retreat was inevitable. This, however, was hastened, in fact became a flight, at the appearance of a large body of the enemy emerging from the woods above him, and hastening along the banks of the Brandywine to take him in flank and rear. Leaving behind all their stores and artillery, the broken and disordered columns

helped to swell still more the tumultuous torrent that rolled on. Greene, however, firmly maintained his position amid the turbulence and uproar of the pursuit and the flight, and unshaken alike by the wreck that tossed around him, and the assaults of the victorious and confident enemy, saved the army from destruction. Behind him, as an impregnable rampart, the defeated but not disheartened troops rallied and demanded to be lead again to the attack. Muhlenburg and Weadon with their two brigades fought nobly to defend this pass. The latter was formerly an innkeeper in Virginia—the former a clergyman of the established church in the same state. The martial spirit of the divine kindling at the wrongs heaped upon his country, he preached his farewell sermon to his people, saying at the close that there was a time to fight as well as to pray, and that time had come. He had been previously elected colonel, and taking off his gown and putting on his regimentals he walked amid his congregation, and ordered the drum to beat for recruits at the church-door, and before night had three hundred men at his back. He did good service in the south, and here at the pass of Dilworth, covered his brigade with glory. During the battle and the flight Washington had been everywhere present, directing and guiding all things. Night was now drawing on, and many of the officers enraged at the result of the day's action, demanded to be led against the enemy. "You must obey my orders," said Washington. "Our only resource is to retreat." Greene, whose blood was up from the conflict and defeat, asked how far they must retreat. "*Over every hill and across every river in America if I order you.*" was the stern reply.

As night came on the firing ceased, and the American army retreated in confusion toward Chester. The roads leading thither were crowded with men, some marching with the order and discipline becoming troops, others rushing blindly on through the gloom, haunted by the fear of pursuit. The British encamped on the field of victory, which was thickly strewn with friends and foes. But along the slope where Stirling fought the dead lay thickest.

There is no battle recorded in our history respecting which there has been such a diversity of opinion as that of Brandywine. Washington made no report of it to Congress, and without any data but the verbal statements of those who could give only conjectures, the historian has been unable to come to any definite results. The British force has been variously estimated at from eleven to seventeen thousand. Their loss, as stated by Howe, and universally conceded by Sparks and others, was only some six or seven

hundred, while that of the Americans ranged from one thousand to fourteen hundred men. These figures have always appeared to me incorrect, for several reasons. In the first place, it was evident that the two main divisions of the enemy averaged but from four to five thousand each, so that eleven instead of seventeen or eighteen thousand composed their actual force in the field. In the second place, their loss seemed wholly at variance with the accounts of the battle itself. It is generally conceded that Maxwell's skirmishing parties killed and wounded three hundred out of Knyphausen's division alone, before it reached the Brandywine. That Stirling, who fought like a lion, and Greene, with his two gallant brigades, and Wayne, who kept up a heavy cannonade for five or six hours, should all together have killed and wounded only three hundred more is evidently absurd. Still following our best authorities, I have heretofore adopted their statements. But lately I have fallen on a document which shows these statements to be wholly erroneous, and makes the facts more consistent with reason. It was recently found among General James Clinton's papers, carefully filed away and endorsed by himself. On the back, in his own hand writing, is inscribed—"Taken from the enemy's Ledgers, which fell into the hands of General Washington's army at the action of Germantown."

Within is the following statement:

"State of the British troops and position they were in when they made the attack at Brandywine, the 11th Sept., 1777.

The upper ford, under the command of Lt. Lord Cornwallis.

2d Regiment British Guards,	1740	612	kill'd & woun'd.*
2d do. Light Infantry,			
2d Brigade British Foot,	2240	360	"
1st Division Hessians,	800	70	"
Ferguson's Riflemen,	80	40	"
Total,	4800	1070	"

Middle ford, under the command of Major-General Gray.

2d Battalion Guards,	500
2d " 21 Highlanders,	700
2d " 70th "	700
Total,	1900

Lower ford, under command of Lt. General Knyphausen.

2d Brigade, consisting of the	2240	580	killed & wounded
4th, 6th, 10th, 15th, 23d, 27th,			
28th, 40th, 44th, 55th Reg'ts.			
Hessians to the amount of	800	28	"
Queen's Rangers,	480	200	"
Total,	3520	808	

	1000
	4800
	1078

The whole British force	10,280	1976	killed & wounded
	1,076		
	8,304		

* Where Lord Stirling's division fought."

This estimate of the total force which the British had on the field, makes the two armies actually engaged about equal. The heavy loss here given seems at first sight almost incredible, and

puts an entirely different aspect on the battle. Of the authenticity and accuracy of this document I think there can be no doubt. In the first place, General Clinton is known to have been one of the most careful and accurate men with his papers in the army, and he would not have endorsed and filed away a document, the statements of which were not well authenticated. In the second place, the document itself bears the strongest *prima facie* evidence. Mere tables of figures without note or comment are not apt to be fabrications. The registry as given above could be nothing but a plain business paper. In the third place, the loss corresponds more with the length and severity of the battle, while all the details are complete, even to the numbers of the regiments, battalions, etc. The division under Gray was not in the battle, and hence suffered no loss. The terrible manner in which the Queen's Rangers were cut up, losing nearly three hundred out of four hundred and eighty, is explained by the fact that they were the troops sent against Maxwell in the woods, where they received that severe drubbing mentioned in the former part of the chapter. It is a little singular that the loss of Knyphausen in the woods before reaching the Brandywine should correspond so completely with the account of Maxwell. So of Ferguson's riflemen, more than half, according to this statement, were killed or wounded, showing what we all know to be true, that whenever it came to specific warfare, the picking off men in detail, the enemy always suffered severely. In the last place, it explains Howe's caution after the battle. He was evidently afraid to meet Washington in open conflict, and refused again and again to accept the battle which the latter endeavored to force upon him. The fierce and desperate manner with which the Americans fought after they had been completely outmanœuvred—especially the firmness shown by the militia against the heavy onsets of the British infantry, made him afraid to risk another engagement, unless he had clearly the advantage of position. The French officers in Stirling's division, with the exception of Deborre, by their bravery and exhortations did noble service, and the untrained troops were held to the fire with a steadiness that had not before been exhibited in the open field. The difference between a loss of six hundred and two thousand is certainly very great, but it must be remembered that Howe was in the heart of the enemy's country, and it was clearly his policy, nay, it was necessary to his safety, to make that loss appear as inconsiderable as possible.

Washington has been criticised for fighting this battle, but the result instead of proving that

he erred in judgment, seems to me to show that his plans were sound and judicious. It certainly never could have entered into any one's calculations that an army of five thousand men could march some twenty or more miles, and in broad daylight approach within two miles of Sullivan, and coolly halt and eat their dinner, without being discovered.

How Sullivan could have allowed the story of a major, as is stated, who declared he had been along the upper fords and could see no enemy, to overbalance the official declaration of a lieutenant-colonel, that he was actually following them toward the upper fords of the Brandywine, is utterly incomprehensible. I know that he was deficient in light-horse with which to scour the country, but after the dispatch of Ross, the few roads that led to his flank should have been constantly traversed for at least ten miles, even if his own staff were compelled to perform the service. Encamped in the open field, with a report in his hand stating that Cornwallis was far above him, he allowed himself to be surprised by a large army with a heavy train of artillery, and attacked before he could fairly get in position. Whether Sullivan be blameworthy or not, one thing is clear, such errors on the part of commanders of divisions will baffle the wisest laid plans of a commander-in-chief, and make every battle a defeat.

Had the troops fought on a fair a field as they did on this ruinous one, Washington would have stopped Howe's advance; and had he acted on the first information and crossed the Brandywine and attacked Knyphausen, he would, in all probability, have completely ruined him. As it was, the gallant manner in which the greater part of the army behaved, elated him almost as much as a victory would have done. Congress also, instead of being disheartened, took courage and immediately dispatched an order to General Putnam, in the Highlands, to send on with all possible dispatch fifteen hundred continentals, while the militia from the surrounding states were summoned to the field. Foreseeing that in all probability Philadelphia would fall into the hands of the enemy, it invested Washington with extraordinary powers, to be used in its absence. He was authorized to suspend officers for ill conduct and appoint new ones, to forage the country for seventy miles around for provisions and other articles necessary to the army, and remove and secure all goods which might benefit the enemy.

Undaunted by the repulse he had met with at Brandywine, Washington, who the day after the battle had retreated to Germantown, allowed his troops but a single day to rest, when he recrossed the Schuylkill, and marched back to

meet Howe, and give him battle. His troops, though suffering from long exposure without sufficient clothing, a thousand of them being barefooted, pressed cheerfully forward. The latter had scarcely left Brandywine, when he was told that the enemy was seeking him on the very field of his victory. Grant and Cornwallis pushed forward in the direction of Chester, while Howe, with the main body, advanced toward the Lancaster Road leading to Philadelphia. On arriving at Goshen, twenty miles from the city, he was told that Washington was only five miles distant, marching up to give him battle. He immediately took position on a hill, and in a short time the heads of Washington's columns appeared in view. The latter continued steadily to advance, directing his course against the left wing of the enemy, and soon the sharp firing of the skirmishing parties began to ring over the field. It was a dark and sombre afternoon, and the overcast heavens grew more threatening every moment. Washington knowing what ruinous work a heavy rain would make with the ammunition of his troops, cast an anxious look upward, but still pressed forward. Officers were seen hurrying over the field, the artillery was brought forward, and the attacking columns were already in motion when the long pent-up clouds opened, and a deluge of rain descended, flooding the field and drenching both armies. It was one of those blinding, pelting rains to which both animals and man succumb, and its effect on the army was like the sudden order to halt. The weary troops soaked to their skins endeavored in vain to protect their ammunition. The water penetrated every where. The powder was soon wet, and the fire-locks rendered useless. The British army was in no better condition, for, without a tent to cover them, they had been exposed to the same storm. The rain continued all night, and a sorry night it was to the shivering army, as it crouched in the open field, supperless and weary. In the morning Washington ordered a retreat. He first retired to Yellow Springs, and finally recrossed the Schuylkill, resolved as soon as he could get his arms and ammunition in order again, to cross Howe's path, and fall on him with his suffering but valorous little army.

In the mean time, however, he ordered Wayne, with fifteen hundred men, to hang on the skirts of the British army, and, if possible, cut off their baggage. The latter making a circuitous march, took, on the night of the 20th, an excellent position, two miles from the Paoli Tavern, and three miles from the British encampment. Howe, informed by spies of Wayne's proximity, resolved to surprise him. The latter, however, received information of the design, and though hardly be-

lieving the report, doubled his pickets and patrols, and ordered his men to sleep on their arms with their ammunition beneath their coats. It was a dark and rainy night, and every thing remained quiet till about eleven o'clock, when the rapid firing of the pickets announced the enemy close at hand. Wayne immediately ordered a retreat, but, before it could be effected, the British rushed with loud shouts upon him, crying, "No quarter." They swept the encampment like a whirlwind, chasing Wayne into the darkness, and strewing the ground with a hundred and fifty men. As the attack was expected, its complete success caused many to blame Wayne severely. He declared that the disaster was owing to the delay of Colonel Hampton to obey his orders to wheel the line and move off, while he covered the retreat. Another explanation, and a very probable one is, that Wayne thoughtlessly encamped amid his fires, instead of away from them, thus lighting the enemy to the assault, and showing them exactly where to strike. At all events it was a bad affair, and rendered still worse by the preceding misfortunes.

Howe, instead of pushing on to Philadelphia, wheeled off toward Reading, apparently to gain Washington's flank, and at the same time destroy the military stores deposited in the latter place. Washington immediately moved in the same direction. But the whole country so swarmed with Tories that he could gain no reliable information of Howe's movements, till next morning, when he discovered that his enemy had turned back again and crossed the fords below. A forced march to overtake him was now quite impossible, especially with a barefoot army, and Philadelphia fell. Congress, in anticipation of the catastrophe, had adjourned to Lancaster, whence it removed to Yorktown. The public archives and magazines had been previously secured, and the ships at the wharves carried up the Delaware. On the 26th of September, Lord Cornwallis, in brilliant uniform, rode into the city at the head of a detachment of British and Hessian grenadiers, welcomed with loud greetings by the Tories, and received with congratulations by the disloyal Quakers, who remained behind to receive him.

Three days after this triumphal entry the first battle of Stillwater was fought.

The main part of the British army did not advance into the place, but encamped at Germantown, eight miles distant. Washington, chafing like a foiled lion, slowly followed after, and pitched his camp at Skippack Creek, only fourteen miles distant, where he narrowly watched every movement of the enemy. In the meantime the British fleet came up Delaware Bay with the intention of communicating with the land forces around Phi-

ladelphia. Anticipating this movement, Washington had directed fortifications to be built, and obstructions sunk in the channel, the whole defended by forty galleys and half-galleys, five rafts, fourteen fire-ships, and other vessels. The chief batteries were at Mud Bank, a low island, and at Red Bank on the Jersey shore, opposite. In order to assist his brother in the attempt to break through these formidable barriers, Howe sent off two regiments to attack a fort at Billing's Point. Washington, finding the British army thus weakened, while his own had been reinforced by the arrival of troops from the north, and the Maryland militia, resolved to fall upon Germantown, and, if possible, carry it by assault.

The marvellous tenacity with which Washington clung to an object that he had set his heart upon, and the energy, almost fierceness, with which he pressed toward it, were never more strikingly exhibited than in these repeated attacks on the British army. Chased from the Jerseys, he took post behind the Brandywine, and though defeated by a blunder which no foresight of his could have guarded against, had left nearly two thousand of the enemy on the field. Giving his tattered, unshod army but one day's rest, he boldly turned on his heel, and marched back to assail his victorious enemy. Again disappointed and thwarted by the interposition of heaven, he was compelled reluctantly to retreat. Still unyielding, he turned hither and thither to meet his antagonist and dispute with him for Philadelphia. Deceived and misled by the Tory inhabitants, he was compelled to see the object of so much solicitude and toil fall into the hands of the enemy, while the fugitive Congress and crowds of men and women escaping over the country gave additional keenness to the mortification and disappointment under which he suffered. Notwithstanding all this, and the impoverished state of his army, he now determined with his undisciplined troops to attack the enemy in his camp, and sweep him with one terrible blow into the Schuylkill. The British encampment at Germantown lay along the Schuylkill, passing directly through the place. The left wing, between the town and river, was covered in front by the mounted and dismounted chasseurs—the centre, in the town, by a regiment and battalion of infantry stationed three-quarters of a mile in advance, while the right, extending beyond the town into the country, was protected by the Queen's American rangers, and a battalion of light infantry. This was the position of the British army on the night of the 3d of October, and the watch-fires burned cheerfully along the lines, and the sentinels walked their weary rounds, little dreaming of the storm that was

about to burst upon them. Washington's plan was a complicated one for a night attack, but if successful at all would be completely so, and result not merely in the defeat but utter overthrow, and probable capture of the British army. He resolved to divide his army into four portions, and entering the town at four different points, attack the enemy in front, flank and rear, at the same time, and thus throw them into disorder, and force them back on the Schuylkill. Greene and Stephens, with their brigades, were selected to attack the British right wing, while the Maryland and Jersey militia, under Smallwood and Foreman, were to take a road nearly parallel to the one along which this division moved, a little further to the left, so as to fall on the wing in flank. Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia, was to keep along the river shore, attack the British left, and, forcing it back, get to the rear, while Sullivan and Wayne, flanked by Conway's brigade, and accompanied by Washington in person, should move straight on the centre. The plan of attack being thus arranged, the columns took up their line of march at 7 o'clock in the evening, and moved rapidly forward. It was a clear, autumnal night, and the dark mass went hurrying along the highway, now passing open fields, and again lost in the deep shadows of the forest, their heavy tread and roll of artillery carriages being the only sounds that disturbed the stillness of the scene. The inmates of the farm-houses along the road, roused from their slumbers by the continuous and muffled tread of the heavy columns, gazed forth with alarm as the long array swept past. Germantown lay fourteen miles distant, and Washington hoped to make his attack by daylight. But as the head of the division rose over Chestnut Hill, that looked down on Germantown, day was already broadening in the east. Here the columns appointed to attack the centre broke off, and began to move to their respective destinations. As Washington with his staff rode down the hill the sun rose over the eastern horizon, lighting up into momentary beauty the quiet valley beneath, while the morning gun of the British broke dull and heavy on the ear. In a few minutes a thick fog rising from the Schuylkill shut every thing from view, and almost at the same moment was heard the firing of Sullivan's advance as it came upon the enemy's picket at Mount Airey. The sudden cry of "to arms," the shrill blast of the bugle and roll of drums showed that Washington had pounced upon them unawares. The pickets being reinforced, made a stand, till Sullivan, with the main body, advancing, drove them back. He then left the road and began to cross the fields. But being compelled to fling down every

fence as he advanced, which also furnished a rallying point to the enemy, his progress was slow.

He, however, kept steadily on, and at length came up with the left wing of the enemy, drawn up in order of battle, and a close and murderous conflict commenced. Washington all this time was moving along the main road with the rear of the army. Hearing the heavy firing in advance, he knew that Sullivan was warmly engaged. As it continued without any cessation, he became anxious, for he knew that the troops had only about fifty rounds of ammunition, and turning to Colonel Pickering, he exclaimed, "I am afraid General Sullivan is throwing away his ammunition; ride forward and tell him to preserve it." Pickering dashed off on a gallop, and delivered his message. "*Shoulder arms,*" passed along the American line—"Forward, march," followed, and the whole line, with shouldered pieces, moved steadily up to the enemy, who, struck with astonishment, recoiled. Wayne, with his division, kept on his terrible way, bearing down all opposition. The fog was so thick that the opposing lines could not see each other till within a few rods, and hence fired at each other volleys, and charged where the last blaze was seen. Wayne, carried away by his eagerness and daring, was riding gallantly at the head of his column when he was struck in the foot by a ball—a second grazed his hand, a third and fourth pierced his horse, and he sunk to the earth. Springing to his feet, he shouted, "*Forward,*" and sweeping the field before him, carried confusion into the whole British army, so that it threatened momentarily to break and fly. But Colonel Musgrave, commanding the British centre, threw himself with a body of men into a large stone building, called Chew's house, and having barricaded the lower story, opened a destructive fire of musketry from the upper windows. Here, while the battle was roaring further and further away in the gloom, Washington, with several of his officers, halted to consult on the best course to be pursued.

Grouped together in front of an old stone building that loomed dimly through the mist, they let the precious moments pass, while they discussed the propriety of pushing on without first reducing Chew's house. Knox loudly insisted on halting the army till the house could be summoned to surrender. The younger officers opposed this course as ruinous. "It is unmilitary," exclaimed Knox, "to leave a castle in our rear." "What," replied Hamilton and Reed, "call this a castle, and lose the happy moment!" Hamilton and Lee and Pickering earnestly, almost fiercely insisted on pushing rapidly forward. "Leave

a regiment here," said they, "to take care of them, and this will be all sufficient." Knox, however, whose opinion had great weight with Washington, prevailed, and Lieutenant Smith, of Virginia, was sent forward with a flag. The enemy paid no attention to it, but continued to fire, and Smith, struck down by a musket-ball, was borne, mortally wounded, to the rear. A brisk cannonade was then opened on the building, but the pieces being only six pounders, they could produce no effect. Wayne's division, which till this moment had carried every thing before it, hearing the heavy firing in the rear, supposed, very naturally that they had been cut off by the enemy, and immediately fell back. This uncovered Sullivan's left, that was pressing on nearly abreast. The British, who had begun to look about for a safe retreat, no sooner saw themselves relieved from the presence of Wayne's division than they wheeled on the flank of Sullivan's. About this time also, the distant firing of Greene, which had been very heavy and constant, suddenly ceased, for want of ammunition. Being compelled to countermarch his division, as he found the enemy so differently posted from what he had been told, he was unable to commence his attack till long after the appointed time. Armstrong had come in sight of the enemy and halted, apparently engrossed in listening to the tremendous explosions that burst on every side from the dense fog. Still a portion of Sullivan's left wing kept on through the forsaken encampments, and past the deserted tents, driving the enemy for two miles before them, and finally drew up within some six hundred yards of a large body rapidly passing in a lane, though scarcely visible from the dense fog. Colonel Matthews, from Greene's division, here got entangled amid the houses, and before he could escape was attacked on three sides at once, by three times his number. Thus encompassed, he stood and fought like a lion, charging at the head of his troops with a desperation and valor that astonished friends and foes, till nearly his whole command was killed or wounded, when he and a hundred men surrendered themselves prisoners. This, together with the failure of ammunition, completed the disaster—the cry arose on all sides that the enemy was surrounding them, and the whole army recoiled in disorder to Chew's house, and past it. The assailed at once became the assailants, and charging on the broken ranks with loud shouts, drove them back over the dead and dying. The scene now became one of indescribable confusion. Officers galloped around the broken squads, in the vain effort to rally them, while Washington, fully aroused to the extent of the danger which threatened him, spurred among the fugitives,

and by his personal daring, and apparently reckless exposure of life, held a portion of the troops to the shock. His voice sounded over the din of battle, and his form glanced like a meteor through the smoke and fog that enveloped the field. Seeing him sitting in the very blaze of the enemy's volleys, Sullivan, who had just seen two aids fall by his side, forgetful of his own danger, rode up to him and begged him not to remain in such an exposed position, for the salvation of the army and country depended on his life. Washington wheeled away for a moment, but Sullivan, on looking back again, saw him riding as before, where the shot fell thickest. But the day was irrevocably lost—defeat had come in the very hour of victory, and the shout of triumph died away in the cry of fear. Such a sudden reverse, so unexpected an overthrow from the very height of success, was almost too much for Washington's firmness, and he expressed more chagrin and disappointment than at the result of any battle he ever fought. Discomfited, weary, though not dispirited, the army, weakened in killed, wounded and missing, by nearly a thousand men, retreated for twenty miles into the country, and finally reached their old camp in safety. When the separate divisions compared notes, all felt that they had lost a battle already gained—been beaten after they had conquered, and were now compelled to report a defeat instead of a glorious victory. Several valuable officers were slain, and among them General Nash. Most of the officers behaved nobly—there were, however, some few exceptions, and among them General Stephens, who reeled in his saddle from drunkenness as he led his men into action. He was consequently struck from the army, and his command given to Lafayette. Cornwallis, in Philadelphia, eight miles distant, was startled at an early hour by the arrival of an officer, announcing the attack on the camp at Germantown. Summoning a corps of cavalry and the grenadiers, he hastened thither. But the battle was over, and the day of his humiliation postponed.

There has been a vast deal written about this battle, and the contradictory accounts growing out of the state of the atmosphere, the utter impossibility of one division to judge what another was doing, and the various causes that in different localities conspired to produce the same result will always involve it in more or less uncertainty. Washington ascribes his failure principally to the fog; another to the failure of the ammunition; a third to the neglect of Armstrong, and the delay of the militia under Smallwood and Forman on the left, which never came into action at all, thus breaking up the unity and efficiency of the combined movement. All these, doubtless, had

their effect. Night attacks are always subject to many contingencies, especially if they are crippled by complicated movements. Different points cannot be reached at the specified and desirable moment. Unexpected obstacles will arise; delays not anticipated become unavoidable, and mistakes not only as to positions, but also as to the friendly or hostile character of troops concentrated in the darkness, very probable, and the firing in different quarters wrongly interpreted. The dense fog made this in reality a night attack, and hence subject to all the casualties of one. As a primary cause, therefore, not anticipated by Washington, he very naturally, and might very truly, regard it the true one. Had the morning been clear the result would, doubtless, have been different. But it must be remembered that the very fog which confused the Americans, confused still more the enemy. The former knew perfectly well what they were about, while the latter were wholly ignorant of the number of their assailants, or where the weight of the attack was to fall. After going over all the different authorities the great mistake, it seems to me, lay in halting at Chews' house. Had the advice of Pickering, Lee, Hamilton, and others been taken, and a regiment left to occupy those in the building, should they attempt to make a sally, all the other casualties would have effected nothing in the general result. Howe's army would have been destroyed, and this calamity following so rapidly the capture of Burgoyne at Saratoga, finished the war with a clap of thunder.

An unexpected heavy firing in the rear of an army, while the commander-in-chief is absent, will always prove disastrous. It was clear as noon-day that the inmates of Chews' House, finding themselves watched by a regiment with artillery, would never have dared to sally forth on the rear of a victorious army, and the Battle of Germantown was lost by the very conduct which constitutes a *martinet*. Knox was the only *general* officer in the consultation held upon the building, and it was natural that Washington, who had, and justly, a high opinion of his military skill, should place more confidence in his judgment than in that of his young aids. But in battle, rules should never arrest fortune, or be used to stem the current of events, when setting favorably. Impulse in the heat and excitement of close conflict is often wiser than the sagest experience. At all events in this case it was applying a general rule where it did not belong, and arresting the whole practical action of a battle by a mere technicality, and although Washington attributes the failure to Providence, Providence will always be found against such bad management as that halt at Chews' House most indubi-

tably was. Knox and Providence are by no means one and the same, and had the opinion of the general been less scientific and more practical, the course of Providence would have taken a far different, and more satisfactory direction. Not that I would intimate that Providence does not overrule all our actions and bring about the best results in the end. I mean simply to say what no man doubts, that blunders, bad management, and unwise conduct, Providence generally allows to work mischief to those who are guilty of them. It is not a difficult matter now, when every thing is understood, to fix the turning point of the battle, or to locate the blame, but it is quite another thing to say how great, under all the circumstances, that blame was. Finding his entire army enshrouded in a dense fog; knowing by the heavy and constant firing that the troops were nearly out of ammunition, and fearing to get entangled in a net-work of just such houses as that of Chews', Washington may have well hesitated about advancing, unless he could make a clean sweep as he went. But so far as the regarding of this single house as a fort or castle, it is palpable as noon-day that the junior officers were right, and Knox totally, fatally wrong. The whole upper part of the building would scarcely hold a regiment, while not a hundred men could fire to advantage from it at a time. After the field in front had been swept, a flag sent to it would not have been fired on, and a valuable officer lost his life. Still, though chagrined, the troops were not dispirited. They had attacked the veterans of England, and enjoyed the pleasure of chasing them in affright from their own encampment. Neither did Congress mourn over the defeat. Almost a victory was rather a subject of congratulation, for it gave confidence to the troops, and lessened their fear of the enemy. The British confessed it was the severest handling they had yet received, and although Howe, as usual, made his loss but trifling, it evidently amounted to about eight hundred men. Mr. Sparks thinks that this battle had nearly as much to do in fixing the wavering determination of France, respecting the recognition of our independence, as the capture of Burgoyne, remarking that Count De Vergennes said to one of our commissioners in Paris, "that nothing struck him so much as General Washington attacking and giving battle to General Howe's army; that to bring an army raised within a year to this promised every thing." This may have had its weight in the French Councils, but such a remark was doubtless more complimentary than serious, for one cannot imagine what an army is raised for, except to attack the enemy, and that, too, within less than a year.

ART AND ARTISTS OF AMERICA.

BY R. ANNA LEWIS.



ASHER BROWN DURAND.

ALL types exist, originally, in nature. The highest art is the vision of those types, and the ability to make mankind see them.

There are two classes of art that take their rise from the power of imagination. The one produces objects addressed to the imagination, the other, objects addressed to the power of perception.

The art addressed to the power of perception is that of gardening, or creating landscape. In this department of art the designer is limited in his creation by nature. His chief province is to correct, improve, and adorn.

As he cannot repeat his experiments so as to observe future effects, he must call up in his imagination the scenes which he wishes to produce, and apply to them his taste and judgment; or to a lively conception of visible objects he must add a power of judging beforehand of the effects they would produce if they were exhibited to his senses. This power has been appro-

priately and beautifully called *the prophetic eye of taste*.

High art as applied to landscape painting occupies a more extended ground. The object of the artist in both cases, is the highest evolverment of truth and beauty. In the first case he makes a landscape as near nature as possible, or by the means of art lifts his idea up to the mirror of nature. In the second case he copies what may seem to him to be the most striking and interesting features of nature, and breathes into them his own warm, high feelings; or, in other words, nature sits to him for her portrait. And while thus rapt he listens to her wild stories of the battling of tempests, of the going and coming of leaves, flowers, colors; of the preaching of trees; of the dances of wood-nymphs and ghouls; of hope, love, beauty, wisdom, God; he seizes his pencil and makes a hundred pictures of her beautiful face.

In historical painting the original idea must be

formed in the imagination, and, in most cases, the exercise of imagination must concur with perception before the picture can produce that effect on the mind of the spectator which the artist has in view. But the landscapist, though he copies his landscape from his imagination, the scene which he wishes to exhibit is addressed to the senses, and may produce its effects on the minds of others without much effort on their part of either imagination or conception. Landscape painting is not considered to be of so vast an extent as historical; yet it requires much study, and great natural talent—great genius.

The historical painter belongs to what the Germans call the objective school; the landscapist, to the subjective. The historical painter aims at representing his ideas and feelings independently of himself, through imaginary beings. The landscapist aims at expressing his feelings effectively and harmonizingly, by means of natural objects.

Landscape painting may be divided into three departments, the real, the allegorical, and the historical. Durand, in the highest sense, represents the first, and, in some degree, the second and third; Frederick and Cole, the second; Turner, Claude Lorraine, Salvator, Tintoretto, and Poussin, the third. The chief study of the landscape painter is the physical and vegetable worlds—earth, air, water, rocks; the floral kingdom, architecture, all require his careful thought and study. None know how to make such use of the world of colors as he. None can hear such fine pulse-throbs; none drink so deeply the music of the spheres; none comprehend the language of the woods; none stand so rapt in the eloquence of nature as he. None combine these attributes into such thought-inspiring, soul-lifting harmony.

Landscape has for its aim our mental and spiritual instruction. It cultivates our minds by giving us ideas of form, color, space, infinity. It elevates our spirits by enabling us to discern through the wonders of creation the might and majesty of the Creator, and teaches us every gradation of the beautiful and sublime.

The department of landscape painting is only inferior in its influence to the historical, inasmuch as it is further removed from the common sympathies of human life. Real landscape presents us little more than a faithful transcript of nature, vivified with a calm, beautiful, holy sentimentality, with now and then a rustic figure, a fairy, or wood-nymph. It gives us no scenes that stir the volcanoes of passion and quicken the blood into lava.

Allegorical landscape exhibits to us only a copy of nature, peopled with the beings of the brain

and the imagination, in forms and attitudes above the comprehension of the mass.

The landscapist, who is true to his own inspirations, exerts on his age a wholesome, high, and holy influence. He becomes in love with nature; her lofty teachings lift his being above the gross and petty things of life, and refine his intellect till it becomes diamond-pointed—so polished that the dust of evil can rest not upon its surface. Amid the realms of rocks, and woods, and flowers, and clouds, and colors, he weaves his chaste and beautiful fabrics, and hangs our festive walls with soul-inspiring, heart-lifting pictures, that would otherwise never glad our eyes. When the drop-curtain of nature is down, behind which the flowers, and leaves, and herbs, have gone to await the return of sol: when the winter tempest lashes our creaking dwellings, we can feed our eyes on these lovely and refreshing portraits of departed bloom and beauty, till the ear of Fancy is again charmed with music of birds, and her vision rapt in the hues of softest summer. Through the whole reign of sleet and storm, and snow, and clouds, they preach to us of nature, and returning bloom and beauty.

Durand is properly what the schoolmen call in art a realist, which signifies the faculty of truthfully recalling the familiar and significant in nature. In all his works we have the same clinging, unquestioning, satisfied love of nature, of her forms, of her details, of her general quiet effects. It is always summer, always tranquility, always pensive contemplation upon his canvas. His pictures breathe peace, faith, calm, sweet self-reliance. In them we see loiterers by the glades, and listeners by waterfalls, broad meadows dotted with cattle, groups of heavily-foliaged trees, rippling or smooth-flowing streams, a leaf-hidden spire, a range of graceful highlands, whose outline swims away into the dreamy distance.

Durand finds his parallel in poetry, in the descriptive, pastoral school. He ranks with Bryant, Thompson, and Wordsworth—with those poets who have deep sympathy with the obvious aspects of nature, and the power of a clear, complete expression of their truth and beauty. He has not wielded nature as a symbol to express some great moral lesson, or volcanic meaning of his soul, but that which he has conscientiously and earnestly felt in nature, he has put into soft, lovely, graceful forms. His pictures do not smite us with the suspicion of some great unrevealed thought, concealed among the massive foliage; or of some golden dream of fancy, floating along the haunted horizon; but through thin, soft, sunny transparency, truth and beauty are ever visible. We love to hang his landscapes on the

walls where we live, and listen to their high, holy preachings, through the long tedium of the day.

Asher Brown Durand was born in 1796, at Jefferson Village, New Jersey. He is of French descent, his great grandfather, a surgeon and Huguenot, having sought an asylum in this country, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father was a watchmaker, and had remarkable aptitude for mechanics. It was in his shop that the future artist imbibed a taste for engraving. Ciphers were often required for spoons and other household implements, and on these he began to exercise his skill. Having seen the cards inserted in the cases of watches, he imitated the designs, hammered cents into plates on which to engrave them, and invented such tools as were requisite for their execution. His success was such as to attract the attention of an amateur on a chance visit to his father's shop, who interested himself to procure him a situation where he could enjoy greater advantages. Through his aid he was apprenticed to one of the most prominent engravers of the time, and he finally attained the first place in that profession in this country. To be a painter had always been Mr. Durand's chief aim in life, and he looked upon engraving but as a means to that end, and as success crowned his efforts in this, he devoted his leisure hours to that branch of art in which he is now so distinguished. On the establishment of the institution, in 1825, of which he is now president, he first exposed a picture for exhibition, a portrait of his child, and from that period until 1834, though still pursuing his profession as an engraver, he found time to contribute one or two small pictures, either landscape or figure-pieces, for the yearly exhibitions of the National Academy. In 1835 he abandoned engraving as a profession, his last work of any importance being the "Ariadne," after Vanderlyn. Two years previous to this period his pictures had attracted considerable notice, and among others that of Mr. Luman Reed, and it was chiefly from his advice that Mr. Durand abandoned the graver for the brush. Mr. Durand's early contributions to art are mostly portraits, with an occasional figure-piece and landscape. But the latter being more in accordance with his taste, and facilities for its study being greater, he finally adopted that department of art, and in which he holds the first place in this country.

Durand has been married twice. By his first union he has three children; a son and two daughters. By his second he has two; both sons. He enjoys a high social position. His undisputed artistic merits—his serene and poetical

temperament—his gentle manners—and the high moral character he has sustained in all the relations of life, have won for him the warm approbation of all who have the honor of his acquaintance. His life beautifully illustrates our creed—*That none but Virtue can steady the steps of Genius up its rough and thorny ascent—that Purity is the only safe and sure passport to the highest seat in the Temple of Fame.*

Our artist was one of the original founders of the National Academy of Design; and on the resignation of Professor Morse, was elected its president, which office he now holds.

As a testimonial of his artistic eminence, and as an expression of gratitude for his long and faithful services as presiding officer of the National Academy of Design, the members of that institution proposed, in April last, to give him a public dinner, which he promptly declined. They then presented him a service of plate, which he reluctantly accepted. We append his reply for its own merits.

"DEAR SIR,—The beautiful service of plate accompanied by your letter of presentation in behalf of a number of my friends, was placed in my hands on the evening of the 25th inst.

This signal evidence of their regard, coming as it does from so many of my brother artists, as well as friends with whom we are all in habits of social intercourse, gives rise to emotions and feelings of such a character that I am at a loss in what terms to express my grateful acknowledgments.

In endeavoring to fulfill the various obligations, social and professional, which have devolved on me, whether in reference to the National Academy of Design or otherwise, I have never expected nor desired other recompense than that which results from conscientious discharge of duties, and the sympathy of those who, with myself, are deeply interested in a common cause. If I cannot fully acquiesce in the generous estimate of such services, which my friends, through you, have expressed, I may, at least, claim all that is due to earnestness of purpose and the conviction that no unworthy motive has ever controlled the dictates of my heart.

Throughout my professional career, a period of thirty years and upward, I have enjoyed the confidence and esteem of many true and generous friends—more true, more generous, few could boast. The remembrance of their kindness is deeply imprinted on my heart, and I should distrust my nature if any souvenir were needed to preserve or freshen the associations connected with their names.

In conclusion, let me assure you that this testimonial is most gratefully appreciated, both as

a remembrance of the past and an earnest for the future; I shall always cherish it with sentiments in keeping with its pure material, and in harmony with the spirit of the valued friends who have delegated you to perform this pleasant duty.

With earnest wishes for the health and prosperity of yourself and those for whom you act,

I remain with great regard,

Your obedient servant,

A. B. DURAND.

To THOS. S. CUMMINGS, Esq.,

Vice-President of the N. A. of Design."

The impulse that moved Mr. Durand's friends toward him was noble; its actuation in bad taste. A thousand dollars' worth of plate could never stir very violently the heart of true genius. If his friends had ordered a picture, in his best manner, for some national purpose that would have given it a name and a habitation as enduring as his country, they would have exhibited better taste, and harmonized more with the feelings of their gifted friend.

A presentation of silver, or gold, or any other worldly goods, to persons of high intellectual capacities and attainments, has always seemed to us inappropriate. The donors intend such gift to be a pledge of their appreciation of great merit, or of their gratitude for services rendered; while the recipient can but regard it as a pledge of their ignorance of his mental and spiritual needs. He is ever giving out soul of the subtlest essence, he craves soul in return—not gold, or silver, or earthly trappings. He has no use for these. Let the donors give them to those whose intellectual and moral deficiencies they can supply. Their glitter can add not one ray to genius—its absence subtract not one beam from it.

The following is a list of some of our artist's principal works:

LANDSCAPES.—Morning and Evening of Life, a pair of allegorical landscapes, in possession of Frederick Betts, Newburgh, N. Y. Lake Scene at Sunset, in possession of Mr. Gardner, Baltimore. The Rainbow. Scene from Thanatopsis, at Historical Society, N. Y. An Old Man's Reminiscences, at Gallery Fine Arts, Albany, N. Y. Mountain Stream, in possession of Mr. Schoolcraft, Albany. The Stranded Ship, in possession of James Brown, N. Y. Kindred Spirits, a wild scene, with portrait figures of Bryant and Cole, in possession of Park Godwin, N. Y. Scenery of Dover Plains, in possession of Mr. Seaman, N. Y. God's Judgment of Gog, in possession of Jonathan Sturges, N. Y. Valley of Oberhasle, Switzerland, do. do. Shakspeare's Church, Stratford on Avon, do. do. Indian Vespers, in possession of Chauncey Shaffer, N. Y. A Wood Scene, in possession of A. M. Cozzens, N. Y.

Sabbath Bells, in possession of G. Kimble, Cold Springs, N. Y. Composition in the Clove of the Catskill Mountains, G. W. Austin, N. Y. Primeval Forest, in possession of E. D. Nelson, N. Y. June Shower, in possession of H. K. Brown, Brooklyn. Strawberrying, in possession of Mrs. Haight, N. Y.

FIGURE PIECES.—The wrath of Peter Stuyvesant, from Knickerbocker's History of N. Y., in possession of the New York Gallery. Dance on the Battery, in presence of Peter Stuyvesant, from the same, in possession of T. H. Faile, N. Y. Harvey Birch and Washington, from Cooper's Spy, in possession of Mr. Marsh, Vt. Capture of Major Andre, in possession of H. K. Paulding, N. Y. A Passage in the Life of Woman, in possession of the Artist. H. Pappagallo, in possession of the Artist.

ENGRAVINGS.—Declaration of Independence, from Trumbull. Musidora, from his own drawing. Ariadne, from Vanderlyn. Portrait of Rev. John Mason, from Jarvis. Series of Heads, in Portrait Gallery, published by Jas. Herring.

The number of Durand's works is surprising, and indicate great industry and patience. He has done something in almost every department of art. Figures in basso relievo; portraits; copies of the best works of the old masters, and innumerable landscapes, coming under the three divisions of landscape painting, have been sent forth from his studio within the last twenty years.

"Morning and Evening of Life," is, we believe, his only attempt in allegorical landscape. It is not painted with so free a hand as some of his later works, but is in sentiment suggestive and pleasing.

"God's judgment on Gog," is, as far as we can learn, his only effort in historical landscape. This seems to us to be one of his most remarkable pictures. The conception is bolder, and the handling more free and vigorous than in any of his works. It is free from the excessive detail and finish perceptible in many of his early pictures. The chiaroscuro is managed with consummate skill.

"Shakspeare's Church at Stratford on Avon," in point of perspective and warm, rich coloring, is the most perfect of all his small pictures. The scene is truthfully given.

"Scenery of Dover Plains," and "A Wood Scene," are among his most popular pictures. They are strongly drawn and painted.

"Primeval Forest," is Durand's richest picture in trees—"Strawberrying," the most highly finished of all his landscapes.

"A June Shower," in possession of H. K. Brown, the sculptor, is, from our point of view, one of the most perfect and pleasing pictures of

its kind ever painted, and the best that Durand has yet produced.

It represents one of those gentle, balmy showers in June, when the earth, between her prayers, quaffs, with parched lips, the cool descending draughts from heaven. In this picture the artist has anatomized light and shade in endless gradation. We see a choir of solemn, tranquil expressions, such as pass over a lovely face when suffused with sudden tears—an harmonious unity of clear, beautiful lines that afford both the mind and the eye complete satisfaction. We hear the breeze driving the clouds along the air, and the big drops of rain falling into the lips of the thirsty foliage, and feel the dripping wings of the wind until we imagine ourselves out in a June shower.

"Kindred Spirits." This is a wild-wood scene, with portrait figures of the poet and artist standing on the brink of a high, moss-clad rock. The poet stands rapt in the attitude of listening to the artist's outpouring of the majesty of God and Nature. In treatment this picture is equal to any other of the artist's works. It has an interest independent of its great artistic merits. an interest that centres on two of the loftiest It has minds that this or any other country has produced. The interest that clings to Bryant, the poet, and Cole, the artist.

Durand's last work is a head of Bryant. It is worthy of the artist. He has given us a head of Bryant the Poet—not Bryant the Editor and Politician. The likeness is perfect—the expression poetic in the highest degree.

Durand is now in the prime of his power, and at the maturity of his manner. His productions are characterized by the fine feeling for nature, great truthfulness of both color and composition, and the poetic sentiment. He has made nature his model. He has wooed her in her gentlest moods, and won her softest, sweetest smiles. His scenes are warm, sunny, genial, placid as the heart from which they emanated; and, as in the case of Buffon, the style is the man. The gradations of his distances are just—the leafing of his trees exquisitely and freely touched—his skies are soft and clear—his clouds float lightly, as if supported by air. His various diffusions of light so truthful that they express to us the different times of the day. On them we see the mists and vapors of morning—the clear light of noon, and the saffron-colored tints of evening. Turning from most other landscapes to Durand's is like stepping from a confined room into the fresh, pure air of Heaven's own light, and earth's own verdure.

If our artist has any fault it is the weakness which is the result of excessive detail and a too

careful finish; and the want of that broad vigor, which enables the artist to bring his picture to the mind by a few bold strokes of his pencil. The tenderness of his perception, and the fear of sacrificing one point for another often stays his bolder hand, and induces him to level the surface where he should make peaks and pinacles.

We are permitted to quote the following pertinent remarks from a letter to us from Bryant. It is a kind and considered comparison of the merits of the two principal landscapists of America, both of which we now have under treatment.

"I am fond of both the painting of Cole and Durand. Cole has the bolder hand, and, I think, worked with more freedom. He was earlier a painter than Durand, and to this owed, I have no doubt, much of that vigor and confidence which is apparent in all his works. In this respect, however, Durand is constantly improving, as his later works have the most strength. Cole sought always to infuse into his paintings some great moral or religious idea. I am not certain that he did not sometimes make this design too obvious. This is never the case with Durand, who seems to love art more for her own sake. They were both close observers of nature—men of great industry and an accurate hand. Durand, in general, imitates nature with truest paint; Cole, with the same power, did not always deem its exercise to the same extent necessary or even ancillary to his design.

Both Cole and Durand hold a place among the first landscape painters of modern times; indeed, I think, among the first of any time. If I were to be asked what other painter in that department I would prefer to Durand, I should say—no one. There are no landscapes produced in any part of the world which I should more willingly possess than his. WILLIAM C. BRYANT."

In person, Durand is above the medium height, thin and pale. His eyes are dark gray, his hair brown, sprinkled with silver. His manner is easy, his whole mien indicative of a calm and beautiful spirit. His home is at No. 91 Amity street, New York; his studio in a wing of his dwelling. There the old Greek and Roman heads that look down from their niches, the studies and portraits of almost every size and subject that line the walls, remind us strongly of some antique gallery.

We have written this sketch in good faith. We have said what, in our judgment, the works of the artist warranted, not one word more or less. We would not ask too much for our landscapists, but we think that we may justly claim for the best pictures of Durand and Cole a place by the side of the best in the English and Venitian schools.

A WORD ABOUT MEXICO.

ITS HISTORY, RESOURCES, AND DESTINY.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Movimento, parlimento,
 Gluramento, squarciamiento;
 Armamento e nel cimento
 Gran fermento, poco argento
 Spaurimento e tradimento;
 Slam fuggiti come il vento
 Mene pento, mene pento: ITALIAN PASQUINADE, (1822.)

By degrees the United States will, no doubt, encroach farther and farther on its territories, stripping them, as artichokes are eaten, leaf by leaf. LONDON DAILY NEWS.

IN 1848 the large republic of Mexico was found to have broken into two nearly equal parts, one of which reposed at last within the widening lines of our Anglo-Saxon confederacy. It were well if that nation could have then taken an advice somewhat like that given by the Lord Hamlet to his mother, when she tells him her heart is cleft in twain—could have let the one half go and lived the better with the other half. She might thus have gained a loss, and from her restricted boundaries only gathered the increased capacity of taking proper care of what still rested within them. But it has not so fallen out. Mexico, though more confined, has not become a whit more compact. The pruning has been of little service, and the vitality at the centre is as feeble as ever. There is little promise of safety in curtailment; and it is probable that, even if eaten away to the heart of the artichoke—blood-boltered old Anahuac—the State of Mexico would be as distracted and imbecile as in the days of its broadest latitude, when Texas was its wash-pot, and it cast out its shoe over California. It finds itself, at present, in the very “force and road of casualty,” amidst the strongest of earth-borne currents, in the great gulf-stream of the world; and none can contemplate without interest, the inevitable attrition which is wearing it away. To us, it is the theme of our daily thoughts, and forever before our eyes.

Three hundred and thirty-five years ago, the Spanish fillibuster, Hernando Cortez, bringing the horses and gunpowder of the old world, advanced against the Aztec monarchy. His enterprize was daring enough. But his knowledge of the natives on the coasts of Mexico, as well as in the islands of the new world, had led him to form a

pretty fair estimate of their efficiency in war. He was very soon aware that they were no match for the Europeans, and doubtless felt the sentiment of the poet Ariosto, before the latter had expressed it:—

Veggio de dieci cacciar mille.

He felt that with ten of his *caballeros* he could drive a thousand Americans before him. And yet, it must be remembered, to the honor of those warlike Aztecs, that the conquest of their country was an arduous and a bloody one, and that it took twice as long to subdue the resistance of Tenochtitlan as to vanquish the arrogant Castilian Mexico of the present time. Scott, storming his *pecs* and *plateaux*, led our armament to the Alameda in a year. It was two years before Cortez saw himself master of the great central Teocalli of Anahuac, and silenced that bloody gong forever. After all, it was not so much military bravery as intestine treason, that overthrew the empire of Montezuma. But for the Tlascalans, Cortez could not have made his conquest—at least without much greater delay and loss than he experienced. When we remember that, on his first quiet entrance into the city of Mexico, his forces amounted to ten thousand armed men, one thousand of whom were Spaniards, with their horses and great guns, we shall be the less disposed to admire his audacity in that remarkable enterprize. To take possession of the country, he made use of the savage differences and blind feuds of the chiefs, a piece of strategy which, as we see by certain familiar histories, was very successful, long ago, in upsetting the imbecile and barbarous nationalities, and in proving at the same time that they only got what they deserved. When Cortez, having got into the city, began to look about him, he found that a warlike

and predatory people, justly apprehensive of assault, had taken up their abode in the midst of lakes and marshes, where the waves of the lake Tezcoco formed a watery circumvallation. Like Venice and Ravenna, Mexico was built on piles, and intersected by canals; and the only way of reaching the city was by four causeways, leading through the swamps and the shallow water. Tenochtitlan was the chief seat and centre of a suzerainty which extended over the tribal confederacies of the Valley of Mexico, and many of the mountain valleys and declivities of the neighborhood. The Mexicans seem to have been to the races about them what the Romans were of old to the peoples of Latium, feared and hated for their ferocious love of war and rapine. The origin of those Mexicans is lost in the darkness which envelops that of every other race and family of mankind. Authentic history can only tell us of the Aztecs—those who kept the valley when the Spaniards came. Tradition speaks of an antecedent race, the Toltecs, who, they say, came from the north, and brought with them the arts of architecture and sculpture. The four or five centuries that elapsed between the time of the Toltecs and the Spanish conquest, together with the slender traces of indigenous civility which escaped the fire and sword of the Europeans, have given the genius of archæology room enough to raise theories concerning those who once swarmed in that lacustrine valley, and hunted on the neighboring heights. Some suppose the makers of the teocalli, pyramids, causeways, idols, fictile vessels, and sculptures, must have come from Asia, across Behring's Strait, bringing the arts of the elder continent along with them. Others speak of a wafture across the waters of the Pacific, favored by the intervening isles; and others of a Norse migration from Greenland, and the country of the Skrælinges, and the coasts subsequently sacred to a Yankee renown. But, after considering a score of high authorities—not forgetting Lord Kingsborough, who demonstrates that the original Toltecs were Hebrew tribes, running away eastward from Psalmanazar or his grandson—people are either enlightened or bewildered down to the conclusion that nearly all the theories are too good for the subject, and that one would be most likely to get the truth of the matter out of the ground, as the old Etruscans got their wise, little god, Tages. The theorists do not seem to allow sufficiently for those conditions which certainly have shaped man's primordial condition everywhere. The peopling of America (supposing the human race has come of a single Asiatic type and has not been diversely created to suit the several latitudes) was probably brought about

in a savage and desultory way, whether by way of the Straits of Behring, or in a few wind-swept canoes from the Pacific. The last supposition is supported by several facts. In 1831, a Japanese junk, with three or four persons in it, was blown across the Pacific to the mouth of the Columbia river. In 1843, three men of the same nation had drifted across to the coast of Mexico, whence they were carried home in 1845. All things considered, we are disposed to conclude that the civilization of the Toltecs and Aztecs grew from causes like those which produced that of Assyria and Egypt—from a fertile soil and the amenities of a warm and beautiful sky. The antiquities of Mexico exhibit nothing which the long stationary people of that latitude might not have gradually effected. That American race had no alphabet, no books, no history and no manuscripts—unless their picture hieroglyphics could be called such. Their pyramidal structures—necessary to their ideas of warlike defense, worship and burial, and answering the purposes of forts, altars and tombs—would naturally be erected and sculptured by a nation made populous by the happy conditions of their locality. History declares that wherever masses of people were found together, at any time, they began to make Babels of some sort or other—hew stones, bake bricks, and then set them up. Free-masonry is the oldest order in the world. The *autochthonoi*, or children of the ground, in that intertropical part of our continent, did not need the traditional instruction of the wandering masons, Hebrew, Assyrian, Mongolian or Tartarian, to enable them to understand their truncated pyramids, ornament them with chiselings in the idle times, and put them to the uses of semi-barbarous men. The rude astronomy which is discoverable on Mexican stones, the weaving of cotton cloth, the painting of figures and other artistic amenities, are only the natural evidences of that civility which has always grown out of the favorable circumstances of soil and climate. The Mexican antiquities preserved to us do not seem, as yet, to be of any use in throwing light upon the derivation or history of the peoples to whom they belonged. And we believe those lamented hieroglyphic rolls, burned by the pious hands of the Archbishop Zumarraga, would have given us no greater amount of information, had they come down to us. The cosmogony of the Aztecs would seem to indicate an ultramarine derivation. But its strange stories of the origin of man, the Fall, the Deluge, the demolition of a Babel *teocalli*, the rite of baptism, the sacrament of maize and blood in the temples—all these come before us in a very questionable shape and are not to be relied on, seeing they have been filtered through the Spanish priests and mission-

aries, who not only demolished, in a direct way, the buildings, sculptures, rolls and paintings of the Aztecs, but still further smothered the ideas and beliefs of that people under glosses and pious forgeries which tend to bewilder all our notions of the subject. There is a double night upon it. On the whole, as regards the Mexican civilization, it seems, as we have said, to have grown from the soil, in the lapse of centuries on centuries; and Mr. Prescott's opinion on the matter is certainly the soundest and best that can be formed.

Cortez found a monarchy tempered by *cacique-ries*, and the centre and metropolis rendered populous by the action of the great principles then in operation, war and cannibalism. There was nothing Arcadian in that fertile and murdering region—nothing like a distinct rural population. The *teocallis* were the safeguards of authority, something like the strong castles of the chiefs in the Middle Ages. The ground was cultivated by men who worked near their weapons, and the harvests were gathered in, in the manner of a foray, especially in places removed from the centre, and from security. The granaries were near the *teocallis* in the cities, where, as a matter of course, the great mass of the people would be gathered. The Spaniards speak of the great size and populousness of these. But they probably exaggerated, for the purpose of magnifying the perils and glory of their achievements. The Spanish style is always inflated and false, even under the mildest and simplest circumstances. The vague and lofty accounts given in the letters of Cortez are not to be implicitly relied on; and the historians, doubtless, wrong themselves by following him too closely—though, to be sure, they have scarcely any choice in the matter. The extent and population of the city of Mexico have been greatly exaggerated, in all probability; and even supposing they have not, they should not be assumed to indicate a highly peopled condition of the entire region. The grown-up males of such a fighting nation would necessarily be warriors, and gathered under their chiefs in the towns, or with the king in the central city, and in this way they would give a foreigner, making his estimate after the statistics of a different state of society, a false idea of their numbers. The Spaniards, doubtless, left a margin for persons of the more peaceful occupations; and, along with this, there seems to be as little doubt that they magnified every thing they saw. The inhabitants of the city of Mexico would seem to have lived pretty much in the wigwam style, in very slight edifices. The dignity of stone architecture, so much spoken of, belonged to the *teocallis* and the somewhat embattled residences of the kings, chiefs, and priests. And, after all, the best of these

aristocratic residences must have been shabby enough, for the grandfather of Montezuma, running out of his royal palace on the report of a sudden inundation from the lake Texcoco, broke his head against the top of his door. The Halls of Montezuma, so splendid in harangue, were probably neither very grand nor very comfortable, according to our modern notions of such places.

Proceeding from the town of the True Cross, in February, 1519, Cortez, "a very worthy gentleman," says old Bernal Diaz, "and very much devoted to the Virgin Mary, to St. Peter, and all the other saints," having defeated and conciliated the Tlascalans to his banner, marched over the Cordilleras into the valley of the Five Lakes, and, at the head of ten thousand men, entered the capital, over one of the four causeways, as the guest of Montezuma. Lodged in an enclosed building, the Axayacatl, the Spaniards were soon looked on as the insidious enemies of the Mexicans; and the latter taking advantage of the absence of Cortez, (who had gone to confront Narvaez, sent to supplant him by the governor of Cuba,) attacked the strangers in their quarters. Cortez, returning reinforced, seized the emperor and carried him to the fort as a protection against the fury of the people. But these would not be conciliated; and having killed Montezuma by the side of the Spaniards, they forced the latter to quit the city, on a night of terror and bloodshed, recorded in the Hispano-American Annals as the *Noche Triste*. This reverse cost the Spaniards nearly one-half their number, and about four thousand Tlascalans and other Indian allies. Assaulted repeatedly as they retreated over the mountains, the soldiers of Cortez only found safety in the country of the Tlascalans. Here he remained for about a year, recruiting his forces, overcoming or winning over the tribes dwelling round the valley, and building brigantines. Once more crossing the Cordilleras with six hundred Spaniards, and three thousand Indians, he reached Texcoco in the beginning of 1521. Launching his vessels on the lake which, though now three miles from the city, then washed its causeways, and filled its canals, he began the siege of the capital, in May, with a force estimated at fifty thousand men, eight hundred of whom were Spaniards. Young Guatimozin and his people resisted vigorously from the walled enclosures, quays, and *teocallis* of the city, till the middle of August, when, desolated by famine and disease, the Mexicans ceased to resist, and Guatimozin, trying to escape on the lake, was taken prisoner. Then what has been represented as the splendid civilization of Mexico, fell asunder and withered, leaving scarcely a wreck be-

hind, save a little rude masonry, and a race in almost every respect resembling the people of the northern and eastern wildernesses. No rebellion of that feebly-rooted nationality disputed any further with the Spaniards the possession of Teochtitlan—which comprised the present states of Vera Cruz, Oaxaca, Puebla, Mexico, and Michoacan.

From 1521 to 1824, the conquerors enjoyed their conquest—increased from time to time by further additions of territory. For sixty-two vice-royalties, Spain fed like a ghoul upon the life-blood of that unhappy dependency. During all that time Mexico remained stationary. The three hundred Aztec years preceding the conquest would, if truly recorded, show a more decided amount of human progress than we find in the same space of time which followed it. The curse of Spain was upon Mexico. The noble vice-royalty was *tabooed* and restricted to its commerce and intercourse with the mother country. Its sea trade was confined to the ports of Vera Cruz and Acapulco, and this could only be carried on in ships of Spain. The natives under the systems of *ripartiamientos* or *encomiendas*, were distributed with the ground they stood on, and cultivated the ground or worked in the mines for their Spanish proprietors. Up to 1774, the Spanish colonies could not even communicate one with another. All this time the priesthood, masters of enormous wealth, brooded luxuriously upon the fat of the land, and the principle of the *alcabala* completed the demoralization of that unhappy society. The *alcabala* is a tax imposed by the government on every transaction of purchase and sale. We can easily conceive the shuffling, lying, smuggling, and perjury which necessarily accompany the working of such a law. Heavy monopolies discouraged the industry of the people, and transit duties on goods carried from one part of the country to the other, still further paralyzed it. There was one branch of trade, however, which prospered in the stagnation of all the others—a branch belonging to the king himself, which was the sale of bulls and indulgences. In Mexico the king held the rights of the Pope, and made the most of his monopoly. Dispensations for milk and eggs, and certain kinds of petty larceny brought in a handsome revenue, while the great bulls *de crusada*, absolving from every human crime except heresy (which, of course, is the greatest,) were better than a good gold mine to the Catholic royalty of Spain. In such a diseased condition of society Mexico continued to fester for three hundred years, during which it was furnishing all the poetry of Europe with by-words and metaphors of wealth, splendor, and dignity. The Genius of History, in

fact, has flung that showy hypocrisy entirely over to her sister Muse, and turned away her eyes from the succession of those vicious and contemptible vice-royalties. Most writers on this subject overleap that mirey interval, and come from the campaigns of Cortez to the rebellious initiative of Hidalgo, and the first movements of Independence.

The first French Revolution (concerning which Carlyle is mistaken, in saying it ended with the fall of the Sections before the grapeshot of the young general of the Directory, Napoleon Bonaparte; for it has not ended yet) prepared the way for the Mexican Revolution. When Napoleon carried off captive from Bayonne, King Charles, and Prince Ferdinand, and put his own brother Joseph upon the throne of Spain, the Mexican Vice-royalty was disturbed. Iturrigaray called a junta of this dependency, seeing that the new dynasty had ordered it to put by its Bourbons, and the sacred old spell of royalty and loyalty was broken in Mexico. Curiously enough, the four millions of native Indians were the first to stir. The traditions of ancient independence still lived amongst them, and they dreamed of a restored Aztec dominion. The Spaniards and the chief priests were for the Bourbons. But the Creoles, that is, the American descendants of the Spaniards, looked for a social change which would raise them to the level of these last; so that when, in 1809, the curate Hidalgo led out the natives to fight for independence, the Creoles, for the most part, made common cause with them. The popular enthusiasm was very great, and Hidalgo beat the royalists at Guanajuata and elsewhere. The viceroy, Venegas, who had been sent out to supersede Iturrigaray, got the bishops to excommunicate the rebel curate, and then, bringing the Virgin of Remedios from a hermitage, with the most imposing ceremony, surrendered his baton and authority into her hands, and transferred to her the task of saving the colony. The good effect of this was soon seen. Excommunication had not lost its force since the good old times when St. Bernard pronounced at Foigny his dread formula against flies, and they were tossed dead out of the church in shovelfuls; and Madonna's part, on this Mexican occasion, was effectively performed. Hidalgo, who had advanced to Toluca, twelve miles from the capital, suddenly retreated. In the beginning of 1811, being at the head of a large Indian army at Guadalajara, he was engaged and defeated by General Calleja, and, trying to escape, was taken and shot in the July of the same year.

Morelos, another curate, now took up the torch. In concert with Rayon, a lawyer, and Matamoros, a brother priest, he convened the junta of

Ohilpanzingo, which proposed, in 1812, that all the races should be on an equality, under Ferdinand, or some other Bourbon prince. This was rejected and Calleja prosecuted the war against the patriots. In November, 1813, Morelos, Matamoras, Bravo, Vittoria, and others composing the junta, proclaimed the Independence of Mexico. In the same month the royalist, Iturbide, took Matamoras and had him shot. Soon after Michael Bravo was garotted at Puebla. Galeana was killed in battle, and the new Congress was driven from Ohilpanzingo to Apatzingo, where they formed a constitution bearing that name. But they were still unsuccessful; their forces were defeated by the royalists. At the close of 1815, Morelos was taken by General Cencha, and shot, on 22d December. Congress was now extinguished; but Guerrero, Rayon, Tevan, Bravo, Father Torres, and Guadalupe Vittoria, maintained a guerilla resistance all over the country. Vittoria was obliged to fly to the mountains, and led a very savage and picturesque life as an outlaw. Mina came from Spain in 1817, and brought with him some people from the United States, to aid the patriots, but he was defeated and shot, on 11th November, in that year.

Meantime the leaven of liberalism was working in old Spain, and the royalists of Mexico felt themselves taken suddenly in the rear—placed, as it were, between two fires. The Cortez of 1812 had been taking liberties with the church, both at home and in the colonies. The Mexican clergy rose against such radicalism, and, making a revolutionary somerset of their own, said they would have none of the mother country—at least till she came round to the ancient routine of things. They sustained Apodoco in the design of establishing the independent rule of the king in Mexico, and Iturbide was intrusted with the army for the purpose of proclaiming an absolute monarchy, on the good old plan. At that time the forces consisted of eleven Spanish, and twenty-four native regiments. Iturbide, instead of doing the bidding of the viceroy, marched to Iguala, where he proclaimed independence, Catholic union, and constitutional monarchy, under a Bourbon prince—if they could get such a one. The men of Hidalgo rallied round Iturbide, Vittoria among the rest, coming out of his mountains in the savage costume of a St. John—and then the whole nation adhered to the new arrangement. Apodoco was deposed, and was succeeded by Don John O'Donoghue, who was sent out from Spain and had the honor of closing the long line of the Mexican viceroys. On his arrival in the country, seeing the determination of the people, he thought it best to listen to reason, and, in September 1821, recognized the Independence of

Mexico, and surrendered the capital to the army of the Three Guarantees. Next year, the Cortez nullified the good-natured statesmanship of O'Donoghue; but their nullification was nothing to the purpose. Iturbide intrigued for a kingship, and was declared emperor, in May 1822, by an overawed faction of the national Congress. He subsequently dissolved this body, having found it unmanageable, and replaced it by an instituent junta. Rebellions now broke out against him, and our friend Santa Anna, governor of Vera Cruz, first turns up in history as the chief of the insurgents. In March 1823, Iturbide left the country, and went to Italy to live on a pension given him by Congress, along with a warning never to come back. Next year, however, he returned secretly to try his further chances in the growing confusion, and, being recognized in his disguise, was shot.

Then Vittoria, Bravo, and the rest of the patriots, formed and inaugurated the Constitution of 1824, by which Mexico was declared a federal republic, on the principal of our own. With the first movement of the new order of things, began those furies of Mexican revolution which have never gone to sleep from that time to this. In 1825, Guadalupe Vittoria was declared first president, and Bravo vice-president of the republic; and it was joyfully declared that matters were now going to progress in Washington's way. At this time two parties, named from a couple of Masonic lodges, the *Escocesses* and *Yorkinos*, divided the opinions of the young republic. The latter were for the republican constitution, while the former leaned to a constitutional monarchy. Vittoria was a *Yorkino*, and Bravo was an *Escocesse*. The federal plan had existed for three years, when, in 1827, Padre Areras and others attempted to bring about the other system. The second president, Gomez Pedraza, was an *Escocesse*, and then the *Yorkinos* broke out. Santa Anna pronounced with these, and the capital also pronounced. The Creoles attacked the enemies of republicanism in Mexico; Pedraza ran away in the confusion, and Guerrero was declared president in his stead, in 1829. The federal principle was, therefore, getting along, uppermost, till Bustamente, the vice-president, broke out against Guerrero, and being joined by Santa Anna, drove the president away to Michoacan, and took his place. A little after, they took Guerrero and shot him.

Spain now exhibited her wisdom by an attempt to resume possession of that nest of hornets. But Barradas, who landed from Cuba, was defeated at Tampico by Santa Anna. The latter, growing tired of Bustamente, attempted to put him down but being vigorously resisted, retired

to Vera Cruz, where he planned the restoration of Pedraza. In a little time Bustamente was sent scampering from power, and Pedraza, coming once more to Mexico, served out the few months that remained of his own presidential term, after all those wonderful choppings and changes! In May, 1833, Santa Anna was made president. The church, being strongly opposed to federalism, labored so strenuously that the centralists were strongly represented in Congress. In 1834 the president, backed by the army, dissolved that body, *vi et armis*, and overthrew the constitution, after it had subsisted for thirteen years; if that may be called a subsisting which was one continued struggle for life from the very moment of projection. By the revolutionary Plan of Toluca, the states were turned into departments—a transformation which many of them resisted, and among others, the rough, rifle-bearing Texas, beginning to swarm in many places with a new and more vigorous order of inhabitants. The legislature of that state refused to receive the military governor, and the Anglo-Saxon settlers, supporting their representatives, took up the old New England game. In 1836, Santa Anna, while endeavoring to put them down, met with the fate of Burgoyne—he was taken prisoner to Houston at San Jacinto. Next year he went home in disgrace, in a U. S. ship, and retired to his *hacienda*. Bustamente succeeded to the presidency. In 1839 Canales excited a revolt in the north-eastern departments, when it was proposed to unite Coahuila, Tamaulipas and Durango in a confederacy of the Rio Grande, favorable to the liberties of Texas. This movement was vigorously opposed by General Arista, and suppressed. Meantime, the federalists continued to agitate violently for the restoration of the constitution of 1824, and in 1840 Santa Anna, Paredes, Lombardini and others, were trying to pull down Bustamente. A strong body of troops and citizens supported the latter, and for a month Mexico might have supposed the Aztecs and their horrible gongs were all come back again. It was turned into a field of battle, and its streets and squares were swept by cannons and musketry, while the federalists, from the citadel, threw their fraternal bombs into the houses of the bewildered citizens. Out of this horrible confusion came the Plan of Tacubaya, one of the articles of which declared Santa Anna dictator till the formation of a new constitution. A number of citizens were chosen for the purpose of framing such a one; but after two futile attempts, they were sent about their business by the dictator. He then appointed a junta of notables, who, in 1843, produced what they called the “Bases of a Political Organization,”

the principle of which was centralization. Thus, after all the scuffling, shuffling and bloodshed, the federalists saw their constitution of 1824 as far off as ever, while the people in general continued in a state of uncertainty as to whether they had a constitution at all, or not.

In 1844, congress proposed to reconquer Texas. Santa Anna went away to his farm, at Vera Cruz, leaving General Canaliza in the presidential chair. Paredes now pronouncing against the government, Santa Anna raised troops and marched to oppose him, whereupon the latter was denounced by congress for taking on himself the command of an army. A Mexican conglomeration followed, and, in 1845, Santa Anna was seen making off, with both the rebels and the constituted authorities pell-mell after him! He was caught and imprisoned at Perote, but allowed to go to Havana the same year, under an amnesty. The causes of all these ridiculous and surprising movements would constitute the curiosities of statesmanship; but no one ever pretended to comprehend them rightly—not even the Mexicans themselves—and they are not worth looking for. We see strange facts, but to reason about them would be to lose time:—

Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.

These things are only valuable as they lead to the historic moral, which teaches the miserable imbecility of that Hispano-American people. As regards the shuffling and running away of Santa Anna, it might have been caused by his reluctance to engage in any hostility against Texas. He has been considered inimical to these states; but there are several things in the history of our Mexican relations, since he went back from Washington to his place, seventeen years ago, which would lead one to suspect that he is less unfriendly than is generally thought—no doubt for good reasons. In 1845 he might have stood at the head of the nation by simply appealing to the warlike spirit of the people against us. His return to Mexico, in 1846, was favored by this government, in the hope that he may bring about a quiet settlement of the existing difficulties; and there have been statements that some of the contents of General Scott's treasure-chest found their way into his pocket. It is possible, we repeat, that the latter is not so bitter against our government as we imagine.

At all events, it was in his absence that the war broke out—an occurrence which had been naturally and by slow degrees growing out of the changes of 1824. The single state of Texas and Coahuila, in that year, passed a law permitting foreigners to become colonists. In 1830 immigration was forbidden and military posts

established in the state. In 1832 the colonists were in rebellion against the government, and so continued till they had established their independence, on the defeat of Santa Anna, in 1836. For nine years, Texas maintained herself alone, the standing problem of statesmen and journalists all over the world, and recognized by these States, England, France and Belgium, till 1845, when, in the midst of British outcries, poutings and regrets, she hoisted the Stars and Stripes and came into our family. President Herrera, urged by the popular feeling in Mexico, prepared to go to war for the recovery of the recusant state, and Almonte, the Mexican minister at Washington, formally protested against the act of annexation. Paredes, thinking that Herrera was not sufficiently zealous in his preparations for war, made a pronouncement against him, procured his removal, and took his place. In March, 1846, he refused to receive the American envoy. Then came the Two Years' War. The tramp of marching men was heard in all parts of our union, and our volunteers exhibited an alacrity in fighting supposed to be only proper to the uneasy Mexicans. Intelligent little armies followed their drums into the hostile republic, and several courageous *manipules* went forward from the civil avocations to wage war "on their own hook." Kearney winds through New Mexico, which he subdues, and on to California, where he finds Fremont conquering under a flag with a star and a grizzly bear. General Wool beats up for recruits through the west, and then marches till his point of war is heard on the Rio Grande. Colonel Doniphan carries down his Missourians to keep the wild Indians of New Mexico in awe, and passes on. Taylor crosses swords with General Arista at Palo Alto, and forcing him back to the Ravine of Palms, breaks through his lines at that place and hurries to relieve the garrison of Matamoras. Afterward, passing into New Leon, with Worth and Butler, he takes the town of Monterey. In February, 1847, Santa Anna (lately allowed to pass into Mexico by Commodore Connor) is met and repulsed by General Taylor in the Pass of Angostura.

In August 1846, the Mexicans preparing, with their usual prudence, and in their usual style of government, to meet the invading enemy, had pulled down and imprisoned poor Paredes, whom they subsequently exiled. They then set themselves to work at a revolution, a new constitution, and a dictator, as if there were no North American riflemen within several thousand miles of the Rio Grande. The wretched people of the capital, in particular, were distracted between the parties of the *Pures* and the *Moderates*—Salas being pitted against Ferias. Santa Anna was at

last chosen provisional president, and Ferias vice-president. The *Pures* joined the executive in declaring that the property of the clergy belonged to the nation, and it was decreed that their incomes should be seized, if they did not pay them over. The clergy thundered excommunication. The chief of finance, refused to sign the ordinance, and, as the executive persisted, Mexico became once more a battle-field. The revolution of the *Polkos* broke out in February 1847, and six thousand men fought on each side, for a month. The Moderates behaved very immoderately. They suppressed the vice-presidency in April 1847. Meantime General Scott, who had landed at Vera Cruz, on 9th of March, advanced in the old track of Cortez toward Tenochtitlan. Fighting his way through the Cerro Gordo Pass, he emerged on the highlands, and steadily pursued his march. On 21st May, an Extraordinary Constituent Congress proclaimed the federal form of government restored, under the presidency of Santa Anna, who at this period showed himself curiously discontented and curiously inactive. It was declared by Congress, that those who should propose to treat with the Americans should be branded as traitors. But many citizens of Mexico were for treating, nevertheless. In June, the states of Jalisco, San Louis Potosi, Zacatecas, Mexico, and Queretaro made, by their delegates, a union or confederacy of their own at Lagos, independently of the federal government. There was no revenue from commerce. After the defeat at Cerro Gordo, Mr. Trist made overtures of peace to Mexico. But Congress would say nothing decisive in the matter; they tried to throw the responsibility over on Santa Anna, and he tried to throw it over on them. At last he referred it to a counsel of his officers, who also put the question by. Such was the wavering condition of things in Mexico while Scott, taking Perote and Puebla, approached daily nearer to the centre of the republic. On 7th August he advanced to Chalco, and thence proceeded, beating Vallencia at Contreras, and storming Cherubusco, to the fort of San Antonio and so, on 20th of August, to the gates of Mexico. He is blamed for not having burst through them hot foot. But he would not be justified in attempting such a desperate movement with a force like his, and in that state of things when a negotiation might be expected to conclude the war. But the distracted crowd of Purists, Moderates, and Monarchists within the city could decide on nothing in common; and so the armistice came to an end, the fortresses of Chapultepec and Molino del Rey were stormed, and, on the 14th of September, the city was won. Santa Anna and the Mexican officers proceeded to organize re-

sistance elsewhere, and some guerilla fighting followed. In the beginning of 1848 Pena y Pena became President of Mexico, and Santa Anna, who had not surrendered, was permitted to leave the country and go to Jamaica, on the 5th of April. Peace was now established, and when, in summer, General Scott led his soldiers back to Vera Cruz, Mexico stood shorn of half her strength—or rather, of half her weakness.

This has been the most remarkable conquest of modern times. Indeed, since the days of Alexander, so rich a war-prize was never won in such a short space of time. And it differs as much from other conquests in its fortunate character. It has been so for us, and the general cause of progress; especially in respect to those long-barriered Morning-lands of the old world. And it has been fortunate for the Mexicans, too. Our yearly payments of purchase-money have enabled them to buffet some time longer the strong current of bankruptcy, and its more desperate confusions; and if they shall be taught to feel that their chance of continued existence as a nation depends pretty much on an occasional paring away of their external borders, the principle will work very happily, and, like Sir John Falstaff, Mexico will "make a good end," in time. But though our money mitigated, in some sort, the difficulties of the Mexican government, it could not remove them. The course of Mexican history continues pretty much in the old way, and may be written in three words—*"Financial difficulty—Insurrection."* In 1850, Herrera, opening the session of Congress, tried to soften the aspect of affairs; said there was a hull among the guerillagerent states, hoped good things of a bad matter, the revenue, and stated that Mexico would give away no more of her territory; this last, an assurance something like that of Bob Acres in the play, when he says, "We are not going to run away—we won't run away." The men of Congress were bewildered by their own attempts to raise a revenue; and the minister of finance, in measured and melancholy language, declared that the government was destitute of fiscal facilities for maintaining its existence. The feelings of the Mexicans were strongly excited against our states. The press declared that the Americans should have no right of way at Tehuantepec, and Congress voted the Garay Grant null and void. The people of Yucatan were now in a state of active rebellion, and buying Balize muskets with the plunder of the churches. Smuggling was carried on at all the ports, and on the frontiers. A general wish was expressed for the election of General Arista to the Presidency—the people hoping from a change of government what the fevered patient

hopes from a change of position. Yet, after all, Herrera's government got through pretty well. A regiment of police, chiefly foreigners, had been raised in the capital, to protect the interests of their several countries, and this, and our money bags prevented the administration from being blown away before its time by any gusty pronouncements. In 1851 the Rio Grande frontiers were in a troubled condition. Santa Anna, who had left Jamaica, was now at Carthagena, in New Granada, cherishing his game-cocks, listening to the progress of events, and waiting for what he knew would happen. In 1852 the growing disorganization began to take more pronounced shapes. Government imposed an additional tax of eight per cent. on merchandize at Matamoras, which excited great indignation, and produced protests from foreign ministers. In April a conspiracy against the government was discovered at the capital; the whole country, indeed, was divided between privy conspiracy and rebellion. San Blas, Mazatlan, and Guadalajara proclaimed one more plan, named after the latter place, and made Uraga head of any forces adhering to it. In October, an extra session of Congress was opened by President Arista. Impeachments of government officers, and bills of amnesty for rebellions, distracted by turns the legislative mind, and it was thought necessary to garrison the house in which Congress deliberated. The states began to pronounce, and in November the whole line of the coast was in the hands of the revolutionists. Carvajal made his uproar on the Rio Grande, and Count Raousset-Boulbon, urged by the representations of M. Du Pasquier de Dommartin, carried two or three hundred Frenchmen from California into Sonora, on pretence of working the mines; (having signed a contract with the *Restauradora* Company of Mexico,) but he was forced to retire after he had beaten General Blanco at Hermosilla. Off the harbor of Vera Cruz lay a French fleet, in a formidable dunning attitude; and in this way closed 1852 upon that great water-logged Acapulco galleon.

Arista, against whom the national tide was now turning, in a Mexican manner, deplored the organic evils of the country, and told Congress he believed its normal condition was one of perpetual anarchy—the truest words he ever spoke in his life. The states of Mexico were ready for one more change of government. "Dire was the tossing," as in the hospital of incurables described by Milton. Arista threatened to force the clergy of Mexico to disgorge something in aid of the half-starved government. "Bring out your guns," cried the archbishop—the Hildebrand of Anahuac—"and I'll ring out my bells!"

Arista was pushed aside, and Cevallos made president for a short season. The states summoned a revolutionary Congress to elect a president and recall Santa Anna. In February 1853, the Mexican Government cancelled the Tehuantepec Treaty, and gave the railway contract to Mr. Sloo, of New Orleans, who was to advance a loan of fifty thousand dollars a month, for six months, and to have the road complete in seven years, free to all nations. In 1842 began that procrastinated business of the railway—not yet decided—not even by the Gadsden Treaty. In that year Don J. Garay got the grant. It stumbled over obstructions till 1847, when it was sold to Manning and Mackintosh, of London, by whom it was subsequently transferred to Mr. Hargous and an American Company. In 1850 the Garay Grant was decreed void. At present the Sloo Company is engaged in constructing the road, and the matter awaits the final agreement of the two governments. On 10th February, Senor Escobar went down to Carthagena to invite Santa Anna to return. The latter had been elected president almost unanimously—eighteen states voting for him, and five for the others. He accepted the invitation, declaring that “Independence or Death” was thenceforth the motto of Mexico. Meanwhile Uruga, Robles, and Lombardini, who had acted as a sort of revolutionary committee, offered Cevallos, the temporary president, the Plan of Arroyozarco—doubtless at the instigation of Santa Anna, who would naturally desire that a reactionary movement should be commenced with his apparent interference. The plan implied a junta of notables—his old idea. But the phantom president rejected it, and vanished away, after Arista. On the 1st April, the cock-fighting Alcibiades of Mexico came back in the midst of a great show of rejoicing, and began, with much demonstration, to inaugurate a new state of things—to make a fresh departure in the national course. It cannot be said of him that he has learned nothing and forgot nothing, like the Bourbons. During his retreat, he studied the policy of Louis Napoleon, and learned his ways, and the history of the last year shows that he is resolved to walk in his footsteps. He began by appealing to the army, as the hope of Mexico, and by securing the great support of the church. He provisionally decreed a Council of State, and issued orders to guide the governors of states in executing the orders of the supreme government. The people were disarmed, by law, the telegraph was taken into the hands of the executive, and forty newspapers were put to silence. The army was newly organized and officered, and arranged in two divisions, the active and the permanent—the former

numbering about sixty-five thousand, and the latter twenty-five thousand men, enlistment being carried on by lot. In June, the chief ports of Mexico were declared open to general commerce. The journals advocated a union of interests with the mother country against the North Americans; the style of Excellency and Senor was established; honorary crosses of the Pope began to be worn in Mexico, and the Order of the Jesuits was restored as well as the revenues that belonged to it, saving the college of St. Ildefonso, and other properties employed in the maintenance of the army. Santa Anna himself is styled Highness and Grand Cross of the Royal and Illustrious Order of Charles III. By a decree, ratified by the states, he has been constituted president for ten years, with power to name his successor. The unlucky constitution of 1824, and the cause of the *Puros* seem sunk beyond the reach of sounding. It will be rather a violent commotion of the elements by which they can ever again come to the top.

The general belief concerning Mexico has been pretty nearly expressed by the British journal, quoted at the head of this article; and neighboring powers and people have been acting as if she was a territory open to occupation. England did not neglect her. In 1846 Admiral Seymour, in the *Collingwood*, was off the coast of California, busied about a grand project of planting a colony of Irishmen in that part of the world. But Fremont and the other eastern *condottieri* spoiled such *prospecting*, and the gallant admiral was obliged to return home, taking the Reverend Mr. Macnamara along with him. The Irish never missed their luck, if they did not miss it at that time. Then, the French, whose maritime influence was so effectually struck down by the greater Pitt, about one hundred years ago, and who have latterly been making such efforts to retrieve it—whether at Algiers, Tahiti, the Marquesas, the New Caledonian group or the Sandwich Islands—began to try their luck in that Mexican direction. M. de Dommartin had declared the Latin races should stand together in the new hemisphere, against the torrent of Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic progress, and that France had a vital interest in those rich and helpless domains lying along the frontier of the North American States. M. Raousset de Boulbon was accordingly encouraged to look for grants of land in Chihuahua and Sonora, in 1850, and to carry his Goals into the latter in 1852, on pretence of working the mines of the Restauradora Company. At the same time, the Indians of Yucatan, no doubt encouraged by England from the Balize, were, and are, shaking themselves loose by repeated rebellions; and John Bull, who holds

such heavy mortgages on the property and revenues of Mexico, is ready to take that splendid peninsula, with all its forests and remnants of American antiquity, in default of reimbursement. Walker's late attempt grew from the same conviction of Mexican weakness, and the temerity of the man was a sincere proof of the contempt in which the military strength of that republic is held. He took with him little over one hundred effective men, and they had an idea that they would have to play the part of salvagers rather than conquerors; though no doubt their leader assumed the tone of the latter and travestied their acts pretty freely. Like Napoleon declaring, from Berlin or Milan, the blockade of all Europe, he decreed Lower California and Sonora independent, by virtue of well-couched formulas. Beaten from the former, he went to San Diego, on the frontier, where he exercised his men, and "meditated the fight." When the United States officers had driven him thence, he proceeded in the vague direction of Sonora; and then, baffled by the refusal of the Mexican farmers to give him their adhesion or their cattle, and sharply fusilladed by the Mexican militia, he was forced to go back to the frontier, and thence to San Francisco, where he has thrown himself on a jury. Nearly cotemporary with this latest foreign attempt, was the rebellion of Acapulco, where General Alvarez, a Pinto Indian, indignant at the unpaid arrears of his army, held the city garrison and the passes of the neighboring hills against the attacks of Santa Anna's troops.

The foregoing is a rapid sketch of the Mexican annals—a history contrasting so strongly in its barrenness with the productiveness and value of the soil. The area of the country is estimated at 800,000 square miles—a noble territory still, and capable of sustaining a nationality second to none but our own. It is bounded, on the west and north by the Rio Grande, New Mexico and the line lately run along the Colorado and Gila, under the Gadsden Treaty, and in Central America by Guatemala and the English possessions of the Balize. It has twenty-one states and three territories. Mexico, lying between the 18th and 40th degrees of N. latitude, is a series of *plateaux*, at various levels, from 5,000 to 7,500 feet in height above the sea level, and overtopped by several very lofty cones. The central plain of Mexico—the flattened crest of the Mexican Andes, as Humboldt calls it—is the grandest mountain-platform in the world. A wagon could be driven over it from the city of Mexico to Santa Fe in New Mexico. By reason of its mountainous character that great country has a variety of soil and climate which makes it fertile in every product that can be found between the

Equator and the Pole. It possesses three climates, not in lateral extent, but piled in series, as it were, one above another, from the shore to the summits of the mountains, the upper region being called *tierras frias*; the middle, *tierras templadas*; and the lowest *tierras calientes*. A few hours' journey suffices to bring the traveler from the pine-trees to the palm-trees—from the world of mosses, lichens and the polar cold to the tropic warmth, in which he gladly throws aside the cloak he had wrapped about him in the morning. Mexico contains several lakes and lagoons, but only one or two navigable rivers. Two seasons divide the year—the dry and the wet season. The last begins in May and continues four months; the remainder of the year is the dry season. The agriculture of Mexico, wherever it extends, is assisted, but very inadequately, by canals, reservoirs and water wheels—a system highly necessary in a country which generally suffers from want of moisture, especially during the period when the rains do not fall. In spite of the deficiency of showers and streams, the country is very fertile, producing maize, which, in its several varieties, furnishes the common food and common drink of the people; the mainoc, rice, the olive and the vine, beans, indigo, the sugar-cane, coffee, tobacco, cotton, cacao, and other growths available for nourishment, the *materia medica* and general trade. Along with its agricultural wealth, Mexico has its world-renowned mines, gold and silver, distributed in eight groups, on the top or western slope of the great Cordillera, and covering a space estimated at 12,000 square leagues. The coinage of the Mexican mints has been set down at an average of fourteen millions of dollars per annum. In the midst of such resources, and bathed by the Atlantic on one side, and by the Pacific on the other, that unhappy country has been long struggling upon the edge of bankruptcy. In 1850, its revenues were about six millions of dollars, and its expenses near fourteen millions. The interest on its national debt, near one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, was nine millions; so that the estimated deficit amounted to seventeen millions. It is almost impossible to find a correct estimate of the current income and expenses of the Mexican government. Its revenues are gathered in an inept and irregular manner, not sanctioned by a well-regulated system of political economy, and the debilitated condition of the exchequer is more clearly visible in the confusions of the state than in any statistical tables. If we wanted the exact arithmetical truth, we should seek for it the whole day ere we found it, and when we found it, it would not be worth the search—like Gratiano's

no grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff. It generally stated and received that two-thirds of the revenues of Mexico are pledged to its creditors.

Under such circumstances, we may safely say that the war-system of Santa Anna cannot be in very sinewy condition. Indeed the late defection of General Alvarez, who fell away because of large arrears, will suggest one element of weakness in the army of Mexico. It is chiefly composed of Indians and mixed races, until lately, enlisted after the manner of a press-gang. Till the recent regulations of Santa Anna, there was no system of military education for officers. The Mexican navy is the mere shadow of a name. For the blockade of the port of Acapulco, Santa Anna was obliged to employ the sometime fillister craft, Caroline, with a small sloop as tender. But he has latterly ordered some mail-teamers to be built, and the war-steamers Santa Anna and Iturbide, pierced for 14 guns each, have been recently built at New York. Turning to the church of the sister republic, we find that it holds its own bravely enough, and shows like a huge weed flourishing in the midst of ruins and because of them. The statistical tables say that it has in Mexico one hundred and fifty conventual houses, 1,700 monks, 2,000 nuns, and 8,500 secular clergy—in all, 7,500 persons. The priests never care to state the exact amount of their wealth; but it has been calculated, by Mexican authorities, to be over ninety millions of dollars in value. The higher clergy seem to maintain their dignity pretty fairly; but a variety of testimonies agree in saying that the *curas* and humbler *padres* are rather a free and easy set of fellows. Yet, after all, the poorer priests are not the worst of that deleterious class. If they do unbend a little in wildernesses, among savages, we must remember that some of them were the first to bid the people fight for Mexico, flourishing their bold crucifixes at the head of the marching bands; and so we turn a good-humored ear away from Madame Calderon de la Barca and her sarcastic stories of those pretty little *campagneras*. We shall always have something to say for the poor class of priests. The rich priests in Mexico, as every where else, are on the side of strong government and centralization. They are for all things as they always were—especially in the good old Spanish times. Yet they have had their trials too. The right to enforce tithes has been taken away from them. But then they have still left one grand source of satisfaction—none of the other churches dare show their unsanctified noses within that pious republic of Mexico.

The population of Mexico is estimated at eight

millions, of which about five millions are Indians, over two millions Mestizos, Zambas, Mulattos, one million whites, and about six thousand negroes; from which statement we perceive how greatly the Indian and mixed races outnumber the whites. The aboriginal people are a sombre, silent, and slavish race, liable to fierce explosions of passions, but without any thing like steady spirit or vivacity. They would desire no better than to throw off their trowsers, and go live in the woods, with the prospect of killing and eating one another, when the maize crop ran short. Humboldt says of them that their women prefer the sprightly negroes before them—which shows that the Aztecs must be uncommonly stupid. They are very ignorant—living evidences, in fact, of the demoralizing sway of Spain. They are under the control of the priests, and incapable of appreciating the revolution of 1824. They do not understand their political independence. An Indian was asked, at election time, for whom he would vote. Being perfectly unposted on the question of the day, and, moreover, taken rather short, he said he thought it would be for—the Holy Ghost;—a very improper sort of reply, to be sure. No doubt there were thousands in his happy predicament. But his ignorance is not unmingled bliss to the poor Indian. He pays the penalty of his subservient position in many ways. He is obliged to serve in the army. He does not like this, and never did. Latterly they pressed him; if he ran away, they went after him and caught him with a lasso, and then his wife and children would take their wallets and follow the poor devil to the inextinguishable wars of the heroic republic. At present Santa Anna has established lots for the lasso. But there is not an Indian in Mexico who would not rather drink *pulque* in a wigwam than sustain the national glory of his country in war. The social condition of that country is pretty much as it was a hundred years ago. There are few roads, and the intercourse between the people of the various districts is carried on over bridle-paths, very rarely repaired. It is only at present that railways are beginning to be projected and made in the country. Agriculture and manufactures suffer from the want of a free internal intercourse and are further depressed by the incessant rattle of the revolutions or pronouncements.

The Spanish civilization had a hundred years start of that of New England and the rest of these states; yet do they “now stand off in differences so mighty”—one sinking into the grave of the Toltecs, the other overrunning and brightening all the pathways of progress. Causes of such differences may be found in race; but others as valid may be shown. Spanish colonization came with

royalty and hierarchy; Anglo-Saxon colonization came with poverty and independency for the most part. Mexico was colonized with codes and dogmas; New England with men. Add to this, the peculiarities of soil and climate which made the natives a populous race, and made their labor necessary in the fields and the mines—thus preserving, in its wretched indigenous tribes, one great element of Mexico's decadence. But her crowning calamity has been her church, which, instead of raising the minds of ignorant men to its own level, by means of education, abases itself miserably to theirs. Chapters could be, and have been written on these things. For three hundred years the evils of Spanish government, reacting on one another, had become indurated in the people. When the grasp of the imbecile mother-country had no longer strength, even to hold so debilitated a colony, the people of the latter fancied they were to enter on a track of prosperity exactly similar to that of the Anglo-Saxon states of America. In this they only showed the inexperience and ignorance proper to a serfish race; and their history for the last thirty years proves that the vicious ideas and policy of three centuries, cannot be eradicated in a generation. The Mexicans were helpless blunderers in 1824, when they consisted of five and a-half millions of Indians and mongrels, less than a million of Creoles, and about thirty thousand Spanish born; and they are the same to-day, saving the numerical difference. Since their revolution they have had about fifty or sixty revolutions, and hundreds of pronouncements, and along with these, six or seven changes of constitution. There was the Federal Constitution of 1824; the Centralization Constitution of 1836; the Bases of Tacubaya; the Organic Bases of 1843; then the Restored Constitution of 1847; then the Plan of Guadalajara; and finally—which is by no means finally—the dictatorial arrangement of Santa Anna, which has, as it were, sprouted from the dead trunk of that plan. The other day there was some talk of another Plan, set up by Alvarez, in Acapulco; but it has a muffled report just now, and may not come to light. After all her wild repeated experiments in the field of freedom, Mexico has taken refuge in the arms of a dictatorship.

Santa Anna, supported by the church—the dead weight that, through all the struggles of Mexico, has sat upon her shoulders, like the Old Man of the Sea on the back of Sindbad—agrees that nothing but a dictatorship will suit Mexico. And, indeed, every thing considered, it would seem to be so, at present. But to what end is the dictatorship? If, in the mean time, the commerce and industry of the people should be largely encouraged by the government, and if the priests would lay a new foundation in a liberal system of education, the restraint would be a wholesome one. But none of these reforms will take place; the priests laugh at the common-school system. The dictatorship stands on the old broken ground, and may be swept away to-morrow. Mexico has a desperate progress before her—even supposing she were to be left to herself, and the world outside were not in movement. But it is in vehement movement; and will not wait for the miserable experiments of that obstructionary nation. Mexico, surged against, invaded, abraded, will in time dwindle down to the “old original” Tenochtitlan. Every thing in her history seems to point to such a consummation as this. Her nationality has no roots; and it should be consoling to her people to think that they will have very little to be sorry for, when they lose it without emigrating. We have not much faith in the prospective wisdom of Santa Anna's conservatism; though, considering the fevered condition of his country, it may be allowed that it is as good as any thing else, just now. If his dictatorship works well, then, it is as the gallows does—“for those who do ill.”

They are at it again. The plan of Acapulco, with its federal and democratic principles, is apparently making adherents, and bodies of insurgents have risen in several of the states—the most dangerous being in Michoacan. The spirit of Alvarez, at least, is abroad, even if his body be dead; and it is also reported that Count Boulbon has gone again to Guaymas with a force of Frenchmen and others, to fish in the troubled waters. The strongest party in the country is still that of the government; and, aided by the Gadsden ten millions, Santa will doubtless hold his own in Mexico for some time longer.

BERNICE ATHERTON; OR SPRING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

(Continued from page 250.)

CHAPTER XXI.

JEP was by no means a rival of the magnetic telegraph in speed, as a mode of communication. It was late in the evening, and a heavy fog had settled upon the mountain, when Jep came and delivered his message, and as the boy closed the door of the factory behind him, Paul turned again to the book he was reading, snuffed his candle, and said to himself, "In the morning Pauline can make the visit she proposed at Tassie's, and I will go on up to Mr. Devlin."

That gentleman, however, was not in want of a guest during that long sunshiny afternoon, during which he kept a constant look-out for Paul Tintoret.

For the doctor, true to the instinct which day by day was asserting itself more intelligibly, or rather more irresistibly revealing itself, in dreams by night, and in many self-forgetting, ennobling thoughts by day, led him to take in the mountain-house in this day's circuit.

Bright as the afternoon was its influences were not benign. As Mitchell rode slowly along the brow of the mountain, a broad, fair prospect in full view at every step of his way, the unclouded sky above him dazzling in its brightness, his mind traveled under the heavy darkness of a dreary, sullen, gray expanse.

That study of himself and his motives was not yet discontinued, but at every point of his progress in it he became more and more disconcerted at the revelation of himself that was made. Many days, the days during which this self-investigation had been continued, he had refrained from visiting at the schoolmaster's cottage, and this absenting of himself had proved a test whose result he considered indisputable.

As he alighted at Mr. Devlin's door, it was with the inclination to lay his soul bare before his friend—for, in the perplexity and indecision into which he had unexpectedly fallen, counsel of a disinterested man, who, by a constant use of mental faculties had them in a polished condition, ready for any and all service, of such a man, in short, as Mr. Devlin, was precisely that of which he stood in need.

Perceiving Mr. Devlin in the flower-garden he joined him there, and received from his friend

not only a cordial welcome, but a gentle chiding for the delay he has made in coming, and the infrequency of his visits. But was there nothing more than an ordinary friendly interest looking from those speculative eyes, scanning, interpreting the gravity of the face which beamed with so much confidence for him? It was no common face—saw he not that, and more, far more than that?

"There is something exhilarating in such a view as that," said the Doctor, rather abruptly, when these salutations were exchanged. They chanced to be standing at the point in the garden which commanded the broadest prospect, and the turn his thoughts seemed to take, and the consequent remark, was a natural one; but the scene was such an one as, beautiful, unrivalled in its way though it might be, was not fitted to take a deep hold on the thoughts of either of the men who stood side by side glancing over it—it was not adapted to the states of mind which had become habitual to either. And there was at least no assumed weariness or indifference in the voice that replied to the doctor's remark.

"Yes, yes, I dare say, for you it may be. But I confess I'm getting tired of it. I must have more activity than this, or I shall stagnate. My habit is to crowd. A deuced bad habit, you may say, in your professional capacity, doctor, but it's second nature with me. Crowd I must. I never should become satiated, no matter what the extent of my activity. The habit has been growing on me, and I feel that I must get away back to my ordinary pursuits. Very pretty though, very pretty indeed, as you say. Yes, upon my word—" he paused, looking admiringly around him—"Paul has a refinement of taste that does him credit, if you consider the amount of cultivation he has had. But a man of my turn of mind can't be contented with one lovely landscape, or any quantity of pretty flower-beds, any more than an artist is with forever studying one picture, be it ever so fine. Give me variety, Walter. But," he added thoughtfully, "I have passed many and many a happy hour here."

"Which must make the place the most sacred, if not the most attractive to you," said Mitchell.

"Yes," replied Mr. Devlin, seriously, yet at

the same time regarding the doctor with a searching glance. No sarcasm was intended, that he instantly perceived, and the gravity of his response was a good evidence of the readiness with which even a shrewd man may deceive himself, when by force of habit he has become unmindful, unconscious of all that is to minds less hackneyed, eminently suggestive of the wide gate and the broad road.

"But Walter," continued Mr. Devlin, in a livelier strain, "you don't mean to say that you've given the world a quit-claim deed? It has puzzled me when I have thought of it, and I've thought of it a good deal—to imagine how I am to reconcile it with my conscience if I go off and leave you to pasture in such a miserable field."

Here was the very time and opportunity for Mitchell to unburden himself, and he knew it; but instead of doing so, he said in rather a jesting way—

"Paul, and you, and I, gone at one stroke! Why the poor village would sink to rise no more!"

"Paul—what's Paul," said Mr. Devlin, with more impatience than was often, even under aggravating circumstances, allowed to find expression in his agreeable voice.

"One of the manliest fellows I've seen," said the doctor. "Full of promise, and the right sort of ambition, too. It is very well for him to go. I am finally convinced of it. But as for me, I shall manage to get a living by nibbling among these rocks. That's all I expect to do."

"But why?" The questioner did not add, you are a most singular fellow, outright, but his tone of voice intimated that such was his opinion; and the doctor understood it, and perhaps it was the recollection of the constant misunderstanding to which he had been, or fancied he had been subjected for many years, that drove, rather than lured him on to speak.

In the troubled but resolute face of the young fellow walking by his side, Mr. Devlin read the thoughts that were passing in his mind, and he said, with a view to encourage him to speak—

"I saw the other day some very clever drawings of yours—quite a collection of birds—were they drawn from nature, after a study of their habits, as I suppose, Walter?"

Instead of replying instantly, Mitchell hesitated, and in something like confusion; or rather not in confusion—but a struggle was evidently going on in his mind—the struggle of a person essaying to speak aloud for the first time, on a subject often gone over in mental solitude, and, therefore, the more difficult to utter in set speech.

"They were drawn from nature, when I was a mere lad," he replied presently.

If any man ever called in question the insight of words, let him contemplate for a moment these two men, the questioner and answerer. Many years have rolled over them; but the quarter of a century has made a heavier impress on the one, than half a century has left upon the other. For his nature is deeper, and it has been stirred from its depths; while only the surface of the other has been ruffled. The dark eyes of the younger man tell that he has suffered, and struggled, and endured; the calm, bright orbs of the other tell a different story—of a self whose bright incrustations have never been penetrated by any arrow. No grief has rankled in it—no trouble has possessed it—no anxiety disturbed it. He may have been besieged by these things, but the fortress has proved impregnable; it has never been taken by them. His self-love has been his sure defense.

And, as it would seem, he is now quite as collected as his companion is disturbed. It is precisely on this disposition that Walter Mitchell most relies. He cannot be mistaken in this calmness; it will perceive and judge for him more clearly than he, with his disturbed vision, can do. This man of large experience and ripe years, as Walter now regards him, is invested with a new dignity by the loving friend. He looks to him for counsel, as the trusting son to the judicious father.

"I was but a mere lad," he repeated, "when I made those sketches. They were drawn from nature. I took a great delight in watching the habits of the little creatures. My mother used to say that I was like a wild boy, I lived so much in the woods alone. I think I have hardly been tamed yet. Certainly the old propensity has not ever been conquered. But those were gorgeous birds, sir. Not like those we find in these Maine woods, which look as if all the color had been frozen out of them."

"Foreign birds," said Mr. Devlin. "So I supposed. I have seen such, both on shore and at sea, while sailing through the southern oceans."

"Australian birds," said Mitchell, with a clear, firm voice. "It was in Australia that I passed my boyhood. Indeed I got the better part of my education there. Even as far as the greater part of my professional education, I mean. I finished my studies, however, at Hawaii."

"How under heaven did you get here—cast into this corner? How could any thing short of a second deluge effect such a deposit?" exclaimed Mr. Devlin.

"It all happened—I don't know how. I found

no rest, go where I would. Perhaps the amount of it is this. When I arrived at Briarton I found myself without the means to go a step further. Not that I had never been in such a predicament before. But with the means I had lost all resolution to push on further. Otherwise I should have kept on, no doubt, until I came to the end of the world, or the end of the world came to me!"

"You have a very good practice here," said Mr. Devlin, knowing that by this side-remark he was in no danger of drawing Mitchell's mind from the main question which he was so evidently bent on discussing.

"Tolerable."

"But then it is not to be thought of that you should confine yourself to such a circle as this, Walter. With your consent, or without it, I must carry you off with me. I can put you into a good practice in Bangor which will be worth more to you every way, than I have ability to sum up on so short a notice. What do you say to it?" he asked, after waiting some time for an answer that was not forthcoming.

"Impossible," was the brief reply.

"Well, you have a reason for saying that?"

"I have no intention of withholding it. From the time when I lost my mother, until I came here, I never felt that any spot on earth could be a home to me. I went to Hawaii, but could barely remain there a sufficient time to get through with my studies. I went to my mother's native land, England. I could not remain there. I have found since then in no place sufficient inducement to remain. I have gone through the world without making friends—isolated, without any definite object."

"Until you came to Briarton," said Mr. Devlin in something like surprise, keeping the speaker's mind upon that point, for he was specially desirous to know what it was that Briarton could offer to one, so enchaining.

Walter went on, with the air of a man who fully understands all that he is about to say, and is not to be hurried or delayed in it.

"Mr. Fillan befriended me in such a way as I shall never forget. He is the first man whom I regarded as a friend. He made me feel at home in the world. And, to make myself clear, for I am not so unselfish as to be informing you of these matters, which can hardly be supposed to interest you—indeed, why should they? without an object—his daughter did not disenchant me. It is a long story," he stopped short, somewhat embarrassed, but was met here with encouragement.

"Go on, Walter—that is, if you will. You don't need to hear me say how much I am interested in whatever concerns you."

"There are circumstances connected with my early life which are painful to think of, much more to speak of. But I deem it no wrong to speak of them to you—I esteem the privilege. And perhaps I have been in the habit of disquieting myself without good cause. But this is the question which I beg you to decide. If Paul Tintoret were to remain here, or if his connection with Mr. Fillan's family were in reality what I have all along believed, I should not speak now, or ever, of these circumstances, which can, at this day, effect no man beside myself. I do not, of all things, wish to make any unfair use of Pauline's name. I should forgive myself less readily than you might possibly, if I were guilty of doing so; but, if any thing has grown out of, or is to grow out of our friendship, that would place us in any nearer relationship, I must not leave her in ignorance of that which intimately or seriously concerns me. I have no right to withhold from her any thing which, if made known to her at any future time, would lead her to question the integrity of heart with which I sought her affection. Is not this a correct sentiment, Mr. Devlin?"

"Very. You have an attachment for the young lady, and you think that you have reason to believe she returns it. But you have never yet come to an open understanding. And you have a secret that concerns yourself alone, which you consider it proper to share with her. Yet it pains you to think of doing so. . . . That is the case. . . . Thank you for the confidence—but I consider, Walter, that your judgment will prove quite as unbiassed as that of any person. Your secret, recollect, whatever it may be, is up to the present moment safe in your own breast. I am afraid you do not appreciate rightly all that implies."

"My noble friend!" exclaimed Mitchell, "if you will listen to the story, believe me you will make me happy. I want no surety that what I have to say is safe with you—that would dishonor us both. But hear me. Would it be in accordance with your idea of right for a man, the son of a convict, to make any demand of another like this I have sometimes, of late, seriously contemplated? My father was an Englishman, and, as I said, a convict. I was born after his sentence and transportation. My mother followed him to Australia, six months afterward. Before the year closed he made his escape in a vessel bound for America; North or South, we never learned which. He was to have effected her escape also. At their parting, he declared that nothing but death should interpose between him and this end. She waited for the summons many years—she died expecting it, when I was seventeen. That is all."

What emotion could have been the source of the strange look with which Mr. Devlin regarded his companion, as he briefly laid before him the bald facts of the case? What was the impulse that prompted him so cheerily to say:

"That is all! Well, I confess, Walter, I do not see why these things should have made you the wretched sort of fellow you confess yourself to have been all this while. Your mother was a grand woman, I conclude."

"Brave and heroic," said Mitchell, with emotion and fervor, his eyes glistening as he spoke. "The patience of her waiting and watching, through so many years, is more than I can describe to you, sir. And there was nothing like her trust in my father. She died in the belief that if he were living he was beset with misfortunes, but true to her. It was at her desire that I became a student of his profession. I studied from his books, which she preserved. My taste would have led me, if unbiassed, to another pursuit; but I deem it well that I never engaged in it, for many reasons. I might have obtained some sort of observation—obscurity is better for me, and I have a circle which I can benefit, practically. But very different thoughts and plans possessed me when I was a lad. I was in the bush one day, engaged in my favorite pastime, watching a bird, and making a sketch of it, as it flitted around its nest of young ones, when a stranger accosted me. We entered into a conversation, and before we separated again I gave him nearly all my little stock of drawings. He went home with me, and for several days remained at my mother's house. He seemed bent on my accompanying him on his travels, which he intended to continue into China, but my mother, of course, would not hear of it, and my own eagerness to go was short-lived. I engaged in the study of medicine with some interest, which greatly increased as time went on. My mother indulged in a vague hope that something good might grow out of it, for we continued, up to the time of her death, firm in the expectation that we should yet be united to him. But after that time, I acknowledge, I had no more such expectation."

"Did your mother never think of leaving the country and going in search of her husband?" asked Mr. Devlin, in a manner that indicated his interest in what concerned his young friend, and yet with such an accent and look as assured Walter that it was nothing beyond this friendly interest that prompted the question.

"No," answered the doctor. "If he were living and sent for her, his word could not reach her elsewhere. How many times I have heard her go through with that argument. If he were

dead, all the world was alike to her. Australia as good as any other land."

"If you call this a confession," said Mr. Devlin, with great deliberation, "there is nothing in it but reflects much credit on your mother and yourself, who have so indisputably inherited her virtues. Still I frankly confess to you, Walter, I do not see the necessity of making any of these statements to people in general, or people in particular. Australian air is as good and pure, I suppose, as any other, for inhaling. You have, as an individual, nothing to do with the facts you have mentioned. Your mother certainly was a woman to be proud of. You never knew your father—he died when you were incapable of knowledge—died to you at all events. I do not see why you should burden yourself in this needless way. Still, if you have nourished a different conviction, without doubt you will act on it. And so you ought. It is the way with men. We ask advice of others, and follow our own counsel. And, doubtless, that's the best way for us."

The speech was kindly, and its argument plausible, but from what source did it emanate? Was Mr. Devlin seeking to perplex, and still further unsettle the judgment of his companion, instead of even aiming to steady it by throwing into the balance the weight of his own conclusion?

"But above all things," he continued, "I should urge upon you, Walter, to think over my invitation to go to Bangor with me. You will outgrow this morbid sensitiveness—you must. A winter there would make a new man of you. What say? Will you?"

"Let me think about it," said Walter.

"As you will. But in the end I think you will confess that you have been a little wayward always. Was it not quite as much as your noble mother could effect, to keep you to the plan of studying medicine after that traveler had stripped you of your drawings, and rewarded you by planting a seed of discontent—telling you what a fine artist you'd make, and so on?"

The doctor's momentary surprise vanished in the vivid recollection occasioned by Mr. Devlin's remark.

"As you say, I took to drawing with a passionate ardor for a little time. I could think of nothing but success as an artist, and I acquired a positive dislike for the things so sacred in my mother's eyes—my father's books, which she daily arranged in new positions, with the purpose of tempting me. All that summer I was regardless and forgetful of them; but my reward came. With the incessant exposure to which I subjected myself, in all sorts of weather, I contracted a

fever, which laid me low during the greater part of the autumn. I had abundance of time to come to my senses, and reflect upon the situation of my mother. And I began to have a little new consideration for her wishes. I got up from my sick bed resolved that I would be a physician. From that day to this I have never wavered."

"Well done, Walter!" said Mr. Devlin. But there was not much elasticity, or heartiness, or gravitation, in the voice that said it. It was in utter contrast with the tremulous, eager tones of the younger speaker, whose heart's depths were stirred. Of the thoughts actually passing in his mind, any other word would have been quite as indicative.

"I can hardly believe," said Mr. Devlin, again speaking slowly, with a contracted brow, "I can hardly believe that a young man of your particular cast of mind and physical constitution, has no desire, ambitious desire, I mean, such as conspicuous men in general stand convicted of, to succeed in your profession—become distinguished and prosperous in it. You are not disposed by nature to shabbiness. You like opulence and all it brings with it—reputation and a brilliant circle. I am sure of it."

As he spoke, noting meanwhile the face of Walter Mitchell, and reading every line as he would have read a hieroglyphic of which he had obtained the key, so intimately, so thoroughly did he understand him, Devlin became more assured of the truth of what he had spoken.

"That is the reason, Walter, that I am urgent in advising you to halt where you are, and at once change entirely your line of march. Come away! You have been over a great space, some people might call you a very traveled man, but pardon me, it has been very much in effect like the travels of a little insect journeying in darkness, making the immense circuit of the nutshell that imprisoned it! I want to do you the greatest service in a man's power. To show you the world and society under new and brilliant phases."

"But this will not help on my poor patients in the least! If I listen to you any longer to-day I shall get bewildered, and forget them entirely," said Mitchell, quite incapable of concealing his agitation as he listened to these tempting words. "See how the shadows have lengthened since I came into this Eden! I must go."

"But not to forget what I have urged, I trust," said Mr. Devlin, taking Walter's hand.

"No—to think of it seriously," said Walter.

So! it was now all plain, quite plain to the mind of Mr. Devlin, as he continued walking up and down the garden paths, when his guest was gone. And being plain, so plain, how could he

calculate and indulge in retrospective views, and glance at probabilities, and fashion of them prospects, with a brain as cool and an eye as stony as if he were arranging affairs for a railway speculation? How could he array himself, as he did, against sacred instincts, and intuitions, and holy affections; how could he, knowing, array himself against the unknowing, and in the light of knowledge barter for that which was clung to as priceless, by one who had no wisdom, or rather not the insight, wherewith to account for his devotion? Did not Esau sell his birth-right? Did not Judas sell his lord? Did not Peter deny him? In the long scrolls of world-history are the names; who has counted them?—essay rather to number sea-shore sands, and all the hosts of stars!—of those who have repeated the sins of Judas—Peter—Esau.

CHAPTER XXII.

Mrs. Tassie was in a gentler mood than usual, and sat as placidly contemplating the black cook-stove as if it had been a bright coal-fire, her elbows resting on her knees, and her two broad hands supporting her head. She was thinking of Jep, and undertaking an analysis of his character, and striving to come to a conclusion.

The kitchen was clean and comfortable; it bore not the slightest resemblance to the confused, dingy, cheerless quarter of less than a month ago. This was owing to the indefatigable efforts made by Bernice to keep things in their places; and the scant furniture, rubbed up and arranged with an eye to making the best of it, did not look so utterly unlike those bright articles of use and comfort which had won the utmost admiration of the child on that memorable Sunday visit at the schoolmaster Fillan's.

No one had seemed aware of these efforts she was making—nothing was said of them in the house—yet they had not escaped the notice of one of the household—how could they? and least of all was Mrs. Tassie insensible of them. At first she was at a loss to account for the care and thoughtfulness of the child, the patient perseverance with which she did the same things over and over again, because dissatisfied with her own unskillfulness, but in silence she busied herself with the problem until she arrived at its solution.

And now, while she sat beside the kitchen-stove and thought of Jep, and the child's feet went to and fro in the garret above, to the beautifying of which her energies were now directed, the mother came to her conclusion, and waited until Bernice should come down, to make it known to her.

And presently the child came flying down the ladder, and without loss of time seated herself

by the window, and began immediately to work at her basket weaving.

Then, from thinking to herself, Mrs. Tassie passed on to an audible thinking. Without looking at Bernice, she addressed her. In a softened voice she said—

"If poor Jep had the same attention the house has had along back, he'd be as different."

This was the first special intimation Bernice had received that her work about the house was really appreciated.

"He's as good a fellow as the best, if he's only dealt by right." Here the mother paused, as if waiting in expectation of some sort of response, but receiving none, she resumed—"If he's only dealt by right, as good as the best. But he haint been, never. His father did n't begin right; he's never been managed—but he aint so bad, even now. He might be led like a lamb. If he does fly up like a flash, he's down again in a minute, like a quench—you know he is, Bernice."

Bernice looked at Mrs. Tassie when she began to speak, as if to testify her attention, but at the conclusion of her remark she said nothing. Evidently she had some doubts of the lamb-like nature of poor Jep.

"Now isn't he better since he has been to work all the time? say," appealed the mother more directly.

"A great deal better, I think," said Bernice, and she evidently thought as she said.

"Why wont you take him in hand, then?" said Mrs. Tassie.

Bernice laid down her work, and with no assumed amazement, regarded Mrs. Tassie when she made this proposition.

"I? I take Jep in hand?" she said.

"Yes," quickly rejoined the mother. "You're patient. Do for him what you've done for the house—what you're doing for yourself."

Tears were in Bernice's eyes. There was nothing fictional in the pathos of her exclamation, "Oh, if I only could!"

"You can, Bernice! You can do it as easy as wink. Have n't I been looking on and sceing? I can't do it as you can. I have n't got the faculty. 'Tisn't everybody that has. You'll never love him as I do. But you may do enough sight better by him."

She hid her face in her hands—it had cost the woman a mighty effort to say this much to the poor child, whose soft answer fell like balm on her heart—"I will try."

"It's as good as done, then!" the mother murmured, and Bernice saw the tears trickling through her fingers. And though, as she saw them, it was like beholding in vision a strength-

ening of the cord that bound her to that household, her own tearful sympathy was aroused, and again in her heart she promised, "I will try."

"It's all of thinking of Paul Tintoret that set him on to be so bad. If you should talk with Jep about that, and tell him—"

Here Mrs. Tassie stopped, for she saw something in the young blushing face of Bernice that set her all adrift. The demand she was on the point of making did not find ready utterance.

"Tell him what?" said Bernice. "What shall I tell Jep, aunt?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Tassie.

But the blush had disappeared from Bernice's face. She had rebuked herself for thinking of what Sue had asked her once, about being Paul Tintoret's "lady love," and her voice gave no evidence whatever of any emotion as she persisted:

"Yes—it was something, I'm sure. What?"

Then, with some hesitation, Hannah said:

"I would n't ask you to cheat him, I'm sure—I don't suppose I would if I thought it would make a saint of him; though dear knows that would be a pretty strong temptation. But if the angel you used to talk about puts any thing into your head that would make him more easy like, and not so suspicious, I guess you'll say it to him."

"Yes I will!" said Bernice. "Yes, I certainly will."

"He aint like his father—he aint like me. We don't know the way to get on with him—we never did. You know the way it's always been," she looked at Bernice while making this humble confession, and the child gravely nodded her head in acquiescence. Yes, she knew the way it had always been—none knew better than she! "But," resumed Mrs. Tassie, "I was sure—I've thought it for years—I was sure there was a way to govern him that would make it all right. I've laid awake nights, thinking what it might be—I've had it in my mind days, till I got distracted a thinking of it. But you've found it out without any such trouble. You've got it all in your own hands, too. There aint a human being in the world that he thinks of as he thinks of you—I'm his mother, and I say it. There aint one he'll hear to as he hears to you. If you'll only do to him as you've done to the house, a tidying up, and a tidying up, and a never getting tired of it! I saw how you did it when you was doing. But now it seems like a miracle a'most. Oliver thinks so too, your uncle does. He agrees with me, you're the one to make a man of Jep."

During this address, the child's face was in a deep, thoughtful shadow; but at its conclusion, she smiled, and nodded a most vehement "yes! yes!" that led the mother on to say:

"He has his good pints, Jep has;" but she did not attempt to enumerate them; the vague belief was all the subject would admit of. "He has his good pints, but dear knows they seem wore off, like stubbs. But you're the one to sharpen 'em, and brighten 'em—if there's a being on this earth that can. And I know there is. You are the very one."

CHAPTER XXIII.

While this conversation was going on, Pauline and Paul Tintoret were on their way up the mountain; Pauline with the intention of paying her visit to Bernice, and Paul, in compliance with Mr. Devlin's summons.

That same morning found Mr. Devlin on the out-look, waiting, with still more impatience than he had felt the night preceding, for Paul's appearing. The hours of the night had revealed him to himself in a new aspect—in keeping, it is true, with every other phase of his character as it had developed itself—yet the aspect seemed to be new, and was calculated perhaps to arouse in him a still more profound admiration of that self than had before been indulged in—a more audacious denial of whatever the dictates of human nature might have offered as accusation against him. It was certain that never while his physical powers remained in their perfect condition, while every nerve and muscle knew and played its part, while the mind was in its present state of activity, and the blood ran evenly through his veins, that the same unbending and unquailing, resistless and merciless power would remain triumphant in the person of Mr. Devlin. Disease might unnerve him, beset him with visions, make him quail, but never were his fears or his confessions to be confounded with repentance.

It is conceivable that such an one, even such an one as he, might, worn out by sickness until merely shadows of his vigorous mind and form were left, give up, from sheer physical inability to conceal it longer, the secreted burden worn so long upon his heart; but that, while in a sound mind and body, any voluntary surrender ever would be made by him, the idea is absurd!

Not, then, in halting between opinions, or in yielding to the meekness of remorseful contemplation of any old memory, was his night passed. The suspicion in which he had involved his thoughts, but with the coolness with which he would have regarded any abstract speculation, in the few past weeks, had now given place to an unquestionable fact. And with scarcely an accelerated heart-throb he had come into full possession of this fact. True, he had no data—he had nothing but a scrap of drawing in his hands to *prove* that well-established fact. But had not

his own ears heard? had not his own eyes beheld? What testimony did he need beside this of his senses, to show him in Walter Mitchell's person, verily—his son? The spirit that had deserted, was as ready now to deny, and with as little compunction. The hand that had shrunk from unfolding and sustaining, was as unscrupulous, but no more unscrupulous now, when it lifted to crush a heart, and had no thought of sparing. The mind that had no perceptions for the grateful appreciation of sacrifice, such as had brought the life of the wife of his youth into disgraceful union with his life, when no law of man's would have regarded any wifely duty binding on her, since he had annulled it all by his career, was as barren now of all capacity for a remorseful love. Before the truth was brought before him in its certainty, he had guessed at it. He had recognized faintly, at first, but afterward profoundly, the sudden impulse with which the young man's heart leaped out to salute his, and in the mother's eyes, and smile, and voice, of which Walter was inheritor. The confidence with which he had laid bare the secret of his history—the trust with which he had asked for counsel, had wrought out two results in Devlin's mind—two resolves. The young man must be provided for—must be prevented from wasting life in his present position, must be put on the track of prosperity. So far the father acknowledged the debt resting on him to extend. So had he magnified himself, in his own consciousness, that bringing himself before that mental tribunal, he shrunk there from the thought of leaving unprovided for, one who bore such relation toward him. He had found an heir; but that was all; not a link that bound him to those distant years of his youth, or with any other life beloved. As effectually dead to it as if it had never been, was he to that part. The sins of that epoch were unexpiated then. Yet when that book was closed, and another opened, the unsettled account was not forgotten; its irresistible result was brought forward, he resumed his speculations, and his dreams continued as good as his digestion.

Already, on this morning of which I speak, he had seen Jep Tassie; with the express purpose of seeing him he had walked to the mines, in order to ascertain if the message sent Paul Tintoret had been conveyed by the dwarf. Receiving Jep's assurance in the affirmative, he had returned to his house to wait there for Paul's appearing.

Paul found Mr. Devlin, as his guest of the preceding day had done, walking in his garden.

And the conversation commenced at once on his appearing, was for some time so exclusively confined to the affairs of the garden, that Paul was

relieved from the apprehensions which had kept him sleepless all the night—for immediately on receiving the message he had associated the call with the recent conversation held with old Sue, and in his own mind he was persuaded that nothing less than a discussion of this topic was under consideration.

But relieved though he was by the course the conversation took at first, there was something hard in Mr. Devlin's manner, which Paul felt, even in spite of the reception he met—something stern and unpleasing in his face, in spite of the smile upon it—the very manner, the very expression calculated to lead Paul to an earnest speech from the very depth of his heart, to a serious vindication of himself from a charge which he fancied was now in Mr. Devlin's mind, urging against him.

"Sue Carrol has been round again," he remarked.

"So I am aware," responded Mr. Devlin drily, aware from the nature of Paul's voluntary remark, and his method of advancing it, that something was to come of it, something, perhaps, that it concerned him to know.

"It is much to my regret she has been here this time," continued Paul. "She has made herself more of a nuisance than ever."

"Do you think so? Then you are not inclined to take all her predictions and assertions for gospel truth."

He has heard it all then, said Paul to himself, and for a moment the childish awe with which he had in former years been accustomed to regard Mr. Devlin, returned with all its old-time power, and fairly overwhelmed him. An occasion less urgent than the present, would have left him in that confusion, but he struggled with himself, and *would* speak more plainly, more to the purpose than he had as yet.

"I have heard nothing, from any individual, of her idle chatter. And that led me to hope that her folly had been cut short—not allowed to run its length. I am sure I did my best to stop it. But it seems to have reached you, sir, and I cannot wonder at your displeasure. The monstrous absurdity of the claim which she sets up cannot have excited your indignation more than it has mine."

"My indignation, Paul?" Mr. Devlin placidly smiles at the idea, as he now, for the first time, fairly perceives the cause of the young fellow's excitement. "With us," said he, "the matter is welcome to stop just here. I hardly hoped that we should meet on this ground, and yet, Paul, it would seem that we are pretty well acquainted with each other by this time; we *surely* ought to know beforehand how such a

performance of Sue's would be received by each other. Yet I confess I had my doubts, Paul—I forgot you were not like all the men I happen to know—I had my doubts."

"Had you, indeed, Mr. Devlin?" asked Paul, in undisguised astonishment.

"Why not, Paul? Men doing business with the world are bound to have them. We should make poor work of it if we trusted every man, or any man, for what we think we know of him. And when a person's interests are at stake, as Sue avers that yours are, why, he is bound to look after them. Sue is a trump, and she'll never let go your cause, until she goes to stand upon her own trial. I admire her for that. It's not what the sex is distinguished for, this pertinacity! I would like to know what could divert her mind from devotion to your interests, Paul. Fortunate fellow! but my wonder is, how you could find it in your power to escape all taint of suspicion. Surely, Paul, thou art beside thyself. Don't you know that in the world men resent more furiously wrongs done their purses than those done their names, or their affections?"

Bitter were Mr. Devlin's words in their enunciation, but sadder Paul Tintoret's face, as he listened to them, and not a word in answer did he say.

"Forget old Sue at once," said Mr. Devlin, "and never let the thought of her disturb you again. Ah, what a thing it is to have young blood in one's veins. Not the least of your privileges, Paul, is the possibility of being stirred up as you have been this morning. . . . How comes on the monument Paul?"

The change of tone in the voice with which this question was asked, was not more entire than the change it occasioned in the current of Paul's thought. With a glowing cheek and eye, he entered on this theme, from which they wandered on to such talk on art in general, as each was prepared to hold, and to a consequent unfolding of Paul's inmost hopes and aspirations, and to chat concerning his relations with the Fillan family, to every thing and person with which and whom he had to do, excepting Walter Mitchell.

Until, when apparently every nerve of his mind has been laid bare, and encouragement adapted precisely to his wants has been administered, and Paul is about to return home again, Mr. Devlin speaks of the drawings still in his possession, and adds that he has a rare book which may interest Miss Pauline and her father, if Paul will burden himself with it.

Burdened with the book, but conscious of infinite relief in mind and heart, Paul sets out for the village, by the way of Tassie's hut.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Meanwhile Pauline has gone through the formidable ceremony of an introduction into Mrs. Tassie's presence, has exhausted all subjects common between them, and by her lovely face and cordial manners has obtained a high place in the esteem of her hostess. Of which manifest favor she has taken advantage, and put in a petition for Bernice, and as a direct result of the grant of liberty, that ensued, we behold the child guiding Pauline up and down the mountain to every point of the least interest to herself, from the lime-kiln to the cave, where she has hidden herself so many times away from Jep. And now they are come to an exposed point on the mountain-side from which the old forest-trees had once been cleared away—but evidently a long while ago—for around the roots of the departed trees a new growth had sprung up.

"This," said Bernice seating herself on the rock, "this is the place where our home stood. There is nothing left of it;" and, encouraged by Pauline to the recital, she went over the whole ground of her life, arranging its incidents with the skill of one who well knew the bearing and significance of each. Even the factory business, and the organ-hope were not omitted; but the narrative had its climax when she said, "But if Paul goes away!" Beyond that prospect she saw nothing, and she wondered if this was not also true of Pauline—as true as of herself. What Jep had said of the relation between them occurred to her now again—even if his story were not truth, still they had both said that they were brother and sister, and Bernice wondered how they would endure the parting.

For days this thought had been in her mind—now it found a voice for itself.

"What will you do, your mother and all, when he is gone?" she asked,

"Paul?" said Pauline, "do you mean Paul?"

"Yes, your brother—you called him so."

"Oh," replied Pauline, speaking very cheerfully, though her eyes looked very gravely at Bernice, "we shall get up in the morning, and work, and walk about, and teach, and do every thing just as we do now. I don't suppose there will be any difference in the way of it."

"But it will be so lonesome!"

"Yes—so it will. We shall miss Paul every where; but that is the way. It is best for him to go, and so, of course, we can say nothing against it. We should not be loving our brother if we did, to any good purpose."

"But so dreadful lonesome," repeated Bernice, more earnestly.

"Oh, not so dreadful. Not dreadful at all. We shall be hearing from him often, you know,

and that will be pleasant. Then, besides, he will enjoy life so much more."

"Will he?" asked the child quickly.

"Yes, and then he will learn a great deal that he couldn't learn here; and see a great deal that he never could see here. Don't look so grave about it. Of course he will come back again some day. Oh yes, I am quite persuaded that it is the best thing in the world for Paul."

"What makes you think he will come back—ever, if it's so good for him to go?" asked Bernice, who could only look at the question through the medium of an absorbing sorrow.

"Because he will want to see his sisters—you and I. And we shall want to see him, too. And after a while we shall begin to talk to him about that in our letters, and then I should n't wonder if we found out that he wanted to come back, perhaps to spend a summer, and rest after his hard work, for Paul will be one of the hardest workers in the world. . . . Well, well, this is what I should call dreaming; but it's a pleasant dream, Bernice, is n't it? and nothing in it but might come to pass easily enough."

And Pauline smiled on the child, as a wise mother might, who understood her heart, knew its trouble, and longed to comfort it with some sweet promise for the future's realization.

"Besides," said Pauline, with a still gentler earnestness, for Bernice had turned her face toward the valley, that Pauline might not see the tears which, one after another, in swift succession, filled her eyes, "besides, we shall have so much to do ourselves, that I dare say we shall not be so very wretched after Paul has gone. I've no doubt that we shall have many a happy hour though Paul is gone."

Silent was the child—she had no such thought—she saw no such prospect.

"But we must have something to do. Folks that have plenty of work on hand are always the happiest—work keeps our thoughts and our hearts, as well as our hands out of mischief. If you have Mr. Jep to teach, and the house to keep in order, and baskets to weave, that is something—but it won't take up all your time. I must talk to Paul about you. There are a great many books you ought to read, and some that you must study. I shall have you in my school yet, perhaps; who knows?"

"I would learn any thing—I want to. Any minute I'm ready to begin. Oh, Miss Pauline! I should like to learn music so!"

"And I am just as ready. You *shall* learn music. To-night I will speak about it to my father. I can answer for him. You and Mrs. Tassie must—"

"Here we are!" exclaimed Bernice, in a loud

voice, starting up, and looking far up the height, whence evidently a sound had come to her, though Pauline's ear had not been quick to perceive it.

It was Paul in search of them.

"Here we are!" she presently repeated, still more loudly, when her first cry met no response, and in her eagerness to inform him, she began to work her way through the brush-wood up the ascent, and so well had she calculated by his distant voice the exact path he must be making for himself, through the woods and down the rocks, that she fell exactly into the line of his descent, and presently they came face to face. The eyes which met thus, met in a mutual surprise; not that they had actually encountered each other, for that they had anticipated, but thus! Paul's face, usually full of cheerful light and tranquillity, so sad—and Bernice, the hungry little soul, ever needing comfort, so evidently now in no manner of need.

"Well, my little lady, where have you left Miss Pauline?" asked Paul, taking her hand, but letting it fall again in the same instant. He spoke without his usual smile.

"I came to lead you there, where she is—we were down by our old house."

"Whose old house?" asked Paul, carelessly, walking by her side.

"Ours; mother's and mine—I showed you the place, Mr. Paul." How surprised she was—yet he did not observe even that—that he should not remember, when she had told him so much about it!

"Oh, yes. Well, what were you doing there?"

"Oh, talking."

"And you are through with your talk, I hope—I mean, I suppose you are, for I must get back to the village as quick as possible."

And he hurried on the faster, looking as he felt, much disturbed, and Bernice walked by his side, as grave now as he could have wished, when, in his most exhilarated mood, on the lookout for some forlornity to be uplifted and encouraged.

And there was no change in his mood when he came to the place where Pauline stood waiting, though he said with a milder voice than his manner indicated as the one best fitted for his mood: "If you can go as well now, Miss Pauline, I think we had better be off. I heard it thunder a moment ago."

"Very well," said Pauline, taking her bonnet from the grass, and gathering her shawl about her. "We shall finish that talk, Bernice. I will not forget—come with us till we get into the path."

The child obeyed in silence, for Paul's spirit

had communicated itself to both of them, and when finally they parted in the path, and her face turned upward toward the crag where stood her home, it wore as grave a look as if it had never seen the sun—as grave a look as theirs who went downward to the valley.

But let us look back an hour for the cause of this unwonted mood, and influence conveyed by Paul Tintoret. It is worthy of investigation.

He has struck into a rocky, shaded path, after leaving Mr. Devlin's grounds. A heavy tranquillity, that falls oppressively upon him, reflects from heaven to earth—the sky is dazzling in its radiance, but speechless, or if it has a voice, he who walks along beneath it, has, to-day, no power of interpretation. In the west, however, along the horizon, a just perceptible cloud is rising, whose significance might not perhaps escape Paul, did he observe it. But he *realizes* nothing in nature to-day; does not perceive the serenity of sky, the breathlessness of the mountain-forest; hears not the varied voices of many waterfalls, sporting here and there among the rocks; the falling leaf does not startle him; he does not see the squirrels sporting here and there—he treads upon snake and flower alike unawares—there is nothing in the world for him to-day, except two or three lives with which his own maintains a various conflict.

Thinking of those lives, his steps grow slower, and the book he bears is a burden—it is a cross, yet he does not see it—he will not know it. But at length overcome by weariness, mental, not physical, he looks around him as he still continues his way, thinking that when he comes to a favorable spot, he will tarry awhile in the shade, and rest. He comes to such a place, a little nook, where the rocks are quite overgrown with dry but verdant moss, and he sits down to think. But the self-consciousness with which the meditation is pursued, is, in its wearying effect, marvellously like the walk along the rough, unsheltered rocks, in the light of the fiery sun. He cannot endure it, and to rid himself of the necessity, he opens the gorgeous book which Mr. Devlin has entrusted to his care for Miss Pauline.

The one thought that has tormented Paul, our happy, cheerful, generous Paul, our loving, trustful friend, is not to be dispelled thus. Its hour has come—it goes back into no shade—retreat is the last thing that it contemplates; it has but to assert itself—and Paul does not suspect himself sufficiently to toss the book away, but he reads on.

His brain was never as clear as now—his perceptions never so unclouded or acute. His eye is caught and arrested with the first glance at

s; his cheeks glow—it is another light of innocent delight, or astonishment, or the day's sultriness. His breath is a quick, short, almost spasmodic inter- he has made a discovery, unfortunate resemblance that is absolute—an identity perfect. It is the simple-hearted, noble o is caught in the toils of his adver- Urged, quickened, sharpened by a g sentiment, he puts point to point, ct with fact, and assures himself in his ..

gth he closes the book again, and re- on the discovery he has made. He re- on Mr. Devlin's open, unsuspecting man- eaking of the resemblance between the and engraved work. Obviously he, the d, alone, had obtained an inkling of the uth. He, alone, had gone farther than accidental resemblance—he, alone, had a great secret—he, alone, had Dr. Mitch- se now in his hands! The intellectual oy which Paul comes to this conclusion, he same time absolves Mr. Devlin from otive but a wish to amuse Miss Pauline, ently curious. Sure as he is of the re- ; has come of his own reflections, he is certain that Mr. Devlin has no such sus-

And, therefore, he avoids actually to any conclusion within himself as to ll be the result in the mind of Pauline e looks with her own eyes on the same and reads the attendant history. He from that as studiously as a criminal rink, who had not yet wrought outwardly d, from a contemplation of entire rela- d absolute consequences.

it comes from its shadow, and gives a that it will remain no longer in its latent en he gets up, resumes his cross, and his id strives by songs to which no bird gives to conquer—what? his own better self! htier and more valiant better nature, s pleading that he may not be led into ion!

a ghost that would not be laid—a shadow ight not be hid, stood the thought; a eyond his exorcism—a shadow too heavy sun.

till he comforted himself with a manifold on. The resemblance might, perhaps, l be only accidental! If it were more, he y was doing the best service he could ever Pauline, if any discovery that she might or any suspicion that she might harbor give her pain, it was better that such re- ould come early than late. Ah! but the —it was that which harassed him—and

he was but fulfilling his proper business, yet performing the commission intrusted to him!

None of these thoughts stood out as clear and independent reflections in Paul's mind. Blended, but not harmoniously. Confused they were, and he had no desire to extricate them—that was what he shrunk from doing. From the necessity which would have impelled him to do it, he escaped by hurrying along, over rock, and stream, and difficult descent, until he came to Tassie's hut, and, to his relief, learned that he must search still further for Pauline.

Down the mountain path they went together. The little cloud spread upward from a shadowy line in the west, to heavy masses of blackness that covered half the heavens—deepened the silence, whose profundity was tested by an occasional peal of thunder. Not a leaf stirred, not a bird sang—and for a long time Pauline and Paul maintained as deep a silence; but at length Pauline, who imagines that Paul has merely been annoyed, but that rather seriously, by some unknown cause, speaks, and endeavors to restore his good spirits by telling him of the design she had formed of doing something toward the education of Bernice.

"Only to think," she said abruptly, breaking the silence, "What an argument you have to maintain your faith in human nature, Paul, if it ever desponds in your dealings with the world! This little solitary creature maintaining such manner of integrity in the midst of so much corruption! She has come out of the fire purified. Think of her undertaking the reformation of Jep Tassie! there isn't a missionary in five hundred, but would regard it as a hopeless task. It's no less a work than this that his mother has given Bernice to do."

"She begins to think there is something in the angel story, then?" asked Paul.

"A moral, if nothing more, I suspect. But Jep—*can* any thing be done for him, Paul?"

"Nothing under heaven—nor—above it."

"Is he so absolutely bad? It can't be. He has never been been taught—he must be taught—and the work could not be given into better hands. I know he *can* be taught."

"So can an ape or a parrot; but when you undertake to educate them, I believe there is generally a failure—something good, and of pure virtue, must be living there, ready to be drawn out, or capable of being. Jep Tassie is what *he* is, and will never be any thing else. One might as well try to reform Evil itself as Jep."

"As we should always," said Pauline. "There is a Scripture that bids us overcome evil with good."

"And another," said Paul, "which assures us that evil is the fruit of all their thoughts. The best thing that could be done for the child would be her removal. If I had a home she should not stay there, wasting her youth in such a style. It is very heroic in her to do as she's doing, no doubt: but it will, most likely, be the death of her."

"Not her death, but her life," answered Pauline. "There is a sure promise of it, and you would see it even sooner than I, Paul, if you were yourself to-day. She shall be educated. There is, at least, no lack of material to be brought out in her. How readily she has always come out to meet the beautiful and good, whenever it has shown itself to her! She has worshiped like those heathen we were reading of the other day, who made a shrine of the grave of the good missionary, who died among them. She is worthy of having the Book of Life opened to her—even as they are—and she shall have it. Nay, it *has* been opened to her without our help, but we perhaps may show her some of its depths of meaning, or put her in the way of interpreting them for herself. And you must help Paul, for to you belongs the right of discovery. It is not every mountain nor every valley that nourishes such a life."

"You look for some great result," said Paul. "I don't know that I have ever done that."

"A great result in goodness and truth, to be sure."

"Nothing more? Have you no clue to the future, no intimation of the flower that may spring from the top of the pillar?"

Pauline smiled as she looked at Paul—

"Not the slightest. I was thinking on a smaller scale—of a woman, not a genius—of rescuing a child, not of developing a world-wonder. And yet she has a taste, or rather a passion for music worth attending to. When you called to us in the wood, we were just speaking of it."

Paul had been lured along another, a smoother, and brighter current of thought in their rapid walk, by Pauline—for in their flight from the storm, their conversation, fairly begun, did not flag before they reached the village. But Pauline's last words, and the smile accompanying them, carried him back into the old times which had been when he was living to dare and hope all things. Since then he had demanded of her more than she had given—and now he was walking by her side, and hurrying on up to her father's house, bearing that cross which was to prove his integrity. But he was still persisting in shutting out from his sight the moral aspect which the case presented, so that when Pauline opened the door of her father's house, she took within the book which Mr. Devlin had sent down for her inspection; and, seated beside her mother, they turn over its pages, while the storm rolls over the mountain, and breaks wildly upon the village.

[To be continued.]

EVENING.

BY WILLIAM BYRNE.

It is the sweet—the calm—the holy hour,
When winds are hushed, and every leaf and flower
Is bathed in balmy dew; and all is mute,
Save the soft notes of some fond lover's flute,
That, mingled with the sound of waters near,
Floats in sweet numbers on the listening ear:
Or save the soothing tones of village bells,
That chime so sweetly in the distant dells.
Scarce a leaf stirs—so quiet is the air—
It seems as though 'twas nature's hour of prayer!
The glorious sun hath set, yet there are still
Bright, golden clouds o'er yonder wood-crowned hill;
And spires, and lofty towers, and turrets gray,
Catch the departing smiles of setting day!
The lovely twilight's rich and purple hue
Is sweetly blended with the sky's deep blue;
While in the east the beauteous queen of night
Rises among the woods in splendor bright,
Looking with pensive eye upon the stream
Where trembling plays her cold and silvery beam.
How pensive memory with a magic power

Doth call to birth at this sweet, tranquil hour
Remembrances of days forever fled!
Sad thoughts of those now numbered with the dead
Come o'er the soul, uncalled for, and we see
Each long-lost face just as it used to be.
Oh! often at this hour the form will come
Of her—the worshiped idol of our home—
The blessing of our hearts—our joy and pride!
Yes! *even now* I see her at my side,
In all her sweet, angelic beauty stand!
I feel the pressure of her soft white hand,
And see again that sunny smile that told,
Too plainly! she was not of *earthly mould*;
She does not speak, and yet I hear a voice
Like heavenly music, and I do rejoice
(So real the vision seems) that she again
Doth dwell among us here! But, when I fain
Would once more fold her in a fond embrace,
And print one kiss upon her angel face,
I hear a rush of wings; the vision's gone,
And I am left—oh, God! *how much—alone!*

SCENERY OF THE HEAVENS.

BY THOMAS MILNER, M. A.

Of all the celestial objects which have arrested the attention of mankind, none have excited such general and lively apprehension as those upon the consideration of which we now enter. Undoubtedly their sudden appearance, rapid movement, and occasionally extraordinary aspect, were calculated to awaken terror in ages of ignorance and superstition, and to originate the wild conjectures that are on record respecting their character and office. The Romans regarded a comet which was seen in the year 44 before our era as a celestial chariot conveying the soul of Cæsar, who had been assassinated a short time before its advent, to the skies. Cometary bodies have been deemed the vehicles in which departed spirits are shipped by their guardian angels for the realms of Paradise; and, on the other hand, they have been viewed as the active agents of natural and moral evil upon the surface of the earth, and been formally consigned to ecclesiastics for excommunication and cursing. A volume of no inconsiderable dimensions might be compiled, and not without interest, from the accounts of old chronicles respecting their appearances, registering the quaintly expressed opinions of the chroniclers concerning them, the terrestrial events they have tacked to them as effects to a cause, and the deportment to which men have been moved by the apparition of

“ the blazing star

Threat’ning the world with famine, plague, and war:
To princes, death; to kingdoms, many crosses;
To all estates, inevitable losses;
To herdsmen, rot; to ploughmen, hapless seasons;
To sailors, storms; to cities, civil treasons.”

We have the word comet from the Greek *koma*, or hair, a title which had its origin in the hairy appearance often exhibited, a nebulosity, haze, or kind of luminous vapor, being one of the characteristics of these bodies. Their general features are a definite point or nucleus—a nebulous light surrounding the nucleus, the hair, called by the French *chevelure*—and a luminous train preceding or following the nucleus. Milton refers to one of these attributes in a passage which countenances the popular superstition:—

“ Satan stood

Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge,
In th’ arctic sky, and from its horrid hair,
Shakes pestilence and war.”

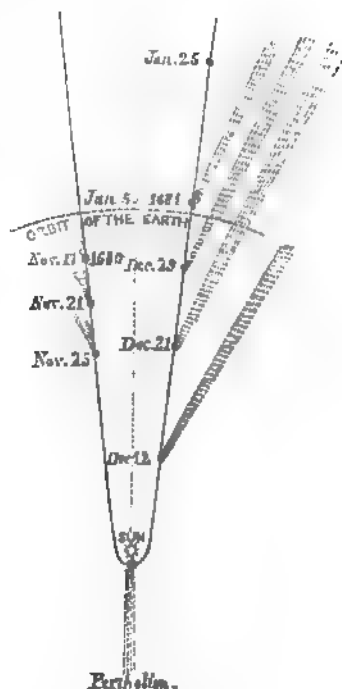
Anciently, when the train preceded the nucleus,

as is the case when a comet has passed its perihelion, and recedes from the sun, it was called the beard, being only termed the tail when seen following the nucleus as the sun is approached. This distinction has disappeared from all modern astronomical works, and the latter name is given to the appendage, whatever its apparent position. Neither this luminous attendant, the tail, nor the nucleus are now considered essential cometary elements, but all bodies are classed as comets which have a motion of their own, and describe orbits of an extremely elongated form. There are several plain points of difference between comets and planets. The planets move in the same direction from west to east, which is astronomically called direct motion; but the movements of comets are often from east to west, or retrograde. The orbits of all the planets are confined to a zone of no great breadth on either side of the ecliptic; but the paths of comets cut the ecliptic in every direction, some being even perpendicular to it, traversing the heavens in all parts. The contrast is striking likewise between the forms of their respective orbits. A hoop will with no great inaccuracy represent the courses of the planets, but the cometary paths are immensely elongated ellipses, their breadth bearing no proportion to their length. Only one end of the ellipse lies within the visible limits of the solar system, in the case of the great majority of these bodies. They only visit our gaze therefore during one part of their course, and that a very small part, traveling during the rest of their journey far beyond the range of the most distant planet, into spaces inaccessible to our sight. The circumstances of their motions plainly distinguish them from the planets, fixed stars, and nebulae. Planetary configuration is also uniformly globular, but the external appearances of comets exhibit great diversities of form, from that of an irregular wisp of cloud to a simple spherical luminosity, or a strongly-defined scimitar-shaped aspect.

Most of the ancients, following Aristotle, regarded comets simply as meteors born and perishing in the atmosphere of the earth. Seneca, however, clearly classed them with the enduring realities of nature, having a definite path, and not wandering uncertainly through a transient existence: “I cannot believe,” he observes, “that a comet is a fire suddenly kindled, but

that it ought to be ranked among the eternal works of nature; it has its proper place, and is not easily moved from thence; it goes its course, and is not extinguished, but runs off from us;" and in a passage already quoted, he anticipates the arrival of a Newton or Halley to determine their orbits, and the laws of their motions. Tycho Brahe took the initial step in the path of true discovery, by assigning them a place out of the terrestrial atmosphere. By careful observation of the comet of 1577 he proved its extra-lunar position in space. It yielded no sensible diurnal parallax, and was therefore beyond the region of the moon. Herelius next ascertained the concavity of the orbits of comets, which Tycho had supposed to be straight lines. Newton demonstrated their real path round the sun to be either in a parabola, an ellipse whose transverse diameter is extended to infinity, so that they appear, vanish, and are gone forever, or in an ellipse so elongated as to be insensibly different from a parabola within visible limits. Halley finally, after a laborious comparison of elements, arrived at a measurable ellipse as the orbit of one of these bodies; and predicted the periodic return of the object, which has twice appeared at the time appointed to verify his conclusion. The diagram represents a part of the path of one of the long-period comets, that of 1680, obviously but a very small part, as it was described in little better than two months, and the periodic time is supposed to be not less than five hundred years. The direction of the luminous train or tail is shown, the frequent attendant of cometary bodies. This is nearly always away from the sun, frequently assuming a curved form. It increases in length with its proximity to the solar body, but does not acquire its greatest extent until after the perihelion or the point nearest to the sun is passed. If we regard the train as vaporization produced by the intense heat to which the body of the comet is exposed upon approaching the sun, this accounts for its increasing length and greatest extent after the perihelion, just as it is after the summer solstice that the earth attains its highest temperature, although its daily supply of solar influence is then actually diminishing. The comet appears in the diagram at its perihelion passage merely for the sake of illustration, as in that part of its course it was completely lost in the solar blaze. In the other positions it was observed at the times stated by Cassini, Newton, Halley, and Flamsteed.

Cometary statisticians have compiled a record of between seven and eight hundred appearances since the commencement of the Christian era. But little dependence can be placed upon this



enumeration, as simple meteors and such phenomena as new stars were confounded in former times with true comets, and instances of the reappearance of the same body are no doubt included in the return. During the age of cometary astronomy down to the year 1831, the orbits of 137 have been observed; and of these the perihelia of thirty lie within the orbit of Mercury. The following calculation has been founded upon this fact. The radius of the orbit of Mercury is to that of Uranus as 1 to 49; in other words, the latter is 49 times more remote from the sun than the former. Assuming the perihelia to be distributed as thickly through the system as within the orbit of Mercury, the number circumscribed by the path of Uranus will be to the number bounded by the path of Mercury as the cube of the respective radii or $1^3 : 49^3 :: 80 = 3,529,470$, giving upward of three millions and a half as the number of comets visiting the system. Some raise the number as high as seven millions, supposing that owing to fog, daylight, and great southern declination, one out of every two comets that have their perihelia within the orbit of Mercury escape our notice. But the premises upon which this calculation is founded seem to be erroneous. We have no more reason abstractedly to infer the equable distribution of the perihelia of comets in the system than of the planetary orbs; and the observed perihelion place of the

hose elements have been studied is against conclusion. Of that number there are

seen Mercury and the Sun.....	30 comets.
Mercury and Venus.....	44
Venus and Earth.....	34
Earth and Mars.....	23
Mars and Jupiter.....	6
Further than Jupiter.....	0
	137

as far as observation has proceeded, there increase in the number of perihelia proportional to the extent of the planetary spheres, the preceding calculation assumes. Arago applied several interesting and instructive facts respecting the observed comets. Thus, number accomplishing the perihelion in different months is as follows:—

r 14 April	10 July	10 October	11
ry 10 May	9 August	8 November	18
8 June	11 September	15 December	13
			137

motion of sixty-nine was direct, or from east to west. The annexed table shows the direction of their paths to the plane of the orbit, from which, it should be remembered, the great planets very slightly vary:—

Inclination.	Inclination.
comets..... 0° to 10°	17 comets..... 60° to 70°
"..... 10 — 20	19 "..... 70 — 80
"..... 20 — 30	16 "..... 80 — 90
"..... 30 — 40	—
"..... 40 — 50	137
"..... 50 — 60	—

periodic time of these comets has been determined, and supposed to be in the following

of Comet.	Period.	Authority.
.....	1543 years.....	Bessel.
.....	3363	Bessel.
.....	2688	Argelander.
.....	72—77	Bessel and others.
second comet.....	6½	Encke.
fourth comet.....	5½	Encke.
.....	66—76	Encke.
second comet.....	1550	Encke.
third comet.....	1817	Rumker.
fourth comet ...	666	Hansen.

predictions remain to be verified. In three only has the periodic time been established return of the body—that of Encke's comet period is three and a-half years; Biela's, three-quarters; and Halley's seventy-five half.

three features of nebulosity, nucleus, and usually assigned to cometary bodies, but are destitute of the latter appendage, and without any clearly defined nucleus. They are as simple nebulosities, globular masses of having no central condensation, through

which the feeblest of the stars readily shine. Herschel perceived a star of the sixth magnitude through the centre of the comet without nucleus of the year 1795; and a star of the eleventh magnitude was perfectly distinguished by Struve through the middle of one of the short-period comets. Others present a nucleus strongly defined, with surrounding nebulosity, the "horrid hair" of poetry. The vapory envelop is dim toward the central point, but suddenly becomes luminous at some distance from it, so as to resemble a ring resting in equilibrium around a star, like the ring of Saturn. The cometary nuclei often shine with a light as vivacious as that of the planets, and exceed them in splendor upon nearing the sun. They vary considerably in their diameters, but are in general very small. The measurement of the diameters of five given by Arago, range between thirty-three miles and three thousand two hundred. The external appearance of other comets exhibits the three features combined, and these are remarkable objects, occasionally presenting a terrific aspect. Immense spaces are sometimes covered by the luminous trains, or tails, as much as ninety or a hundred degrees; so that while the nucleus has been below the horizon, the train has reached the zenith, stretching through an extent of nearly a hundred and fifty millions of miles. The tails appear to stream from that part of the nucleus which is farthest from the sun, but seldom in the direction of a straight line joining the two bodies. They generally exhibit a sensible curvature, bending toward that region of the heavens last quitted by the comet, and cases have been observed in which they have formed a right angle with the nucleus. There is great enlargement in the breadth of the tail, as its distance from the nucleus increases; and an obscure stripe appears passing down the middle, which has suggested the hypothesis of a hollow luminous cone. It is obvious that whether comets shine by inherent light, or reflect the solar rays, if the train be a hollow cone, a much greater number of nebulous particles will be in the direction of the eye at the sides than at the centre, which will account for the interior dim stripe, and the exterior brightness. Comets, however, are by no means confined to one train each, but as many as six have been observed appended to the same nucleus. While these variations of form may be due in a measure to different velocities, it is clearly ascertained that aspect of the same cometary body undergoes great changes in its period of revolution. In recognizing two apparitions as appearances of the same body, after having accomplished its periodic time, astronomers do not depend upon the circumstances of shape, size, or

brilliancy being similar, but upon the elements of the path being accordant.

Toward the close of the year 1680, a comet, illustrious on account of its observers, and apparently formidable from its aspect, appeared within the visible limits of our system, and approximated nearer to its centre than any body of which we have any record. It finally vanished from terrestrial gaze in the month of March, 1681, and has not since been seen. The mind of Europe was profoundly impressed with the vast size, velocity, and form of this object, which engaged the accurate observation of Flamstead and Cassini, and the mathematical science of Bernouilli, Newton, and Halley. After its perihelion passage, its appearance, as seen from Paris, and particularly from Constantinople, was most imposing. The train reached to the zenith when the nucleus had set below the horizon, coruscations attending the whole length of the luminosity, giving to the phenomenon the aspect of a wrathful messenger, and not that of a tranquil body pursuing a harmless course. The greatest length of the tail was computed to be one hundred and twenty-three millions of miles, and in two days an extent of sixty millions of miles was emitted from the nucleus. Its average velocity was upwards of eight hundred thousand miles an hour. A traveler through our heavens, covering such a space, and rushing with such speed through the firmament, might well excite the astonishment of mankind. It must not be imagined that this rate of motion is its average orbital velocity. In obedience to the Keplerian law, its pace slackens in receding from the sun. According to the computation of Newton, this body approached the sun within the 163d part of the semi-diameter of the earth's orbit, being rather more than half-a-million of miles from his centre, and not more than 144,000 apart from his surface. If the projectile force had been stopped, in three minutes it would have closed with his mass. In such a situation it must have been exposed to a temperature which in an instant would dissipate any substance with which we are acquainted. Newton calculated the body of the comet to have been heated to a degree two thousand times greater than that of red-hot iron. This comet is supposed to be identical with the one that appeared about the time of Cæsar's death, with that which was seen in the reign of Justinian, in the year 531, and with another in the year 1106 in the reign of Henry II. Comparing these dates, we find, from before Christ 44 to 531, leaves a period of 575 years. Again, from 531 to 1106, leaves a second period of 575 years; and from 1106 to 1680, a period of 574 years, which Newton supposed to be about its periodic time. If

this conjecture be correct, the comet is now winging its flight from the sun far beyond the orbit of Uranus, and will not return from its long pilgrimage to revisit the fountain of light till the year 2255. How vast the circuit! How opposite the circumstances of the two extreme points of the route—the perihelion in the immediate neighborhood of the solar glory—the aphelion, at the probable distance of thirteen thousand millions of miles from him! At the far extremity, the sun, if observed by a spectator, would appear simply as a point of light, and at the other extremity the solar orb would be seen nearly filling the whole hemisphere. At the *first* recorded appearance of this comet, it was seen as a long-haired star in the skies of Rome, during the games which the youthful Augustus exhibited in honor of Venus and his uncle, the assassinated Cæsar; and while the inhabitants of the capital hailed the object as the Julium Sidus, conveying aloft the soul of the dictator, his ambitious successor secretly regarded it as a presage of his own glory, while apparently falling in with the popular notion. Pliny has preserved to us his published memorial respecting it, which ran as follows:—"In those days during the solemnity of my games there was seen a blazing star for seven days together, in that region of the sky which is under the north star Septentriones. It arose about the eleventh hour of the day, bright and clear, and was evidently seen in all lands. By that star it was signified that the soul of Cæsar was received among the divine powers of the immortal gods." At its *second* exhibition, in the fifth year of Justinian, in the month of September, the comet was seen during twenty days in the western heavens, with a tail inclining toward the north. The Byzantine writers applied to it the name of Lampadias, because of its resemblance to a burning lamp. Its *third* visit is mentioned by the chroniclers, who describe it as like the blaze of the sun, having an immense train. At its *fourth* return, there was a cultivated science able to grapple with its phenomena, and divest them of a supernatural character. Upon its *fifth* appearance, after more than three centuries and a-half from the present have elapsed, if the estimate of the periodic time be correct, Gibbon has speculated upon its course and phase engaging the astronomers of some future capital in the Siberian or American wilderness. Calculating backward the periodic time, Whiston brought a return of this comet into coincidence with the era of the Deluge, of which he conceived it to have been the agent. He broached, likewise, the presumptuous fancy of lost spirits being incarcerated in this body, and hurried by it to the extremes of perishing cold and devouring

fire, as a part of their punishment. Such chimeras deserve no serious notice.

The first comet whose return was predicted and determined, made its appearance in our heavens in the year 1682, the year following that in which the preceding had vanished. Though far inferior in magnitude and splendor to its predecessor, it was a considerable object, and has now become, in consequence of its associations, one of the most interesting bodies of the system. It presented a tail extending through thirty degrees of the hemisphere; and while science watched its movements, the eye of the populace rested upon its form without alarm, as the former had signally failed in causing any direful catastrophe. The views of Newton, who had spoken of the older bodies as planets without tails, and of comets as a species of planets revolving about

the sun in very eccentric orbits, had arrested the attention of Halley; and probably his remarkable achievement was suggested by the following passage in the third book of the "Principia,"—"I leave the transverse diameters and times of revolution to be determined by the comparison of comets which return after long periods of time in the same orbits." Upon this hint Halley commenced calculating the orbits of all the comets upon which definite observations had been made, twenty-four in number, for the purpose of comparing their elements—a work of immense labor and difficulty, of which the present Astronomer Royal has remarked, that, in all probability, he was the only person then in existence who could have performed it. He found the elements of two comets to coincide with tolerable exactness with those of the comet of 1682, as follows:—

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h
1531	49° 25	17° 58'	301° 39'	55,700	Aug. 24	107° 46'	Retrograde
1607	50 21	17 2	302 16	58,680	Oct. 16	108 5	—
1682	51 16	17 56	302 52	58,328	Sept. 4	108 23	—

a. Year of the comet. b. Longitude of ascending node. c. Inclination of the orbit. d. Longitude of the perihelion. e. Perihelion distance from the sun, that of the earth being 100,000. f. Time of the comet arriving at its perihelion distance. g. Distance from perihelion to ascending node. h. Direction of the comet's motion.

The general elements here are pretty closely analogous. With reference to the periodic time, there is from

Aug. 24, 1531, to Oct. 16, 1607, - 76 years 53 days.

Oct. 16, 1607, to Sept. 4, 1682, - 75 years wanting 42 days,

a difference of about fifteen months. This, Halley conjectured, might arise from the disturbing action of the planets, a correct idea, and one of great sagacity, as the theory of planetary disturbance was but then in its infancy. Upon these data, therefore, he ventured the conclusion that the three appearances were returns of the same comet, which would reappear after the lapse of a similar interval. His words are:—"Nothing seems to contradict this my opinion, besides the inequality of the periodic revolutions, which inequality is not so great neither, as that it may not be owing to physical causes; for the motion of Saturn is so disturbed by the rest of the planets, especially Jupiter, that the periodic time of that planet is uncertain for some whole days together. How much more, therefore, will a comet be subject to such like errors, which rises almost four times higher than Saturn, and whose velocity, though increased but a very little, would be sufficient to change its orbit from an elliptical to a parabolical one? This, moreover, confirms me in my opinion of its being the same comet, that, in the year 1456, in the summer-time, was seen passing retrograde, between the earth and the sun, much after the same manner; which, though nobody made observations

upon it, yet, from its period and the manner of its transit, I cannot think different from those I have just now mentioned. Hence, *I dare venture to foretell* that it will return again in the year 1758." Subsequently his tone grew more decided. Historical records supplied some further links to the chain of cometary appearances after nearly the same interval. Thus:—

Years of Comets, 1165 1230 1305 1380 1456 1531 1607 1682
Intervals, 75 75 75 76 75 76 75

The astronomer was confirmed by this evidence in the accuracy of his prediction, and called upon all posterity to remember that an Englishman had announced it. The prophecy was no random guess. It was not founded merely upon the coincidence of the dates, but a result obtained, in the case of the last three comets, from the close agreement of the elements of their orbits.

Great curiosity was excited as the year 1758 approached, to ascertain whether the prediction would be verified. No doubt existed upon the subject in the scientific world, but some apprehension was felt lest circumstances should be unfavorable to a perception of the phenomenon. "We cannot doubt," observed Lalande, in 1757, "that it will return; and even if astronomers should not see it, they will not be the less persuaded of its return. They know that the faintness of its light, and its great distance, perhaps even bad weather, may keep it from our view; but the public will find it difficult to believe us; they will put this discovery, which has done so

much honor to modern philosophy, among the number of predictions made at hazard. We shall see dissertations spring up again in the colleges, contempt among the ignorant, terror among the people, and seventy-six years will elapse before there will be another opportunity of removing all doubt." Lalande engaged with Clairaut, and Madame Lepaute in calculating the attractive influence of Jupiter and Saturn upon the comet, which might change, to some extent, its time of perihelion. "During six months," he remarks, "we calculated from morning till night, sometimes even at meals; the consequence of which was, that I contracted an illness which changed my constitution for the remainder of my life. The assistance rendered by Madame Lepaute was such, that without it we never could have dared to undertake this enormous labor, where it was necessary to calculate for every degree, and for 150 years, the distance and force of each of the two planets with respect to the comet." They finally announced in November, 1758, just as astronomers began to look out for its return, that the comet would employ 618 days more to return to the perihelion than on the preceding revolution; namely, 100 days from the effect of Saturn, and 518 days from the action of Jupiter. The perihelion was placed therefore about the middle of April, 1759, but Clairaut distinctly forewarned the world that being pressed for time, he had neglected small values, which collectively might amount to, more or less, about a month in the seventy-six years. The event realized the anticipation of Halley, and answered as nearly as possible to the calculations of the French philosophers. The comet was first seen from the neighborhood of Dresden by George

Palitzch, a farmer by profession, but a self-educated astronomer. This was on Christmas day, 1758, with an eight feet telescope. It was afterward seen at Paris, Leipsic, Lisbon, and Cadiz. It passed its perihelion on the 12th of March, 1759, exactly a month before the time announced, but within the assigned limit of divergance from that date. The elements of its orbit proclaimed it to be the comet of the former periods by their similarity. The following is Lalande's deduction, the letters indicating the particulars connected with the table already given:—

<i>a</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>h</i>
1759	53° 46'	17° 40'	303° 8'	58490	March 12	Retrogrd.

Another period of revolution has transpired since the time to which we are referring. Dating seventy-six years forward, we are brought to the year 1835. After estimating the action of the planets, Damoiseau, of the French Board of Longitude, fixed the perihelion passage on Nov. 4th of that year, and Pontécoulant on Nov. 18th, a difference of nine days. Both agreed that the first appearance of the comet would be in the early part of August, and the perihelion certainly about the middle of November. The comet was seen at Rome, August 5th, and passed its perihelion November 16th. The fictitiousness of the representation—

"A pathless comet, and a curse,
The menace of the universe;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a sphere, without a course,"

has thus been demonstrated, and these bodies proved to be constituent members of our system, obedient to the law of gravitation, which keeps them within prescribed limits, and in definite orbits, as with bit and bridle.

[To be continued.]

THE DEATH OF THE POOR.

PAUSE ye awhile with rev'rent breath,
Break not the stern repose;
A spirit loosed by the hand of death
To its kindred skies hath rose.
The bolt hath fallen! Another frame
Will soon lie low in dust,
What boots it now his rank or name,
Where was his hope and trust?

Unbare the head! Ye stand within
A consecrated spot.
Though frail and loose the covering
That shields the poor man's cot,
Bright Angels have been from above
To soothe his fainting breast,
And they have spread their wings of love
Upon his place of rest!

THE COUNT.

PIERRE COIGNARD was the son of a vine-dresser of Langeais, in the department of the Indre-et-Loire, and served as a grenadier under the Convention. Though a brave soldier, he was an audacious thief, and was at length apprehended, tried, and condemned to fourteen years of the galleys. But he did not like the seclusion of the bagne; and, chained as he was like a wild beast, he contrived, in the fourth year of his imprisonment, to make his escape. His success, however, was attended by a circumstance which he had afterward occasion to refer to as one of the great landmarks of his history. His comrade in the adventure had been likewise condemned, on the same day with himself, to fourteen years' fetters; and the two desperadoes were drawn together, not only by this coincidence in their fortunes, but by a dissimilarity in character and acquirements, which seemed to point them out as fit associates in crime. What the one wanted, the other possessed. Coignard was tolerably well educated; the other had known no other school than that of the world. Coignard was an easy, pliant man of society; the other a character of iron, molten by nature in a mould which might be broken, but never bent. Coignard, in fine, obtained his ends by address, fortified by resolution; and the other by an implacable stubbornness of purpose, which was dead to all considerations but the one idea before it, which it grappled and clung to for life or death. The union of two such men would have enriched the annals of guilt; but it was not to take place. They were detected in the act of attempting to escape, and only one could fly. Had that one been the comrade, he would at once have rejected the temptation. And why? Because the object of their plan had failed, which was the flight of both. But Coignard, who never grew sulky with fate, so far from abandoning his enterprise, made use of his unlucky friend as a stepping-stone in his escape; and, putting his foot upon his shoulder, spurned him away as he caught at the wall above, behind which he speedily disappeared, with the vengeful yell of his associate ringing in his ears. He changed his name from Coignard to Pontis, fled into Spain, joined anew the French army, became a sergeant under the regime of Marshal Soult, and distinguished himself by his bravery and good conduct.

At Saragossa, in the year 1813, Pontis made the acquaintance of a Spanish girl called Rosa Marcen, whom he afterward married; and the

two congenial spirits set themselves to work to discover a way to fortune less tedious and doubtful than the ranks. An extraordinary coincidence in names gave them the first hint: and indeed so strange an influence do seeming trifles exercise over the destinies of men, that it was perhaps to this coincidence was owing the intimacy of two beings so well calculated to play into each other's hands in the game of life. Why Pierre Coignard, among all the names in the world, should have chosen the name of Pontis, is not known; but it so happened that it was even as a household word in the ears of Rosa Marcen, she having served in some capacity or other in an emigrant family bearing that patronymic. Whether her service was that of a governess or a waiting-woman, and whether she retired or was driven from it, are matters beyond the ken of biography; but it is certain that she beheld with great interest an individual bearing a name so intimately associated with the events of her own history. And this interest was not lessened by the fact that Pontis was a young and handsome soldier, at once polite and daring, and endowed with that cool and gentle self-possession, before which all weaker spirits quail like lunatics beneath the voiceless eye of their keeper.

But "Pontis?" That was the name of a titled family. Was this young grenadier a cadet of the noble house whose representatives had fled before the horrors of the Revolution? He might be so by his person and bearing; and the idea retained hold of the imagination of Rosa, even after she learned that he had as little to do with the nobility, either of mind or birth, as herself. An epoch by-and-by came when such an idea was likely to present itself in a more enticing form than now, when counts were at a discount. The French were compelled to evacuate the Peninsula. Louis le Desiré returned to the throne of his ancestors; and our Pontis and his wife found themselves once more in a country where the husband had worked in chains as a forçat.

They proceeded to Soissons, to look after the wrecks which the Revolution might have spared of their *ancestral* fortune. They found themselves alone in the field. No other Pontis appeared upon the scene—all had perished in exile—and owing to the registers of the town having been burned in the confusion of the Revolution, the heir of the illustrious house was unable even to prove his birth! Thus unluckily situated, Pontis called upon an old lady of his own name who

was waiting in an agony of impatience to see her family re-established in their ancient honors by the blessed Restoration. She recognized the handsome young soldier as a Pontis at the first glance; she knew him by the hereditary nose; she could not be mistaken in the calm, firm, half-smiling lip, which gave the world assurance of a Pontis. But who was this young wife whom he presented to her? Had the unhappy man tarnished his blood with a *mésalliance*? Had he brought some obscure foreigner to mock the state of the Countess de Sainte-Hélène? No. The noble heir of the Pontis assured his aged relation, that even in exile he had been too proud of their common name to share it with one meaner than himself. This lady, though their marriage was unsanctioned by her family till his claims should be established, was of the highest blood of Spain—she was a daughter of the viceroy of Malaga! This was enough, almost too much. The old lady wept with pride and delight, and she ended by making the whole town weep with her. An act of notoriety, as it is called in French law, was readily obtained, recognizing the birth of the returned emigrant; and this being transferred to the existing registers of Soissons, Pierre Coignard, the escaped felon, found himself transformed, as if by magic, into Pontis, Count de Sainte-Hélène.

We have not ascertained that the pecuniary resources of the adventurer were much improved by this recognition of his nobility; indeed it would seem from the context that this was not the case. It is far more difficult to obtain an estate than a title; and perhaps the count may have thought it imprudent to refer his claims to the searching arbitrement of the courts of law. But his grateful prince would not suffer the scion of the noble house to languish in poverty and obscurity; and indeed the talents of the count offered the fairest opportunities for his advancement, or rather made his advancement a duty on the part of the court. He received successively the knightly decorations of the Legion of Honor and Saint Louis, became a member of the Order of Alcantara, and rose to be a lieutenant-colonel in the Legion of the Seine. On his part he repaid the royal favor with unbounded devotion, his loyalty was without reproach, and he was esteemed one of the most rising and respectable characters in the French court.

The expensive manner in which the count lived might have afforded, but for one circumstance, some suspicion that he enjoyed still weightier favors of government than crosses and decorations. The pay of a lieutenant-colonel, with any fragments he might have recovered of his hereditary possessions, was not enough to account for

a liberality as unbounded as it was unostentatious. The inexhaustible fund on which he drew was neither squandered nor spared; he had money for all legitimate purposes; and when other men had recourse, on extraordinary emergencies, to loans and mortgages, the Count de Sainte-Hélène had nothing to do but to write a cheque. His *marriage* accounted for this. His noble wife was the mine, on the produce of which he lived; and her Spanish gold was daily transmuted in any quantities into French silver.

It was supposed at the time, however, that other men had recourse to more disreputable means of supply; for the wholesale robberies that were committed on all hands had become as alarming as they were inexplicable. No precautions were sufficient for the safeguard of valuable property. In the recesses of palaces, thefts were as common as in the shops of the citizens; and it was obvious that there had been established a system of brigandage, whose organization comprehended a much higher class than usual. Even a nobleman was not safe from suspicion whose habits exhibited any thing of the mysterious; but as for our count and countess, they lived so much in public, they belonged so completely to the court and to society, that the suspicion must have been wild indeed which could attach itself to them.

One day the count was at the head of his regiment in the Place du Carrouzel, assisting at a splendid military parade. On one side of the square were the garden and palace of the Tuileries; on the opposite side the Avenue du Neuilly, extending as straight as an arrow along the side of the Champs Elysées, to the verge of the horizon, now terminated by a triumphal arch; on the third, the Place Vendôme, with its noble column; and on the fourth, the Seine spanned by a bridge loaded with statues. This magnificent scene was crowded with spectators, even to the trees of the Champs Elysées; and as the Count de Sainte-Hélène felt himself to be one of the great actors in the pageant, a wild throb must have heaved the chest of the escaped forçat. But the word he hardly now considered to apply to him; for his fourteen years' sentence was expired if not fulfilled. Some days ago he had celebrated in his own mind the fourteenth anniversary of his condemnation, and declared himself to be a free man! It is no wonder that on this occasion he should revert exultingly to his escape from the *bagne*, as an event which had turned the current of his life, and given him to his fortune; but as his thoughts lost themselves in the recollection, he leaped suddenly in the saddle, as if transfixed with a spear.

At first he hardly knew what it was that had affected him, or knowing it, he set it down as a

delusion growing out of his waking dream. An eye had rested upon his for a moment, as his face was turned toward the crowd—a phantom eye doubtless, such as sometimes glares upon us from the abysses of memory, for he never could meet with it again. Yet the count could not help repeating to himself, nor avoid a sensation of sickness as he did so, that the comrade he had abandoned to his chains, spurning him with his foot while he did so, was now a free man like himself, and by a more legitimate title! In the case of almost any other human being in similar circumstances, this would have been of little consequence, for he was now rich enough to buy silence from hate itself. But Pontis knew his man.

That night the portress of a common-looking house in the rue Saint Maur was called from her repose by a gentle ringing at the bell.

“What is your pleasure?” said she, speaking through the wicket. “I am alone, and although very poor, do not care to open to strangers.” The visitor muttered a word in reply, and the door was opened as instantly as its ponderous bolts permitted. He followed her through a ruinous court, and signifying by a silent gesture that he would dispense with her further service, he knocked at another door. Here he was again challenged; but his voice gained him admittance as before, and presently he found himself in a room much more comfortable than might have been expected from the exterior.

“What! you here?” said the man who opened the door to him, and who was the only inmate of the apartment. “Why, Peter, this is an unusual and unexpected honor.”

“I have reasons, Alexander,” replied the visitor gravely; and as he opened his cloak and threw his hat upon the table, the striking resemblance between the two men would have enabled a stranger to pronounce them at once to be brothers.

“Reasons you of course have, for you never act without them; but before you open your budget, let me put you in good humor by presenting you with this handsome sum of money, your share of as rich a spoil as we have yet taken.”

“Set it down; I cannot attend to business at present. I have seen a ghost.”

“A ghost! I know a man who would scare even you; but I was not aware that you stood in special awe of the immaterial world. In what form appeared the ghost?”

In the form of a human eye, which was fixed upon mine to-day for an instant in the Place du Carrouzel. Whether it was any thing more than a fragment of a dream I had fallen into at the moment, I cannot tell; but if it was really in a human head, it belongs to the man you allude to.”

“And what then?”

“Merely that I am lost.”

“What nonsense! You are too clever, too self-possessed, too far-seeing for that. You are unknown even to your own band—I, your lieutenant and your brother, being the sole medium of communication between you. Besides me, you have no confidant in the world but your own wife, your splendid countess, who is the life and soul of the association, without whose guiding voice we could not stir a step, and who could not criminate you without destroying herself.”

“All that is true; but you do not know the man as I do.”

“We must buy him.”

“It is for that I am here. But take care you bid high. Strip me of all I possess—take the diamond crosses from my breast—the jewels from my wife’s hair—but let him have his price! You must do still more than than.”

“Not blood?”

“Not without necessity. We must employ him. We must steep his hand in crime—and that will be your easiest task. Till he is again at the mercy of the police—till the fourteen years’ fetters of Toulon dance again before his vision—it is impossible for me to sleep.”

“And if all fails? If he will neither steal gold nor accept of it as a present—”

“Then we shall talk further.”

Among the crowd that day in the Place du Carrouzel, there had been a man who attracted the attention of some of the older members of the police. His was a well-known face; but it had not been seen for many years, and the thief-takers employed themselves in getting the lineaments again by heart. But the man, secure in his innocence, (for the bagné wipes off all scores,) strolled carelessly on. He did not meet a single acquaintance—fourteen years being, in his calling, the outside limits of a generation; till all on a sudden, as he glanced upon a general officer passing slowly on horseback, an expression of surprise escaped him, his dull eye lightened with joy, and then the brief illumination faded away into a fixed and lurid glare. At that moment the officer appeared to see him; and shutting his eyes suddenly, and ducking under the shoulders of the crowd, the old forçat turned away.

It was easy for him to ascertain the rank and position of the object of his interest; learn that, without estates, he possessed prodigious wealth; that he had brought a wife with him from Spain, who was supposed to be the source of his riches; and that the records of Soissons having been burned, he had established his birth by an “act of notoriety.”

“Ah!” said he; “that is so like him! He is

a clever fellow, and he is now at his old tricks; but he has climbed thus far upon the shoulder of his comrade—he must down!” He went straight to the office of the prefect, and denounced Lieutenant-Colonel Pontis, Count de Sainte-Hélène, as an escaped forçat. The clerks laughed at him, the prefect ordered him to be turned out, and the informer, saying politely that he would call again to-morrow, took his leave.

The next morning he was met near the prefecture by a man, who entered into conversation with him.

“You are from Toulon?” said the stranger abruptly.

“Well, if so?”

“You are going to denounce somebody?”

“Well?”

“He is too strong for you.”

“We shall see.”

“Are you rich?”

“I have still enough for dinner: I must shift as I can for the rest of the day.”

“Will a thousand francs do?”

“No.”

“Ten thousand?”

“No.”

“Twenty thousand?”

“No.”

“Come, at a word—we want to be friends with you. What do you want?”

“Take four from fourteen, and there are ten: ten years of fetters would satisfy me. I will not abate him a month?”

“Ha!—ha!—ha! that is a good joke! But do you not know that he is more than a count, more than a knight, more than a lieutenant-colonel? Can you guess what he is?”

“Yes: he is the man who broke his compact with me in the bagne of Toulon, and spurned me away with his foot as he sprung over the wall. I must have him back: it is only justice. Good morning,” and the old forçat went into the prefecture.

This time he was apparently but little more successful than on the former occasion; but the functionaries were surprised at his pertinacity, and considered it due to the character of the count to send some one to him to hint delicately at the calumnies that were abroad. They told the informer, therefore, that inquiries would be made, and directed him to call the next day, in the idea that by that time they would have authority to take him into custody. He was pleased, accordingly, with his success. He dined cheerfully; spent the afternoon in walking about; in the evening felt hungry again, but resisted the temptation to commit a theft, lest he should be locked up from the business that engrossed

him; and at night, being perfectly moneyless, he repaired to one of the bridges to sleep under an arch.

This was the most quiet, though by no means the most solitary, bed-chamber he could have found; for that night every crib in Paris was searched for him by messengers who would have silenced him in one way or other. As it was, he lay undisturbed, except by his dreams, and the fitful moonbeams glancing like spectres upon the water. Sometimes he awoke and fancied himself in the prison of Toulon, till reassured by the voice of the river which murmured in his ear, “It is only justice.” Then he felt hungry, and the night air grew chill, and the hard stones pierced his limbs; and he thought of the thousands and thousands of francs that had been offered him, and of the pleasure and dignity of robbing in a great band commanded by a nobleman. But then he shrugged his shoulder by means of which Coignard had stepped upon the wall; and looking forward to the morrow, a grim feeling of satisfaction stole over his heart, the indulgence of which seemed better than food, money, or honor. And then the moonbeams disappeared on the river, and the wind moaned along its bosom, and the waters answered with a hollow murmur which syllabled in his ear, “Justice—justice!” and he fell into a profound slumber that lasted till the morning.

The prefect in the meantime had employed General Despinois to wait upon the count; but the latter, instead of meeting the charge with the incredulity, ridicule or indignation that had been expected, made quiet speeches, and entered into long explanations, and the astonished envoy returned to his employers hardly able to form an opinion. That opinion, however, was at once come to by the more experienced authorities of the prefecture; and after a minute examination of the informer, who had planted himself at the office-door long before it opened in the morning, it was determined to arrest the count on suspicion of being an escaped felon. But this was only what he had expected, and for some days all Paris was searched for him in vain. They tracked him at length to the house in the Rue St. Maur; and although he defended himself with his pistols, both of which he discharged at the gensd’armes, he was overpowered and taken into custody. The revelations made in this den of thieves identified him with the mysterious chief of banditti who had so long kept the city in awe; and being conducted to the prison of La Force, he was tried for various distinct robberies, as well as for his evasion from the bagne of Toulon.

A narrative like this, with its circumstances

a few years ago, wears an air of imity; but many personations quite as exary took place after the confusion of the on. The peculiar feature in the case of l, is, that the imposture was followed he very last, in spite of the legal ex-

He would not plead by any other name fictitious one; and the president of the as obliged to call him simply, "You" When transferred to his old quarters

at Toulon, under sentence of fetters for life, he preserved the calm, sedate dignity of an injured man, and was much respected by the other forçats, who always addressed him by his assumed title. This character he continued to enact up to his death; and perhaps he ended by persuading even himself that the companion of nobles, and the protégé of a king, was in reality the Count de Sainte Hélène.

HAPPY HORATIO.

ize of one hundred guineas were pubred for the best essay on happiness, it is resume that the manuscripts sent in to dicators would show a great variety in of treatment; and enough is known of nature in general, and essay-writing hure in particular, to make it probable e of the aspirants would adopt a style e the following:

all the objects which engage the pursuit ind, from the cradle to the grave, that of is undoubtedly the most important and ng. Man, whether we regard him in the r in the civilized state; whether in the city or in the fastnesses of primeval whether depressed by care or basking in hine of prosperity—is uniformly occupied rsuit of happiness. Ask the monarch, jeweled crown; the mariner, on the leep; the mother, watching by the cradle ittle one; the busy trader, immersed in and selling—ask them, we say, what it is y are seeking—and will they not answer iness? Indeed, so profoundly implanted ature—" etc.; etc.

rs of a less didactic turn, given to "me- among the tombs," "among the flower-," and that sort of thing, would probably emselves in *medias res* after the following

appiness!—What art thou?—A real entity, ting fantasy? A substance to be grasped, dow to be pursued forever in vain? Art , Happiness, a dazzling jewel to be won n, or a fragile insect thing, whose colors n the hand that seizes thee? From each and corner of this vast universe go up the of the wretched; sickness, sorrow and are all around us, and where doth the

mourner find peace to his soul, save when the yew-tree waveth over his last resting-place, and—" etc., etc.

Besides these, there would of course be essayists well up in Bentham, in supply and demand, in the "principle of concert," in sanitary reform, in educational discipline, with the whole gang of bold crotcheteers; and some few who would treat happiness as "*living through the entire range of one's capacities and sensibilities*;" a definition which will be remembered as occurring in the introductory chapter of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Scarlet letter."

Let all these pass. *Non ragioniam di lor.* We propose another mode of treatment. If history is "*philosophy teaching by example*," the drama is "*poetry teaching by example*," and to the drama let us resort for a portrait of a happy man, steadfastly regarding which we may come at last to be "changed into the same image." We shall perhaps find a true *Ikon Basilike*, a kingly portraiture of a king among men.

The play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted has been thought a very deplorable conception, and no doubt is so, dramatically speaking; but the prince in black velvet and bugles has always seemed to us to be rather a flabby-minded personage, and as Leech's coxcomb says of Shakspeare—"Quite an overrated man, Sir—quite!" But if the description of Horatio for which we are indebted to Hamlet does his discernment credit, as it does, it is also a picture of such extraordinary power and beauty, that one is tempted to say that irresolute maunderer could be spared from the play, if he would only leave his friend "alive and kicking," just as he is described. Who would not give all his worldly substance to be able to lay his hand upon his heart and say that a portrait "in this style"

was a true portrait of himself?—Who? Hamlet thus addresses Horatio:

Thou hast been
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are they,
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of hearts!

Happy Horatio!

The fact is that, while depicting, with a few touches of the pencil, a very peculiar and rare type of character,

Thatte prynce of goode fellowes,
Willie Shakspeare,

has drawn his own portrait, and left it imperishably glorious for all men to look at and love. Let the frequency with which he has sketched sound, cheerful, victorious natures, proof against "fortune's buffets and rewards," speak for his delight in them, and his own possession of their golden secret. Take, dear reader, as a companion-picture to the above, to be hung side by side with it in the inmost chamber of your soul, this "presentment" of an unfortunate man, superior to his fate, and taking the "burden and mystery of his life" with sunny looks and genial words. "I beseech you," says young Orlando to the pleading Rosalind—"I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for there is none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty!" Ah, thou brave, joyous soul! On to the wrestling, for all the gods love thee, and the prize is thine; and if thou must even "to the greenwood go," not indeed "alone," but a "banished man," go gayly, carrying the sunshine of that true heart of thine into the forest gloom, for thither shall the generous powers who favor the bold wrestler with his fate send thy love to meet thee, and to crown thy life with gladness!

But to return to Horatio—happy Horatio. That is, if we have left him, for Orlando may perchance be the same person under an alias. In Hamlet's description what a finely drawn picture we have of a man of cheerful, sanguine temperament, who is yet self-contained and self-controlling! What suggestions arise in our minds, as

we read, of open-hearted, out-spoken gayety of character, with the beautiful and rare addition of *equanimity*, that dream of closet moralists and cultivators of the *nil admirari*—that sweet bosom treasure of the few whose "blood and judgment" happen—if any thing happens—to be "well commingled."

There are several kinds of people in this odd world of ours, who take, or seem to take, "fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks." There is, for example, your stupid, apathetic fellow, whom nothing ruffles, to whom nothing comes amiss—who seems to live in a sort of natural besottedness, if such a strange phrase may be allowed. There is your reckless pleasure-lover, who, when he can, "goes the whole hog" for enjoyment, without much nicety about modes and results; and when he cannot, folds his arms and sulks, with the forced indifference of a gambler whose losses come thick and fast upon him. There is your precious "bundle of habits," of the "Miss Millpond" school,

Who seemed the cream of equanimity,
Till skimmed, and then there was some milk and water.

Lastly—

O beautiful, and rare as beautiful!

we have the man who falls into the ranks of life without grumbling or ado of any kind; lives and loves cheerfully, "wisely," and "well;" cultivates pleasures where they do not bloom naturally; laughs with the happy and weeps with the mourners; has an eye for the orange blossom and the funeral plume; is at home with prattling childhood and "narrative old age;" carries a sunshine about with him that sends the Smelfungus and Mundungus class of human owls hooting and blinking into holes and corners; in one word a perfect Horatio. We see the man, as we write, in our mind's eye. He hath not six-feet-six in or out of his boots, but is of moderate stature and comely appearance; he is neither a sloven nor an Adonis, neither a Maw-worm nor a "fast man." He hath gently curling locks, of an excellent chestnut color, and his eyes are of a warm blue—of a warm blue, by all means, forasmuch as there be eyes called azure, whose every glance is "nipping and eager." He hath a full chest, and a ruddy complexion. He is fond of the open air and of free exercise, heart and lungs being of goodly size—

His shoulders broad, his arms lang,
Sae comely to be seen.

So that we can very well understand of the maiden how it was that—

Aye she loot the tears down fra'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

He hath a pleasant voice, an open manner, a habit of cordial greeting, and hearty hand-shaking,

thout being rough over it, like some vulgar
blows who can never

Teach themselves that honorable stop
Not to *outrage* discretion;

so are most distinctly nuisances, pure and sim-
ple, because

The man who hails you "Tom!" or "Jack!"
And proves by thumps upon your back,
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it!

happy Horatio is not prone to extravagances of
any kind. For children he hath cherries, for
young maidens chaste but loving kisses, for old
men counsel and aid in their little dilemmas, for
d ladies cough-drops and consolation. He is
not proud in prosperity, neither in adversity doth
he look down his nose. He is the very man—to
borrow an expression of Leigh Hunt, speaking
of "Tom Campbell"—the very man you would
walk through ankle-deep snow, on a December
night, to spend an hour with!

In daily life, it is not often—far from it—that
we encounter the man of Horatio stamp. When
we do so, however, there is no mistake about it—
he is at once recognized as a happy fellow.
amid all the cross-currents and conflicting influ-
ences of modern civilization, and the ups and
downs resulting from complicated social relations,
we see at once that he "stands four-square,"
whatever winds may blow. We instantly feel
the charm of that repose, and that spontaneous-
ness which ever belong to harmoniously developed

character, precisely as we feel in our intercourse
with women and children. Your unhappy man
has neither repose nor freedom of action. Gil-
fillan and Lady Hester Stanhope between them
have perfectly hit off the character of that type
of uncomfortableness, that most un-Horatian be-
ing, Lord Byron, and it is in point to quote their
words. Gilfillan attributes to him "the activity
of a scalded fiend"—while the lady says, "he
never seemed to do any thing without a motive,"
—two leading features in the picture of an un-
happy man. The characteristic of a *happy* man
is cheerful spontaneous action, with an evident
capacity for repose; and

Blest are they

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
as to yield that result. Where, however, the
natural constitution is not what we have taken
upon ourselves to call Horatian, it is possible to
subdue its restlessness and make it happier in
action without a continual eye to results. Let
it not be said that we introduce incongruous ideas
into this paper, when we add, that a genial piety
is the medicine that best "ministers to a mind
diseased" with the Faust-like disquietude of
modern life. A genial piety takes root most
readily, of course, in cheerful natures; but in
every soul the necessary result of unbroken trust
in "a faithful Creator," is repose, simplicity,
harmonious unity of character. God is great!
"The world is a beautiful world, after all," and
the true "happy valley" is the serene depth of
a man's own spirit.—*Tait's Magazine*.

THE PHANTOM.

LAST even, when the sun was low,
I walked, where those bright waters flow,
Where we two wandered long ago;

With sad, slow steps, I lingered o'er
The ancient woods, the river-shore,
Where thou, alas! art found no more;

The winds that shook the dying flowers,
The echoes stirring in the bowers,
Seemed as the voices of those hours;

With raptured eyes I pierced the gloom,
With tears that might have thawed the tomb,
I cried unto thy spirit, "Come."

"Come forth," I cried 'twixt hope and fear,
"It is the hour when none are near,
Oh! come, beloved, meet me here."

The mere leaves flitting in the dell
Whispered scornfully, as they fell,
"Death is Death, immutable."

* * *

Was it sad fancy's dreaming eyes,
Or an answer to my sighs?
Methought I saw a shadow rise.

Slowly it passed into the gray,

With mournful eyes half turned away;
And I heard a pale voice say,

In tones beyond imaginings,
As when the wind with tangled wings
Is fluttering amid tuneful strings,

"The Living cannot know the Dead,
But the spirit that is fled
In good things past is perfected:

"The bliss of life it felt before
Thrills the spirit o'er and o'er,
Love increaseth more and more;

"Never sorrow, never fear;
I am near thee, ever near,
Wakeful, more than eye or ear;

"Sometime, dearest, we shall greet
Each other in this valley sweet;
The Future and the Past shall meet;

"Sometime, we shall linger o'er
These ancient woods, this river-shore,
These walks where I am found no more;

"Sometime, when the sun is low,
We shall wander, well I know,
Where we two wandered long ago."

F. THURYSON.

HART'S ESSAY ON SPENSER.*

THE age of Queen Elizabeth was not more remarkable for the singular rapidity of its intellectual development, than for the extraordinary character of its literary product. Two centuries had elapsed since the sun-burst of old Chaucer, and during this long interval an almost Gothic darkness pervaded the land; the only evidence that the poetic faculty had not entirely died out, being a few rude lyrics, and the simple but romantic ballads which were sung by wandering minstrels. The fanciful but not wholly unmusical strains with which Surrey, Wyatt, and Gascoigne delighted the court of Henry VIII., gave but feeble promise of the grander and more imaginative poems which half a century later were to immortalize the reign of the brave, coquettish woman-king, and girdle all the world with beacon-fires of song. Indeed the stout old maiden-queen had very nearly reached the mature age of fifty, and had held the sceptre of England with a firm grasp for more than twenty years, before her reign was honored with the advent of a poet worthy of remembrance. Then, suddenly, and almost without forewarning, rose, brightening and dilating through the twilight of the time, Shakspeare, Marlow, Chapman, Decker, Greene, Peele, Nash, and Heywood, followed by Jonson, Massinger, and Ford, and a multitudinous galaxy of lesser stars. Simultaneous with these glorious dramatic poets, uprose Spenser, Drayton, and Daniel; Chapman, whose racy and idiomatic translation of Homer puts to shame the emasculated Homer of Pope; and Fairfax, whose spirited rendering of Tasso excels, in an equal degree, the rapid dilution of Hoole. Greatest among these for fertility of invention, affluence of imagination, and melody of rhythm stands Edmund Spenser, the friend alike of the many-sided Shakspeare, and the heroic Sir Philip Sidney.

Concerning the life of Spenser we may briefly say, he was born in London, in 1553, and at the age of twenty-seven was appointed secretary to the viceroy of Ireland; having been presented at the same time, on condition of living thereon, with a grant of three thousand acres of land, forfeited by the rebel Earl of Desmond. Ten years later, Spenser dedicated the first edition of his *Fairy Queen* to Elizabeth, who acknowledged the honor with a pension of fifty pounds sterling

per annum. From this period the poet visited England occasionally. In 1597 he returned to Ireland, but was driven from it the following year by the insurgents under the rebel chief Tyrone, who burned his house—Kilcoman Castle—to ashes, and compelled him to fly with such precipitation that his infant daughter perished in the flames. Spenser never recovered the blow. Broken down by his late reverses he sought refuge in London, where, three months later, at the age of forty-five, he died.

A very dear friend of ours was the first to point out the analogy existing between the poetry of Spenser and the Gothic in art; and the resemblance will be found singularly striking, both as regards structure and embellishment. A Gothic minster may be termed an allegory hewn out of stone. Those old architects spiritualized their conceptions. They "builded better than they knew." Their work expressed an under meaning. All the lines tended upward. The ground-plan was crucial, and even the elaborate tracery within and without, was expressive of a mystic purport only partially revealed to the gazer. The singularly harmonious proportions of the structure, its aerial grace, and its general artistic beauty, one may be prepared to understand; but unless our perceptions are quickened by the acute analysis of some guiding mind, thoroughly conversant with the more recondite philosophy of the details, we shall still remain ignorant of what is most essential to a just appreciation of the genius of the architect, and the profound intelligence by which he was guided in his work.

As with the old Gothic minster, so will it be found with Spenser's glorious allegory. The few who really read it, cannot fail to admire it; but there is not one, unless he himself is a patient and unwearied student of the art, to whom the whole world of its undermeaning is revealed in all its mystic grace and beauty, or who can fully estimate the poet's delicacy of invention, supported as it is by the most wonderful executive skill. To attain this higher range requires, with most of us, the aid of an enlightened expositor, capable himself of comprehending the infinity of detail, and of clearly conveying its significance to the general reader. In this capacity, those who desire to really understand Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, need ask no more intelligent instructor than Professor Hart, whose work is not merely a running commentary upon the text of Spenser,

* Spenser and *Fairy Queen*, by Professor John S. Hart, L. L. D. Hayes and Zell, Philadelphia.

but a lucid exposition of the entire story—a lifting up of the veil of Allegory, and showing in the clearest light the exquisite character of the workmanship and its marvelous poetic beauty.

One of the causes why Spenser is so little read at the present day, Professor Hart attributes to the excess of his imagination leading him to elaborate every picture, by which the continuity of the story is broken up, and the aggregate becomes a succession of tableaux. Another reason he assigns is the obsolete words scattered throughout the poem, and its antique spelling. This opinion, with all due deference to so accomplished a scholar, is only partially correct. The want of connection between the several parts of the story is undoubtedly a drawback, and the obsolete words are indeed likely to puzzle a beginner; but the difficulty as regards the spelling will be found to exist in the eye rather than in the intellect, for when the poem is recited aloud by a good reader, the spelling modernizes itself to the ear of the listener, and the sense becomes at once clear and lucid. No, it is not so much the obsolete words, which a glossary will define, nor the uncouth spelling, which the ear corrects, as the imperfect manner of the story. We also think, though Professor Hart does not, that its allegory repels. We know very well that Bunyan's *Pilgrims' Progress* is an allegory, and that it is also a popular book with all classes of readers; but the allegory of the inspired tinker is so transparent that it presents none of the difficulties of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*. The names of Bunyan's characters are, so to speak, Anglicized; that is, they are expressive of their several qualities, and thus afford, as it were, a continual key to their actions. We might add another reason for the popularity of Bunyan's book—the story is of itself intensely interesting in spite of its allegorical character.

Another, and perhaps more potent cause for the neglect of Spenser lies in the fact that the present age abounds in discursive readers, and shallow thinkers. We have become intellectually indolent. We find it easier to skim the surface of things than to dive for the pearls which lie beneath. We shrink from the task of solving a problem or weighing an argument, and willingly accept the conclusions of others, rather than undergo the fatigue of forming an opinion for ourselves. In this respect the multiplicity of books has become injurious to us. We do not now, like the scholars of old, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the volumes that are placed before us; but shrink sensitively from every thing we cannot comprehend at a glance, and yawn over profound thoughts or lovely images which

only partially disclose themselves. If we desire to know more concerning them, we cry out lustily for an interpreter. It is to supply this want, so far as Spenser's *Fairy Queen* is concerned, that Professor Hart has written the admirable expository volume now under notice. "The subject," as he truly says, "has not been without its difficulties. To analyze with discretion the workings of the human heart in these great departments of moral action; to catch the spirit and meaning of the concrete and poetical symbols of the author; to extract from the flower of poesy, and present in marketable form, the honey which it contains; to present to the imagination such pictures as should tend to cultivate and elevate the taste and enkindle in the heart a love for the good, the beautiful, and the true; to give so much of the story as to make the characters and pictures intelligible to all classes of readers, without taking from the poem the zest of novelty to those who may have the leisure and the inclination to read it for themselves, and without wearying those who have read it already; to penetrate the instructive mysteries of Belphebe and Amoret, and Britomart, and Florimel; this, let it be said, has required something beyond mere verbal criticism, or historical and grammatical illustration. It has been necessary rather to abstract the mind from the piles of erudition with which the subject is loaded, and to read the poem, as the Christian should read his Bible, with a perpetual appeal to the silent expositor within. It has been necessary to turn the thoughts continually inward, and to draw from the very pentalia of consciousness that which was intended to sink equally deep. If the instruction thus intended has not entirely missed its aim, if any hitherto undeveloped germ of thought or taste has been quickened into life, if any spring of emotion has been set free, if any subtle chord heretofore quiescent has been touched and caused to vibrate, if (to resume a former figure) the genius of Spenser has been so conducted as to excite in any good degree the dormant electricity of others, the labor bestowed upon the attempt has not been entirely in vain."

Labor in vain it certainly has not been, but labor well bestowed, and upon a subject worthy of the commentator's best powers. The vast scope of Spenser's original plan was to exhibit in twelve separate books, the twelve moral virtues, as exemplified and perfected in the person of Prince Arthur; the crowning purpose of the poet being, in his own words, "to fashion a gentleman, or noble person, in virtuous and gentle discipline." Of these twelve books he only lived to compose six, so that, in one sense, the *Fairy Queen* may be regarded as a magnificent frag-

ment. Yet, as each book is rounded and complete in itself, the only real difference is that the design was restricted to the illustration of six moral virtues, instead of a round dozen. Adopting, very judiciously, as we think, the synthetic, in preference to the analytic method, in the composition of his essay, Professor Hart commences with the opening scene of the poem, and proceeds, book by book, to unfold the esoteric meaning of the poet, as involved in the incidents of the story, and the characters which are from time to time introduced. Of the nature of many of these characters Professor Hart has given us so clear an insight, that, to the general reader, he may be said to have vitalized them, the sketches are so admirably drawn, and the coloring so perfect. Indeed, when we say that we regard them as equal in every respect to Mrs. Jameson's admirable sketches of Shakspeare's heroines, we only assert that which we believe will be borne out by the opinion of every unbiassed reader. Witness, for instance, the following masterly portraits of Belphebe and her twin-sister Amoret.

"Belphebe is Spenser's idea of absolute virginity—of a being possessing all womanly perfections, except that which is most characteristic—having all the grace and delicacy of her sex, without its dependence—not like Britomart, unloving because she has not seen the right one, or not appearing to others to love because she successfully conceals her feelings:—but one who can pity the misfortunes or admire the noble qualities of a man, as she would those of a woman; who does not love, because in the composition of her heart there is no mixture of that subtle element on which love feeds; whose want of love is not want of feeling, nor the result of disappointment, much less of chagrin; who can sympathize with the pains and alleviate the distresses of a wounded squire, as she would those of a younger brother; in whose bosom there is no latent, undeveloped want; to whose eyes the magic mirror of Merlin would reveal only a group of sisterly nymphs, a medicinal herb, or a wounded deer; in whose tender and graceful stalk (to vary yet once more the expression) neither the germ has been retarded by late spring, nor the bud blasted by untimely frost, nor the flower already faded and fallen, but its sap, by native constitution, contains only that element which produces branches and leaves—a plant, flowerless, indeed, but graceful, unchanging, perennial, green.

"Belphebe is not a perfect woman. Her imperfection, however, is of a kind which makes her more admirable, though less interesting. In proportion as she is less womanly, she is more angelic.

"Spenser's devout loyalty to his sovereign, the Virgin Queen, as well as the native bent of his mind, led him to admire beyond bounds such a character as this. He has lavished upon it the riches of his genius with a most profuse and hearty liberality. The birth of Belphebe is one of his master-pieces. He describes this event, in the first place, in a few general terms, which seem to be a sort of ottar of roses, the very quintessence of poetry.

Her birth was of the womb of morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous prime;
And all her whole creation did her shew,
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.

"Belphebe had a twin-sister, Amoret. The babes had been stolen from their sleeping mother on the day of their birth by two of the Goddesses, and educated separately according to the tastes of their foster-parents. Diana, or Phoebe, the Virgin Goddess, the alma mater of one, made her, as we have just seen her, the peerless virgin, Belphebe. Venus, Goddess of Love, took the other babe, the infant Amoret, to the gardens of Adonis, and caused her to be trained in all the arts and mysteries of perfect womanhood.

"By the Amoret of Spenser we are to understand one whose perfections and imperfections are the counterpart of her sister's; who is both less angelic and more womanly, who is made to love and to be loved; who finds not only her happiness, but her honor and her perfection, in a feeling of dependence upon another; the rays of whose beauty diffuse warmth as well as light; whose delicacy is not the angular and facial exactness of the diamond, hard, bright, and cutting, but the soft repose of a sunbeam upon a bank of violets; whose love is not the playful and sparkling jet d'eau of the wild Florimel, nor the deep, concealed fountain of the haughty Britomart, but a full, broad, generous stream of affection, through which pours every energy of her soul. Amoret is a being too earnest to be coy, too confiding to be jealous. She bestows her love, not as a boon to another, but as a necessary gratification to herself. Her love is twice blessed. It blesseth her that gives and him that takes. Her repose is not inward and within herself, but outward upon another. She experiences a high gratification in knowing that she is loved, but a still higher one in loving. There is in her love a fullness, strength, bounty, simplicity, and entireness, to which one of the very best historical parallels is to be found in the heart of Spenser himself, as poured forth in the Sonnets and the Epithalamium."

The character of Scudamour, the accepted lover of the fair Amoret, is thus given by Pro-

fessor Hart. It is not only an appropriate pendant to the previous sketch, but is of itself a fine example of word painting.

"As the accepted lover of Amoret, the reader feels all along that Scudamour *ought* to be a noble and worthy knight. But it is not until we hear from his own mouth, this modest account of his exploit, that we understand and appreciate his real worth. His character has in it nothing to dazzle or astonish. It does not strike suddenly the imagination, but wins upon us by degrees, gaining successively our confidence, our sympathy, our admiration, our unreserved affection. He has not the thoughtful and solemn heroism of the Red-Cross Knight; nor yet the faultless, but somewhat insipid composure of Sir Guyon; he is at a still further remove from the cruel levity of Paridel and Blandamour. In his joys and his sorrows, his achievements and his perfections, his friendships and his love, he comes more within the pale of human sympathies than any of the male characters in the Fairy Queen. He is indeed Spenser's idea of perfect Manhood, without superhuman endowments, or any extraordinary mission:—one to whom the heart goes out with a warm and inspiring confidence—a man having the masculine ability, the strength, moral and physical, which secures to him the entire respect of his own sex, while, to the woman of his choice, he gives a love deep, earnest, abiding, and unreserved—the counterpart and correlative of Amoret's love for him."

There is perhaps a little too much of a generalizing tendency in the annexed sketch of the beautiful, but bold, bad woman, Radigund; but it is very vigorously drawn, nevertheless, and is a character such as would have befitted Rembrandt to paint, and one which only a Siddons could have looked and acted to perfection.

"This fierce Amazon is the woman whose character the reader is to solve. Her name is Radigund. She has some points in common with Britomart, if it be permitted to say that a woman so bad as Radigund, is like a woman so good as she of the "heben spear." There is in both a fearless self-reliance, a force and earnestness of character, a masculine energy of purpose, an entire ability to join in the rude encounter of life, of which there are few examples in any age or either sex.

"But likeness is not identity. The points of difference between Britomart and Radigund are far greater than the points of similarity. Especially do they differ in the governing motive by which their energy is directed. The object of Britomart is to protect herself—to maintain her own independence, and that of her sex. Radigund's object is the contemptible ambition of

lording it over the other sex. The effect of this difference in the governing motive, shows itself in their whole characters. The one is a being refined, pure, serene. The other becomes coarse, turbulent, and base. The virgin snow, just fallen upon the frosty ground, might be the emblem of the one. The emblem of the other would be that same snow in a thaw, sullied with the warm breath of the south wind—unsightly and unsafe. Britomart's energy is that of a deep, rapid stream fed by springs; so clear is its current, you can hardly believe in its rapidity and its force, till you attempt to resist its progress. Radigund is a mountain torrent, swelled by heavy rains; violent and resistless, but turbid and devastating. Each of these women finds herself, unexpectedly, vulnerable. But this discovery in the case of Britomart, leads to the development of the crowning virtue of her character, a noble affection for Artegal, which is equally worthy of its object and its subject—of him and of her. Radigund's wound, on the contrary, becomes a festering sore, irritating and unclean.

"I have spoken of Radigund as coarse. Let not the expression be misinterpreted. It is moral, not physical coarseness, that is intended. She is represented as having youth, beauty, elegance of manners and appearance, and whatever else is necessary to make her a gentlewoman—except gentleness of purpose. Hers is a coarseness, not of brawn and bone, not even of intellect, but of heart—a vulgar thirst for revenge, and a paltry love of rule, not compatible with her true dignity as a woman.

"Radigund represents a class of characters, rather than any single character. I know not that I can point to any one entire correlative in modern society. Some of her features may be seen in the miserable jilt, who trifles with the most serious interests this side of the grave, for the paltriest of all possible gratifications. A still more striking development of Radigund in modern society, may be seen in the domestic tyrant, whose aim is to govern her husband,—who, in common parlance, loves to 'wear the'—garment which I suppose must not be named."

As an offset to the above we shall close our extracts with an analysis of the character of the gentle-hearted shepherdess, Pastorel. Taking it all in all, it is the most perfectly finished sketch in the whole book.

"This old man, the foster-father of Pastorel, had found her, an infant, in the open fields, and having no other child, had nourished her as his own. Pastorel knew not that she was not his daughter. Neither Melibœus, nor any of his neighbors, knew her real parentage; though in the exquisite native graces of her now budding

womanhood, the practiced eye of one who had seen much of life, might detect evidences of gentle blood. The simple-minded shepherds and shepherdesses among whom she lived, did not, of course, enter into any such speculations about her. They only knew they loved her with a sort of affection which they never thought of entertaining toward one another, or toward any one else that they had ever known. She was among them, but not of them, a sweet and gentle being, meek, winning, pleasant to all; and, what is most difficult, giving no pain or offense, where she was obliged to withhold her love. She did not scorn those poor people. Why should she? They were her people. She had never known any other. In a certain sense, she loved them all—loved even Coridon, who so haplessly sued for her hand—she wished him well; she wished them all well—she was grateful for their thousand kindnesses. Those dear old people, father and mother as she believed them, she would have shed her heart's blood for them. And yet within that maiden's breast was a spring of emotion which had not been touched. *The music of the soul goes out only to the touch of a kindred harmony.* 'T was not that Pastorel despised the rustic garb or humble lot of her companions. Within her was a sense of the beautiful which found in them no correlative. Love is based upon admiration; it is a kind of idolatry; and there was in them nothing which she could idolize. Yet she was not discontented and fretful at her condition. She had known nothing in human character superior to what was around her, and probably was not conscious to herself of possessing, as she did, the capability of an emotion, exquisite as the rose in the sunbeam, yet delicate as the lily of the valley. The chemists will prepare you a compound, a sort of invisible ink, colorless at first, and giving to the casual beholder no evidence of the letters which with it you have traced upon the virgin paper. But once expose that paper to the heat or the light, and every mark and line becomes at once visible. *Man knows not himself, till circumstances and occasions have brought out his latent capabilities and emotions.* Pastorel was contented, for she was not conscious of the want which really existed within

her bosom. She knew not the idolatrous admiration which could be excited in her mind, for the qualities calculated to call forth that admiration had never been presented to her—she knew not the ecstasy to which she could be raised, for no idol had yet been placed before the altar of her affections. It was not till the arrival of the gentle stranger, and the knowledge of his noble and gracious qualities, that she knew herself.

"Pastorel, if I am correct in my analysis, is certainly a beautiful idea. The reader of the poem will find nothing more exquisite among all the creations of Spenser."

The praiseworthy task which Professor Hart imposed upon himself, that of making the text of Spenser easy of comprehension by the modern reader, he has accomplished with a skill and success which leaves nothing to be desired. With this essay by our side, and the *Faërie Queen*, as Spenser wrote it, lying before us, all the difficulties which previously attended its perusal vanish like mist at sunrise, and we enter the world of the poet's creation with our vision cleared of its obstructing haze, and prepared to enjoy and properly appreciate the exquisite beauty of the scenes he has painted, and the personages he has introduced. We have indeed leisure for more than this, for we also have time to weigh considerably the high moral purpose involved in the allegory, and to relish, with undisturbed gratification, the noble lessons with which this grand poem abound. If Shakspeare is a king, in his own realm, Spenser, in his peculiar province, wears with no less grace and dignity the insignia of royalty. Each in his particular sphere reigns supreme, and without co-rival. Both are immortal names, and both worthy of that reverence with which the world now justly regards them. To many, Spenser's greatest work has been a sealed book. It need be so no longer. In this essay of Professor Hart will be found all that was before needed to a perfect comprehension of the meaning of the poet; and from this time henceforth no reader who desires to understand with ease to himself the *Faërie Queen* of Spenser should fail to avail himself of the essay, which forms its explanatory guide.

SONNET.—SOMNUS.

SOMNUS, thou son of Erebus and Night!
When golden day declines, thou from thy cell,
Where dreams and airy phantoms love to dwell,
Com'st to vouchsafe a boon of dear delight.
Thy magic rod can give divine repose,
When light thou hoverest o'er poor mortals' bed,
Or walkest round the couch with noiseless tread,

The sorrower's aching eyelids now to close.
Oft have they named thee sister of pale Death,
Since over Memory thou canst lethé shed,
Yet to the weary frame thou art the bread
Which keeps existent life's all-precious breath.
Unvisited by thee, how vain is man,
Whose life, at best, is but the shortest span. W. A.

ANNIE LIVINGSTONE.

Nor far from the straggling village of Nethan Foot, in Clydesdale, stood, many years ago, a small cottage inhabited by a widow and her two daughters. Their poverty and misfortunes secured for them a certain degree of interest among their neighbors; but the peculiarities of the widow prevented much intercourse between the family and the inhabitants of the district.

In her youth "daft Jeanie," as she was called in the village, had been the belle of Nethan Foot; but by coquetry and love of admiration, she had excited great jealousy among the girls of the country side; and her success in securing the handsomest lad in the place as her husband had not tended to increase her popularity. Those days, however, had long passed away. A terrible calamity had befallen her; and one single night had deprived her at once of home and husband. A sudden flood, or "speat," of the river had inundated their cottage; and in their endeavors to save the wreck of their furniture from destruction, her husband had lost his life, and her eldest daughter received such injuries as to leave her a helpless cripple for the rest of her days.

Jeanie, never very strong-minded, broke down completely under these accumulated misfortunes; and though her bodily health was restored after the fever which followed, she rose up from her sick-bed an idiot, or rather what is called in Scotland "daft,"—that peculiar state of mind between idiocy and mania.

The charity of a neighboring proprietor gave her a cottage rent free, the Nethan Foot people gave what help they could in furnishing it, but they were themselves too poor to do more, so that the whole support of her helpless mother and sister devolved on Annie Livingstone, the younger daughter, a handsome girl of fifteen years of age.

It is only by living among the peasantry of Scotland that we learn fully to appreciate the warm heart and heroic self-sacrifices which are often concealed under their calm exterior and apparent coldness of manner; and no one unacquainted with her previous history could have guessed that Anne Livingstone, the blithest hay-maker, the best reaper, the hardest worker in the field or house, the most smiling, cheerful, and best-conducted girl in the valley of the Nethan, had some sorrows which fall to the lot of few in this world. Day after day she had to leave her bed-ridden sister alone and untended to seek a scanty means of subsistence for the family in out-of-doors labor; while more than half of her

hours of rest and refreshment were occupied in running down to the cottage, to see that Marian required nothing, that her mother had remembered to make the porridge, or having done so, had given Marian her share instead of devouring it all herself. But a want of care of her helpless daughter was not the only thing Annie had to dread from "daft Jeanie." The peculiar temper and disposition of her girlhood subsisted still, and no longer kept in check by intellect, displayed themselves in a thousand vagaries, which rendered her the laughing-stock of the village, and caused bitter mortification to her daughter. Once or twice Annie had ventured to interfere with her mother's modes of proceeding, but instead of doing good by her endeavors, she not only brought upon herself reproaches, curses, even blows, but by exciting the revengeful cunning of madness, occasioned the perpetration of malicious tricks, which greatly added to her previous annoyances.

It was wonderful that in such circumstances the young girl contrived to keep her temper and good spirits; but she was well-principled and strong-minded, and as she sometimes said when the neighbors pitied her for what she had to bear—"Eh, woman! but the back is made for the burden; and He that has seen fit to gie me heavy trials has gi'en me also a stout heart and braid shouthers to bear them. And better than all, He has given me my ain dear Mair'n to be a help and comfort to me in all my difficulties."

"A help, lassie? A hindrance you mean."

"No, woman, a help. Gude kens my spirit would fail me out and out if I had na Mair'n to keep me up—to read to me out of the ~~Lord's~~ book—for you ken I am no a great scollard mysel'—and to learn me bonnie psalms and hymns to sing when I am dowie (disheartened)."

The picture displayed by these simple words was a touching one; but much more touching was the reality of Annie's devotion to Marian. When her day's labor was over, she hurried back to her poverty-stricken home; and having swept out and dusted the kitchen, and set on the kettle for tea—an indulgence which she labored hard to afford the invalid—she would creep up the ladder-like stair to the loft, which was her sister's sleeping chamber, and, wrapping her in an old shawl, would carry her carefully down stairs, place her in her own peculiar chair, and wait upon her with the tenderness of a sister and the watchfulness of a slave.

When tea was over, the open Bible was laid on

the table; a splinter of the clear cannel coal of the country, which the very poor of the district frequently use instead of candles, was set on the upper bar of the grate; and by its flickering light the two sisters would spend the evening together, the younger employed in darning and patching their well-worn garments, the elder in reading to her from the holy volume. Meanwhile, "daft Jeanie" would wander in and out, backward and forward, sometimes amusing herself with playing spiteful tricks on Annie—to whom, as years went by, she seemed to take a strange antipathy—sometimes sitting cowered up on the hearth, maundering and moaning, and, in spite of their efforts to the contrary, producing the most depressing effect upon her daughters' spirits. At such times it was useless to try to induce her to go to bed; her natural perversity seemed to find pleasure in refusing to do so, till Annie, worn out by her hard day's work, was ready to fall asleep in her chair, and was yet unable to go to bed till she had seen her mother safely in hers.

In spite of these disadvantages, however, Annie grew up a handsome, cheerful girl, respected by all who knew her, and dearly loved by those who were intimate with her. But she had very few intimates. She had no leisure to waste in idle gossip; she could not spend an evening hour in rambling by the sparkling Nethan water, or by the banks of the stately Clyde; no one ever found her loitering in the hay-field after the sun went down; no one ever met her at a kirn (harvest-home) or other rural gayety; and even on "Saturday at e'en" she would hurry home to Marian, rather than join the group of merry lads and lassies gathered round the village well. Marian was her one engrossing thought—to be with her, her greatest happiness; and no holiday pleasure could in her eyes equal the delight she felt when, on a summer Sabbath afternoon, she carried her helpless charge in her arms to the top of Dykiebutt's field, and let her look at the trees, the skies, and the rushing water, listen to the song of the lark as it fluttered in the blue ether above them, or to the mavis singing in the old apple-tree that hung its branches so temptingly over the orchard wall.

But a time came when what had hitherto been Annie's greatest pleasure, was put in competition with one far greater; when the heart that had lavished so much affection on her crippled sister, and had stood steady in filial duty to a selfish and lunatic mother, was subjected to a trying ordeal.

One eventful year, when an early spring and intensely hot summer had caused the corn-

of rapidity, that the Irish reapers had not yet made their appearance in the neighborhood, it was announced throughout the vale of Nethan, that if every man, woman, and child in the district did not aid in getting in the harvest, half the crop would be lost. Now, as David Caldwell, the tenant of Blinkbonnie farm, was a great favorite in the neighborhood, everybody who could handle a sickle responded to his appeal, and made quite a "ploy" (fête) of going to shear at Blinkbonnie. Marian Livingstone had been so great a sufferer that season, that Annie had given up farm-labor for "sewing-work," as she called embroidery, that she might be more at home with her sister, and secure a larger income; but sedentary employments were so repugnant to her naturally active habits, that she rejoiced at the necessity which forced her to join the reapers, for David Caldwell himself had asked her to come, and he and his family had been too steadily kind to Marian for her to refuse such a request, even had she wished it. But she did not wish it; and she was among the first of the reapers who appeared at the farm.

Blinkbonnie was, as its name suggests, a very pretty place. Situated on the slope of a gentle hill that faced the south, it was the earliest farm in that part of Clydesdale; and as the winding river bathed the foot of the hill, and the woods of Cragneithan clothed the opposite bank, it was also a favorite resort of the young people of the neighborhood, who found a drink of May Caldwell's buttermilk, or a bite of her pease-meal scones, a very pleasant conclusion to their evening strolls. In short, Blinkbonnie was as popular a place as the Caldwells were popular people, and everybody did their utmost to get in the corn quickly. As we have said, Annie Livingstone was a good hand at the "heuk," or sickle; it was therefore natural that the best "bandster," or binder of sheaves, should be selected for the part of the field where she was; and much rural mirth and wit were shown in the endeavors of two very different people to secure this honorable title, and its attendant position. They were Alick Caldwell, the farmer's brother, a journeyman carpenter of Nethan Foot, and Jamie Ross, the blacksmith, who had been friendly rivals all their lives, and were so in the present instance; but Annie was by general vote chosen umpire between them, and she gave judgment in Alick's favor.

In those days the Clydesdale lasses wore the old Scottish peasant-dress of the short-gown and petticoat, one which is, we fear, almost exploded, but which was as becoming as it was convenient. In it many a girl, who would have looked commonplace in modern costume, appeared piquant,

not pretty; and to Annie Livingstone it was peculiarly suited. Her broad but sloping shoulders, and her rounded waist, showed to great advantage in the close-fitting short-gown, whose clear pink color, contrasting with the deep blue of the linsey-woolsey petticoat, gave a look of freshness and cleanliness to her whole appearance, which was enhanced by the spotless purity of her neckerchief, and the snowy whiteness of her throat. In short, with her well knit figure, her rosy cheeks, her smoothly snooded hair, her dark eyes, and her "wee bit mouth sae sweet and bonnie," Annie was altogether a very comely lassie; and when she blushed and looked down, as Alick thanked her for the judgment given in his favor, he thought her so very pretty, that he was strongly tempted to catch her in his arms and give her a hearty kiss—a mode of expressing admiration, at which many girls in their primitive district might have been more flattered than annoyed; but there was something in Annie Livingstone's whole manner and conduct which made it impossible to take such a liberty with her.

Nevertheless, when the reapers returned home that night, Alick refused his brother's invitation to remain at Blinkbonnie; and he not only contrived to keep near Annie all the way home, but was waiting for her next morning at the end of Dykiebutt's field to escort her to the farm, and made himself agreeable to her on the way thither, by promising to show her where she could find some wild flower roots, which Marian had long wished to have transplanted to their little garden.

"It is a pity, Annie, that you do n't turn this rail-yard of yours to better account," Alick said that evening, when, on the plea of carrying the roots for her, he accompanied her down to the cottage; "it would grow potatoes and turnips as well as kail, and that would make a pleasant change for Marian."

Annie blushed.

"Maybe so," she said, ingeniously, "but I have nae time for garden-work. I wish whiles that I had, for Mair'n is terrible fond of flowers."

The hint, so unintentionally given, was seized with avidity, and from that time forward many of Alick's leisure hours were devoted to Annie's garden, and not a Sunday passed over without a visit from him to "daft Jeanie's" cottage to bring a nosegay for Marian. Such consideration affected Annie very much; but Alick's weekly visits, after a time, gave her almost as much pain as pleasure. It was delightful, certainly, to see how happy they made Marian; and to herself, personally, they were in every way gratifying, she did so like to hear her sister and Alick talk together, to listen to their remarks on the

books they had read, and the thoughts they had thought; and to feel that, unlearned as she was, she could appreciate the intellectual gifts which both possessed, and which they had the power of giving forth so well; but she soon found that to her mother Alick's presence was very distasteful. So long as he was there, she kept tolerably quiet—a stranger's presence generally has a certain control over persons afflicted as she was; but the moment he quitted the house, she indemnified herself for her enforced good behavior by increased restlessness and ill-temper; she abused Alick in no measured terms, ill-treated Annie worse than ever, and made Marian suffer in consequence.

And yet it was impossible to put an end to Alick's visits. If Annie told him not to come to the cottage, he said, with a smile, "that he would not, if she forbade him, come ben the house; but he could not leave the garden uncared for, nor could he do without seeing her and Mair'n on Sabbaths in Dykiebutt's field. Mair'n would miss him if he did not come to see her, and bring her nosegay, and carry her down to the water-side, or to the bonnie firwood on the Lanark road; it was so dull for her poor body to spend ilka Sabbath in Dykiebutt's field. Besides, Mair'n liked him to come, whatever Annie did."

Poor Annie's heart beat fast.

"Oh Alick!" she began; but suddenly recollecting herself, she stopped abruptly, and no persuasions could induce her to finish her sentence.

She felt intuitively that it was not only to talk to Marian that Alick came so often. She was conscious that it was not Marian's eyes he sought when he spoke those beautiful words which caused her heart to glow, and which seemed to shed on earth, and tree, and sky, a glory they had never known till now. But she felt, also, that this ought not to be, that in her peculiar situation she was not entitled to encourage such attentions; and yet—and yet, alas! she could not be so unwomanly as to tell him plainly that she understood why he lavished so much kindness and time on her sister. No, she had nothing for it but to let things take their course, and strive to guard her own heart against him. She no longer, therefore, interdicted his visits, but she took every opportunity that offered to leave him alone with Marian, and steal out, meanwhile, to the most sequestered spots near at hand, where she might commune with her own heart, and seek from Heaven the strength necessary to sacrifice her own hopes of happiness to the claims of duty, and the comfort of her helpless charges.

Thus time stole on, till one evening, on one of these lonely strolls, she chanced to meet some of her acquaintance walking along the road in the Craignethan direction. They greeted her heartily, and asked whether she would come with them to the preaching.

"The preaching!" she said. "What preaching?"

"Eh, lassie, did you no' hear that Mr. Cameron, of Cambus, is to preach the night in the Campfield? He is a real grand preacher. You had best come."

Now this invitation was very tempting to Annie, for she could not afford time to go more than once a fortnight to church at Lanark, seven miles distant, and she liked nothing better than a "grand preacher;" while enough of the old imaginative Cameronian temperament remained in her to make an open-air service more agreeable in her eyes than that in a church.

"You see, Annie," her friends continued, "the day's preaching is a kind of trial, to see if the folk care for good doctrine; and if they come, we hear tell that Mr. Cameron will preach there ilk other Sabbath. Sae, come awa, like a good lassie. Marian can weel spare you for a time."

"Maybe she can spare me the day," Annie answered, "for Alick is down by yonder the now, sae she will no' be wearyin' for want of me. Just bide a minute till I see."

And away she flew to make the proposal to Marian. *She* gave her unqualified approbation to Annie's going; but a shadow passed over Alick's face, even while he volunteered a promise to remain with Marian during her sister's absence, and added, with a laugh, which somehow had little mirth in it, that he had just been telling Marian that he thought he must set on the kettle himself the night if he was to get his tea with them, for Annie seemed to have forgotten them altogether.

"Oh, no, I'll sort the kettle," Annie said, nervously, and she lifted it from the crook, and proceeded to fill it with water at the well; but Alick took it from her, saying at the same time that "it would set her better if she gaed to her ain room, and made herself braw for the preaching."

The touch of bitterness in his tone as he said this, brought the tears to Annie's eyes. He little guessed how willingly she would have given up the preaching, any thing, to spend an hour in his company, if *it had been right*; but she felt that it was not so for either of their sakes, so she brushed away her tears, smoothed her glossy hair, put a silk handkerchief he had given her round her neck; and having seen that Marian had every thing she required, and that her

mother was quietly asleep in her chair, she hurried to join her friends.

It was a lovely September evening. The leaves were bright with the tints of early autumn; the apple-trees, for which Clydesdale is famous, laden with golden fruit, hung temptingly over the orchard-walls; and the high-road, passing through a gently undulating country, abounded in charming peeps of the ever-flowing Clyde, whose varied banks, sometimes rich in wood, sometimes hemmed in by massive rocks, and sometimes skirted by a gently-sloping and extensive meadows, comprise some of the fairest river-scenery in Scotland. Annie, however, walked forward with a heavy heart. What was it to her that the sky was bright, and the sun brilliant? that the soft, fleecy clouds piled themselves up in fantastic forms round the horizon, and that all nature seemed happy and joyous? There was an oppression on her spirits she could not shake off—a feeling that some crisis of her fate was at hand which she had no power to avert, but whose consequences would take the life from her heart, the glory from her sun and sky. Alick had spoken to her as he had never done before, as if he thought that others might have more influence over her than he had, as if she could care for any one thing or person in comparison with him; and when she tried to fix her thoughts on the place to which she was going, and for what purpose, Alick's voice rang in her ear—Alick's sad, disappointed look haunted her memory; and she reached her destination long before she had regained her composure.

The Campfield was a small holme, washed by the Nethan Water, which, making a sudden whirl at that point, surrounded it on three sides, while the fourth was bounded by a wooded hill, which separated it from the ruined Castle of Craignethan. It was a tradition in the country that the spot had been a camp of the Covenanters, in the days of Claverhouse, and that a band of the Royalists had been defeated there before the great battle of Bothwell Brigg. The people of the district still point out the path by which the Covenanters gained the hill that commanded Craignethan Castle; and allege that, for a time at least, the Royalist fortress was in their hands. At all events, the place is so connected in their minds with the days of the Covenant, that it is a favorite site for a field preaching; and nothing can be more picturesque than the scene it presents under such an aspect. The steep hill-side, the murmuring water, the soft thymy turf, the crowd of listeners, in every attitude of earnest attention, hanging on the eloquent words of the preacher, take one back to the old times when, in caves and dells, and bleak moorsides,

the stern men of the Solemn League and Covenant listened to the truth at the risk of their own lives, and those of their nearest and dearest. Just such a preacher as might have led these warlike and determined men was Mr. Cameron, of Cambus. He was old in years, with silver hair and wrinkled brow; but he had a clear, penetrating eye, and that look of power, mingled with gentleness, that uncompromising love of right and truth, which strike conviction to every heart, and rouse men's souls to do or die.

At any other time Annie Livingstone would have listened to the preacher with a kindling eye and a glowing cheek, but to-day she sat there, pale and cold, struggling to quell the tempter that whispered to her to forsake her natural duties for the love of one who was becoming dearer to her than all the world besides. She fixed her eyes on the minister—she endeavored to follow his words, but the prayer fell unheeded on her ear; and when the full swell of the psalm, preceding the sermon, rose into the air, her voice, generally the clearest and sweetest of the congregation, quivered, and was silent. But the music was not wholly without influence on her tortured heart; and when they resumed their places to give ear to the sermon, her spirit felt more attuned to the duties of the hour.

The text given out was this:—"No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." Annie started as the words were uttered, and as she listened to the doctrines which Mr. Cameron deduced from them, she felt as if he must have known her inmost thoughts, so forcibly did he warn his hearers of the sin of forsaking the true and narrow path of duty to follow the devices of their own hearts, so powerfully did he press upon them the necessity of sacrificing all that was most dear to them, if it even threatened to interfere with the appointed course of life which God had traced out for them. Annie's heart beat painfully, for she knew too well that he spoke the truth. She felt that if she became Alick Caldwell's wife she could not then perform, as now she did, those filial and sisterly offices which had been hers from childhood, and which it would be mean and criminal to forsake. When she rose to receive the old minister's blessing, she vowed with a sad heart, but a steadfast spirit, that, come what would, she would abide by her duty. Poor girl! she little thought how near and severe a test was awaiting her.

"Annie," said a voice at her ear, as she turned to leave the Campfield; "did you no' ken I was so near you?"

Alick need not have asked the question, for the sudden flush of the cheek, and the quick

bright sparkle of the eye, were enough to show her previous ignorance.

"Marian bade me follow you, lassie. She said she did not like the look of the sky, and would feel mair at ease if I convoyed you home."

"Hout," said Annie hastily; "what makes Mair'n sae timoursome? The sky is blue and bright, and even if it should be wet, what does a drop of rain signify?"

"I thought you would have liked me to come, Annie," was Alick's simple answer.

Annie turned away her head to conceal how much his sorrowful tone affected her.

"Ay, so I do," she said with assumed cheerfulness; "but I dinna like Marian being left alone, so we had best walk fast hame," and she quickened her pace. As they did so, a distant muttering of thunder was heard, and Annie added, "Marian was right, after all. It is wonderful how she guesses some things, Alick. She is like the birds and the beasts that get restless and uncomfortable before a storm, although there is not a sign of it in the heaven's bigger than a man's hand."

"That ane is bigger," Alick said, pointing to a mass of threatening cloud which was rapidly covering the sky; "and if you would take my advice, Annie, you would gang with me to Blink-bonnie, and bide there till the storm is past."

"No, no," she said nervously; "I maun gang hame to Marian, and my mother, poor body."

Alick remonstrated no further, but silently followed her, as she flew rather than ran in the direction of Nethan Foot. It was growing very dark, and the rest of the congregation, having no such call as Annie's to hurry homeward, had already taken shelter in the cottages near Campfield, advising her, as they did so, to follow their example.

"I cannot," she said; "I must get hame, 'deed must I; and striking off from the high-road, she hurried along the by-path by the Nethan Water. The evening grew darker and darker; it seemed as if the twilight had been forgotten, and the bright day had suddenly been merged in night. The thunder became every moment louder, and the lightning flashed through the trees with fearful brilliancy. The river roared along its banks; and as they approached the spot of the Nethan's confluence with the Clyde, even Annie's brave spirit trembled. She wondered whether they could cross the stepping-stones in such a flood, and in such darkness. But she had a strong will; she knew the stones to trust as well by night as by day; and beside, the storm had so lately begun, that the Nethan, she thought, could not have risen very much. So she hurried forward still faster, and her foot

was already on the overhanging bank, when Alick drew her forcibly back.

"Are you mad, Annie," he cried, to try the stepping-stones in such a speat?" (flood). And he threw his strong arms round her.

"Let me go, Alick! I must get hame to Mair'n," she said, struggling to get free; and she might have succeeded in doing so, for she was nearly his equal in physical strength, had not a vivid flash lighted up the scene at the moment, and shown her the peril which awaited her. The generally calm Nethan Water was seething like a cauldron, and careering down to the Clyde with uncontrollable force. As if a thick curtain had been withdrawn by the flash, she saw sticks and stones whirled past her by the raging and boiling waters. She saw the banks giving way before her eyes, and the trees that grew on them nodding to their fall. It was a glorious but terrific picture, as the whole bend of the river illumined by that fearful light shone out for one single instant, then disappeared in the darkness. But short as that glance had been, it had shown her that had not Alick pulled her back, she must have been engulfed in the waters, and no mortal power could have brought her to shore alive. The imminence of the danger from which she had been saved overcame her with a sudden weakness; she trembled; her struggles ceased, her head drooped on Alick's shoulder, and she burst into tears.

"Annie," he said soothingly, "dinna greet, for you see I couldna let you drown yoursel' afore my een, and no' try to save you;" and the stalwort arms that had lately so sturdily opposed her will, now folded her in a close embrace.

"Oh, Alick," she replied, with her usual simple truthfulness, "it's no' that gars me greet but the thought that my willfulness might hae cost your life as well as my ain."

He stooped down and pressed a first kiss on the brow that still rested on his shoulder.

"Annie, my own Annie!" he whispered; "what would life be to me wantin' you?"

"Dinna say that, Alick," she said, hurriedly, and rousing herself from the momentary yielding to her softer feelings; "this is neither a time nor a place to think of such things. I maun gang hame to Mair'n."

It was impossible for Annie after that Sabbath adventure to conceal either from herself or Alick that they loved each other dearly; but no persuasions could induce her to consent to be his wife. In vain he represented that he should consider Marian's presence in his household as a blessing, and that he had been so long accustomed to her mother's ways that he should find no

difficulty in accommodating himself to them. "It was true that Mrs. Livingstone was a little afraid of him, but that was so much the better, as it evidently kept her in check."

Annie shook her head.

"She knew better what her mother really was, and to what she would expose them both; and she loved Alick too dearly to inflict such anxiety and annoyance upon him."

"Then could she not remain in her present home and have a lassie to wait on her?" Alick asked. He was well to do in the world; he could easily afford the expense, and that would make all straight.

But Annie was firm in resisting every temptation. On that same night when Alick had saved her life, she had knelt down by Marian's bed, and in her presence had vowed a vow to the Lord, that nothing should ever persuade her to yield to him in this matter. And she would not, she could not, be forsworn.

"Well, well, Annie," Alick said with a faint smile; "a willful wife maun ha'e her way. He that will to Couper maun to Couper; but if Annie Livingstone is no' to be my wife, de'il tak' me if any other shall have me." And he marched out of the cottage.

The tears sprung to Annie's eyes—they came there very often now—but she wiped them away, and said—

"Ay, ay, he thinks so the now; but men canna wait as women do, hoping and hoping when the heart is sick and the spirit faint. He will marry some day; and if it be for his happiness, I will be thankful."

Still it was very hard for her to be thankful, when, year by year, she saw him courted by the bonniest lasses of Clydesdale; or learned that Alick Caldwell had been the blythest singer at the Hogmenay (last night of the year) ball at Blinkbonnie, or that every one suspected that the fine valentine Ellen Lauder got on St. Valentine's day came from "bonnie Alick." At length the report of his engagement to Ellen became so prevalent, that even Marian believed it; and one fine day, when returning from Lanark, where she had been to carry home her "sewing work," Annie herself met Alick and Ellen walking together in the fir-wood. A pang went through her heart at this confirmation of all she had heard, and she was startled to find from it how little belief she had hitherto had in the truth of the story. Yet it was only natural and right that it should be true. It was now three years since she had refused Alick, and very few men would have waited for her so long.

Thus thinking, she was a little surprised to see him come to the cottage as usual, and bring

with him Marian's nosegay, and some numbers of a periodical, with which he had supplied her regularly since its commencement. But though he had not forgotten to be kind to Marian, Annie fancied that he looked less cheerful than he generally did; and, with the view of putting him at ease, she took courage to congratulate him on his marriage to Ellen, and to wish him every happiness.

He got up, and advancing straight to the place where she stood, he took her two hands in his, and said seriously—

“Annie, do you mean what you say? Do you really believe that I love, or, rather, that I mean to marry Ellen, while you are still Annie Livingstone?”

The color came and went in Annie's cheek, and her eyes fell under his steady glance; but she answered faintly—

“I did mean it, Alick; and I think you would only do what is right and prudent if you married her.”

“And you, Marian,” he said, turning to the poor cripple. “What do you think?”

“That a man is the better of a wife, she said quietly, “and that as you will never get Annie, you might just as well take Ellen.”

Alick looked distressed, and muttered—

“‘For if ye forsake me, Marian,
I'll e'en tak' up wi' Jean.’”

That is what the auld sang of the Ewebuchts says. I ken that,” he added; “but it is not my doctrine, Marian. I consider marriage in a higher and holier light; and if Annie refuses me, I must e'en rest as I am. So now you have my thoughts on the matter, and you must never again insult me by believing the nonsense of the Nethan Foot chatterers.”

And thus things went on, month after month, and year after year; and the only comfort poor Annie had in her life of trial was the conviction that she was doing her duty. As age advanced on daft Jeanie, she became more unmanageable; and all the exertions her daughter could make were scarcely sufficient to keep her eccentricities within bounds, and to support her and Marian. But Annie contrived it somehow; and not even Alick guessed the bitter struggles, the personal sacrifices, the weariness and the starvation she endured to keep her poor mother from the parish, and to provide for Marian the little luxuries which in her position were actual necessities.

The end, however, came at length, and when it was least expected. “Daft Jeanie” took a fever and died, and Annie's toils were comparatively light thenceforward; but in one particular it seemed as if the release had come too late, for Alick, weary of waiting as many years as Jacob

served for Leah, had quitted Nethan-Foot a few months previously. Some said he had gone to Edinburgh, some said to London; but, at all events, he had disappeared entirely from the neighborhood; and in those days of heavy postage, so little intercourse was kept up between distant friends, that even his brother at Blink-bonnie only wrote to him at long intervals. Thus it happened that nearly a whole year elapsed ere Alick learned “that daft Jeanie was gone at last, and a' the folk thought poor Annie had a good riddance of her; but nevertheless she looked mair ill and pale than she had ever done before.”

The news caused Alick to hurry back to Nethan-Foot, and one beautiful spring afternoon he reached the home of his childhood. He had walked from Lanark; and, somewhat overcome by heat and fatigue, he paused under the shadow of the fir-wood to collect his thoughts ere he re-entered Annie's cottage. He looked down on the Clyde and its rolling waters, on the green grass fields, on the apple orchards, white with blossoms; and as he recalled the many trifling incidents which connected Annie with these familiar objects he pictured how she would greet him now. Would not her eyes light up, as they used to do long ago, when he chanced to come on her suddenly? her cheeks brighten, and her lips smile upon him? and would she not speak to him as she had spoken on that eventful night, in that sweet, touching, tearful voice that still rung in his ear? The very thought of it made his heart bound within his breast, and caused him to quicken his pace as he took the path leading to the cottage. To his surprise he found several groups of people gathered round the door; and there was something in their strange way of looking at him, as he advanced, that sent a chill through his veins he scarce knew why.

“How is Annie?” he asked abruptly of an acquaintance who stood in the doorway.

“Gang in yoursel' and see,” was the enigmatical answer; “her troubles are past, to my thinkin'.”

What did the man mean? Alick had not the courage to ask the question in words; but, on entering the kitchen, he turned white and faint, as the mourning groups standing round seemed to give a dreadful confirmation to his fears.

“Annie, Annie!” he exclaimed, as he darted forward toward the inner room, “I maun see my Annie ance again.”

He rudely thrust aside those who strove to prevent his entrance into the chamber where the corpse lay.

“She's there, Alick,” they whispered, “but you mauna gang in, you mauna gang in.”

Alick made no answer, but pushed open the

half-closed door. On the rough kitchen-table stood the open coffin; men and women were gathered around it; and the expression of deep grief that clouded their faces destroyed the last glimmer of hope that lingered in his breast, and for an instant he stood powerless. But the noise he had made on entering had caused the mourners to turn toward the door, and one of them, with a shrill cry, sprang toward him, and flung herself into his arms.

"Alick, dear Alick, are you come at last?"

She said you would come, and that none but Alick Caldwell should lay Marian Livingstone's head in the grave. And you *are* come! His name be praised!"

That night Annie Livingstone spent alone in her desolate cottage; but a little time afterward she quitted Nethan-Foot as Alick Caldwell's wife; and her after-life gave proof that a good sister and dutiful daughter are sure to make a good wife and a good mother.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

'Tis coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder.
'Tis coming! yes, 't is coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time,
Foretold by seers, and sung in story;
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory!
They passed, nor see the work they wrought,
Now the crowned hopes of centuries blossom!
But the live lightning of their thought
And daring deeds, doth pulse Earth's bosom.
'Tis coming! yes, 't is coming!

Creeds, Empires, Systems, rot with age,
But the great People's ever youthful!
And it shall write the Future's page,
To our humanity more truthful!
The gnarliest heart hath tender chords,
To waken at the name of "Brother;"
And time comes when brain-scorpion words
We shall not speak to sting each other.
'Tis coming! yes, 't is coming!

Out of the light, ye Priests, nor fling
Your dark, cold shadows on us longer!
Aside! the world-wide curse, called King!
The People's step is quicker, stronger.

There's a Divinity within
That makes men great, when e'er they will it.
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.
'Tis coming! yes, 't is coming!

Freedom! the tyrants kill thy braves?
Yet in our memories live the sleepers,
Though murdered millions feed the graves,
Dug by Death's fierce, red-handed reapers;
The world shall not forever bow
To things which mock God's own endeavor;
'Tis nearer than they wot of now,
When flowers shall wreath the sword for ever.
'Tis coming! yes, 't is coming!

Fraternity! Love's other name!
Dear, heaven-connecting link of Being!
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full-statured, grow far-seeing.
Thou shalt unfold our better part,
And in our Life-cup yield more honey:
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
And Love's own world, with smiles more sunny:
'Tis coming! yes, 't is coming!

Ay, it must come! The Tyrant's throne
Is crumbling with our hot tears rusted;
The Sword earth's mighty have leant on
Is cankered, with our hearts' blood crusted.
Room! for the men of Mind make way!
Ye robber Rulers, pause no longer;
Ye cannot stay the opening day:
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger,—
The People's Advent's coming!

KISSES.

One kiss more, Sweet!
Soft as voluptuous wind of the west,
Or silkenest surge of thy purple-veined breast,
Ripe lips all ruddily melting apart,
Drink up the honey and wine of my heart!

One kiss more, Sweet!
Warm as a morning sunbeam's dewy gold
Slips in a red Rose's fragrantest fold,

Sets its green blood all a-blush, burning up
At the fresh feel of life, in its crimson cup.

One kiss more, Sweet!
Full as the flush of the sea-waves grand,
Flooding the sheeny fire out of the sand;
On all the shores of my being let Bliss
Break with its neap-tide sea in a kiss!

Part First 973.
EDITH CLIVE.

BY CATHARINE BARTON.

PART I.

"I TELL you, daughter, she will never do for a governess," said the elder Mrs. Wallingford to her daughter-in-law.

"I shall make the experiment at all events," replied the younger lady. "The children have had enough of Miss Crofton, so I am determined to try something entirely different."

And Mrs. Wallingford, junior, took up a book, her usual way of ending a discussion with her mother-in-law.

The old lady's indignation knew no bounds, but as Constance preserved a rigid silence, (that safe answer to violence,) she at length saw all further effort vain, and drawing herself up to her utmost height, (which was very high indeed,) left the room.

Mrs. John Wallingford, the elder lady, was a woman of some strength of character, but more imperiousness of will, joined to an unbounded love of sway. She had successively ruled her husband, her son, her son's first wife, and in a measure his second wife also. But in the latter case she found a strong opponent in her grandson, Edmund Wallingford, who, detesting her with all the strength of a boy's dislike, was the more inclined to return the kindness of his step-mother, and availing himself of the privileges of an only son, stood forth as *her* champion on every occasion. Mr. Wallingford loved his wife with all the fervor of a younger lover, but he was of an open, unsuspecting temper, and no match for the art of his mother, whose unwearied endeavor was to throw Constance into the shade. He would have been agonized at the thought of her suffering from any external want; he could not endure to have her absent; was fretful and impatient when she was away, but he never asked himself if he treated her as the mistress of his house should have been treated; whether he showed her that respect before others, which would have compelled it from them. His mother had the art of raising a wind about whatever she undertook, however small a matter it might be. The act of placing a clean towel in its proper place, setting a chair in a straight line, which had before taken a diagonal position, wiping a tea-cup, or tying up a flower, called forth a degree of energy which perfectly astonished all beholders, for the great mass of people seldom remember that empty

metal always rings the loudest. Poor Constance, whose love for her husband was far stronger than her natural indolence, usually accomplished twice as much, but not being possessed of the art of bustleing, found herself overlooked, and in reality a mere cypher in her own house. "Mother, you will attend to such and such a thing; it's not worth while to trouble Constance about it," was a remark which often galled the wife, while it filled the old lady with triumph. On these occasions Edmund's sympathy was most dear to Constance, and the affection which grew up between them, was like that of an own mother and her son, in tenderness and strength, while Mrs. John Wallingford learned to dread the sarcastic tone and piercing glance of one, who, though so young, was so clear-sighted.

After a marriage of ten years, and when Edmund had attained his twentieth year, Mr. Wallingford died. His last sigh was breathed upon the bosom of Constance, and his last words were a blessing for her gentle, untiring love. After his death, his mother continued to reside in the family. A rich, fair, and young widow (Constance was thirty) needed a chaperone, and she filled the office of dragon to perfection. Constance was fondly attached to the memory of her husband, and had her mother-in-law contented herself with warding off undesired suitors, she had been a most welcome inmate; but Constance, in the first violence of her grief, had abandoned every thing to *her* direction, and when she at length roused herself to action, she found the sceptre wrested from her hands. It is easier to resign than regain authority, and the succeeding five years witnessed a secret struggle for authority between the two ladies. The more amiable temper of Constance would probably have yielded, but her affection for her children, aided by the co-operation of Edmund, made her firm where *they* were concerned. The Miss Crofton alluded to, was a governess of the grandmother's selection, but Edmund having discovered that when their mother was absent, the children were treated with a severity which destroyed both spirits and temper, insisted upon her dismissal, which she accordingly received.

It must be confessed that the new governess, Edith Clive, was as unlike her predecessor as possible. Instead of forty-five, she was nine-

teen; instead of being tall, thin, perpendicular, and hard-featured, she was rather below the middle stature, but so exquisitely proportioned you could scarcely deem it a fault; eyes of which no mortal could ever determine the color; they seemed to change from black to blue, from blue to hazel, but in each change most beautiful. A complexion which is often misnamed fair, of that rich hue whose transparency shows each emotion, by the quick varying color which mantles underneath, from the delicate peach-blossom to the deeper tint of the crimson rose; and dark-brown hair which (brush it vigorously as she might, to make it lie smooth and orderly as that of a governess should do) *would* curl in short, coquettish-looking curls on her finely rounded forehead. And then her voice, her laugh! no "lute's soft tone" could ever have bewitched you one-half so much. What wonder that Mrs. John Wallingford thought her a very improper person for a governess?

And yet she had been educated for that very vocation. She was the orphan and only child of a clergyman, who left her to the guardianship of an uncle, with the direction that the sum he had saved from a country clergyman's scanty living should be appropriated to her education. She was accordingly educated with a view to her own support, and her first essay in governessing was made in the Wallingford family.

"Well, mother," said Edmund Wallingford, who had been absent a few weeks on a jaunt to "The Falls," and the accompanying tour through Canada, "how do you like your new governess? The selection was the great subject of interest when I left home."

The mother's voice was drowned by the united expressions of approbation from his three little sisters, who were crowding around him with delight at his return, while little Lucy (who, being an infant at the time of his father's death, had always been Edmund's particular pet) unclasped her arms from his neck, and clapped her hands, as she drew a child's quick comparison between Miss Crofton and Miss Clive, and springing from his knee, declared her intention of bringing down the latter from the school-room, that he might himself see the difference without delay.

"Do not be in such a hurry, Lucy," said her mother, "Edmund will see Miss Olive at tea;" and Lucy was kept quiet by stories of some little Indian girls her brother had seen when away, and an examination of the presents of quill-work he had brought them all.

Tea-time came, but Wallingford forgot his appetite, which he had just before declared to have all a traveler's vigor, noticed not the stern glances

of his grandmother, or the half-suppressed smiles of Constance, as he gazed on the face of Edith Clive. And when she played and sang her sweetest songs, at the request of Constance, (who took a mischievous pleasure in teasing the old lady,) the enchantment was complete. He had considered Miss Crofton as an embodiment of the species governess, an evil to be endured, and his only interest in the matter had been the happiness of his sisters, but before the evening was over, he felt *his own* happiness was at stake with the young governess.

Long after he retired to rest that sweet face was before him, and when he fell asleep (for lovers will sleep like other mortals, in spite of witching reveries,) he dreamed she was a spirit, a fairy, an angel; and when the early sun peeped in through the blinds, a rich strain of music broke upon his ear. He rubbed his eyes. Was he awake? He could scarcely tell, till having hastily dressed, he half opened the blinds and looked into the garden, which was just below his window. There were Edith and his sisters gathering flowers to adorn the drawing-room and choice little boudoir, which was Constance's sanctum, for Edith soon learned that nothing pleased Constance better than fresh flowers arranged with taste. While thus employed, she was singing a morning hymn in which the children joined.

Softly breathes the morning air
O'er the flowers with dew-drops bright,
While the early sunshine throws
Gladness in its glowing light.

Darkness, gloom and night have fled,
And our Father's loving care
To his children brings the morn,
Rife with all things sweet and fair.

Thanks, kind Father, for thy love,
Thus our grateful hearts would pray,
Ever may thy shel'ring care
Guard us both by night and day.

Ever, while life's path is trod,
Still may we thy children be,
And, all gloom and danger passed,
Lead us up to light and thee.

Wallingford folded his arms on the window-ledge, and listened with his whole heart in the sound. The spell was broken by little Lucy, who had succeeded in getting off Edith's sun-bonnet, and twisting a rose-bud in her hair, but during the operation, the whole array of her thick tresses became loosened from the comb that confined them, and fell in disorder over her neck and shoulders. Edith laughed and shook her finger at the mischievous child, who sprang round her neck and devoured her with kisses.

"O look, Miss Clive, there is brother Edmund laughing at you," said Isabel, the eldest of her pupils, for Wallingford had unconsciously thrown the blinds wide open. Edith glanced up at the window, and then, covered with blushes, made her way into the house with all possible speed.

At breakfast Wallingford looked for her in vain. "Does not Miss Clive breakfast with us?" he asked.

"She breakfasts and dines with the children in the school-room, and it would be more proper if she took her tea there also," replied Mrs. John Wallingford, drawing herself up, as she always did when angry. He offered no reply to the remark, but resolved that she should throw no impediment in the way of his intercourse with Edith.

"Come in," said the sweet voice of the latter, as he knocked at the school-room door previous to his departure to New York, which was within an hour's sail of the residence of Constance and her family, and thither his professional duties called him daily.

"Have you any commands for the city, Miss Clive?" he asked, as she looked up from the copy she was writing for his sister Helen.

"None, I thank you," she replied, blushing slightly as the scene in the garden came to her mind.

Wallingford was punctuality itself. He was never known to be in the house beyond a certain time, but now he lingered till the voice of Constance was heard calling, "my dear Edmund you will be too late for the boat;" and her smile brought the color into his cheek, as she hoped he had been improving his time in the school-room as well as his sisters had done since they had been under the care of Miss Clive, and he hastened away, more to escape her raillery than to avoid losing his trip to the city.

He had only performed a simple act of courtesy from a gentleman to a lady, but acts of courtesy and words of kindness had been almost strangers to poor Edith since the death of her parents. For the last seven years she had been a dependent drudge in her uncle's family and nothing but a most happy and buoyant temperament, aided by deep religious principle, had sustained her; but she had learned to gather life's flowers and tread lightly on its thorns. The simple question, "have you any commands for the city?" at first excited her unbounded surprise, and then came the thought, "how kind, how like his sweet mother!" and the tone and look with which she thanked him arose in his mind, amid law-papers and clients, during the whole day.

And day after day passed by, and Edith Clive

won the hearts of all the household, with the exception of Mrs. John Wallingford. To Constance, who, as I have said, was somewhat indolent, she became perfectly indispensable.

"My dear Edith, (for she soon dropped the more formal appellation of Miss Clive,) will you see that the spare bed-room is in order. My friend, Mrs. Howard will be here to-morrow." Or, "Edith, dear, will you see every thing arranged for our guests this afternoon. A note from Edmund informs me that a perfect host of unexpected company will be here by the evening boat. The south, west, and little corner rooms will be in requisition;" and Edith, (who had been accustomed to perform the same services in her uncle's family, but without the smiling thanks that rewarded her here) would have all that related to the comfort of every one in perfect order. Fresh water and flowers in every room, while the bed-linen would be fragrant with the perfume of lavender and sweet-scented grass, which she scattered in that sanctum, the linen-closet, over which she now reigned supreme. Then Betty, the cook, would say, "Miss Clive, wouldn't you mix up some cake this afternoon? Your cake is so much lighter and delicater than mine," and Edith would good-humoredly relieve her of the trouble of cake-making, till Edith's cake became the only kind which could be eaten in the family. The laundress would come to her to learn how she plaited frills so nicely, and even the gardener, who seldom brooked any interference in his sphere, would ask her to select the flowers which were to adorn the drawing-room.

The children perfectly worshiped her. How they improved so rapidly, no one could explain, for sounds of merry voices, and peals of happy laughter were heard at all times from the school-room, but improve they certainly did, in a degree that astonished every one. Isabel, at whom her Italian music-master had groaned in despair, soon learned to play remarkably well for a girl of eleven, under Edith's tuition. Helen, the second daughter of Constance, had been pronounced a complete dunce by Miss Crofton, but now showed as much fondness for her studies, as she had formerly manifested aversion; "dear Miss Clive was always so kind and good, and took so much trouble to make her understand all she studied;" while little Lucy, who had hated the very sight of A, B, C, with her whole heart, was now deep in the mysteries of the art of reading. They were no longer the shy, nervous, reserved children who distressed their mother by their awkward ways, and were dull and uninteresting to strangers; but their spirits being allowed free play, and their energies enlivened

and well-directed, the difference was felt by both their mother and her friends, and by the former in a way which bound her heart to Edith Clive. And Wallingford began each day to grow more and more impatient for the hour of his return home, and when Edith was visible he was always at her side; no walk or drive was endurable unless she made one of the party, and the little bunch of myrtle and geranium which fell from her bosom, was pressed to his lips, and hoarded like a miser's treasure. Yet dearly as he loved her, and much as he longed to tell her so, he feared to lose her friendship in the effort to gain her heart. And yet he was proud. He knew well his own advantages of wealth, station and person, and he knew well that more than one fair hand would willingly have belonged to him. But what were all these advantages compared in his own mind to Edith Clive?

PART II.

"My dear daughter," said Mrs. John Wallingford, "I do beseech you not to make Miss Clive and yourself both ridiculous, by pushing her forward on the occasion."

The occasion in question was a party to be given by Constance, on Edmund's twenty-sixth birth-day, and Edith had just left the room to execute an order of Constance, when the remark was made.

"I shall let things take their own course," was the reply. "I shall neither push her forward nor keep her in the back-ground. I shall not do so injudicious a thing as to call for admiration of one whose own loveliness will be sure to attract it, nor will I try to throw her in the shade."

"Your infatuation, and that of Edmund, is a matter which is perfectly unaccountable to me. I presume I shall be told, before long, that I must prepare to receive her as a granddaughter.

"Nothing more likely," answered Constance, as she followed Edith out of the room.

"I will see if I cannot prevent *that*," thought the old lady, as she fanned herself with no little vehemence.

We honor old age, when, as we have seen it, it looks quietly forward to that world to which it is so soon to belong, with a heart dis severed from the interests of earth. We honor old age which can still sympathize with the hopes and wishes of the young, though with pulses calmed by change, and time, and thought. We can feel for, and gladly soothe the fretfulness of old age, when wearisome infirmities make life a pain; but we can neither love nor honor old age, when the evil passions of former years still sway the heart which should be filled with thoughts of

heaven. Then, alas! the hoary head is only a crown of shame.

The eventful evening of the party arrived, and Edith, in a simple dress of white muslin, with no other ornament than a wreath of geraniums in her hair, looked her loveliest, and Constance could not repress a glance of triumph at her mother-in-law, as Edith was besieged by solicitations for her hand in the dance. But the wrath of Mrs. John Wallingford was at its height when Mr. Elmore, the most distinguished looking man in the room, asked for an introduction to Miss Clive, while a pang passed through the heart of Wallingford as, after a few words spoken by Elmore, he noticed the smiles of Edith gave place to a flushed cheek and tearful eyes, while Elmore spoke in an earnest, animated tone.

"I think you must acknowledge our young friend is somewhat versed in the art of flirting," observed Mrs. John Wallingford, as Edith raised her eyes to the face of Elmore, with an expression of feeling unusual to her when conversing with a stranger.

In a fit of jealous petulance Wallingford approached them.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Miss Clive, but I believe you are engaged to me for the quadrille which is now forming," said he with an irritation in his voice and manner, which the subject did not seem to warrant.

"Miss Clive and myself are old friends," said Elmore, as he resigned her to him. "I had the happiness to have her excellent father for my tutor and friend, before I became your classmate at Harvard, and I well remember the mischievous little sprite who hid my books and pencils, and was sure to be forgiven, do what she would. But your friend will scarcely forgive me for making you so grave on the present occasion, my dear Miss Clive," he added, turning to Edith. "My reminiscences had been better deferred till a more fitting time." And bowing and smiling, he joined a group at the other end of the room.

Frederic Elmore had boarded in the family of the Rev. Henry Clive, the father of Edith, while his pupil, for three years, and the regard he felt for his estimable tutor was fully returned by the latter, while Edith had been his pet and plaything. After an interval of ten years, he had recognized the child in the woman, the moment he entered Mrs. Wallingford's parlor, while she knew not the boyish, laughter-loving student of eighteen, in the matured man of twenty-eight, till his name and the sound of his voice brought back to her mind her happy childhood, her father and her mother. And he spoke of her parents, of the dear old parsonage, of the little

village church half hidden by the elm trees, and all the well-remembered scenes of former years, till she forgot where she then was, as he drew these pictures of the past. He had recollected her as the loveliest child he had ever known, and after a long absence from his native country, endeavored to obtain from her uncle's family some clue to her present abode. But Mrs. Clive, her aunt, belonged to the class of match-making mammas, and having her own views on the rich and agreeable young bachelor, had no idea of throwing her niece in his way, and therefore evaded a direct reply. "Mr. Clive, who was absent, had the direction of Edith's location; she herself did not exactly remember it." Much disappointed, he had given up all hope of seeing her, and the meeting was, therefore, equally unexpected and pleasant to both.

She was silent and abstracted during the dance which followed; her mind was with the past, and Wallingford observed that Elmore watched her every movement with undisguised interest. "He cannot but love her, and she will love him, for he has all the advantage of early friendship and association with the past, and *my* dream of happiness is over," he thought as he led her to a seat, and Elmore was instantly at her side.

At length the evening, which had become intolerably long to Wallingford, came to an end; the last guest had departed, and as he made some casual remark to Edith, she started at the melancholy tone of his voice.

"Are you ill?" she asked with unconscious anxiety.

"Only *heart-sick*," he replied with bitterness.

She raised her eyes to his, with a look of sorrow and surprise. He could not stand *that look*, and bidding her "good night," hastily left the room.

"What is the matter with Edmund?" asked Constance of Edith, when Mrs. John Wallingford retired. "If you have been unkind to him, Edith, I shall never forgive you."

"I have *not* been unkind to him. How could I be so, when he is so kind and considerate to me?"

"Nonsense. You must know what I mean. He loves you; you know he does, and you must love him in return, for Edmund is dear to me as *my own son*." And Constance bent over her coaxingly, and kissed her cheek again and again.

Edith's face crimsoned, then turned deadly pale.

"My dear Mrs. Wallingford, you must not say so. The suggestion may make me miserable."

"I will say no more, Miss Clive. The occurrences of this evening have changed your feelings, I see. I will press Edmund Wallingford on

no one's acceptance. He is worthy of the hand of any woman."

And bidding her a cold "good night," Constance went to her own room, provoked beyond measure at Edith, for her attachment to her step-son made her unreasonable.

Poor Edith's pillow was wet with tears that night. She felt misunderstood by all, and yet would not have explained her real feelings for worlds. She had not dared to confess to herself how much she had learned to love Edmund Wallingford. He was proud—proud of his station, his name, his family, and well might he have been proud of his own talents, and the estimation in which he was already held in his profession; and Edith soon discovered this trait in his character. But *his* pride was different from the ordinary pride of ordinary minds. Above all things else he loved to do homage to mental and moral excellence, in whatever rank or degree of life he found it, and his heart soon discovered Edith Clive to be all he had imagined of female loveliness. Sometimes when his dark, earnest eyes were fixed upon her face, she had dared for a moment to hope that he loved her, but the thought was always put quickly away. "No, I will not indulge in a chimera which will destroy my peace," was her mental reply to the suggestion, and she would occupy herself more vigorously than ever, with the discharge of her various duties. Idleness is the food of hopeless love, but Edith gave her love no such sustenance, and her reward was perfect peace with herself and others.

But after this unfortunate party, all seemed changed. Mr. Elmore became a constant visitor at Mrs. Wallingford's, and each successive visit charmed him more and more with Edith, and she always welcomed him with the warmth of an open, frank heart. She was not one of those young ladies who see a lover in every mere friend, and not suspecting the nature of his interest in herself, gave free expression to the pleasure she felt at seeing him. To her he was a remnant of the past, the friend as well as pupil of her father, the favorite of her mother, one who could sympathize in her love and regret for the departed, but nothing more. Had she not loved Wallingford, she probably would have loved Elmore, but her heart was preoccupied.

Mrs. John Wallingford watched this game of hearts with a keen eye. She alone read Edith's feelings aright, but she determined no one else should. Frederic Elmore might marry Edith Clive and welcome; he was no grandson of hers, Edmund Wallingford never should if she could prevent it, and, accordingly, she took good care to point out to the latter every proof of Edith's

supposed attachment to Elmore, and her desire to please him. Constance forgot her usual amiability in her sorrow for the suffering of him who was to her as an own son, and grew cold and even petulant to Edith, while Wallingford, though still polite, maintained a formal reserve and distance, which, contrasted with his former attention and even tenderness of manner, wounded her deeply, while to Elmore, who had once been a favorite college friend and classmate, he found it difficult to behave with decent civility. Poor Edith! Only the children remained the same to her.

"Miss Clive," said Mrs. John Wallingford, as Edith sat alone in the school-room, (the children being out with their mother,) "I will take an old lady's privilege of saying a few words to you, for your own sake."

Edith bowed and looked surprised at the sudden interest taken in her welfare by Mrs. John Wallingford, and the old lady went on.

"You must have observed the change in Mr. Wallingford's manner to you, of late. He has discovered your feelings, with regard to himself, and wisely adopted a course of conduct calculated to put an end to any ambitious hopes you may have formed. I know that my daughter-in-law has foolishly encouraged you in the idea that your sentiments were reciprocated; but she was mistaken, for Mr. Wallingford's whole mind on the subject is known to me, and now also to her, as you see she has changed her mode of proceedings. It remains for you to decide whether it is consistent with the delicacy of a modest young lady to remain here under such circumstances, as you cannot but see your presence is a restraint upon us all."

She ceased speaking, and fixed her eyes on Edith, to mark the effect of what she had said. The poor girl made a violent effort to control herself, indignation dried up the tears which, at first, had been ready to flow, but she sat quietly to the end of the speech, and then thanking the old lady for her advice, begged to be left alone.

When alone she gave way to a burst of grief. What had she done? How had she exposed herself to Mr. Wallingford? were questions she asked herself again and again. But it made no matter *how*; she *was* exposed; Mrs. John Wallingford was right, and she must seek another home. But where was she to go? Her uncle would be enraged beyond measure at her losing so desirable a situation, and Elmore, her only friend, had been called suddenly away on business the day before, and even had he been at hand, how could she satisfactorily explain her sudden departure from so pleasant a home? "O, my father, my mother!" she exclaimed,

"would that the same grave had closed over your child!" But the feeling of despair was checked as her eye fell on her father's last gift, a pocket-bible. She took it up and read with a new interest the oft-perused sentence written by that lamented father, on the blank leaf, "for my child's use in after life." And then followed a selection of passages to which he wished her to refer in times of sorrow, and times of joy. She turned to the passages thus noted, and read till she became composed and even happy. "I have still youth and health and strength unimpaired," she thought, "and though I will love him, and pray for the blessing of Heaven upon him, all the days of my life, the fulfillment of new duties in some other home will bring me peace, and I will again be happy in making others so."

She was so much absorbed in her own reflections that she knew not how the time passed, till she was startled by Constance rushing into the room in a state of alarm.

"Edith, have you seen Lucy?"

"I have not. I was not aware you had returned from your drive."

"We have been home two hours, but I was detained in the parlor by company, and Lucy, it seems, has been missing nearly all that time."

Edith entreated her to be calm, as she hastily threw on her bonnet, and calling to Isabel, (who was thoughtful and considerate beyond her age,) she directed her, in a whisper, to send some of the servants to the Mill River Rock, if she did not return in a few moments.

The Mill River was a deep, rapid stream, a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Wallingford's house. The banks of the river arose perpendicularly from its bed, to a height of from three or four to thirty, and in some places more than forty, feet. The rock which bore its name was a natural platform of stone, about six feet above the water. On one side a rustic seat had been constructed, over which two young maples spread their branches, and slightly overhung the stream below. The whole scene was one of the most picturesque description, and the children were sometimes allowed to accompany Edith thither, but under a promise of strict obedience to her orders, to keep away from the edge of the rock in particular, and the margin of the stream in general, and their mother knew them to be safe under the careful eye of their young governess. But Lucy, who had always been somewhat headstrong, had determined to obtain a small branch of one of the maples, whose autumn-tinted leaves of scarlet and yellow shone brightly in the clear light of an October sun. Lucy was one of those children who have a rare tact at getting into danger, and during the Crofton reign had met

than one hair-breadth escape from since she had been under the care of had not been known to make any fresh her own life. There was something in the latter which kept her within. She dared not brave that truthful eye. Afternoon she was left playing on the with her sisters. During their drive home they passed the Mill River Rock, and the branch waved brightly in the wind. "Go on and get it, and come back before any one sees me, and then nobody will know where you are," she thought, as she saw her sisters engaged in their own sports, and she stole away unperceived. But the enterprise was more than she imagined. She was too earnestly to notice the approach of Edith, and she sprang at the coveted treasure as almost within her reach. Her foot slipped and she was precipitated into the water.

She swam down the bank a few yards farther, and the height from the water was only three feet. "Here will be none to mourn for me if I drown, but many for her," she exclaimed, as she jumped into the stream, and succeeded in rescuing the drowning child, who clung to her in a frenzy of terror. They were within two feet of the bank, but the current was so strong, and bore them irresistibly forward in spite of her efforts, which were impeded by the weight of poor Lucy. Twice she gained a footing, and then the current carried her onward. In vain she endeavored to grasp the branches of the trees and shrubs hanging over her head. She succeeded in one, but it gave way in her hold. The stream grew deeper and more wild in its course, and that they must be rapidly passing a spot where the most efficient aid would be in vain. She shuddered as she recollected the legend connected with the place. She must perish even within arms-length of the ground, and commending her soul to God, she pressed the now insensible Lucy to her and resigned herself to her fate. A dull, drowsiness crept over her, as she sunk in the dark, rushing water, when she was suddenly being grasped by a strong, nervous arm. She knew nothing more till she opened her eyes in her own room, at Mrs. Wallingford's, and her anxious face bending over her.

She could not recollect what had happened, it seemed as if she had awakened from a long dream; but soon came back to her the fearful struggles in that terrible water. "Oh! Lucy! Tell me of her," she exclaimed

"Lucy is safe, and perfectly well, thanks to you, my noble-hearted girl, and you were in turn rescued by Edmund," replied Constance, as she stooped down and kissed the pale cheek of Edith. "You have been ill of a brain fever for the last ten days, and must therefore keep perfectly quiet. All depends on that, as your fever is now broken. The peaceful sleep from which you have just awakened has saved you. Take this jelly, and then lie perfectly still, till I give you permission to stir," she added playfully, as she held some jelly to the lips of Edith, and then tenderly combed back the curls from her wasted brow, to soothe her to rest again.

Edith kept quiet as she was desired, but her heart was full of happy thoughts. She had saved little Lucy, the beloved of all, and she had herself been saved in turn by the hand of him she loved so well. *How well*, he would have given much to have known. And she knew not with what a desperate exertion of strength and courage he had snatched her from what would, in another moment, have been inevitable and fearful death. She knew not how, when he had borne her insensible form to the bank, he had pressed her to his lips and heart, and conjured her to awake by every endearing and passionate epithet, or how his restless footstep had paced through parlor and hall, in ceaseless anxiety for her recovery.

After a few days more, she was allowed to sit up, and then came a perfect deluge of flowers, books, engravings, and all else that could amuse an invalid, and when she was allowed to take a short drive, he stood at the door to carry her down stairs and lift her gently into the coach. He had loved her in all the brightness of her beauty, but he now loved that pale, wan face more dearly still, and all the former tenderness of his manner to her was restored. His jealousy of Elmore slept. It was joy enough, for the present, that she was obliged to lean on *his* arm for support, as she walked feebly about, and when returning strength made his attendance not so *very* absolutely necessary, he still hovered round and watched over her, all unheeding that every hour riveted her chains yet more strongly on his heart. And Edith under the influence of happiness and a naturally strong constitution, soon recovered her usual health, her cheeks their bloom, and her form and features their symmetry, while her school-room duties were resumed with more zest than ever. The attachment of the children to her was increased by the recollection of how much she had suffered to save the life of Lucy. Lucy had herself been brought into the room when Edith's fever was at the worst, and told that *her* naughtiness was the cause, and the

poor child's repentance showed itself in the most affectionate docility to her beloved teacher on her recovery.

Day after day passed away, and Edith each day resolved to speak to Constance, on the subject of her departure, and each day it seemed more difficult to do so. But Mrs. John Wallingford, who had left home during Edith's illness, was now expected to return in a week at the latest, and Edith felt she could not meet her caustic remarks, or keen eye, after their well-remembered interview. With regard to Wallingford, her heart was at peace. She felt he did not despise her, even if he had read her involuntary weakness, but her reason told her it would be safest for her eventual happiness to break away from her present home.

At length the effort was made, and she announced to the astonished Constance that she must leave her. In vain the latter entreated to know the cause of so strange a resolution.

"Do not distress me by asking the cause, my dear Mrs. Wallingford. It will be a hard trial to leave such kind friends, and be again thrown upon the world, but it must be done."

She covered her face with her hands, but the tears trickled through her fingers. At that moment the voice of Wallingford was heard in the hall below, inquiring for Miss Clive, and Constance, springing down stairs, hastily informed him of Edith's resolution and begged to know if he could guess the reason.

"I fear I can guess it but too well," he replied. "This letter will probably explain it all. It is from Elmore. I know his handwriting, for we have corresponded. Take it to her, my dear mother, that I may know the worst as soon as possible."

Constance took the letter from his hand. It was addressed to Miss Edith Clive, and directed to the care of Edmund Wallingford. She glanced at the agitated face of Wallingford, and judging it better to leave him, took the letter to Edith, who broke the seal unconcernedly, but after reading a few words, betrayed both surprise and emotion. The suspicions of Constance were confirmed, and not wishing to intrude on her confidence, she withdrew.

Edith had never imagined the real feelings of Elmore with regard to herself. Her surprise, therefore was great when she read his letter, containing an offer of his hand and fortune, and written in a manner which did credit to his mind and heart. It made no claim for an equal return of love, but urged her unprotected situation and the dangers to which one so young and lovely would be exposed. She read and re-read it many times. "Why can I *not* love him?" she asked

herself. "So generous, so warm-hearted, and withal, so cultivated and refined! Why should I pain him by a refusal, when he loves me, and he alone?"

Her heart gave answer why, as the form of Edmund Wallingford rose in her mind. She raised her eyes, and he stood before her. At that moment the voice of Constance called the children into her boudoir. Edith made a movement to follow, but Wallingford laid his hand gently on her arm.

"Will you not allow me a few moments conversation alone with you, Miss Clive?"

Edith took her seat in silence, but looked around in some alarm for her letter, which, in her haste, she had dropped upon the floor. He took it up and handed it to her.

"May I ask if that letter has any thing to do with your leaving us?" said he, as he fixed his eyes on her face.

"Nothing whatever." Her reply was firm, though in a low tone.

"Tell me frankly, dearest Edith, do you return Elmore's love? Do not trifle with me, but tell me at once if it is so. You need not fear to betray his secret, for his whole manner to you made it obvious to every one."

Had she heard aright? She became faint from suppressed emotion, but commanding herself she replied as firmly as before,

"Mr. Elmore was my father's favorite pupil, and friend also. He is connected in my mind with all that is most pleasant in memory, with my father and my mother. I value and esteem him as a friend, but nothing more."

He leaned over her, and spoke in a voice almost inarticulate from excess of feeling.

"If you do not love *him*, will you try to love *me*?"

Edith's answer is not on record, but as she sat the whole evening alone with Edmund Wallingford, in the recess of the bay-window which looked out upon the moonlit waters of the Hudson, and conversed in that low, soft cadence, which seems peculiar to lovers alone, we can presume it was not in the negative.

Great was the joy of the children when told that their dear Miss Clive was to be their sister, their brother Edmund's wife; and Lucy proceeded to make known her joy to every inmate of the house, wherever she could find a listener, from the attic to the kitchen. Bitter was the chagrin of Mrs. John Wallingford, when informed, on her return, of what had happened during her absence; but when she discovered that the young couple were to form part of the family of Constance—at the urgent request of the latter, who dreaded being left alone with her mother-in-

ablished herself in another abode,
and his wife remained with Con-
e old lady's death, which happened
er their marriage.

st returned from the wedding of
more and Isabel Wallingford, for,
ng some romantic theories on the
riend Isabel, she found it an easy
e a man seventeen years older than
united so many attractive qualities
d, and manner. I have stood upon
er Rock, while Lucy, now a charm-
teen, pointed out to me the scene of

their perilous adventure, and I have seen Edith
Wallingford, in her beautiful and tasteful home,
surrounded by her own sweet children, and
happy husband; and as I marked how lightly
Time had laid his hand upon her face, I involun-
tarily repeated those lines of Wordsworth's:—

“And now I view, with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath—
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.
And yet a spirit, too, and bright,
With something of an angel's light.”

DESPONDENCY.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

In my spirit, and a cloud upon my brow,
The fearful influence I bend in sadness now;
Tell, the reason I cannot well define,
The source of trouble is oped to me or mine.

Angels brightly, the air is bland and still,
They sing sweetly from the lowlands and

Some filled with fragrance are blooming by
Nest gentle music from the streamlet's
Pray.

Opposing spirit is spread a gloomy pall,
Funereal measure, those warbling voices

For the flowers—their bloom is naught to

And noxious vapor their perfume comes to me.

's beauty my mental eye is dim,
Soundeth to me like some mournful requiem.
So senseless to sweetest harmony—
Glorious sunshine should have no charm

I have seen more gloomy hours, and the past has brought
to me

A heavier cloud of trouble than just now my mind can see,
And I know not at the present why has come this boding
fear—

At the beck of what dark genius appears this vision drear

It may be that from the future this fearful gloom is spread,
The cloud foretelling tempests that will burst upon my head.
It may be that sounds of sorrow now falling on my ear,
Are the mutterings of thunder from a storm-cloud coming
near.

It may be that I, unfaithful, now bow in deep despair,
From a fear to trust my future to *His* guardianship and
care,

Who has spread a smiling gladness o'er all the verdant land,
And ever kindly careth for each creature of his hand.

Then I would with earnest spirit turn my eye to Him
above,

And rely with humble confidence upon a *Father's* love;
It should sure dispel all doubting, to know that *He* will be,
Through the dim and hidden future, a friend and guide to
me.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

Oh, sleep on, my gentle child,
Would not wake thee now;
Not mar the happy smile,
Rests upon thy brow.
Not wake thee from thy dream;
Thou too bright and fair.
Not change the holy scene,
Close of earthly care—
Dispel thy dream of heaven,
Thy rest so freely given.

My child, my gentle one,
Angels hovering near?
Gentle hands conducting thee
To an eternal sphere.
It claims thy spirit now,
Thy vision's lost to me;

Thou can'st not hear the sacred vow
Thy mother makes for thee—
Thou can'st not hear the earnest prayer,
That I am humbly asking *there*.

Smile on, smile on, my gentle one,
How bright thy dream must be;
How fair must be that spirit-land
That keeps thee thus from me:
How bright must be the eternal shore,
When life's dark scenes are past!
Wilt thou return to me no more?
Art safe at home at last?
Sleep on, sweet child, I cannot weep,
Nor can I wake thee from thy sleep.

E. S. J.

MEMOIR ON THE SMELT OF THE PASSAIC RIVER.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

THE SMELT. (See Engraving.)

The European Smelt; *Osmerus Eperlanus*.—Auctorum.

The American Smelt; *Osmerus Viridiscens*.—Cuvier, Agassiz.

The Smelt of the Passaic, identical with the European?

In the earlier investigations of the natural history of the animated tribes of this continent, it was the practice to refer all the individuals of the same family and order to the similar or cognate species, recognized and classified in the older countries of the eastern hemisphere, as if they were identical.

In this slovenly, inaccurate, and unscientific method, all small discrepancies, and permanent variations of structure, habits, etc., on which all true distinctions are founded, were either entirely overlooked, or summarily dismissed, as being accounted for by climatic degeneracy. An absurd doctrine, which, invented in the main by that fanciful theorist and incorrect observer, the Count de Buffon, has been adopted more or less generally by all writers, until the present generation; by which a far deeper and truer method has been introduced in all the departments of science. So that to the most careful observation of facts, the most rigorous examination of the narratives of observers, and the holding to the strictest accountability all relators of their experiences and discoveries, a thorough comparison of data and critical analysis of causes and results have been superadded.

In those days, eloquence, plausibility, a bold elaboration of brilliant and fanciful theories, imperfectly grounded on a few imperfectly considered and inaccurately recorded observations, assuming general facts where no such facts existed, or perhaps inventing them for the purpose of according with some preconceived theory, and at the same time proving its truth, were esteemed the great qualifications of the naturalist.

Hence, we constantly find, during this period, the terms *ingenious* naturalist, *ingenious* writer, *fanciful* and brilliant historian of nature, applied as conveying the highest praise, to a class of writers, from whom, least of all authors, are ingenuity, fancy, invention, and brilliancy to be looked for; and in whom, if they are found, they must be regarded as grave defects, not as qualities worthy of applause or imitation.

Patient investigation, careful and minute observation, close analytical comparison, and an earnest and scrupulous record of facts, ever self-doubting, and fearful of recording one atom too much, of assuming any thing however small which is not absolutely proven, and always distrusting evidence the more, the more it seems to establish his own foregone conclusion, or embryo theory, these are the true qualities which fit a man to become a useful observer, a practical student, and an earnest and genuine historian of nature.

These qualities it is, which have given immortal celebrity to the names of Cuvier, Buckland, Agassiz, of Wilson, Audubon, and Richardson, and others who have followed, and are daily following, in their footsteps, with the same painful and diligent inquiry after facts, the same persistency in truth, and the same love of science, for its own sake unadulterated, though it may be with less genius and acumen.

To these qualities it is moreover, of these great men, great naturalists, that natural history is becoming daily more and more an exact science, and that the love and true comprehension of it, instead of being limited as of old to a few bookish men, elaborating unproved theories in their studies, are gradually extending themselves to thousands of votaries, in the field, in the forest, in the arid desert, on the herbless granite, among the awful glaciers,

! the difficult air

Of the ice'd mountain's top,

who are gradually learning how profitably to observe, and how understandingly to record, minute and isolated facts, each of which is a connecting link in the great chain of philosophic evidence to the truth of nature. Hence it is, that no student, however humble, should hesitate to use his own eyes in seeing, and to set down briefly and truthfully what he sees, however trivial it may appear to him; for he must know that from a great accumulation of trifles, great truths are established; and that what may appear trivial to

his uneducated eye, might flash the great *Eureka* of a suspected system, to the penetrating glance of a Cuvier, a Lyell, a Humboldt, or an Agassiz. To return, however, to our starting point—

To the first vague and unscientific belief in the specific identity of the similar and cognate tribes of the American and eastern continents, there gradually succeeded the conviction, founded on long and patient examination of structural and anatomical differences, of various habits, relating to parturition, nidification, incubation, food, migrations, times and seasons, that few indeed of the American quadrupeds, birds, insects, fishes, and reptilia, however closely allied to the congenerous animals of the old world, even where to the common eye the identity would appear complete and unquestionable, are really identical with them.

The few instances which do exist of absolute identity are to be sought and found—of course no reference is here had to the domestic animals, the tribes of which were obviously imported hither by early colonists, and have been constantly maintained, renewed, and reinvigorated by subsequent introduction of stock—among the migratory animals, which haunt the extreme northern regions, within or closely adjacent to the Arctic Circles, where the two continents being conterminous and almost contiguous, and the climate, seasons, and products of the soil identical, no obstacles exist to the intermigrations of the neighbors of the animal creation.

The list of those animals, however, which are absolutely identical in the two hemispheres, is brief. It is limited, for the most part, to a few birds and fishes. Of the former, some of the northern *anatidæ* and *grallatores*, ducks and waders, a few *rapaces*, eagles, falcons, and diurnal hunting owls, and perhaps one or two of the *rasores*, in their glacial form of ptarmigans, with a very limited number of the finches and hard-billed seed-eaters, may be enumerated; not forgetting numerous gulls, terns, puffins, auks, petrels, and other sea-fowl. Of the fishes the identical species are probably more numerous, though, for obvious reasons, the history of the movements and migrations of these creatures, the majority of whose lives, being spent in a different and to us uninhabitable element, is, of course, in a greater or less degree, inscrutable and unknown.

Many of the family of *salmonidæ*, however, are known to frequent the shores and inlets of both hemispheres; as are many of the cetaceous animals, as also several of the *squalidæ*, including many varieties of the shark and dog-fish, besides crustaceous shell-fishes, and others on which it is unnecessary now to dwell.

Of quadrupeds the number is infinitely smaller, and is in process of daily reduction, as the habits and structure of the denizens of those remote and difficult regions are becoming better investigated and more thoroughly known. The greater polar bear, the blue and white foxes, and probably the white wolves, of the Arctic circle are common to the northern part of both hemispheres, as are also many varieties of the seal, walruss, and amphibious cattle of the great northern deeps. Whether the actual identity of the northern quadrupeds can be traced any further, is more than doubtful; the common wolf, the brown bear, and the lynx, or loup cervier, of the Canadas and northern United States, though closely congenerous, are indisputably distinct from the cognate animals of northern Europe, the same is the case with the foxes, varying hares, and murine and mustiline, mouse and weasel families, of the American, European and Asiatic continents.

The common deer are also distinct. That singular animal the musk ox of the high American latitudes, is unknown in the eastern Arctic regions; the beavers are distinct congeners; the European bison, or bonassus, *bos urus*, differs completely from the bison, misnamed buffalo, of the West; and, though unhappily the elk and reindeer of Europe and northern Asia have not been as yet sufficiently compared by competent examiners, with the moose and reindeer of this continent, to justify the enunciation of a positive opinion, as to their difference or identity, every thing that is known concerning them tends to the belief that they are not identical.

It sometimes happens, however, that while the two hemispheres possess each a distinct species peculiar to itself, that of the one occasionally wanders to the other locality. This has been found to occur with several of the duck family; that careful and accurate observer, Mr. J. P. Geraud, having seen at least one specimen of the English widgeon, *anas Pendope*, as distinguished from the American species, *anas Americana*, shot on Long Island; while I have myself, on four different occasions, killed the green-winged teal of Europe, *anas crecca*, as distinguished, by the absence of the white lunated shoulder-bar, from the species *anas Carolinensis*, peculiar to this country.

This, I suspect, will prove to be the case with the reindeer; for recent travelers lean to the opinion that there are more than one species or permanent variety of this animal found in America; and that the deer frequenting the "barren grounds," on the Saskatchewan, Coppermine and Mackenzie rivers is essentially different, beside being smaller and lighter colored, from the cari-

boo of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire and the British provinces, which latter I have long since satisfied myself to be at least one-third larger than the domesticated reindeer, *arvus Tarandus*, of Lapland and Finland.

That this is the case with the delicious little fish, known as the smelt, it is the object of my present paper to show.

The smelt, *osmerus*, is a small fish, with the capelan of the northern coasts, the smallest of the salmon family; being identified with that family by its second fatty dorsal fin, its dental structure, and other peculiarities, which fix it irrevocably as a salmon.

Until recently, as was almost universally the case, owing to want of careful and accurate comparison, the smelt of North America, which abounds along the eastern and north-eastern coasts of the British provinces and the United States, at the breaking up of the ice in the rivers in spring, was confounded with the similar fish of Europe, and was accordingly set down in all the earlier books as *osmerus Eperlanus*, the smelt.

It was, I believe, Cuvier who first distinguished the fish of the north-eastern waters, from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence so far westward as the Connecticut and Hudson rivers, as the American smelt, *osmerus viridiscens*, which name he gave to it, from the far deeper shade of green which prevails on the back, fading down to the lateral line, of the American fish. Its other structural differences are decisive; and it may be added that its size, which is superior by nearly two-thirds to that of the European smelt, its inferior delicacy on the table, and the far lesser intensity of that peculiar odor of cucumbers, which it exhales when freshly caught, and whence its name *osmerus*, as derived from the Greek *ὀσμερός*, "to give forth a perfume," are too remarkable to be overlooked.

In this classification and nomenclature all succeeding naturalists and ichthyologists have acquiesced, as Dekay, in his *Fauna of New York*, Agassiz, and others of competent authority; it is remarkable, however, that Richardson, in his *Fauna boreali-Americana*, speaking of the smelt of the St. Lawrence, seems to doubt the necessity of the distinction, perhaps for reasons to which I shall allude hereafter.

"It would seem, however, that these distinguished authors have gone one step too far, in denying to America, while they have vindicated her claim to a peculiar smelt of her own, the *osmerus viridiscens*, the possession of the smelt of Europe, the far-famed *osmerus Eperlanus*.

It was long ago pointed out to me by two gentlemen, of greater celebrity perhaps as epicures and critics on the noble art of good-living, than

as students of natural history or judges of the art piscatorial, that the smelt of the Passaic and Raritan rivers of New Jersey is an entirely different fish from the smelt of the Eastern waters, with which the New York markets are ordinarily supplied from the Boston fisheries, and the mouth of the Connecticut and other Eastern rivers.

The fact is also well known to the fishermen of New Jersey; and the smelt of the Passaic command an infinitely higher price than those from the Sound, in the New York markets. On my first taking up my abode on the shores of the beautiful river on the margin of which I write, my attention was more particularly attracted to this fish; and its differences from the common smelt of America became more evident the more closely they were examined. These, as appearing to the common and unscientific observer, were: 1st, the far inferior size of the Passaic fish, which begins to run up this lovely stream so soon as it is clear from ice, in order to reproduce its species in the clear, cold, highly-aerated waters of its tributaries.

Of five hundred specimens of this fish, closely examined, and accurately measured, wherever one presented itself of magnitude at all unusual, but *one* was found which came up to *ten*, and only five to *nine* inches in length; a majority were under six inches, many not exceeding five and even four inches, and seven would certainly be above a liberal average.

2d. Their color, which could in no sort be called greenish, *viridiscens*, the whole fish being of the most brilliant pearly silver, with the slightest possible change of hue of greenish blue along the ridge of the back, while the specimen was living, fading when dead into a very faint, greenish yellow, on the upper parts, above the lateral line, so faint, indeed, as to be scarcely perceptible.

Observe, in this particular, that the eastern smelt, *osmerus viridiscens*, which certainly averages eleven or twelve inches, rarely falls short of nine or ten, and is often found up to sixteen and even eighteen, is of as dark and rich a mottled shade of carulean green, from the dorsals to the lateral line, as a freshly run salmon, *salmo salar*, with the same silvery whiteness of the lower regions.

3d. The peculiar *cucumber* odor, in the freshly caught fish, and the extreme delicacy of the flesh, both of which are so far superior in the fish of the Passaic, as to be obvious to the least inquisitive observer.

I early suspected this Passaic smelt to be identical with the European fish, *osmerus eperlanus*, with which I am very familiar, from its being largely taken in the Yorkshire river, the lovely

and romantic Wharfe, on whose sylvan banks the happiest of my years were spent; but in the spring of 1852, when the run up the Passaic was far above the average, I examined above a thousand specimens, made accurate drawings of several of the finest—one, a correct fac-simile, by accurate measurement of every part, even to the number of fin-rays, of the largest taken, a female, full of roe, is superfixed to this paper, and dissected at least twenty individuals.

In every particular, I found the smelt of the Passaic to agree with Yarrel's and Richardson's descriptions of the European smelt, *osmerus Eperlanus*, the form of the opercula, or gill-covers, the number of rays in every fin, the form and system of teeth, the number of scales on the lateral line, the length of the intestines, the number of cœca, and above all the attachment of the sharply-toothed tongue to the fauces by a short bone margined with small recurved teeth, being precisely the same.

I at the same time dissected several of the large eastern fish, procured from Winderst's well-known restaurant, in New York, which had been obtained from the eastward, and found them to agree in all the distinctive points, on which the classification and nomenclature of the American smelt, *osmerus viridiscens*, are made to depend, with that fish of the American authors, and to differ in all of them *equally* from the British fish of Yarrel and from the fish of the Passaic and Raritan.

Of both species I had made careful anatomical preparations, beside preserving both fishes in spirits; and I took careful and minute notes of every part, intending to forward the whole to my friend, Professor Agassiz; but truly it is said that *homme propose, mais Dieu dispose*; for being unluckily called from home on that *dies nefasta*, Saturday, devoted to the confounded dispensation of house-cleaning, an extremely painstaking, and painfully fastidious Betty thought proper to cast all my choice preparations, which she profanely designated as "nasty carrion rubbish," into the ash-hole, whence there was no resurrection. As if to complete the fatality, after carefully preparing for Graham, a year since, a fuller and more elaborate counterpart of this paper, wherein weight, numbers, measurements, and all the facts were minutely set down, I destroyed the *disjecta membra* of the notes, and trusted—alas! vain trust of man! to the certainty of Uncle Sam's mail for the safe deliverance of my labors. Hence there remains only of my

travails the wood-cut at the head, of life-size, and copied faithfully from the life to the smallest particular, and this veritable memoir of a perished paper.

In the springs of 1853 and 1854, scarcely any of these delicious fish ran up the rivers, owing, I am satisfied, to the establishment of a chain-ferry at the embouchure of the river, about a mile above the opening of Newark Bay. The apparatus of this ferry consists of three parallel chains reaching from shore to shore, the two on the outside acting as guides to the boat, that in the centre working on a drum, and acting as the propelling power of the boat. This boat crosses the river, on an average, once in every ten minutes, from 4 o'clock A. M. until 10 P. M., so that these chains are kept in a constant state of vibration, that created by one passage not having entirely ceased before a fresh motion is communicated to it.

Since the establishment of this ferry no school of fish, either shad or smelt, has run up the river, though they are still taken below the obstruction, though in diminished numbers. It is seriously apprehended that, unless legislative aid be extended to the maintenance of the fisheries, this delicate and curious fish will be lost to America; as has already, within the memory of men now living, that noble variety of *salmo*, the Sebago trout.

I may here add, that it is an established fact that both these species may be taken with the scarlet Ibis fly; that capital sportsman and scientific angler, Moses H. Pesley, of St. Johns, N. B. having experienced grand sport with them, in the Gulf, and off St. Edward's Island; and I myself having killed them thus on the Passaic.

I have recently noticed in that capital paper Gleason's Pictorial, an illustrated article, descriptive of the taking of the Eastern smelt, *with bait* through the ice. This I believe to be an error, originating in a confusion of the smelt with the frost-fish; since I never have heard or read of an authentic instance of a smelt being taken with bait. If, however, it prove to be correct, it will be another distinction between the American and European or Passaic smelt, which not only never takes bait through ice, but is known never to run under it.

I hope, in the spring of 1855, to renew my investigations, and make fresh dissections and preparations of this interesting fish, in which case my readers will hear from me again, if not, further this deponent sayeth not.

IN-TEG ER VIT Æ.

BY S. D. PRATT.

INTEGERS vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis grævida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra :

Innocence, Fuscus, and unblemished virtue,
Wants not the Moor's sharp javelins to guard it—
Needs not his strong bow, nor his quiver fraught with
Arrows empoisoned.

HORACE'S ODE 22. Book I.

A GUILTLESS tongue, a guileless heart,
Be mine to guard with care;
And still let contemplation part
The evil from the fair.
If in the forest I should stray,
And meet a wild beast there,
My Innocence would with him play
And keep him in his lair.

For I would sing of hope and love—
Would sing my Charmer's song,
And all around him and above
The melody would throng.
And hearing, he would soon forget
That he was fierce and strong;
While I, in danger's path beset,
From harm would pass along.

Unblemished virtue be my friend
In life's uneven way—
No poisoned arrow to defend,
My best friend and my stay.
Still with adversity to cope,
And fortune's frowns to play,
May be my lot, yet I will hope
In virtue's golden ray.

And onward in the march of life,
O'er its great battle field,
When Greek meets Greek, then comes the strife
When one must die or yield.
In that dread hour no thought to flee,
Burst from my courage steeled—
Unfailing truth my sword shall be,
And Innocence my shield.

RHYME OF THE ASPIRANT.

BY WM. E. C. KNOWLES.

ALL the time in aimless dreaming,
I ascend some rugged height,
And, through paths of golden seeming,
Wind up steep, in search of light.

Deeds of heroes, read in story,
Give unwonted strength to rise;
While there spreads a flush of glory
Over all the northern skies.

Earth and sky are both united,
In the light that dawns between;
And to greater heights invited,
I ascend with joy serene.

And the consciousness of rising
Up through airy fields sublime,
Nerves me, with a strength surprising,
To the task, and helps me climb.

I've no wish to pause and slumber,
Ere compelled to by the night,
Lest aspirants, without number,
Rise above me in their flight.

But by patiently enduring
All the hardship, toil and grief,
I can hardly fail securing
Rich rewards, and glad relief.

Thus in long and aimless dreaming,
I ascend some rugged height,
And through paths of golden seeming,
Wind up steep in search of light,

And the consciousness of rising
Up through airy fields sublime,
Nerves me with a strength surprising,
To the task, and helps me climb.

Monthly Summary

UNITED STATES.

Congressional Bills—Elections—The Cholera—The Drought—Conflagrations in the Country and in the Towns—California Items—Condition of Texas—The Mormons of Utah, &c.

THE first session of the Thirty-Third Congress closed on 7th of August; to be continued on the first Monday in December. During eight months it had passed a great many bills, the principal of which were the Kansas and Nebraska bill; that for providing six war steamers; the Appropriation bills; the Homestead bill; the Money bill of the Gadsden Treaty; the bill to give effect to the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty; the Warehousing bill, and that repealing the Minnesota Land bill. Several treaties were also brought about and concluded: The Reciprocity treaty with the British colonies; the Gadsden treaty; the treaties with Japan and Borneo; the Neutrality treaty with Russia; and several treaties extinguishing the Indian titles in Nebraska and other parts of our western territory. Other bills, on which public attention was fixed, were allowed to fall through—such as the bill of eight millions for the relief of Texas, the appropriation clauses which included half a million for the Washington water-works, the Postage bill of Mr. Olds, the bill for a line of steamers between San Francisco and China, the Pacific railway project, and others. To the congressional debates succeeded the general debates of the people over their elections. In these, the various political parties and sections have been making their demonstrations, and proving how, in a democracy, the most diverse and jarring interests, and those struggles which in another country would end in licentiousness and confusion, only tend to maintain the equilibrium and harmony of the national polity. If the Whigs and Democrats were as deadly in their nature as the Guelphs and Ghibbelines, they could do no harm here, where they are distracted, divided, and diluted by a dozen other forms of organized public opinion, all multiplied into one another, and then into all the local interests of all the states, in a manner which utterly disconcerts all political arithmetic. We see the two parties clogged and hampered in a beneficent conglomeration of Hards and Softs, Hunkers and Barnburners, Silver Grays and Maine Law champions, Free Soil Whigs and Free Soil Democrats, and between them the stark Abolitionists running a muck and breaking up conventions; while over all, and through all, a curious and incomprehensible shape—if shape it may be called that shape has none—moves through the agitated mass, Knowing Nothing and known of nobody, and bringing an inexplicable force to bear upon all the issues of the day. All these energies, chaotic to a close examination but operating symmetrically to the distant view, have been and are at work through all the states, with a variety of result too extended and uncertain for any thing like summary statement. If the Nebraska agitation has its marked effects in some questions, in others the administration influences are as decidedly successful, and so the ship of state holds an even keel.

Since last summary, the cholera has somewhat subsided, after having passed through almost all our states. At the same time the excessive drought of this summer has greatly injured vegetation, and in some places destroyed the hopes

of the harvest. In many of the northern states the woods took fire and burned for days and weeks together. Mountains—the Catskill among them—sent up their flames, and the people turned out to battle against them as against an invading enemy. All over the country the fires of incendiarism or accident seemed to keep pace with the conflagrations of nature.

On 7th August, an election riot of an alarming character occurred between the native and foreign citizens of St. Louis. Others of similar character took place at Chicago and elsewhere. On 11th the United States Commissioner at Boston refused to sanction the sending back of two English deserters from a regiment stationed at Cape Breton. He gave them the benefit of a technicality—which saved their lives, inasmuch as they had been guilty of larceny as well as desertion. On 13th August some one caused 800 kegs of powder to explode in a magazine at Maysville, Ky. The shock was terrific, and the loss to the town has been estimated at near \$100,000. The Navy-Yard of Washington was destroyed by fire on 11th. On 15th the stockholders of the New York and Harlem Railroad Company received the report of their committee, in the case of Mr. Schuyler's defalcation, and decided on buying up the issued stock and charging the same to expense account. Among the conflagrations of the month may be mentioned that of Troy, on 25th August, by which property to the value of a million and a quarter was destroyed. On 27th a hurricane or tornado passed over the city of Louisville, killing twenty persons in the Presbyterian church, which it blew down, unroofing over one hundred houses, and causing a loss of over \$100,000.

The California mails have brought accounts of the great fires that have ravaged the cities of San Francisco, Sacramento and Columbia, and the towns of Marysville, Minnesota and Sonora. At the same time, thousands of acres of wheat were destroyed by burning. The cereal crops of California were as plentiful as the golden, but the farmers were dissatisfied with prices. The Chinese continue to arrive in great numbers. In July a terrible fight occurred at Weaverville, Trinity county, between two bodies of Chinese, representing the two great parties now dividing the celestial empire. Four hundred persons were engaged in it, and nine persons were killed. On 23d July, the foundation of a Jewish synagogue was laid in San Francisco. Wherever gold is heard to chink, there you are sure to find some of those marked and melancholy pilgrims of ages, the Jews. On 18th of July eight prisoners escaped from the marshal's office. One was killed and three retaken. The mines in all quarters were productive and encouraging. Accounts from Oregon state that gold placers have been just discovered in that territory on the Coquille river, near Port Oxford. Crowds were journeying in that direction. At the same time the crops were plentiful and safely harvested. Except for the Indians, the news from Texas is favorable. General Persifer Smith has called for six companies of mounted troops to put down the disturbers, and the governor has promptly responded. The agricultural returns were highly encouraging, and not less so was the fact that the state has gone for the Maine Liquor Law, the people having declared their sentiments at the elections.

News from Fort Laramie, in the Nebraska territory, of

18th July, says that Colonel Steptoe had arrived there, on his way to California, via Utah, with two companies of artillery, some dragoons, and a large train of over 70 wagons. They were to start again for the Salt Lake by the S. Pass of the Rocky Mountains, intending to winter in the city of the Mormons. Colonel Steptoe's party met a great many persons on their return from the Salt Lake City. They had seen the place, and did not like it, being disgusted with the philosophy of Mr. Brigham Young and the social system he had set on foot. Fathers and husbands were bringing away their daughters and wives to save them from the pious Mormon elders, who quote scripture for their purposes. It was said, and it is very probable, that the High Priest Brigham was troubled by the approach of the troops, and that his people were a good deal excited. They are all conscious that their beastly, beaverish condition of society must be swept out of the way before the advance of wholesome immigration.

NEIGHBORING STATES.

Mexican Rebellion—Count Boulbon at Sonora—Cuba and Governor Concha—Nicaragua and the bombardment of San Juan—The Central American question—The other Spanish-American republics.

Accounts from Mexico are very uncertain and contradictory. They represent the country as agitated by rebel pronouncements and movements. On 13th July a pronouncement was reported at Ciudad Victoria, in the department of Tamaulipas, where the insurgents had proclaimed the plan of Alvarez. Michoacan is also stated to be generally in revolution, and several skirmishes are said to have taken place in its towns and villages. Santa Anna, however, continues at the capital. He has ordered a census to be taken of the population, distinguishing the different classes, and granted to Don A. J. Atocha the privilege to construct a railway from El Paso, or the Presidio del Norte, to Guayamas, on the Gulf of California. Atocha is bound to form his company within a year, either in Mexico or these States, and to have the road finished within twelve years. At the same time Santa Anna has declared that those who circulate false rumors, or censure the acts of the government shall be treated as conspirators against the state. It has been also decreed that all males between the ages of 15 and 50 shall arm themselves in the frontier states, for their defense against the attacks of the Indians and other enemies. The states of Durango and Zacatecas have been greatly disturbed by the incursions of the savages. In Yucatan the rebellion of the natives against the Mexicans still continues, with various success. The news from Sonora is very interesting, though indistinct. It would seem that Santa Anna, after he had induced a body of French and others to come in the ship "Challenge," to Guayamas, became distrustful of them. It would appear that in this band were two companies, an Irish and a German, commanded by Colonel Seefield, (colonel in our army during the Mexican war,) and about 400 French, who were also under his command, but who, in the end, chose Demarars, who had a command in Algiers, for their colonel. General Yanez, military governor of Sonora, received an order, it is reported, from Santa Anna, to send all the French away. A hesitation on his part followed, during which the Mexican troops said, if a scuffle should happen, they would side with the French. At this time, Count Racouset de Boulbon was expected every day from San Francisco. In the *Eco del Comercio*, we find it stated that the Count arrived in Guayamas, and that on 13th July, being at the head of the Frenchmen at that place, he was attacked and defeated by General Yanez. The *Eco* charges the count with treachery, by which is, doubtless, meant a design to put himself at the head of his countrymen and carry out his old designs on Sonora. It

is a curious complication. Since the agreement by which he receives 10 millions of dollars from us, Santa Anna has apparently changed his mind about the Frenchmen, whose object—as regards the Count Boulbon and the officers—has been to seize some foothold on this continent and retain it. He would rather, probably, sell Sonora to the United States, in a year or two, than see it occupied *vi et armis*, by Frenchmen who would only pay in bullets. It is likely that Del Valle, the Mexican Consul, and Dillon, the French Consul, acted in collusion with Boulbon in sending the recruits to Guayamas.

Casting our eyes on Cuba, we find the interest of that part of the world much dwindled and faded. Our President's very peremptory demand for satisfaction in the Black Warrior case, has been disregarded, and we do not seem to know exactly what to do next. A Queen of Spain, and her corrupt court, might have been induced to sell that island for a good round sum; but a patriotic government, at the head of which is Espartero, will never think of selling the last colony of Castile and Arragon in the New World, where the banners of that ancient monarchy once waved so widely. The New Spanish premier has recalled Pezuela, and sent out to Cuba in his stead, the Governor Concha who shot our filibusters. This shows that our President has not frightened the Spaniards, in respect of Cuba. Neither by purchase, by private enterprise, Creole insurrection, or open international war are we at present likely to draw one inch nearer to the Queen of the Antilles.

To the Black Warrior excitement has succeeded the Cyane excitement. Having made an end of San Juan, Captain Hollins in the Cyane, left that place on the 18th of July, and proceeded northward. After his departure, Captain Jolly, of the British brig Bermuda, came forward, issued a proclamation in which he denounced the wanton aggression of the American, and placed the town, in which he included the American station of Point Arenas, under martial law. The vessel of war, *Espiegle*, also came to the town, and her commander justified the measures of Jolly. A good deal of British indignation was excited by the destruction of San Juan, and people in Jamaica and Barbadoes advised retaliation in the shape of a cannonade of some of our seaboard cities. There were not wanting persons in the United States to condemn it also, and on the 24th of August, Captain Hollins, of the Cyane, being at New York, was arrested at the suit of Calvin Durand, for damages to the amount of \$14,000 done to his property stored at San Juan at the time of the cannonade, and destroyed by the marines sent on shore. The captain procured bail in \$20,000, and was released. This seemed a strange proceeding in reference to a naval officer who had acted in obedience to the orders of government. The bombardment of San Juan is destined to have important consequences—not for its intrinsic merits, but for its antecedents. These give it a high historic significance. In 1847, after the English Admiral Seymour and Father Macnamara had been anticipated by Fremont and our other pioneers, in an attempt to plant an Irish colony in California, with the consent of Mexico, the British government sent an expedition to the mouth of the San Juan river of Nicaragua. The place was taken, the English flag was hoisted, and San Juan, named anew Greytown, put under the protection of Great Britain. This movement was, of course, easily understood. Then followed, between the two governments, the Central American debate, and the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty, was signed in 1850. Yet John Bull did not loose his hold on Greytown. Under his protection, sundry natives of England, these States, France, Germany, etc., formed a local municipal government. In 1850, the Atlantic and Pacific Canal Company were refused permission to land coal at Point Arenas. In 1851, Mr. Vanderbilt renewed that request, which was then granted by Henry G. Foote, mayor of the town. In the November of the same year, Mr. Vanderbilt, in the *Prometheus*, refused

to pay the port duties, but the queen's war-ship, the *Express*, fired a cannon across her bows, and obliged him to pay the money, under angry protest. Then the town authorities tried to turn the Americans away from Point Arenas, saying they wanted it for other purposes. The Americans refused to be dispossessed, and even went so far as to inclose a little more of the barren strand within their lines. At last, in the beginning of 1853, the Greytown court heard the case, and decided against the Accessary Transit Company, which had taken place of the Canal Company. At this a posse of officers were preparing to go across and abolish the station, when the *Cyane*, Captain Hollins, came opportunely into port, and put a stop to the proceeding with a high hand. The town officers then resigned their intellectual authority, and another government was, provisionally, established. This was recognized by Mr. Green, the English consul, and by Captain Hollins, but with reservation. On 1st of April, 1853, he informed Mr. Martin, the mayor, that he would recognize him "as far as his instructions would allow, and no farther;" and then quoted the following words of Mr. Webster, as his guidance: "Meantime a temporary recognition of the existing authorities of the place, sufficient to countenance any well-intentioned endeavor on its part to preserve the public peace and punish wrong-doers would not be inconsistent with the policy and honor of the United States." The captain made no objection to the municipality. But the municipality still tried to cast out its shoe over Point Arenas—always a dangerous point in the debate. In May, 1853, followed a sharp discussion between Arenas and Greytown, in consequence of attempts made by the Americans to recover a runaway from their service, who had gone to Greytown. In the height of the strife, Captain Smith, of the American river boat, shot the native Palladina in his bongo, and then succeeded the attempt to arrest him, Mr. Borland's interference, the broken bottle on his ambassadorial nose, and all the rest of it. It is easy to see that this bombardment was no sudden affair, but a long-reasoned result, accruing for five years. It tends to bring to issue a question which the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty has not settled. It breaks a hollow, hypocritical truce, between rivals, who watch each other with mutual jealousy, and again brings our attention to bear on one of the most important questions of this hemisphere. That bombardment is not a thing for sentimentalists and philanthropists to sigh and complain about. It is a rough and tough necessity of the time—a portion of that historic web which we are destined to weave from the lowliest as well as loftiest exigencies of our progress. The English are robbing the monasteries of their bells on the shores of the White Sea. This looks small enough; but as part of a great plan, it must be judged with reference to the whole.

As regards those Spanish-American states—Nicaragua, New Granada, Venezuela, Peru—they still continue in the throes of their indistinct and barren insurrections, and reel to and fro in their usual intoxication—"the same old drunk." In Honduras the people had scarcely strength to fight one another. The locusts had destroyed their vegetation, and they were suffering from famine.

THE OLD WORLD.

Progress of the War—The Czar out of Wallachia—The Austrians in it—Bomersund taken—The Crimea not attacked—Cholera among the troops.

After many feints and demonstrations, the Russian army, toward the end of July, began to retreat from Wallachia, and fall back upon their own frontier. The Czar had demanded an armistice; but the Western Powers replied by insisting on the abolition of a Russian protectorate over Wallachia and Moldavia, on the freedom of the mouths of the Danube, and the revision of the Treaty of 1841, which concerns the limits of Russian power in the Euxine. Re-

fusing to come in contact with the French and English, who had reached the Danube, and avoiding the chance of seeming to be driven off by them, he withdrew his troops. But the result is highly significant of this war. None of the belligerents are permitted to follow the Czar. Austria interposes, holds off the Western Powers and saves the pride as well as the straggling rear-guard of the autocrat. In this we see one of the consequences of the late Treaty of Austria with the Porte. According to all appearances, the Turks will not be permitted to occupy the Principalities strategically. Latest accounts say that Prince Gortschakoff has warned the Austrians—for neither he nor his master condescends to notice the other belligerents—that if the Sultan's troops rush into Wallachia, the Czar will not observe his agreement to evacuate, but hold some strong points in Moldavia. Austria has shown herself eager to have the custody of the Principalities. She has declared, with an unwonted alacrity that the Czar must be forced to surrender them, and offered her own troops for the purposes of occupation or expulsion. It was announced in the middle of August that the Austrian forces were at last crossing the frontier to enter Wallachia. By this act—which is in fulfillment of her agreement with Turkey, and is not considered an act of war by the Czar—Austria interposes to protect all the right flank of the Russians, operating for the defense of the Crimea, against the menaced attacks of the Western Powers. Meantime the French and English troops sent with such a tremendous amount of expense and trumpeting to the Danube, sit still and look across the river. They sit still and seethe in their camps, and die by hundreds of the cholera. A correspondent of the London Daily News, has declared that in the British camp at Monastir, the soldiers are destitute of proper food or medicine, decimated by a malignant disease, and almost disorganized. Other journals partly confirm these facts. The French, too, suffer at Varna, and elsewhere; but less than the islanders. An attack on the Crimea has been announced, and trumpeted for weeks; but the Crimea is still unattacked. The whole system of the war in the east suffers relaxation. No real blockade exists, either at Odessa or the Sea of Azof. In July, some Russian ships ran out of Sebastopol, and sweeping across the Euxine, destroyed three merchant ships and their freights in the harbor of Heraclea. Latest accounts say that the Russian fleet had come out of Sebastopol, for an airing. It was seen enjoying itself off Odessa, and then it went back again. Preparations were being made at Varna for the expedition against the Crimea, and it was reported that a body of French troops had landed at Perekop, in that peninsula. But the cholera had paralyzed the movements of the allies. It was also reported that Admiral Lyons had bombarded Anapa, a strong Circassian fortress on the coast. On 4th of August, a treaty offensive and defensive was concluded between the Sublime Porte and the mountain Sultan, Schamyl. It is stated that the latter insisted that the independence of the Caucasian country should be recognized, and in return he offered to bring 50,000 mountaineers to the standard of the Padishah. On the Georgian frontiers of Russia and Turkey, the war seems to languish unaccountably. In the engagements that have taken place, desultorily, the Russians seem to have had the advantage. On the White Sea, the British blockading steamers were bombarding the monasteries, firing the custom-houses and plundering the villages. In the Baltic the allied squadrons had surveyed the powerful defenses of Helsingfors and Cronstadt, and pronounced them almost impregnable. After a cautious, hesitating delay, the armament of the Western Powers has been directed against the Aland Islands—an archipelago once in the possession of Sweden. On the principal island of the group, called Aland, is situated the strong fortress of Bomersund; and to take this about three thousand French troops, and some English, were landed on 7th and 8th of August. After

having captured some smaller forts, Bomersund was attacked on the 18th of August, and taken by the French. It was not to be expected that the island defenses could withstand the invading force.

DENMARK.

In Denmark, the king, who leans silently to the interests of the Czar, has destroyed the Danish constitution and substituted another, the great feature of which is a Council of Forty, who will exercise a central control over the diets of the different provinces. His majesty acts the part the King of Prussia in the war business. But the King of Sweden, who has had several interviews and communications with Admiral Napier and General Beraguary d'Hilliers, rather resembles the Austrian potentate in his apparent adhesion to the Westerns. But he still cautiously maintains his neutrality.

POLAND.

A report comes from Poland that, under stress of present circumstances, the Czar is about to make great concessions to the Poles—in the convocation of the old Assembly of Notables, the employment of the Polish language in official acts, and the right to consent to taxation. The conscription has been very severe in Poland, where four conscriptions have gleaned the population of its active members.

ENGLAND.

In England a bill has been passed forbidding British subjects to trade in Russian securities. A Turkish loan of five millions sterling is opened at London, as well as at Paris. The London Times publishes the fact that the Hudson's Bay Company has occupied the Russo-American coast from 54° 40' to 58° N latitude, and therefore no transfer of that region to the United States can take place. In Ireland the potato-crop was again suffering from the rot, the poor-law unions were more heavily taxed for the poor than before; and all who could among the lower orders of the people were emigrating to Canada and those States.

FRANCE.

In France there has been a muffled sound of conspiracy. The Parisians were to hold the fête of the 15th of August, the birthday of the Great Napoleon, and it was agreed among a number of ardent conspirators that, on that occasion, an outbreak against the emperor should take place in the streets, during his review of his new Imperial Guard.

Several arrests were made, and the emperor and empress very prudently absented themselves from the greatest festival of the empire. They went to the baths of Biarritz, and on the 15th of August, while the fête in Paris was observed with great splendor, and General Magnan reviewed 26,000 soldiers, the emperor was enjoying a bull-fight at Bayona. It is confidently reported that the conspiracy which frightened away the emperor from his capital was owing to the secret encouragements of the Czar. An imperial decree has ordered the payment of the legation of Napoleon First.

SPAIN.

In Spain the revolution was triumphantly repudiated. The emperor had entered Madrid in the midst of acclamations. He befriended the queen, and paid her a public visit, after which he joined the people in the street in cheering her, as she stood in her balcony. In this he played the part of Lafayette in the French revolution. He is at the head of the ministry, without a portfolio, and General O'Donnell is Minister of War. On 3d August the dowager queen Christina was preparing to quit Madrid with the consent of Espartero, but deputations of the people promptly demanded that she should be detained to answer for her acts, and perhaps refund some of the money she has received from the Spanish treasury. It is stated that England and France have protested against any violence to members of the royal family, but are otherwise disposed to let the Spaniards manage their own affairs, unless they form a republic or change the dynasty. The Cortes are convoked for 8th November, on the basis of the electoral law of 1837. It is to be a constituent assembly, meeting in one chamber, each deputy representing 35,000 of the population. Gen. Concha has been appointed governor of Cuba instead of Pexuela.

On 13th July Abbas Pasha of Egypt died suddenly, and was succeeded by Selim Pasha, son of Mehemet Pasha.

On 9th August, the King of Saxony was thrown from his carriage, at Dresden, and killed by a kick from one of the horses. He was succeeded by his brother John.

ASIA.

There has been no news of importance from China—where the war is carried on with the usual deliberation, and without any bulletin—nor from any other part of Eastern Asia or the Pacific.

Review of New Books.

Noctes Ambrosianæ. By the late John Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, Author of "*The Isle of Palms*," &c., and *William Maginn*, LL.D., J. G. Lockhart, James Hogg, &c. With *Memoirs and Notes*. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, D. C. L. New York: Redfield. 5 vols. 12mo. These papers, now collected, arranged and edited by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, have long enjoyed a reputation unprecedented in magazine literature. Stretching as they do from 1819 to 1835, they of course contain many allusions to persons and events which require explanation; and the present editor seems to have enjoyed unusual opportunities to obtain the information requisite for that purpose. His notes are very numerous, and though the opinions expressed in them are often capricious and open to criticism, the facts they contain are valuable and interesting. Without such aid it would be difficult to read the "*Noctes*" with a full understanding of the wit of their personalities; and the wit of their personalities constitutes no small portion of their entertaining and stimulating matter. The biogra-

phies of Wilson, Lockhart, Blackwood, Hogg and Maginn, are likewise replete with interesting literary and political gossip.

The "*Noctes*" purport to be the record of the conversations which occurred at convivial meetings of the chief contributors to *Blackwood*, under the leadership of Christopher North, (Professor Wilson.) They are worthy the product of the genius and impudence of the latter. They have all the freedom of private conversations, with all the splendor of elaborate compositions. Thought, wit, humor, passion, pathos, description, criticism, poetry, parody, scholarship, politics, scandal, all are included in their wide variety of topics. Every public man of any eminence, literary, social or political—every striking incident from 1819 to 1835, is freely commented upon, and looked at from as many points of view as there are different dispositions and characters in the dramatic persons of the "*Noctes*." The quick succession of subjects keeps the reader's attention constantly alive. From the most eloquent enunciation of great principles to the grossest blackguardism, there is

hardly a style of thought or composition which is not represented. Though much of the peculiar vitality of the papers is due to the pert, sharp sarcasm of Lockhart, and the rough humor of Maginn, the animating spirit of the "Noctes" is Wilson—a man whose genius was especially fitted for the work. In his poems and novels, he wrote but from one corner of his mind, and their quiet and tender beauty conveys but an inadequate idea of the fragmentary vigor and splendor of his loose and large nature, when it vented itself without any restraint, under the mingled inspiration of "insolence and whisky punch." Whether doing eloquent homage to the genius of a great poet—or luminously stating a philosophical system—or dashing off a magnificent picture of scenery—or discussing some great question in the philosophy of politics or criticism—or letting loose his tongue in coarse and vehement invective, full of the audacities of mischief and malice—he ever conveys the impression of a great, unbridled nature, inconsistent, unscrupulous and egotistic, but still richly furnished with knowledge, and overflowing with animal spirits and mental vitality. Much of what he wrote in "The Noctes" is unworthy of preservation, but there is a predominant raciness and vigor through the whole series, which make us forget the flimsy and flashy character of particular parts. Passing from the intellectual to the moral character of these celebrated papers, we fear that, if tried by the most indulgent code of literary ethics, they reflect but little credit on a professor of moral philosophy. Wilson had no intellectual conscientiousness. It is in vain to search "The Noctes" for opinions and principles which are independent of the prejudice, the caprice, the passion, or the mood, of the moment they are uttered. Occasionally the judgments on his contemporaries, especially his literary contemporaries, seem prompted by fits of transient envy and malice. His mind appears to have had no power to view things calmly in their right dimensions and relations. His most dazzling conceptions seem to reel out from an intoxicated intellect, and his ecstasies of moral and imaginative enthusiasm suggest a spiritual orgy. This turbulence of nature, this habit of expressing the feeling or crotchet of the moment without any restraint from guiding principles, sometimes led him into excesses of blackguardism, which indicate a certain profligacy of mind. He is responsible for some of the raciest and most atrocious libels of the century.

Still, it is impossible to read the "Noctes" without a disposition to exercise a large measure of charity for the literary sins of their distinguished author. We believe that Wilson, in the end, made no permanent enemies among the authors he alternately panegyrized and assailed. He was capable of generosity and magnanimity even to personal and political adversaries, and the general tendency of his sympathies, in his soberer moods, was noble.

The fun of these papers, though not always confined within the limits of propriety, is rich with humor. The songs, alone, would make a reputation. It is not difficult to select specimens of the "slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing" wit and sarcasm, which form so prominent a characteristic of the mischievous mirth of the "Noctes." Indeed every meeting of the club teems with examples. One of the most amusing is in the number for June, 1823, where Odoherly parodies the defiance of Crevecoeur, in Scott's *Quentin Durward*, representing himself as marching into Constable's new shop, where Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* ("The Blue and Yellow") is present with his leading writers, and hurling foul scorn at him in true knightly style. We give the whole scene:

"Odoherly. Would it not be a good thing for you to defy him then and there, when surrounded by the host of the ungodly?

"Tickler. Who would be the ambassador?

"Odoherly. My own mother's son; and you should be

herald, being a man of inches. I should not dress exactly à la Crevecoeur; but hand me the first volume of *Quentin*, and I shall follow it as close as possible.

"North. Here, most worthy legate.

"Odoherly (*reading Quentin Durward*, vol. 1, page 205, with a slight deviation from the words of the text.) Would not this read grandly in future ages, 'Ensign and Adjutant Morgan Odoherly, a renowned and undaunted warrior—'

"Mullion (*aside*.) Over a tumbler of punch.

"Odoherly. 'Entered the apartment, dressed in a military frock-coat, thickly frogged, black stock, Cossack trousers, Wellington boots, and steel spurs. Around his neck, and over his close-buttoned coat, hung a broad black ribbon, at the end of which dangled a quizzing-glass. A handsome page—'

"Hogg. Wha the deil will he be?

"Odoherly. Don't interrupt me. 'A handsome page, James Hogg, Esq., Shepherd of Ettrick—'

"Hogg. Hear till him. Me a page to a sticket ensign?

"Odoherly. 'Bore his hat behind him. A herald preceded him, bearing his card, which he held under the nose of Francis [Jeffrey]; while the ambassador himself paused in the middle of the hall, as if to give present time—'

"Tickler. What, by the way, did the Great Unknown mean by such a phrase as 'present time?'

"Mullion. Perhaps because the business was no *past time*.

"North (*springs up in a rage*.) By Jupiter Amman, Mullion, another such pun, and I will fine you a bumper of magnesia water!

"Odoherly. 'As if to give present time to admire his lofty look, commanding stature, and the modest assurance which marked the country of his birth.'

"Omnes. Hear, hear, hear!

"Odoherly. Well, I will skip on to the defiance at once. Turn to page 213. (*A rustling of leaves is heard*.) 'Hearken, Francis Jeffrey, king of the Blue and Yellow—Hearken, Scribes, and Balaamites, who may be present—Hearken, all shy and shabby men—and then, Timothy Tickler, make proclamation after me—I, Morgan Odoherly, of the barony of Ifa and Offa west, and the parish of Knockmandowny, late Ensign and Adjutant of the 99th, or his Majesty's Tipperary, regiment of infantry, and Fellow of the Royal, Phrenological, Antiquarian, Auxillary Bible, and Celtic Societies of Edinburgh; in the name of the most puissant chief, Christopher, by the grace of Brass, editor of Blackwood's and the Methodist's Magazines; Duke of Humbug, of Quiz, Puffery, Cutup, and Slashandhackaway; Prince Paramount of the Gentlemen of the Press, Lord of the Magazines, and Regent of the Reviewers; Mallet of Whiggery, and Castigator of Cockaigne; Count Palatin of the Periodicals; Marquis of the Holy Poker; Baron of Balaam and Blarney, and Knight of the most stinging Order of the Nettle, do give you, King of the Blue and Yellow, openly to know, that you having refused to remedy the various griefs, wrongs and offenses, done and wrought by you, or by and through your aid, suggestion and instigation, against the said chief and his loving subjects, the authors in particular, and the Tory people in general of this realm, he, by my mouth, renounces all belief in your assery, pronounces you absurd and trashy, and bets you sixpence that he beats you as a critic and as a man. There, my tester is posted in evidence of what I have said.'

"Omnes. (*With enthusiasm*.) 'Hear him! hear him! hear him!'

"Odoherly. 'Let me go on, for I think the remainder would be applicable.' So saying, he plucked the sixpence from the bottom of his breeches pocket and flung it down on the floor of the hall.

"Until this last climax of the bet, there had been a deep silence in the Whig apartment during this extraordinary scene, but no sooner had the jingle of the tester, when cast down, been echoed by the deep voice of Timotheus, the Blackwoodian herald, with the ejaculation, *Vive Tête*

de Buchanan! than there was a general tumult; while Brougham, Sydney Smith, Leslie, and one or two others, whose coats, whole at the elbows, authorized the suspicion that they could sport the coin, fumbled in their pockets for wherewithal to cover the sixpence; the Seven Young Men exclaimed, no bet with you, Butcher! Bubble! Bubble! Comes he here to insult the king of the Libellers in his own hall.

"But the king appeased the tumult, by exclaiming in a voice agreeably composed of the music of an English coachee grafted upon a genuine Embro' brogue, 'Silence, my lieges! Cover not the bet, for you would lose your blunt; Christopher is too rum a customer for me.'"

This is superb, and must have made Jeffrey himself roar in unison with the public. We might quote many other brilliant passages from these papers, but our notice has already extended to an unusual length. The hits at Hunt, Hazlitt, Campbell, Moore, Wordsworth, Brougham, Macaulay, Proctor, and a score of other notabilities, are capital as satire, whatever may be thought of their justice. We have already referred to the eloquence and splendor of the serious portions of the work. Indeed, the reader who desires to obtain a complete idea of Prof. Wilson, in all the vivid variety of his faults and merits, can obtain it by a study of these "Noctes Ambrosianæ."

Poems. By Thomas William Parsons. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 12mo.

It is a common complaint of many true lovers of poetry of the old school, that the new race of poets are either beyond their comprehension or their sympathies. They love Dryden, Pope, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Byron, but refuse to be moved by Tennyson, and the Brownings. To such readers, especially, but not alone to such, we cordially commend the present volume, the production of a poet of thoroughly disciplined intellect and imagination, who clothes clear conceptions in words of unmistakable force and meaning, and who cannot be tasked with any indulgence in misty thinking, or vague expression. He has the ring and the resonance of the old school in his rhyme—loves the dear old executive melodious heroic verse—and knows how to combine deep and delicate feeling, and fine fancy, with sound sense, solid thought, and brilliant wit. While, however, he is related to the elder rather than the younger branch of the royal family of the poets, he is no imitator, or copyist. There is a vein of originality in him, not merely of thought and feeling, but of character. He gives his own impressions of nature and life, in language which takes the form of his own conceptions, and in verse, whose music is born of the mood in which he writes. There is evidence enough scattered over his pages, that he has been a close student of the great poets of the world, but he never borrows their thoughts, or images, or expressions, even when they have partially made their passage from private into public property. The poetic diction of the language is now so rich that a man of ordinary talent and reading can easily make a reputation for himself by dexterous flipping. We have read tons of verse, full of splendid images and felicitous phrases, and which rhymed with the regularity of clock-work, in which there was not an original line or a new verbal combination, and in which, at the same time, there was no appearance of conscious plagiarism. A certain sensitiveness of feeling and quickness of intellectual sympathy are all that are necessary to get up this patch-work creditably, and it imposes on many readers as cloth of gold, woven by a creative imagination. Now the first sign that a man is a poet, is his avoidance of this process altogether, and his resolute reliance on his own mind for words as well as things. Indeed, all essential intellectual conception, or direct contact of the thinking mind with the object thought, instinctively demands its own phraseology, and cannot be expressed in borrowed epithets, however splendid in themselves. Genu-

ine thinking always contrives to make its expressions equally genuine. This individuality of style is a marked characteristic of Mr. Parsons. He is, if any thing, too austere and abstinent in his use of words—a defect so rare among contemporary poets that it may be styled an honorable peculiarity.

The first four poems in the volume consist of epistles, supposed to be written by an Englishman traveling in America, respectively to Samuel Rogers, Charles Kemble, Edward Moxon, and Walter Savage Landor. Many of our readers will recollect these as having appeared some years ago in the Knickerbocker. They are full of sly, searching satire, vigorous description, and brilliant comments on society and literature. The epistle to Moxon, on the death of Murray, the bookseller, is particularly good. The conclusion, in which he imagines Murray translated to the next world, has a grim, saturnine humor infused into it, which is very striking. We extract the following, descriptive of one of the many bores of the booksellers—the poetaster who mistakes indigestion for inspiration—

"And O! how oft, when some dyspeptic swain
Pours forth his agonies in sickly strain,
Mistaking, in the pangs that through him dart,
A wretched liver for a breaking heart;
And prates of passion that he never felt,
And sweats away in vain attempts to melt;
Or, takes to brandy, and converts his verse,
From sad to savage, nay, begins to curse,
And raves of Nemesis, and hate, and hell,
And smothered woes that in his bosom swell;
When 'Newstead' is the name his fancy gives
The snug dominion where he cheaply lives;
And, aping still the aristocratic bard,
With 'Crede Jenkins' graved upon his card,
When with his trash he hurries to the press,
Crying 'O print me! print me!' in distress.
Some bookseller, perhaps, most kindly cruel,
Uses the dainty manuscript for fuel!"

The most elaborate poem in the collection is "Lines on a Bust of Dante," originally prefixed to the author's admirable translation of the *Inferno*. This is too well known to need any other comment than the usual one, that it is one of the noblest and most powerful compositions in our literature. The *Threnodia*, or the death of Harrison, and the grand poem on the death of Webster, have both had their measure of reputation. In a lighter vein is the graceful tribute to "Saint Peray," in which that most exhilarating of light aires is devotedly celebrated. "Livorno," "Venice," "Sorrento," "Ghetto di Roma," "The Shadow of the Obelisk," "Campanile di Pisa," "Vespers on the Shores of the Mediterranean," are thoughtful and beautiful records of Italy, as seen by a poet's eye and heart. There is, in the more strictly emotional poems of the volume, "a deep, marrowy vein of internal sentiment," which is felt all the more surely, from the delicate and graceful reserve of the expression. We quote the following, "Upon a Lady Singing," for the singular sweetness of its melody and feeling:

"Oft as my lady sang to me
That song of the lost one that sleeps by the sea,
Of the grave on the rock, and the cypress tree,
Strange was the pleasure that over me stole,
For 't was made of old sadness that lives in my soul."

"So still grew my heart at each tender word,
That the pulse in my bosom scarcely stirred,
And I hardly breathed, but only heard:
Where was I?—not in the world of men,
Until she awoke me with silence again."

"Like the smell of the vine, when its early bloom
Sprinkles the green lane with sunny perfume,
Such a delicate fragrance filled the room:
Whether it came from the vine without,
Or arose from her presence, I dwell in doubt."

"Light shadows played on the pictured wall,
From the maples that fluttered outside the hall,
And hindered the daylight—yet, ah! not all;
Too little for that all the forest would be,—
Such a sunbeam she was and is to me!"

"When my sense returned, as the song was o'er,
I fain would have said to her, 'Sing it once more;
But as soon as she smiled my wish I forebore:
Music enough in her look I found,
And the hush of her lip seemed sweet as sound."

The poem on the "Hudson River," is one of our especial favorites in the volume. That noble stream has never been more nobly sung; and with a few stanzas, selected at random from this poem, we must close our extracts:—

"Rivers that roll most musical in song,
Are often lovely to the mind alone;
The wanderer muses as he moves along
Their barren banks, on glories not their own.

* * * *

"If chance he mark the dwindled Arno pour
A tide more meager than his native Charles;
Or views the Rhone when summer's heat is o'er,
Subdued and stagnant in the fen of Arles;

"Or when he sees the slimy Tiber fling
His sullen tribute at the feet of Rome,
Oft to his thought must partial memory bring
More noble waves, without renown, at home.

* * * *

"And these deep groves forever have remained
Touched by no axe—by no proud owner nursed:
As now they stand they stood when Pharaoh reigned,
Lineal descendants of creation's first.

* * * *

"Yet, O Antiquity! the stranger sighs,
'Scenes wanting thee soon fall upon the view,
The soul's indifference dulls the sated eyes,
Where all is fair indeed—but all is new.'

"False thought! is age to crumbling walls confined?
To Grecian fragments and Egyptian bones?
Hath Time no monuments to raise the mind,
More than old fortresses and sculptured stones?

"Call not this new which is the only land
That wears unchanged the same primeval face
Which, when first dawning from its Maker's hand,
Gladdened the first great grandsire of our race.

"Nor did Euphrates with an earlier birth
Glide past green Eden toward the unknown south,
Than Hudson broke upon the infant earth,
And kissed the ocean with his nameless mouth."

In closing this imperfect notice of Mr. Parson's poems, we cannot help expressing the wish that he should complete his translation of Dante, the first portion of which was published a number of years ago. By many competent judges it was considered by far the most successful reproduction of the spirit and power of the original, in English literature; and the "Lines on a Bust of Dante," are sufficient to prove how deeply he has entered into the inmost soul of the great poet.

Easy Nat; or, The Three Apprentices. A Tale of Life in New York and Boston. By A. L. Stimson. New York: J. C. Derby. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is quite a striking volume. It is a vivid and vigorous delineation of incidents and characters peculiar to life in large cities. It is evidently the production of a man who has observed keenly and reflected much, and whose moral perception has kept pace with his humorous perception. The object of the volume is to exhibit the career of three apprentices, who represent three common types of character. One of them is right-principled, industrious and virtuous—the other depraved and idle—and the third "easy." The last, "Easy Nat," is the chief hero of the novel. His pliable, yielding nature gets him into continual difficulties, and, at last, nearly conducts him to the gallows. The character is a life-like embodiment of a whole class of young people, and is a mirror where many can see their own weaknesses reflected. The inadequacy of generous sentiments and good impulses as substitutes of solid principle, is clearly set forth in poor, good-natured, accommodating "Easy Nat."

The great merit of the author is the representation of character. He is what Dr. Johnson called Miss Barney, a "character-monger." Some of his persons are sketched directly from life, and all have a sound basis in reality. His most successful efforts in this line are his humorous personages. John Hard is perhaps the best specimen—a real live Yankee, with a nasal twang in his soul as well as voice, who seems to have grown right out of New England earth, and whose raciness smacks of the very soil. The combination of shrewdness with verdancy in his composition is perfect, and though he provokes roars of laughter, the mirth is not purchased at the expense of caricature. The scenes in which this raw, green, hard-fisted Yankee Anak appears, are full of fun. Scratch Gravel, the little knowing imp of a news-boy, is a delineation of a different kind, and vividly represents the sophistication that may be given to the tenderest years by a vagabond life in a great city. The picture also of Mistress Judy McGuire, the old Irish woman, is a delicious bit of true Hibernian character. The very juice of the Irish brogue is in her talk. But in a novel so fertile in characters as this, it is almost useless to particularize separate personages.

The tone and tendency of the book are strongly on the side of temperance, and the sentiments which animate it, are those with which a vast majority of the people strongly sympathize. The great body of the characters are from middle and low life. Persons familiar with Boston and New York celebrities, especially odd celebrities, will recognize a number of the portraits. The story is not artistically developed, and there are occasional marks of rawness in the coloring of the narrative, but as a representation of city life the book is excellent. There is real romantic force and richness in the manner in which the author pictures events and handles character. We should be surprised if the work did not reach a large circulation, as it has in it all the elements of extensive popularity. Its object is good, its sentiments attractive, its wit sharp, its humor mirth-provoking, and it includes the widest variety of scenes and persons.

Utah and the Mormons. The History, Government, Doctrines, Customs, and Prospects of the Latter-Day Saints. From Personal Observation, during a Six-Months' Residence at Great Salt Lake City. By Benjamin G. Ferris, late Secretary of Utah Territory. New York: Harper & Bro. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a caustic attack on the Mormons, in respect both to their doctrines and conduct, by one who seems to have possessed great opportunities of studying their history and opinions, and observing their daily life. It is the infelicity of the Mormons that their notions and their practice in respect to marriage and polygamy cannot be expounded and described without some violation of the decencies of diction and suggestion; and Mr. Ferris's chapters on the subject are far from delicate, and, indeed, belong to that class of literature which young ladies would exhibit judgment in skipping. The truth would seem to be that the Latter-Day Saints are strong with the strength of fanaticism and sensuality, and sensuality sanctioned and stimulated by religion will always make rapid progress at first, and then as rapidly decay. There can be little danger to civilization in a sect whose religion has no basis in spiritual sentiment or spiritual ideas. The ferocity of fanaticism, combined with the ferocity of lust, make but a poor foundation on which to build a permanent religion. Mr. Ferris adduces sufficient evidence of the brutalizing effects of the Mormon faith on Mormon character. Perhaps the most curious of his instances are his quotations from Mormon addresses, sermons, and newspapers. Such vapid bombast, such artless buffonery, and such brawling vulgarity, can hardly be found in the compositions of any other body of fanatics, however low in sentiment or intelligence.

Illustrations of Genius in some of its Relations to Culture and Society: By Henry Giles, author of "Lectures and Essays." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol., 16mo.

The author of this volume is extensively known as a brilliant essayist, as an accomplished lecturer, and as an orator of uncommon earnestness, fervor, and power. He is, indeed, a natural orator. The results of his most patient study, and penetrating thought, instinctively take the form of eloquent expression; and his readers are his auditors. The present we consider by far his best book, indicating a deeper and more delicate strain of meditation than his previous efforts, without any abatement of fertility and energy. His intense sympathy with genius, in whatever form it may be exhibited, admirably qualifies him to illustrate it both by analysis and description. The essays on Cervantes, Hawthorne, Wordsworth, Burns, De Quincey, are fine examples of the combination of close, sharp thinking, with warmth of sensibility and imagination. In the discourses on Fiction, Public Opinion, The Philanthropic Sentiment, Music, Conversation, and the Cost of a Cultivated Man, he evinces a large and liberal grasp of his subjects, brings to their illustration a great variety of appropriate facts, culled from political and literary history, and detects with the keenness of a practiced thinker, the underlying principles which vivify and explain facts and events. But the leading excellence of the book is the generosity and geniality of soul which animate it throughout. The author cannot breathe freely in any other atmosphere, than the atmosphere of noble thoughts and grand sentiments. For every phase of the mean, the low, the selfish, the malevolent, he has an inborn repugnance. The natural movement of his mind is upward, and he is teased and fretted by every attempt of Mr. Worldly Wiseman to limit the application of a great principle or obstruct the course of a magnanimous sentiment. Sometimes his scorn descends with electric force on that reptile prudence which little natures dignify with the name of wisdom. This sympathy with whatever is exalted and exalting in nature and character, never foams and severs into mere declamation, but is kept within due bounds by the clearness and acuteness of thought which accompanies it. His head and heart are close friends, and move lovingly together.

We cannot recommend any mean person to read this book, unless he desires to have his meanness shamed or burned out of him. But all generous spirits, who honor ideas and have faith in disinterested sentiments, who desire to keep alive their interest in literature, and learn the processes by which literature is connected with life, will find these illustrations of genius full of information and inspiration—full of suggestiveness and humor, and pathos, and passion—capable, at once, of communicating valuable thoughts, and of kindling the more valuable faculty of thinking.

Farmingdale. By Caroline Thomas. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The authoress of this story displays a good deal of that peculiar talent which has given so much popularity to the "Wide, Wide World," and the "Lamp-lighter." The incidents in "Farmingdale" are common, but they are well narrated, and serve the purpose of developing the characters. We know of few books which represent with so much freshness and closeness the ordinary life of New England. Aunt Betsy Graham is the gem of the work as regards characterization, and is as "true as truth's simplicity." In Mary, the heroine, the writer's goodness and purity of heart are finely exhibited. The character may be ideal, but it is conceived, delineated, and developed with great felicity, and appears as natural as Aunt Betsy herself. The book cannot be read by young or old without touching the best feelings, and quickening the best principles.

The History of the Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote, of La Mancha. Translated from the Spanish, by Motteux. A New Edition, with copious notes, and an Essay on the Life and Writings of Cervantes, by John G. Lockhart, Esq. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 4 vols. 12mo.

It is almost needless to say that this is the best English translation of Don Quixote, the one which most successfully preserves the peculiarities of the original, and transfers into English most felicitously, the spirit of Cervantes. Lockhart's biography of the author is gracefully and genially written, abounding in details relating to Cervantes and his times, and judicious in its estimates of his genius and works. The notes are mines of information. "If read continuously," says a competent English critic of the edition, "without reference to the text they so admirably illustrate, they would form a most delightful book. Indeed, what can be more interesting than such a collection of rare anecdotes, curious quotations from forgotten books, and beautiful versions of most beautiful ballads. Printed in a volume by themselves, these notes to Don Quixote would constitute one of the most entertaining *Ana* in our language, or in any other that we are acquainted with. But above all, to the student of Spanish, who attacks the Don in the original, they must be altogether invaluable, for Cervantes' allusions to the works of Spanish authors, particularly his own contemporaries, are so numerous, that when Don Quixote appeared, it was regarded by the literati of Madrid almost as a sort of Spanish *Dunciad*."

The Boston edition is printed as well as the English, and is quite as elegant in every respect. It is also as cheap as an ordinary American reprint on dingy paper. We predict for it an extensive sale. No private collection of books, however small, should be without it.

A Geological Map of the United States, and the British Provinces of North America; with an Explanatory Text, Geological Sections, and Plates of the Fossils which Characterize the Formations. By Jules Marcon, United States Geologist, etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1 vol. 8vo.

This valuable work, by an eminent geologist, gives in a comparatively small space the results of much patient investigation, skillful combination, and original observation. It should be in the hands of every student who has the least taste for the science to which it relates. In speaking of the profusion of the useful minerals and precious metals scattered over the continent of North America, and of the impossibility of their being monopolized by a few individuals, the author finds in the fact a natural argument for American democracy; and he goes on to say that "it is well known that the agriculture and vegetation are more democratic—that is more uniform—in the United States, than any where else;" and he quotes the pertinent observation of De Tocqueville. "In the United States it is not only the legislation that is democratic; nature herself works for the people."

The Iron Cousin; or, Mutual Influence. By Mary Cowden Clarke. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an admirable novel, evincing throughout the free, bold, handling of conscious power. Its chief merit is the conception, development, and opposition of character. The heroine, Kate Ireton, is a bewitching creation, all the more beautiful for her sparkling shrewishness and decisive will—"a rose-bud set in thorns." The Iron Cousin, Termer Worthington, is her apt counterpart, and their influence in modifying each other's natures, while resolutely bent on expressing their own, is set forth with masterly distinctness. The elastic vigor of the writer's mind is felt in the continual vividness and vitality of the description and narrative. The book is healthy and wholesome throughout, good for entertainment, and good for instruction.

Original Comicalities.

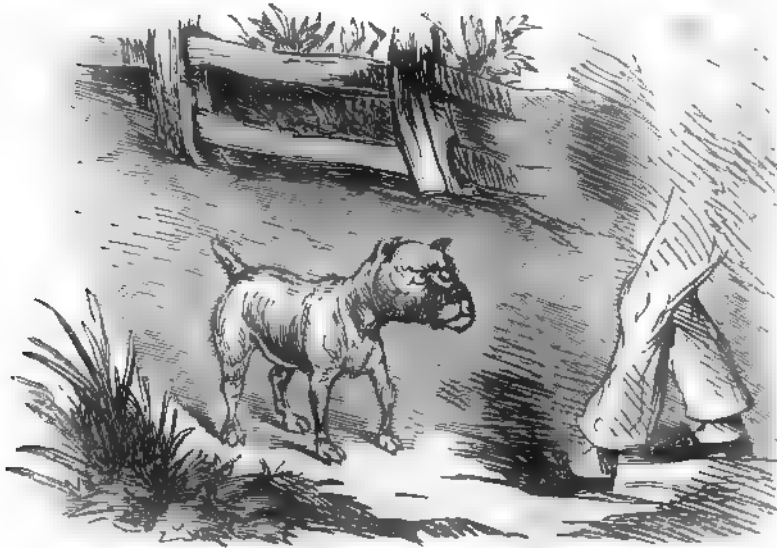
Some particulars of an adventure which befel our friend Jones—you know Jones, of course—during the hot weather last summer.



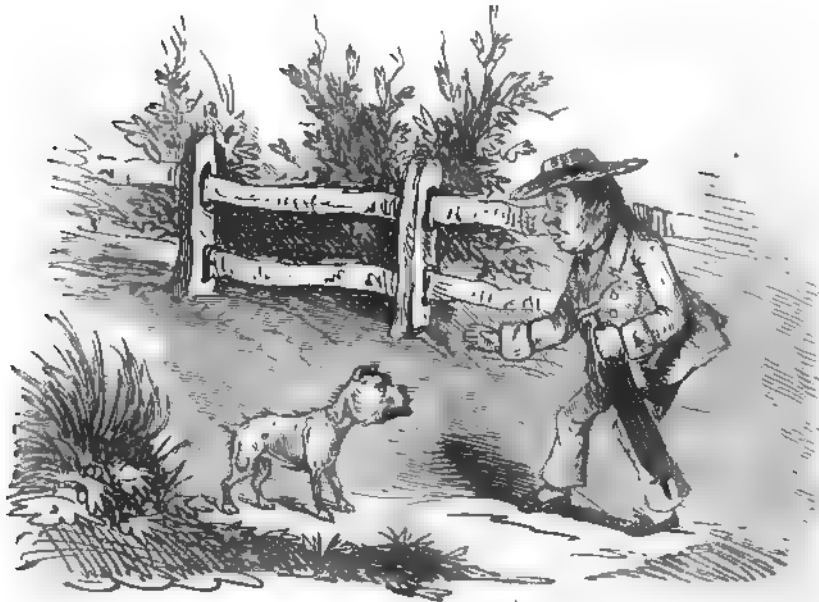
Here we see him in a reverie—he thinks how pleasant it would be to be “abroad in the meadows, and see the young lambs go frisking about by the side of their dams.”



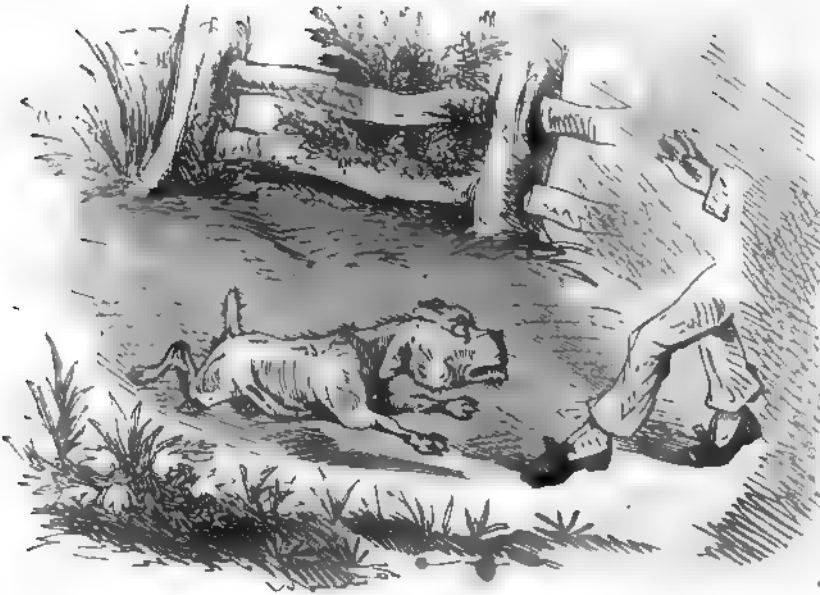
Accordingly, he takes lodgings in the country, and after breakfast sets out on an exploring tour.



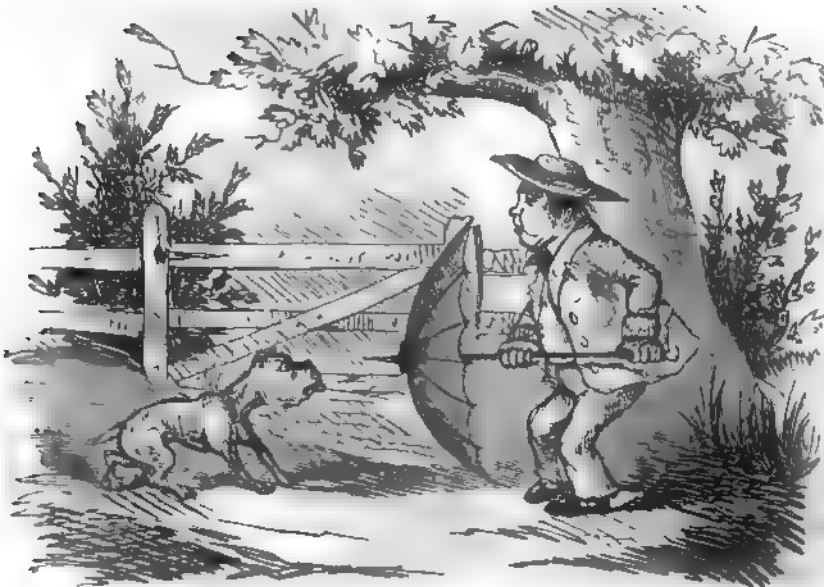
Turning into a shady lane, he encounters the above interesting specimen of the animal kingdom, who seems inclined to dispute the passage.



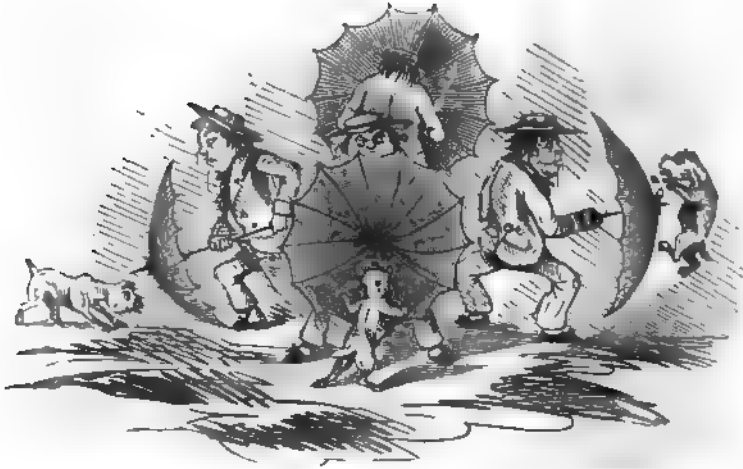
Jones chirps to the dog, and endeavors to humbug him by flattering observations, such as "poor fellow," "good dog," etc.



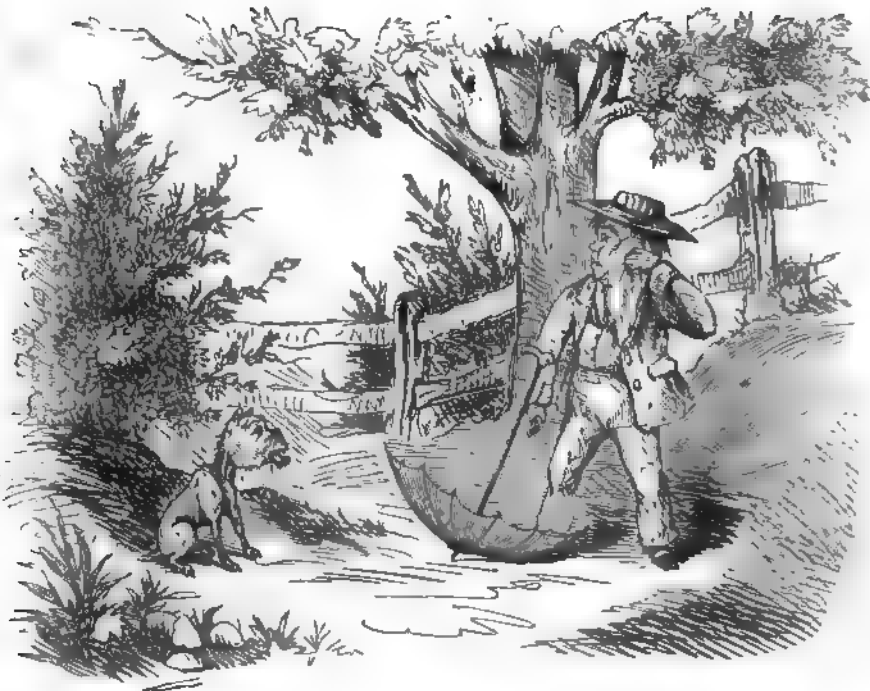
But the brute makes a vicious dash at his legs.



Jones having, in the course of his reading, met with the anecdote of the lady and tiger—that ver-failing illustration of presence of mind—rapidly unfurls his umbrella.



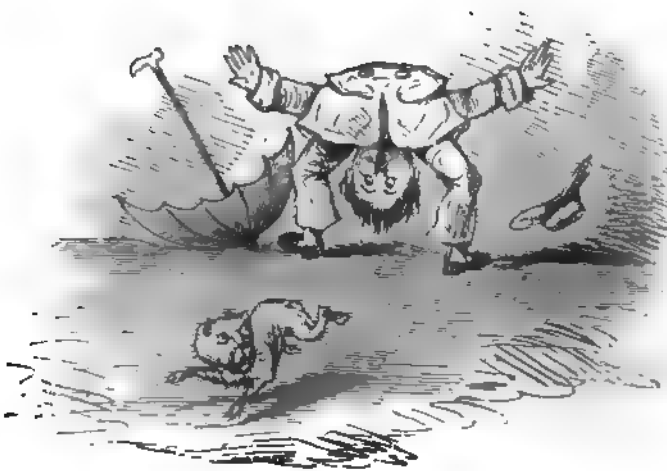
The above will give some idea of the cruel way in which that dog kept Jones stepping 'round for the next hour—thermometer 90°.



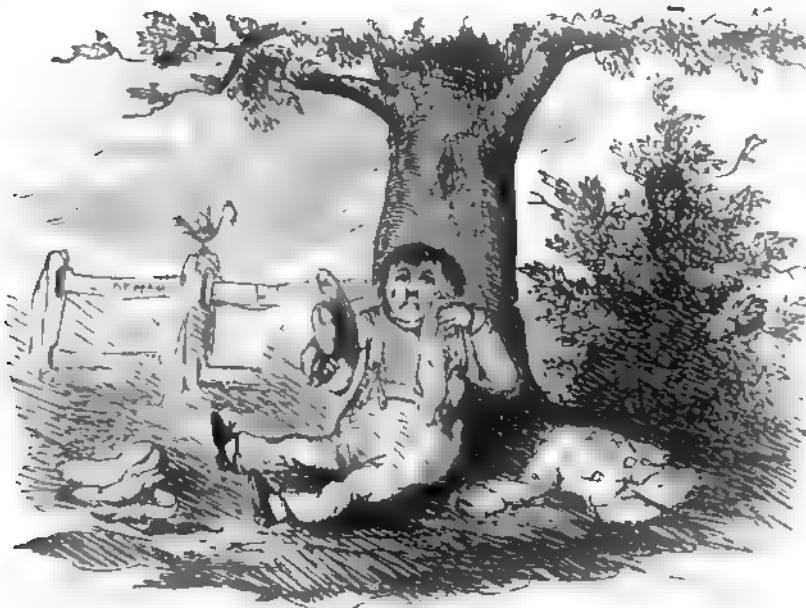
At last, mutually exhausted, a brief truce is consented to by the enemy.



But as soon as Jones moves, the dog is at him again.



A happy thought strikes him—he adopts the above extraordinary position, and by a backward rement, and an accompaniment of short howls, causes the rapid retreat of his terrified foe.



Jones feels used up—no wonder!



He went back to town the next morning—here we see him refreshing at Parkinson's Garden, in company with Brown. Jones is remarking that "People may talk of country air, sir, but give me a nice, cool place like this, sir; where a man can enjoy himself without being tormented by *dear*-sir, and things."



Abandoning the Vessels at Gloucester. (See page 416.)



Attack on Fort Mifflin. (See page 415.)

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLV.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1854.

NO. 5.

SCENERY OF THE HEAVENS.

BY THOMAS MILNER, M. A.

Continued from page 352.

We may now glance at some of the appearances of this comet at its successive returns, as far as historical records supply information.

The comet of 1006 is conceived on good grounds to have been identical with that of 1682. Its *first* recorded appearance was thus immediately prior to the Danish invasion of England, and during the declining days of the Empire of the Caliphs. Heli-ben-Rodoan mentions the immense curved tail in the form of a scythe. The head appeared four times as large as Venus. The *second* visit, which must have been about 1082, in the reign of the Conqueror, is unrecorded; and the *third* and *fourth*, in 1156 and 1230, are merely mentioned by the annalists, without any detail. Its *fifth* return was in the year 1305, when the papal chair was removed to Avignon, the Swiss cantons were effecting their independence, and Edward I. tyrannising over Scotland. At the season of Easter, this "great and fearful star," as it was called, was perceived, but so far from raising the temperature, a supposed sometary effect in later times, a general cold prevailed over Europe, and a severe frost in England at midsummer, destroyed the corn and fruits. History gives no particulars of its next visit in 1380, but in 1456 its appearance filled all Christendom with consternation. It passed very near to the earth, and swept the heavens with a tail extending over sixty degrees, in the form of a sword or sabre. The Turks had just become

masters of Constantinople, and threatened an advance into the heart of Europe. The comet variously excited hope or fear, according as it was deemed the friend of the crescent or the cross. At Constantinople, the occurrence of a coincident lunar eclipse, increased the portentousness of the event. Phranza, grand-chamberlain, and principal secretary to the last head of the Greek-Roman Empire, reports:—"Each night, soon after sunset, a comet was seen like a straight sabre, approaching the moon. The



night of the full moon having arrived, and then by chance an eclipse having taken place, according to the regular process and circular orbits of the celestial lights, as is customary—some persons seeing the darkness of the eclipse, and regarding the comet in form of a long sword, which arose from the west, and traveled toward the east, approaching the moon, thought that the

comet in shape of a long sword thus designated, with regard to the darkness of the moon, that the Christians, inhabitants of the west, had agreed to march against the Turks, and would gain the victory; but the Turks, also considering these things, became not a little fearful, and had great discussions." The pope, however, Calixtus III., regarded the comet as in league with the Moslems, and ordered the Ave Maria to be repeated by the faithful three times a day, instead of two. He directed the church bells to toll at noon, a custom which still prevails in Catholic countries. To the Ave Maria the prayer was added, "Lord save us from the Devil, the Turk, and the Comet;" and once each day these three obnoxious personages were regularly excommunicated. There was perhaps as much worldly policy as superstition in sounding this note of alarm, for fees accumulated to the priesthood from the increase of confessions. The comet at length, after patiently enduring some months of daily excommunication and cursing, showed signs of retreat, and Europe breathed freely when it vanished from the skies. At the eighth return in 1531, the New World had been discovered and by the invention of printing the foundation had been laid for the intellectual and religious reform of the Old. The comet, as then seen in Cancer, was of a bright gold color. In 1607, the ninth visit, the Copernican system had been broached, and Galileo and Kepler were laboring to establish it. The course of the comet was observed through Ursa Major, Boötes, Serpens, and Ophiuchus. Its light was pale and watery. The tail is described as long and thick, like a flaming lance or sword. The apparent magnitude of the head was greater than that of any of the fixed stars, or Jupiter; and, say the chronicles of the age, of its direful effects "the Duke of Lorraine died"—"a great war between the Swedes and the Danes." "The comet does me much honor," was the remark of Cardinal Maza-

rine on his death-bed, when informed by his servile attendants that one had made its appearance. It is happily said, in Shakespeare, in allusion to this sycophancy—

"When beggars die there are no comets seen."

The tenth return brings us to the time of Newton and Halley. At the eleventh revolution in 1789, it was a pale and feeble object. In 1835, the twelfth advent, it was much more distinct, and

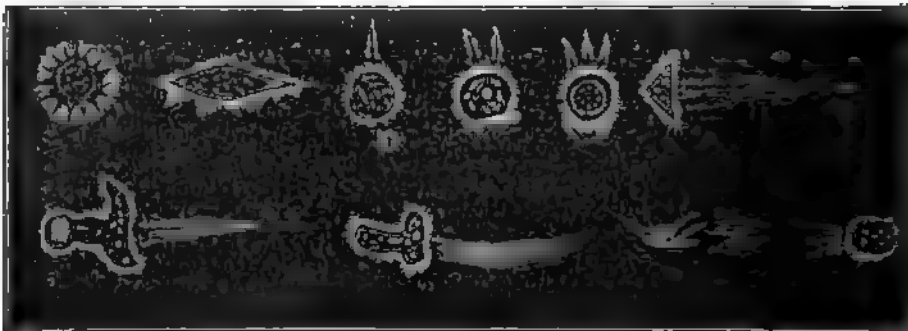
was frequently seen without a telescope, presenting the annexed appearance.

Its thirteenth return will occur in 1911, when the present generation shall have passed away, and the few remain-



ing infants of to-morrow be bending under the infirmities of age.

The later apparitions of Halley's comet have thus been far less brilliant and conspicuous than its earlier exhibitions. At its four last periodic returns, it bore no resemblance to the comet *horrendæ magnitudinis* of the year 1305. Arago conjectures that the comets, in describing their immense orbits, disseminate in space at each revolution all the matter which, when near the perihelion is detached from the nucleus and forms the tail. It is clearly possible, therefore, that some of them may in process of time completely waste away, unless by traveling through similar detached trains, they recover a quantity of matter sufficient to compensate for their own losses.



We may believe, also, that dissipation occurring, the same body that now presents an insignificant appearance, exhibited a bolder front in days of

yore, though the early annalists and artists have undoubtedly borrowed largely from imagination in describing these bodies. In a celestial atlas

ublished about the year 1680, several drawings of comets occur, from which the annexed are selected. It is evident that these artistic efforts are not true to nature, however true to such wild and distorted descriptions as the following, from the "Exempla Cometarum" of Rosenberg, a contemporary of Newton:—"In the year 1527, about four in the morning, not only in the Palace of the Rhine, but nearly over all Europe, appeared for an hour and a-quarter a most horrible comet, in this sort. In its length it was of

a bloody color, inclining to saffron. From the top of its train appeared a bended arm, in the hand whereof was a huge sword in the instant posture of striking. At the point of the sword was a star. From the star proceeded dusky rays like javelins or lesser swords, as if imbrued in blood, between which appeared human faces of the color of blackish clouds, with rough hair and beards. All these moved with such terrible sparkling and brightness, that many spectators swooned with fear!"



The next most remarkable comet of modern times appeared about the middle of December, 1743, and continued visible during the spring of the year following. On the 1st of February, according to Chéseaux, it was more brilliant than Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens. On the 8th it equalled Jupiter, and was visible in the presence of the sun at the beginning of the next month. By selecting a convenient situation many persons saw it at mid-day without glasses. Several instances of similar brilliancy are on record. Justin mentions a comet which appeared at the birth of Mithridates, and overcame the brightness of the sun by its splendor; and, however this may be an exaggeration, there are many well-attested cases of these bodies being seen by broad daylight. The Cæsarian comet, and others in 1402, with one in 1682, were likewise visible. The fine comet of 1577 was seen with the naked eye by Tycho Brahe, before sun-

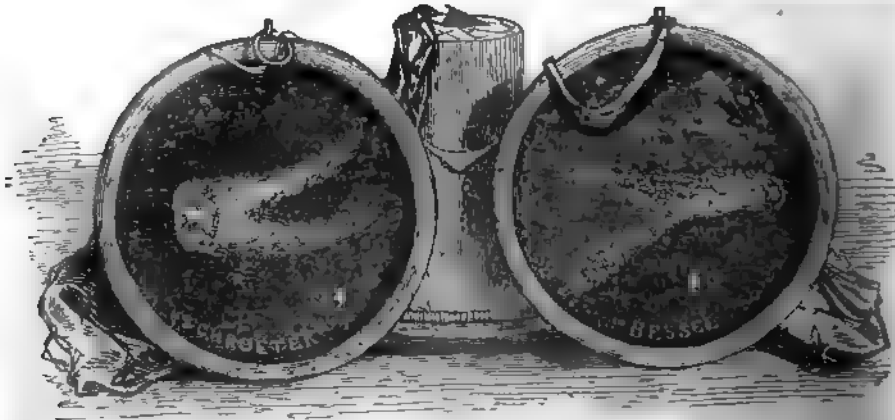
set. On account of its brightness, and peculiar form, the comet of 1744 excited great attention and interest. It exhibited no train until within the distance of the orbit of Mars from the sun; but, early in March, it appeared with a tail divided into six branches, all diverging, but curved in the same direction. Each of these tails was about 4° in width, and from 80° to 44° in length. The edges were bright and decided, the middle faint, and the intervening spaces as sombre as the rest of the firmament, the stars shining in them. This comet was repeatedly seen in Switzerland, with the nucleus below the horizon, and the six tails extending from twenty to thirty degrees above it. The scene presented by this remarkable body in the situation referred to was striking in the extreme when circumstances favored the display.

In the year 1770, a comet appeared, which has acquired considerable notoriety from the altera-

tions which its orbit has undergone. It was first observed by Messier, a man who united great simplicity of character with high scientific attainments. Louis XV. called him *le furet des comètes*, from his zeal in hunting after them. He had discovered twelve, every one of which, says Delambre, gained him admission to some foreign academy. While attending to his wife during her last moments, Montagne discovered another.

This was a cutting stroke to Messier, and he exclaimed, "Alas! I had discovered twelve, and this Montagne has taken away my thirteenth!" Then remembering that it was his wife he should mourn for, he began to say, "ah! la pauvre femme!" and went on deploring his comet.

Another comet, exhibiting some remarkable features, presented itself in the year 1807. It was assiduously observed by Herschel, in Eng-



land, and by the continental astronomers, Schroeter, Bessel and Olbera. The drawings of the two former are here given, taken on two succeeding evenings, which show a divided tail, the separate

branches having varied their aspects. Comets, flickering and vanishing like the northern lights, appeared to shoot out in an instant from the train to an immense extent.



Comet of 1811 as seen at Winchester.

In the autumn of 1811, within the memory of many of the present generation, by far the finest comet suddenly appeared to adorn our heavens, that has been seen since the age of Newton. It was first beheld in England in the beginning of September, and was visible for more than three months, in succession, to the naked eye, shining with great splendor, the observed of all obser-

vers. This was a comet of the first class in point of magnitude and luminosity. Its brilliant tail, at its greatest elongation, had an extent of 123 millions of miles, by a breadth of 15 millions; and thus, supposing the nucleus of the comet to have been placed on the sun, and the tail in the plane of the orbits of the planets, it would have reached over those of Mercury, Venus, the

Earth, and have boarded on that of Mars. At its nearest approach to us, the comet was yet distant 141 millions of miles, so that even had the tail pointed to the earth, its extremity would have been 18 millions of miles away from its surface.

The appearance of this comet was strikingly ornamental to the evening sky. Many a reaper late in the harvest-field stayed his hand, and many a peasant homeward-bound, stopped in the way, to gaze upon the celestial novelty, as it

grew into distinctness with the declining day. The Ettrick Shepherd has left a memorial of his impressions in the well-known lines:—

"Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flearest in celestial gale—
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

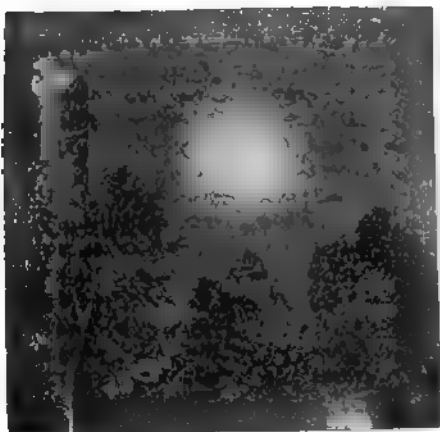
"Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
And streaming locks so lovely pale;
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail."



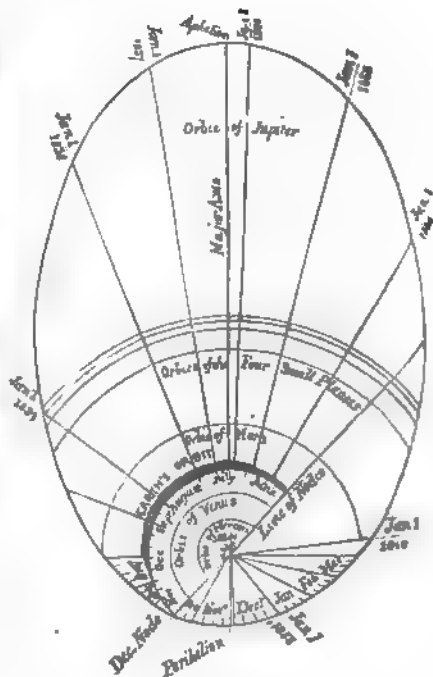
There was no inconsiderable amount of superstitious fear blended upon this occasion with the natural feelings of wonder and admiration that were excited. As the great comet of 1680 had been deemed a manifest presage of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the persecution of the French Protestants, and the long wars that ensued, so was the beautiful and transient visitor of 1811 abused in a similar manner. It was widely regarded as the herald of some awful terrestrial occurrence, and the particular event intended was not doubtful to many minds when Napoleon led his legions from the west, to perish amid the snows of Russia, and Moscow was in flames!

Science has been more recently occupied with two cometary bodies, insignificant in their external aspect, but deeply interesting on account of the discovery that their orbital course is included within the bounds of our system, and their predicted returns fulfilled with unfailing punctuality. The first is known as the comet of Encke. It

was observed in the year 1786, by Messier, traversing the constellation Aquarius; afterward seen by Miss Herschel, in 1795, in Cygnus; and by M. Pons, in 1805, in Ursa Major; but no idea was entertained that these were appearances of the same body, till Encke, in 1819, established their identity, in consequence of which the comet has received his name. It passes its perihelion within the orbit of Mercury, and has its aphelion midway between the paths of the telescope planets and Jupiter, its greatest distance from the sun being twelve times its least distance, and its period of revolution 1203 days, or 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ years. This object has now seven times answered to the announcements made respecting its course, incontrovertibly establishing its character as a regular member of our system, moving in obedience to its laws. The comet appears as a small globular patch of vapor, without any star-like nucleus or tail, scarcely perceptible, and its dimness seems to be increasing. But this insignificant and shadowy thing exhibits a deep



esting and important phenomenon, that of the gradual diminution of its periodic time, owing to a decrease in the size of its orbit, the supposed effect of a resisting medium in space, which is urging it nearer the sun, and may ultimately terminate its career as a separate body. The same conclusion is entertained with reference to the planets, founded upon this peculiarity of the comet of Encke. If the spaces in which they move is occupied by a resisting medium, that, it is conceived, will, in the long run of ages, diminish their actual velocity, decrease the centrifugal force, give more power to the solar attraction, draw them toward the centre, and thus end the system. Such a speculation is, to say the least, premature. We may admit the existence of an ethereal medium which shall perceptibly effect the movements of a small vapory globule, and offer no appreciable opposition to the solid and weighty planetary masses. The proper course is to wait until such a medium is placed beyond all doubt, for it cannot be said yet to be demonstrated; and until we have some evidence of its action in the case of the planets, before we reason upon it as a fact. Besides the comet of Encke, there is another, whose periodicity has been ascertained, a discovery due to M. Biela, in 1826. This is entirely a telescopic object, and without tail or nucleus like the former. Its aphelion place is a little beyond the orbit of Jupiter, its perihelion within that of Venus, its time of revolution 2461 days, or 6½ years. This was the comet which excited a large amount of apprehension for the safety of our terrestrial mansion, prior to its return in 1832. It was calculated that a little before midnight, on the 29th of October, it would cross the plane in which the earth revolves, near the point where our globe itself would be on the morning of the 30th of November following; and, undoubtedly,



had the comet been delayed a month by any disturbance, a collision with its nebulaeity would have taken place. The alarm was principally confined to the Parisians, who seem to be somewhat addicted to such fears. In the year 1773, in consequence of some rumor getting afloat concerning an expected comet, the public tranquillity was disturbed, and Lalande was requested by the civil authorities to interfere to assuage the popular terrors. To prevent their renewal in 1832, the authority of the Academy of Sciences was invoked in relation to the anticipated visitor, and Arago wrote a celebrated treatise to show the groundlessness of all alarm. Accordingly, the earth's progress in its orbit being at the mean rate of two millions of miles daily, and a month intervening between the passage of the comet across it, and the arrival of the earth at the same point, the two bodies were never nearer than sixty millions of miles. At such a peaceful distance the comet is plainly welcome to our turnpike-road in space. The accompanying diagram represents its course as compared with that of the earth. On the ellipse are marked its places from the beginning of each year, from 1832 to 1840, the interval of one revolution. It became visible in the latter part of the year 1838, and may again be expected in view during 1845.

In the spring of 1843, the world was suddenly startled by the apparition of an object in the western heavens, soon after sunset, like a streak

of aurora, streaming from the region of the sun below the constellation Orion. Its outline was so distinct, and its light so conspicuous, as immediately to arrest the attention of persons abroad upon the roads, and in vessels at sea. By many observers it was mistaken at first for the zodiacal light; but its aspect and movements proved it to be a comet of the very largest class. Instead of being luminous at the edges, and more obscure in the middle, a general characteristic of cometary tails, which has induced the belief that they are cones internally empty, the light of the tail, in the present instance, was visibly more intense in the centre than on the sides. This was one of the largest comets ever observed, and would have appeared an extraordinary object if circumstances had been favorable to its exhibition to us. Its train must have extended through celestial space to the enormous length of a hundred and sixty millions of miles. It was traveling with prodigious velocity away from the sun, having doubled the solar orb upon first becoming visible, and soon vanished from terrestrial gaze in the immensities of the universe.

This comet, as observed at Washington, is thus described by Lieutenant Maury, in a communication from the Hydrographical Office in that city:—"On Monday morning, March 6th, our attention was called to a paragraph in the newspapers, stating that a comet was visible near the sun at mid-day with the naked eye. The sky was clear, but, not being able to discover any thing with the unassisted eye, resource was had to a telescope, without any better success. About sunset in the evening, the examination was renewed with great diligence, but to no purpose. The last faint streak of day gilded the west, beautiful and delicate fleeces of cloud curtained the bed of the sun, the upper sky was studded with stars, and all hopes of seeing the comet that evening had vanished. Soon after we had retired, the officer of the watch announced the appearance of the comet in the west. The phenomenon was sublime and beautiful. The needle was greatly agitated; and a strongly marked pencil of light was streaming up from the path of the sun, in an oblique direction, to the southward and eastward; its edges were parallel. It was $1^{\circ} 30'$ broad, and 30° long. Stars could be seen twinkling through it, and no doubt was at first entertained but that this was the tail of the comet. The officer of the watch was directed to search the eastern sky with the telescope in the morning, from early dawn and before, till sunrise. Nothing strange or uncommon was noted by him. Tuesday was a beautiful day. The sun was clear, gilding, as it sunk below the hills, a narrow streak of cloud, seen through the tree-

tops beyond the Potomac. The tail had appeared of great length for the first time the evening before; therefore, we expected to find its length this evening greatly increased. It was a moment of intense interest when the first stars began to appear. The last rays of the sun still lingered on the horizon, and at this moment a well-defined pencil of hairy light was seen pointing toward the sun. At 5 h. 41 m., sidereal time, the first measurement of length of the tail was taken; it measured 41° to the horizon. At 6 h. 19 m. it had become most distinct. It was then $1^{\circ} 45'$ broad, and 55° long, not including the part below the horizon, which, supposing its terminus to be near the sun, could not, owing to the oblique angle which it made with the horizon, be less than 10° or 15° more. It now commenced gradually to fade away, and in a short time had entirely disappeared. The morning observations were diligently renewed, but nothing could be seen worthy of note." A letter, dated March 22d, from Constantinople, records the advent of the visitor in that region, and the various speculations of its mongrel population concerning it: "The attention of the public has been called from terrestrial to celestial matters within the last week, by the appearance of a luminous body in the southern hemisphere, by some declared to be a comet of extraordinary magnitude, by others, a meteoric or nebulous coruscation. It becomes visible about seven o'clock, P. M., and remains in sight for about two hours. Its position is nearly S. S. W., and its magnitude, measured by the sextant, is 1° in breadth, and 21° in length, with a dip of 45° . The appearance of this phenomenon has excited general interest among the natives. The *mounejimbashy* (chief astrologer) declares that it prognosticates great disasters to people residing southward; it forebodes, in the first place, divers calamities to Greece; and, secondly, a termination of French Razias in Algiers. On the other hand, the Greek priests, with no other instruments than their spectacles, announce that they read in its luminous tail the restoration of the profligate Greek Empire, and the downfall of modern rule in Europe. Then, again, the Persian muchats, at the Valide Khan, all stroke their beards, and swear by the twelve Imans that the meteor represents the flaming death-bladed sword of Ali, uplifted to wreak vengeance upon the heretic followers of Omer, for the outrages recently committed upon the sainted tombs of Kerbebah. In the meanwhile, as there are neither astronomers nor instruments at this place, nothing is left for us but to await accounts from Europe, in order to determine the real nature of this extraordinary and splendid phenomenon."

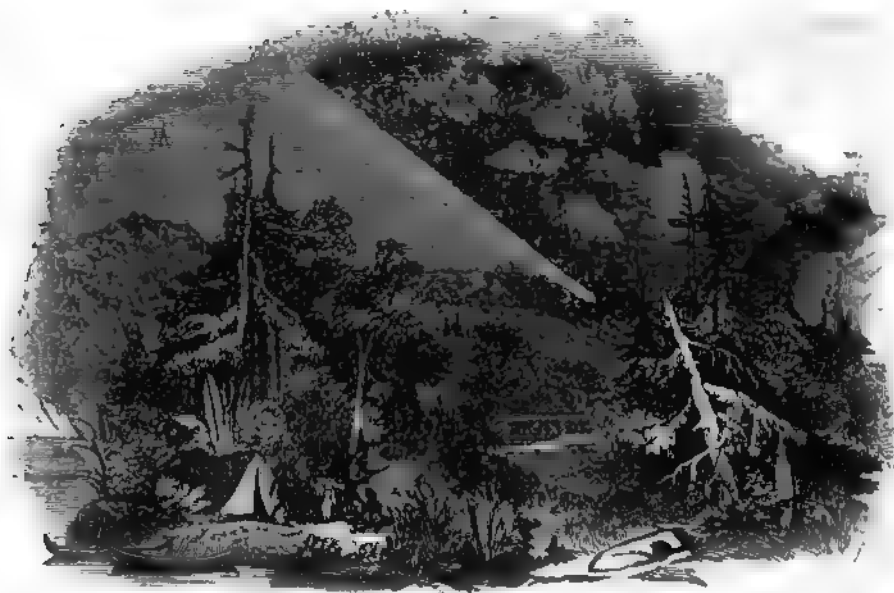
A European, traveling in the wilds of America, the only representative of the civilized world present upon the occasion, has graphically narrated his own impressions, and those of his Indian companions:—"We were ascending the Essequibo, that noble river which, though a small rill among the mountains of the equator, disembogues its accumulated waters through three channels, nearly twenty miles wide. The weather was unfavorable; torrents of rain had descended, and the sky had been covered with clouds for weeks. We were approaching the cataract Oropocari in $4^{\circ} 11'$ north latitude, and had encamped, on the 8th of March, three miles below it, when, for the first time since our departure from the coast, the sky, hitherto a uniform mass of grayish clouds, cleared in the evening, and exposed, toward the south-west, the deep, tropical blue, spangled with stars. We hailed with pleasure the prediction of better weather; but what was our amazement when we observed, in the W. S. W., a broad, white, nebulous band, inclining toward the horizon, and stretching to an altitude of 45° : The zenith was covered with those beautiful clouds which the meteorologist calls cirro-cumulus; the sky was, however, perfectly clear on both sides of the band, which, $64'$ (in arc) broad, and of a pure white, almost transparent, formed a strong contrast with the deep azure of the tropical sky. I could not observe whether the band rested apparently on the horizon, as the wall-like forest, near the edge of which we were encamped, prevented me from seeing that portion of the sky. From the point where the band became visible it appeared of a uniform breadth, becoming more transparent, and slightly diverging, near the summit. What can it be? was the first question. My Indian friends stood around, looking now with wonder at the phenomenon, now askance at me. Our doubts were solved next evening, March 9th: it was a comet! Our camp was so favorably situated that the south-western horizon was exposed to our view. The sky was partially clouded until seven o'clock, when the clouds to the west cleared away, and there stood the comet in all its grandeur, the nucleus being about 12° above the horizon, and the tail extending to the star α Eridani, then about 45° high. The nucleus appeared, to the naked eye, like a star of the second magnitude; its tail, near the base like a narrow band, spread in its broadest part $1^{\circ} 10'$, and lost itself in the constellation Eridanus. The whitish light and transparent vapor of its tail, resembling more those clouds compared to

'The beautiful semblance of a flock at rest,'

diverged about 20° below the foot of Orion, in

nebulous stripes. We stood amazed. A bright moon somewhat lessened the effect which the most wonderful of all natural phenomena would have produced had all else been hidden in darkness; but the extent of the tail rendered it remarkable; indeed, it was the largest which we, who stood assembled, had ever witnessed in our lifetime. I still recollect the beautiful comet of 1811, with its diverging beams of fiery hue, but its tail was much less in length than the one now looked upon. It was a scene, which has fixed itself firmly upon my memory. There we stood, upon a small island in the middle of the Essequibo, surrounded by foaming waters which, opposed in their course by dykes of granite, went thundering away over the black stony masses,—I, the only European among a number of naked savages, the coppery tint of whose bodies shone in strong contrast when the burning embers of the camp fires threw a ray upon their figures; some standing upright, with their arms across their breast, others squatting on the ground, but their fearful eyes all directed toward the strange star with its luminous train. No word was spoken. The rush of the foaming waters was the only interruption of the silence. Tamana, a young Wapisiana, of more intelligence than is generally met with among his tribe, at last broke silence: "This is the Spirit of the Stars, the dreadful Capishi—famine and pestilence await us;" and, as if they had only wanted the utterance of a syllable to give vent to their feelings, the assembled Indians burst into a torrent of declamation, lamenting the appearance of the dreaded Capishi, as the precursor of pestilence and famine, and raising, with violent gesticulations, their arms toward the comet. I was surprised to find among my Indian followers the same superstitious dread of a comet, which, in all ages, rendered their celestial appearance the terror of the uninstructed and vulgar. The Indians around me consisted of Arécumas, Wapisianas, and Macusis. The first called the comet Wátaimá, signifying, like Capishi, the Spirit of the Stars. The Macusi Indians named it Cá-poéséimá, "a fiery cloud," or Woe-inopsa, "a sun casting its light behind." Must we not acknowledge that these simple children of nature have given to this magnificent phenomenon a more expressive name than we civilized nations?"

The leading features of the chief cometary appearances of modern times have now been sketched. There are various inquiries which naturally suggest themselves with reference to these bodies. What is their physical constitution? What their origin and office in the system? Are they inherently luminous, or dependent upon the solar glory, shining like the planets, by virtue of his



The Comet of 1843 as seen from an island in the Essequibo River.

light? Have they any terrestrial influence? Is there a chance of our globe coming into actual collision with them; and supposing collision, what would be its probable effects? Upon most of these points we have no certain knowledge. It is most probable that a comet is altogether a gaseous body, and has no solid matter whatever. Sir John Herschel remarks, that "whenever powerful telescopes have been turned on them, they have not failed to dispel the illusion which attributes solidity to that more condensed part of the head, which appears to the naked eye as a nucleus; though it is true that in some a very minute stellar point *has* been seen, indicating the existence of a solid body." Mr. Airy also states that "on the physical constitution of comets we have learnt nothing, except that they appear to be wholly gaseous."

These views of the constitution of cometary bodies show the fallacy of apprehending those consequences from a shock with them, of which terrific pictures have been drawn, and the impossibility of those events being produced by collision, which have been assigned to it, such as the deluge of Noah, the depression of the Caspian Sea and its neighborhood, with the formation of the four telescopic planets out of a comet-stricken orb. "It is easy to represent," says Laplace, "the effect of such a shock upon the earth; the axis and motion of rotation changed; the waters abandoning their ancient position, to precipitate themselves toward the new equator; the greater part of men and animals drowned in

a universal deluge, or destroyed by the violence of the shock given to the terrestrial globe; whole species annihilated; all the monuments of human industry reversed; such are the disasters which a shock of a comet would produce. We see then," he observes, referring to this cause some singular facts in geology explained, "why the ocean has abandoned the highest mountains, on which it has left incontestable marks of its former abode. We see why the animals and plants of the south may have existed in the climates of the north, where their relics and impressions are still to be found. Lastly, it explains the short period of the existence of the moral world, whose earliest monuments do not go much farther back than three thousand years. The human race, reduced to a small number of individuals, in the most deplorable state, occupied only with the immediate care for their subsistence, must necessarily have lost the remembrance of all sciences and of every art; and when the progress of civilization has again created new wants, every thing was to be done again, as if mankind had been just placed upon the earth." When this was the language of a philosopher of such high repute, the cockneys and belles of Paris, might well tremble at the announcement of a comet. "Popular terrors," said a professor there upon a recent occasion, "are productive of serious consequences. Several members of the Academy may still remember the accidents and disorders which followed a similar threat, imprudently communicated to the hea-

demy, by M. Delande in May, 1773. Persons of weak minds died of fright, and women miscarried. There were not wanting people, who knew too well the art of turning to their advantage the alarm inspired by the apprehended comet, and places in Paradise were sold at very high prices. The announcement of the comet of 1832, may produce similar effects, unless the authority of the Academy apply a prompt remedy; and this salutary intervention is at this moment implored by many benevolent persons." The possibility of collision with one of these vagrant cruisers in space may indeed be soberly entertained, as they move in all imaginable directions, penetrate within the interior of the planetary orbits, and often pass between Mercury and the sun. But a calculation of probabilities shows, that of 281,000,000 of chances, there are 280,999,999 that are favorable to *one* unfavorable. The probability, therefore, of such an event happening in the experience of any individual of the human race, is no greater than it would be with reference to his drawing one black ball, supposing it in an urn with 280,999,999 white balls. As to the near approach of a comet producing any great terrestrial change, such as deflecting our globe from its orbit by attraction, and scampering off with it as a satellite, we have plain warrant to treat the assumption as romance.

Even should an instance of actual contact occur, there seems no more reason to infer physical convulsion from the attack of a gaseous body, than in the case of a squadron of clouds assailing the sides and summit of a mountain. In all probability, the only effect would be a change of temperature, with some peculiar atmospheric phenomena, yet compatible with a full security to human life and happiness. That the orbital course and rotation of our planet would be affected; that the pole and the equator

would exchange places; that the ocean would leave its present bed, and the dry land be submerged; that any consequence would follow beyond a temporary alteration of climate, we have not only no authority to suppose, but strong grounds to deny. The surmise has been entertained that, in the year 1837, our globe experienced some cometary entanglement; and nothing more likely than that repeatedly, since the Creation, the terrestrial surface has received a brush. No trifling service has been rendered to mankind by science, that now these bodies are divested of those attributes of terror with which they were identified in ages past, when regarded as the heralds of political misfortune, or portending fatal physical events. When tidings came across the seas, brought by merchant and monk, that William the Norman was preparing to contest the possession of his territories with Harold, a comet, flaring in the heavens, raised misgivings in the Saxon mind, as to the issue of the event, and unnerved him for the struggle when all his vigor was most required. An after chronicle relates how a star with three long tails appeared in the sky, how the learned declared that such stars appeared only when a kingdom wanted a new king, and how the said star was called a "comette." So, in 1618, a similar object was believed, in France, to foreshow another Bartholomew massacre; in Holland, to predict the death of Barneveldt; at Vienna its fiery aspect was viewed as symbolic of destruction to the Bohemian heretics; while, in England, it was connected with coming wars, and the death of James's queen. It is no slight advantage to the moderns, that they can gaze upon such objects without anticipating disaster, and regard them as controlled by those laws to which their own world is obedient.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

HOUSEHOLD treasures, household treasures,
Home-born blessings, what are they?
Wealth, high birth, or aught attendant
On estate, or proud array;
Caskets of the costliest jewels,
Cabinets of ancient store,
Shrines where Art her incense offers,
Volumes of sublimest lore?

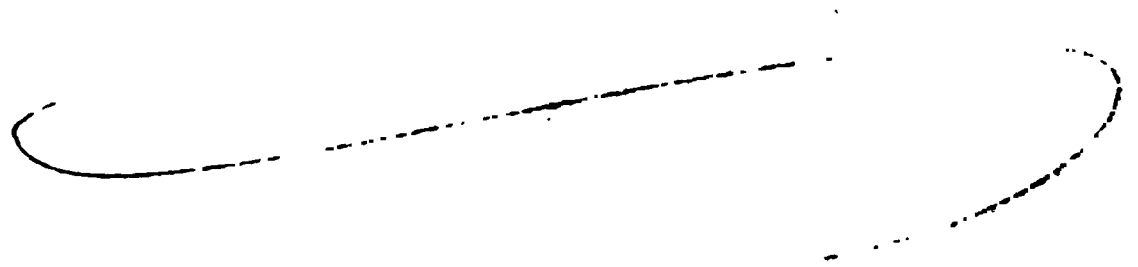
Household treasures, home's true jewels.
Are superior far than those!
Prattling children, blithe and ruddy
As the dew-bespangled rose:
Types of all the truly great ones
Which the world hath worshipped:
Winsome younglings, home's best angels,
Are the things I'd own instead.

Joyous creatures, choice possessions,
May-flowers in life's winter hour,
Silver cloudlets that enmantle
The lorn soul when troubles lour:
Drops of rain, when care and sorrow
Parch the spirit's genial springs;
Soothing minstrels, when unkindness
Snaps the hearts melodious strings.

Household treasures, household treasures,
Lasting blessings—what are they?
Naught which wealth and glory proffer—
These anon will all decay:
While eternal in the heavens—
With the white-robed cherubim—
Little children, once among us,
Swell the everlasting hymn.

Graham's

November 1891





[Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1854, by J. T. HEADLEY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States in and for the Southern District of New York.]

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

(Continued from page 352.)

CHAPTER X.

Fall of Burgoyne—Sermon of Timothy Dwight—Letter from Washington to Howe—Attack on Fort Mercer and Death of Count Donop—Gallant Defense and Fall of Fort Mifflin—Fall of Fort Mercer—March of Howe against Washington, and Address of the latter to his Troops—The Conway Cabal and Fate of the head Conspirators—Valley Forge—Sufferings of the Soldiers—Washington at Prayer—Labors of Washington and Inefficiency of Congress—The Half-Pay Establishment—Washington's Answer to the Complaint that he did not make a Winter Campaign—News of the Alliance of France—Celebration of it in Valley Forge—Baron Steuben and the Effects of his Discipline on the Army—Howe resolves to Evacuate Philadelphia—Council of War in American Camp on the best course to adopt.

Four days after the failure at Germantown, the second battle of Saratoga was fought, and Burgoyne, now completely hemmed in, turned, as a last resource, to Sir Henry Clinton, who was endeavoring to force his way up the Hudson to his rescue. The latter had succeeded in taking both forts Montgomery and Clinton, though bravely defended by Generals James, and George Clinton. His effort, however, came too late. For six days Burgoyne gloomily bore up against the decree which he knew was written against him. But his unrelenting foes day by day gathered closer and darker around him. They pitched their balls into his uncovered camp, and from every height played with their artillery on his dispirited columns. Through the hall of council, where his officers were moodily assembled, through the very apartment where he sat at dinner, cannon balls would crash, while all around his camp the steadily increasing storm gave fearful indications of his overthrow. For awhile he turned and turned, like a scorpion girt with fire, but his proud, ambitious heart was at last compelled to yield, and that splendid army, on which he had fondly hoped to build his fame and secure rank and glory, laid down its arms. Forty-two brass cannon, five thousand stand of arms, and all the camp-equipage, fell into the hands of the Americans, and one long, loud shout of triumph and of joy rolled through the northern colonies. Gates, inflated by success, for which he had Arnold to thank, refused to report his victory to

Washington, but sent his dispatch to Putnam with the request to deliver it to Congress. Putnam, overjoyed at the news, spread it through the army, and shouts, and the firing of cannon signalized the glorious event. Rev. Timothy Dwight, a chaplain in the army, preached a sermon at head-quarters, next day, from the text, "I will remove far off from you the northern army." Never was a sermon so listened to before by the officers and troops. Putnam could not refrain from nodding and smiling during the discourse at the happy hits with which it was filled, and at the close was loud in his praises of Mr. Dwight and the sermon, though, to be sure, he said there was no such text in the Bible—the chaplain having coined it to suit the occasion. When shown the passage, he exclaimed, "Well, there is every thing in that book, and Dwight knows just where to lay his finger on it."

Washington, distressed for want of men, had written Gates, after the first battle, to send him Morgan's corps, if the enemy was retreating. Gates declined, on the ground that Burgoyne was still in front. Two days after, the decisive battle was fought, and yet he retained the troops until the terms of the capitulation were settled, and its formalities gone through with.

About this time Washington received a letter from Howe, in which the latter remonstrated warmly against the destruction of several mills, by the American troops, on the ground that it inflicted distress on the inhabitants. Washington defended his conduct as perfectly consistent with the usages of war, and added, "I am happy to find that you express so much sensibility to the sufferings of the inhabitants, as it gives room to hope that those wanton and unnecessary depredations which have heretofore, in many instances, marked the conduct of your army, will be discontinued. The instances I allude to need not be enumerated; your own memory will suggest them to your imagination, from the destruction of Charlestown, in Massachusetts, down to the more recent burning of mills, barns, and houses, at the head of Elk and in the vicinity of the Schuylkill." No man knew better how to deal

these severe home thrusts than Washington. They were given, however, as a just punishment, and did not spring from a revengeful temper, for on the very day the flag bore this caustic note, another accompanied the following civil card: "General Washington's compliments to General Howe, and does himself the pleasure to return to him a dog which accidentally fell into his hands, and by the inscription on the collar appears to belong to General Howe."

The two armies, lying so near each other, constant skirmishes took place between detached parties, in which great skill and bravery were frequently exhibited. It became very difficult for Howe to collect forage, and in the partisan warfare which the attempt created the British were sure to be losers.

In the meantime, Howe pushed his efforts to clear the Delaware below the city, so that the fleet could come up. Washington, on the other hand, determined at all hazards to prevent it, for he knew that unless Howe could open his communication with the ships, he would be compelled to evacuate Philadelphia. Forts Mercer and Mifflin, on Red and Mud Banks, protected by a fleet of galleys and other vessels, under the command of Com. Hazlewood, was the only barrier between the British army and their ships, and against these Howe immediately directed a large force. Col. Christopher Green, with four hundred men from the two Rhode Island regiments, garrisoned Fort Mercer, while Colonel Smith, with about the same number of Maryland troops, defended Fort Mifflin. Count Donop, with twelve hundred Hessians, was sent against the former, and early in the morning of the 22d of October, suddenly emerged from the woods within cannon shot of the fort. The little garrison was taken by surprise, but not unprepared. In a few minutes a Hessian officer rode up with a flag, and ordered them to lay down their arms, declaring that if they refused no quarter would be given. Enraged at this insolent demand, Colonel Green replied, "*We ask no quarters, nor will we give any.*" With this murderous understanding, the two armies prepared for action. Donop immediately ordered a battery to be erected, within half gun shot of the fort, and notwithstanding the cannonading of the Americans, completed it, and at four o'clock opened his fire. He played furiously on the American works for three-quarters of an hour, and then gave orders to move forward to the assault. In two columns, one against the north and the other against the south side, they moved swiftly and steadily over the intervening space. The little band within gazed sternly on the overwhelming numbers, bearing down in such beautiful array,

resolved to die where they stood rather than surrender. The first division, finding the advance post and outworks abandoned, imagined the Americans had left them in affright. A loud cheer rang through the ranks, a lively march was struck up, and the column moved swiftly forward toward the silent redoubt itself, in which not a man could be seen. The soldiers were already ascending the ramparts to plant upon them the flag of victory, when suddenly every embrasure vomited forth fire, while a shower of grape-shot from a partially masked battery swept them away with frightful rapidity. Stunned and overwhelmed, they broke and fled out of the reach of the fire. The troops comprising the other column approached the south side of the fort, and pressing gallantly on, passed the abatis, crossed the ditch, and were pouring over the pickets, and mounting even the parapets, when the same deadly fire smote them so terribly that they recoiled and fled, leaving their commander mortally wounded on the field. The next day he died. He was only thirty-seven years of age, and just before his death exclaimed, "It is finishing a noble career early, but I die the victim of my ambition and the avarice of my sovereign."* The loss of the enemy was about four hundred, while that of the Americans was but thirty-eight. The first cannon shot aimed at Fort Mercer was the signal for the British fleet to advance against Fort Mifflin. It was, however, kept at bay by the American gallees and floating-batteries, and did not make its attack on the fort till next day, when the *Augusta*, of sixty-four guns, the *Roebuck*, of forty-four, two frigates, the *Merlin*, of eighteen guns, and a galley opened a heavy fire on the fort and flotilla. The Americans replied with a terrific cannonade, the echoes rolling up the Delaware, filling friends and foes with the deepest anxiety. But the balls of the Americans crashed so incessantly through the ships that the commander at length gave the orders to fall down the river out of the reach of the fire. A shot had set the *Augusta* on fire, and at noon she blew up, with a tremendous explosion. Soon after, the *Merlin* was seen to be in a blaze, and she too blew up, when the enemy withdrew. The officers commanding both forts were highly complimented by Washington, and swords were voted them and Commodore Hazlewood by Congress. Though repulsed, Howe did not abandon the attempt to force the passage of the river, and thirty vessels arriving, not long after, from New York, bringing reinforcements, he set on foot more extensive preparations. Province Island, in rear of Mud

* Referring to the fact that the troops were hired to England solely to obtain money.

Island, was taken possession of, and batteries were erected, while a large fleet, the vessels of which, drawing but little water, assembled near the forts. Washington, from his camp at White-marsh, saw these preparations with the extremest anxiety. With the fall of these forts would be extinguished his last hope of compelling the British to evacuate Philadelphia that season. He wished to dislodge the enemy on Province Island, but in the attempt he would expose himself to an attack in the rear by Howe, who had thrown a bridge across the Schuylkill, and could easily reach him and cut off his retreat with a vastly superior force. Thus fettered, he saw the works go up day by day, and the vessels and floating batteries slowly swing to their places, and a circle of fire gathering around Fort Mifflin, from which nothing but a miracle could deliver it. In the meantime, a heavy rain-storm set in, and the fatigued soldiers were compelled, in relieving guard, often to wade breast deep in the water. By the 10th, [Nov.,] a floating battery of twenty heavy cannons had been brought through a new channel, to within forty yards of an angle of the fort, and four sixty-four, and two forty gun ships to within nine hundred yards, while fourteen strong redoubts, protected by heavy artillery, covered Province Island.

Against this formidable array Colonel Smith could muster but three hundred men, protected by comparatively few batteries. At noon, on the 10th, the cannonading commenced from all the ships and land batteries, at once, and it rained shot and shells upon that little fort. But its guns, trained by skillful artillerists, spoke sharp and quick amid the deafening echoes, and it flamed and thundered over that low island as though a volcano were upheaving it from the sea. Before night the commander of the artillery was killed by the bursting of a bomb, and the pallisades began to suffer. One cannon was also damaged. All night long the heavens and the waters were illuminated by the blaze of the guns, whose sullen reverberations rolled with a boding sound over the American camp. The cannonading continued all next day, slowly grinding the fort to powder. Col. Smith, struck senseless by a brick which a cannon-ball hurled against him in its passage through a chimney, was, with Capt. George, also wounded, carried over to Red Bank. The enemy played night and day, without cessation, on the works, to prevent the garrison from repairing damages, and on the 12th dismounted two eighteen-pounders. The next day the ruin of the block-house was complete. Lieutenant Russel succeeded Colonel Smith in command, but overcome with fatigue, withdrew, and Major Thayer volunteered to take his place. A more

gallant officer was never inclosed by the walls of a fort. Against the hopeless odds that pressed him so sorely, with his cannon dismantled one after another, all his outworks demolished, and his garrison thinned off, he bore up to the last, refusing to yield while a gun could carry shot. The scene around that low fort at night was indescribably grand and fearful. Girdled with fire, and the target for so many cannon, canopied with shells bursting over and within, it still spoke forth its stern defiance, and answered thunder with thunder. On the 13th, the heavy floating battery opened with frightful effect, but before noon it was knocked to pieces and silenced by the well-directed fire of Thayer's artillery. Thus day after day wore on, while the garrison, though sick and exhausted, stood bravely to their guns. All this time Major Flewry sent daily dispatches to Washington. A mere line or two detailed the progress of the enemy. Compelled to sit listless while this brave defense was going on, his indignation was aroused against Gates and Putnam, for their refusal to send the reinforcements he had demanded, and which might have prevented the terrible calamities that nothing now seemed able to avert. At length a deserter to the British informed the commanders, to their astonishment, of the breaking up of the garrison. The attack was about to be abandoned, but encouraged by the report of this deserter, they, at daylight on the 15th, brought up two frigates to cannonade the fort in front, while the *Vigilant*, cut down so as to draw little water, was carried so close to the works that her guns overlooked those within. At ten o'clock a signal bugle rung out over the water and the next moment a terrific cannonade opened. The effect was appalling. The already half-destroyed batteries were soon completely demolished, the ditches filled with ruins, while the top-men in the rigging of the *Vigilant* picked off the artillerists on the platforms, and cast hand grenades into their midst. With only two mounted guns, whose echoes could scarcely be heard in the surrounding uproar, Thayer still kept up a brave defense. In a short time these shared the fate of the others, and before night every embrasure was in ruins, the parapets all knocked away, the artillery company almost to a man killed or disabled, and the whole fort presenting only a painful wreck. As darkness approached, Thayer sent over to Red Bank all the garrison but forty men. With these he remained till midnight, when, seeing that every defense was swept away, and the enemy making preparations for storming the place in the morning, he set fire to the ruins, and by the light of the flames crossed over to Red Bank. Scarcely fifty unwounded men were left of the whole garrison.

It was one of the most obstinate battles that had yet been fought, and stood side by side with Arnold's naval action on Lake Champlain, and covered the heroes of it with honor.

Fort Mercer, at Red Bank, was still in possession of the Americans, and Washington strained every nerve to save it. But Green, the commander, and Morgan, whom he sent to his relief, were too weak to oppose Cornwallis, rapidly approaching it with a heavy force. Colonel Green, despairing of succor, at length abandoned it, leaving all the artillery and stores in possession of the enemy. The American fleet, no longer protected by the forts, was now inevitably lost. Taking advantage of a dark night, some of the galleys, and two or three small vessels crept past the batteries at Philadelphia, and escaped up the river. The remaining portion, seventeen ships in all, were completely hemmed in by the enemy. The crews, seeing that escape was impossible, set them on fire at Gloucester, and fled. In their blazing timbers was consumed the last hope of rescuing Philadelphia from the British. The Delaware was now swept clear of every battery and vessel, and the enemy could sit down in safety in their snug winter quarters. The reinforcements so culpably withheld, at length arrived, but too late to render aid, and only in time to increase the suffering and starvation of the army.

Howe, elated by his success, and strengthened by reinforcements, resolved to advance against Washington, and marched his army within two or three miles of the American camp. The latter, not doubting that a great and decisive battle was at hand, reviewed his troops with care, told them that the enemy was about to attack them, and expressed his confidence that victory would remain with the Americans. He praised the patience and valor of those who had combatted with him at Brandywine and Germantown, and rousing their ambition and pride, told them that now was the time to show the conquerors from Saratoga who were to stand by their sides in the approaching conflict, that they were their equals in heroism and love of country. He addressed the northern troops in language of praise, saying that they were about to have another opportunity to add fresh laurels to those which they had so gloriously gained. He spoke of their common country, and by his impassioned manner, earnest appeals, and noble self-devotion, kindled every heart with enthusiasm and love, till even the half-clad, half-famished, and worn-out soldier panted equally with the strongest and freshest for the conflict. But Howe, after manœuvring for three days in front of the American lines, concluded not to venture an attack. Having lost

more than a hundred men in the skirmishes* of the detached parties with Morgan's riflemen, he at length retired to Philadelphia, while Washington, weighed down with care and disappointment, led his suffering, starving army through the deep snow to the gloomy encampment of Valley Forge, there to make up the most sad and touching chapter in our history.

It seemed at this time as if Heaven was determined to try the American commander, in the sevenfold heated furnace of affliction, for while struggling against the mortification and disappointment of his continued failures, and against the gloomy prospect before him, and actual suffering of his destitute army, and compelled to bear the reproaches of men in high places for his want of success, he saw a conspiracy forming to disgrace him from his command as unequal to its duties. What Washington suffered during this autumn and winter, no one will ever know. It was all black around him and before him, while, to crown his accumulated afflictions, his own officers, with members of Congress, were plotting his overthrow. Yet his serenity did not forsake him. Conscious of his own integrity, caring only for his country, the injurious comparisons drawn between him and Gates, the falling off of his friends, the disloyalty of the inhabitants, and the dreadful trials he knew to be in store for him, could not move him to jealousy, or awaken an angry expression, or force him to despair. All the shafts which misfortune hurled at him fell powerless at his feet. Still he felt for his country. Here was his vulnerable point. Her danger and sufferings aroused all the terrible and the tender in his nature.

Much has been said of the Conway cabal, and various accounts of its origin and progress given. The whole affair, however, admits of an easy and natural explanation. A man rising, like Washington, to power in troublous times, will always make rivals and enemies. There will be one class of officers who, having a high opinion of their own merit, will resent any refusal to their claims, and become secretly embittered. Such were Gates and Mifflin, who never forgave Washington for not granting their requests at Boston, the former to have command of a brigade to which he considered himself entitled, and the latter that of a regiment. There are others, mere ambitious adventurers, who if foiled in their efforts in one quarter, will endeavor to succeed in another, and placing their personal aggrandizement before every thing else, are ripe for conspiracies, revolutions, or any thing that promises to advance their own inter-

* Major Morris, fresh from Saratoga, was killed in one of these skirmishes.

ests. Such was Conway. There is still a third class who measure excellence by success, and whose feelings grow cold toward a defeated commander. Such were some in the army, and some in Congress, and many in the higher walks of social life. Then each of these has personal friends more or less impressible. Added to all these, there were, in the case of Washington, men of influence, who, while they had the reputation of being patriots, secretly inclined to the loyalists, and would gladly seize the first opportunity to overthrow the only man that stood in the way of the submission of the colonies. All these classes and characters remain quiet so long as they see that the man they assail is too strong in popular affection or in power to be attacked with safety. But the moment his own misfortunes, or the successes of others, weaken that popularity, and sap that strength, they combine against him, and what was before mere private complaints and abuse, becomes organized action. By this natural process the Conway Cabal, doubtless, was formed. Conway was an unscrupulous, dangerous man, and had joined the army as a mere adventurer. Although an Englishman by birth, he had lived in France since he was six years of age, and seen much service in the French army. He came to this country with high recommendations, and was appointed by Congress brigadier-general. Arrogant, boastful, and selfish, he was especially repugnant to Washington, who, with his deep insight, penetrated the hollow character of the man at once, and would never trust him. He, therefore, stood in Conway's way, and the latter would naturally seize the first opportunity to help remove him. The constant defeats in Pennsylvania, during the summer of 1777, gave great weight to his opinion against Washington's military capacity, and it was not difficult to win over many members of a Congress so contemptible as the one which then ruled our affairs. Still there was a great difficulty in taking the initiatory steps. If Washington could be displaced, there was no leader sufficiently popular to secure the confidence and co-operation of the people and the army. If successful, therefore, in its first attempt, the plot would afterward fall to the ground through its own weakness. But the great and decided victory of Gates over Burgoyne, linking his name with plaudits and honors all over the land, contrasting as it did with Washington's successive defeats and helpless condition, gave to the former the very prominence, the want of which had hitherto brought every thing to a dead lock. From this moment the malcontents grew bold, and the conspiracy strengthened with wonderful rapidity. Gates, an essentially weak, vain man,

was just the tool to be used in this nefarious scheme. He entertained no more doubt of his superiority to Washington as a military man, than his friends appeared to, and would have had no hesitation in accepting the chief command. The first thing to be secured was the co-operation of a sufficient number of the superior officers. Congress was already corrupted to an extent that promised success, and the army alone was wanting to take a decided step at once. The officers were cautiously sounded, but here the conspirators made poor progress. The remark which Wilkinson dropped to Stirling, and which exploded the whole scheme, was evidently thrown out as a feeler. As if in casual conversation, he remarked that Conway had written to Gates, saying—"Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it." This brought on a correspondence between different parties, and developed, at once, the feelings of both the army and the people.

Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, received an anonymous letter, which Washington ascribed to Dr. Rush, in which, after some flattery, the latter says, "A dreary wilderness is still before us, and unless a Moses or a Joshua are raised up in our behalf, we must perish before we reach the promised land;" and again, "The spirit of the southern army is no way inferior to the northern. A Gates, a Lee, or a Conway, would, in a few weeks, render them an irresistible body of men." This letter Patrick Henry inclosed to Washington, accompanying it with his severe condemnation. Said he, "I am sorry there should be one man who counts himself my friend, who is not yours." Another anonymous paper was sent to Laurens, President of Congress, filled with accusations against Washington and his course. This, Laurens refused to lay before Congress, and sent it to Washington, with his condemnation of the writer. The latter replied, saying he hoped that the paper would be submitted to Congress, that the charges it contained might be investigated, and added, "My enemies take ungenerous advantage of me. They know the delicacy of my situation, and that motives of policy deprive me of the defense that I might otherwise make against their insidious attacks. They know I cannot combat their insinuations, however injurious, without disclosing secrets which it is of the utmost moment to conceal. My heart tells me that it has been my unremitted aim to do the best that circumstances would permit, yet I may have been very often mistaken in my judgment of the means, and may in many instances deserve the imputation of error." Patrick Henry, hearing of the part General Mifflin

was taking in the conspiracy, wrote again to Washington, to comfort and strengthen him. Said he, "While you face the armed enemies of our country in the field, and, by the favor of God, have been kept unhurt, I trust your country will never harbor in her bosom the miscreant who would ruin her best supporter." Letters from others came pouring in, showing what a stern rally his friends would make when action became necessary. Conway endeavored to make friends with Lafayette by flattery and falsehood, but the young patriot penetrated at once, and denounced the villainous faction which sought to make him its tool. He wrote to Washington a long letter, stating that the conspiracy had involved many in the army, but closed by saying, "*I am bound to your fate, and I shall follow it and sustain it as well by my sword as by all the means in my power. You will pardon my importunity. Youth and friendship make me too warm, but I feel the greatest concern at recent events.*" Washington replied to this free and full offer of his sword and his efforts, in terms of warm affection. He had, from the outset, taken him like a son to his bosom, and loved him with parental affection to the last. Notwithstanding these ominous exhibitions of popular feeling, and directly in the teeth of Washington's most earnest, solemn, and even prophetic remonstrances, Congress raised Conway to the rank of major-general, and made him inspector-general of the army. It also created a Board of War, invested with large powers, and placed Conway, Mifflin and Gates at the head of it. This board immediately planned an expedition to Canada, the command of which was offered, as a bribe, to Lafayette. The latter carried the offer directly to Washington, telling him he should decline. Washington advised him not to do so, as the appointment was an honorable one, and would advance his reputation. He, therefore, accepted, and went to Yorktown, to meet the Board of War. On his arrival he found General Gates at dinner, surrounded by his friends, all of whom received him with the warmest expression of friendship. He sat down to the table, and the wine passed rapidly around as complimentary toasts were given in turn by the guests. Just as the company was about to break up, Lafayette remarked that, with their permission, he would propose a toast. The glasses were filled, when, looking steadily at those around him, he said, "*The Commander-in-chief of the American Armies.*" They, by a great effort, succeeded in swallowing the toast, but Lafayette never went to Canada. The strength of the conspiracy lay in Congress, where it had reached to an alarming extent. But of the plots then hatched, and the men who then showed

themselves to be enemies of Washington, we yet remain in ignorance, and perhaps ever shall. The record of their deeds is destroyed. In a letter to me, a gentleman thoroughly informed on matters of American history, says, "It has been said over and over again, and by those best able to speak, that the history of our Revolution could not be written for many years to come—some say never—and, as to some parts of it, I subscribe to the latter. The diary of Charles Thompson, Secretary to Congress, was destroyed. It was more than full, and something of its character was known. Colonel North, too, kept a full diary, of such a character that not even his own son was permitted to see certain parts of it. It too was destroyed. When success crowned the patriotic struggle, those who had faltered and wavered, gladly destroyed the evidence of their weakness, while the generosity which filled the brave men who never despaired, led them to cover the shortcomings of their weaker brethren." There is food for much thought in the above paragraph. If Dr. Rush's papers could be obtained for publication, they would, doubtless, fling some light on this transaction. But all efforts to get them have thus far proved abortive. After agitating the army and the country for awhile, the conspiracy at length fell through. Conway, one of the leaders, was afterward shot in a duel, and supposing himself to be dying, wrote to Washington, "I find myself just able to hold the pen during a few minutes, and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief for having done, written, or said any thing disagreeable to your excellency. My career will soon be over; therefore, justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are, in my eyes, the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration and esteem of those States whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues." Gates, the chief leader, shorn of all his stolen plumes by his disastrous defeat at Camden—recalled in disgrace by the very Congress which had lauded him—mortified, humbled and depressed, was compelled at last to receive the condolence and sympathy of the man whose overthrow he had plotted. Mifflin, the other leading officer, did not receive the punishment he deserved, but, on the contrary, was rewarded with honor by his State. Washington had remained unmoved amid it all. Calm in the consciousness of his integrity, indifferent to the power and place he occupied, only as he could use them to serve his country, upheld by that serene trust in Heaven which he believed had ordained the triumph of liberty, he moved steadily forward in the path of duty and of trial. Like the mountain summit, around which the

mists of morning gather, only to dissolve before the uprisen sun, so he, under the light of truth, emerged from the partial obscurity with undimmed splendor, and with a cloudless heaven bending above him. But the deed deserved a deep reprobation from its cruelty, and from the peril in which it brought the country. To add to the suffering which Washington already endured, and weave a plot designed to effect his ruin around the gloomy encampment at Valley Forge, revealed hearts hard as iron to all generous and honorable appeals.

I have not mentioned as a part of the Conway Conspiracy, as it is called, the publication of some forged private letters, said to have been found in Washington's valise when he fled over the Hudson into Jersey, and which contained opinions adverse to the independence of the colonies. Writers have dwelt with more or less severity on this matter. But the attempt was so absurd that I cannot conceive that it could have formed a part of the scheme itself. It must have been the private enterprise of some very weak-headed or ignorant man. That an anonymous publication could weigh a feather against Washington's public acts and sacrifices, was an expectation too preposterous to be entertained by any sensible persons. Washington, at the time, did not even take the trouble to deny it.

Valley Forge! What thoughts and emotions are awakened at the mention of that name. Sympathy and admiration, pity and love, tears and smiles chase each other in rapid succession, as one in imagination goes over the history of that wintry encampment. Never before was there such an exhibition of the triumph of patriotism over neglect and want; of principle over physical sufferings; of virtue over the pangs of starvation. Those tattered, half-clad, and bare-foot soldiers, wan with want, taking up their slow march for the wintry forest, leaving their bloody testimonials on every foot of the frozen ground they traversed, furnish one of the sublimest scenes in history. A cloud, black as sackcloth, seems to hang over its fortunes, but through it shoots rays of dazzling brightness. A murmur, like the first cadences of a death-song, heralds their march, but there is an undertone of strange meaning and sublime power, for no outward darkness can quench the light of a great soul, no means of suffering drown the language of a lofty purpose.

The Encampment at Valley forge was chosen after much deliberation, and frequent consultations among the officers. Various propositions were made, but to each and all there were many and grave objections. Of course, the first and natural wish was to keep the army in the field;

but with such naked troops this would be impossible, and every feeling of humanity in Washington revolted from making the attempt. But how and where to quarter them seemed equally difficult. It was proposed to retire to the towns in the interior of the state; but to this there was the two-fold objection—that of inflicting the same destitution and suffering on the inhabitants, and of leaving a large extent of country unprotected, with forage and stores in possession of the enemy. To distribute the troops in different sections, would render them liable to be cut off in detail. Washington, therefore, determined to take to the woods, near his enemy, and there hut, so that he could both protect the country and his stores, and also be in striking distance in case of need.

The army commenced its march on the 11th of December, but did not reach the place selected for the encampment till the 19th. In his order of the day, dated December 17th, Washington informed the troops of his decision, and the reasons which urged him to it. He also praised their good conduct during the tedious campaign now closed, declared that it furnished evidence that their cause would finally triumph, even if the colonies were left alone in the struggle, but added that there was every reason to believe that France would soon ally herself openly against England. He promised to share in the hardships, and partake of every inconvenience. The next day had been appointed by Congress as a day of thanksgiving and praise. The army, therefore, remained quiet in their quarters, and divine service was held in the "several corps and brigades," by the chaplains, and hymns of praise and the voice of prayer arose there on the confines of the bleak forest, from men who, to all human appearance, had little to be thankful for, except nakedness, famine, and frost. The next day the work of hutting commenced. Each regiment was divided into parties of twelve, each party to make its own hut, which was to be of logs, fourteen by sixteen feet on the ground, and six feet and a-half high. The sides were to be made tight with clay, and the roof with split slabs, or such material as could be obtained. To stimulate the parties to greater exertion, Washington offered a reward of one dollar to a man to that party which finished its hut in the quickest and most workmanlike manner. Fearing that there would not be slabs or boards sufficient for roofing, he offered a reward, also, of a hundred dollars to any one who should "substitute some other covering," that might be more cheaply and quickly made. In a short time the arms were all stacked, and with their axes and other tools in their hands, this army of eleven thousand men, with the exception of about three thousand who

were unfit for duty, was scattered through the woods. The scene they presented was strange and picturesque. There was not a murmur or complaint, and with laugh, and song, and loud hallo, they went about their allotted toil. The forest soon rung with the strokes of the axe, and the rapid and incessant crash of falling trees, resounded along the shores of the Schuylkill. Little clearings were rapidly made, the foundations of huts laid, and a vast settlement began to spring up along the valley and slopes of the hills. But here and there were scattered groups of fifties and hundreds, sitting around huge fires, some of them with scarcely a rag to cover their nakedness, crouching closely to the crackling logs to escape the piercing December blast; others sick and emaciated, gazing listlessly on the flames, their sunken and sallow visages clearly foretelling what would be their fate before the winter now setting in was over. In another direction were seen men harnessed together like beasts of burden, and drawing logs to the place of destination. Washington's tent was pitched on the brow of a hill overlooking this strange spectacle. One after another the rude structures went up till a log city, containing between one and two thousand dwellings stood in the clearings that had been made. Over the ground floor straw was scattered, and into these the "*Sons of Liberty*," as Col. Barre had christened them in the English Parliament, crept to starve and to die. The officer's huts were ranged in lines in the rear of those of the soldiers, one being allowed to each of all those who bore commissions, the whole being surrounded with intrenchments. But scarcely had the troops got into these comfortable houses, when there began to be a want of food in camp. Congress, with that infallible certainty of doing the wrong thing, had recently, against Washington's advice, made a change in the quarter-master's and commissary's department, by which, in this critical juncture, the army was left without provisions. In the mean time, news came that a large party of the enemy was advancing in the country to forage. Washington immediately ordered the troops to be in readiness to march, when, to his surprise, he found that they were wholly unable to stir, for want of food, and that a dangerous mutiny had broken out. The soldiers were willing to suffer or die, if necessary, but they would not submit to the neglect and indifference of Congress, which they knew could easily relieve their wants. The statements made by the different officers were of the most alarming kind. General Huntingdon wrote a note to Washington, saying that his brigade was out of provisions, but he held it in readiness to march, as "*fighting was*

far preferable to starving." General Varnum wrote, also, saying that his division had been two days without meat, and three days without bread, and that the men must be supplied or they could not be commanded, still they were ready to march, as any change was better than slow starvation. On inquiry there was found only one purchasing commissary in camp, and he made the frightful report of not a "*single hoof of any kind to slaughter, and not more than twenty-five barrels of flour*" to the whole army. Only small detachments, therefore, could be sent out. These hovered about the enemy, now bursting on a small party from some forest, and again surrounding the dwelling where they were reposing. The weather came on intensely cold, and the soldiers could hardly handle their muskets with their stiffened fingers. They rarely entered a house, and dared not kindle a fire at night, lest it should reveal their position to the enemy.

Thus, for a week, they kept marching and skirmishing, till the enemy withdrew to Philadelphia, when they returned to camp, having collected but little forage. Here suffering and want were fast bringing things to a crisis. The soldiers were at first satisfied with the excuse given for the delay of provisions, viz: that the rains had made the roads almost impassible. But day after day passing without relief, they began to complain, and soon their murmurs swelled to loud clamors and threats. First the different regiments began to assemble, and the excitement increasing, whole brigades and divisions gathered together without order, and against the commands of their officers. The latter did not attempt to enforce obedience, but spoke kindly to them, saying that Washington was aware of their suffering condition, that it grieved him to the heart, and he was straining every nerve to obtain relief. Washington himself exhorted them to be obedient, saying that provisions would soon be in camp, and insubordination could result only in evil. The soldiers, in return, were calm and respectful. They told him they knew that their conduct was mutinous, but their condition justified it. They were actually starving, and relief must be had. They then respectfully communicated to him their fixed determination, which was to march in an orderly manner into the country, seize provisions wherever they could lay hands on them, giving in return certificates as to the amount and value of the articles taken, and then return to camp, and to their duty. Never before was there a mutiny so devoid of crime, and which, in fact, partook of the moral sublime. Their language was, "We are starving here, and shall soon be of no service to you or our country. We love

you, and the cause in which we are embarked. We will stand by you at all hazards, and defend with our last drop of blood our common country, but food we must and will have." Washington was overcome by the condition and conduct of these men. So self-sustained in their sufferings—so constant to him in their destitution—so firm for their country, though abandoned by Congress, their language and attitude moved him deeply. There was something inexpressibly touching in the noble regret they manifested for appearing to be disobedient, and the high, manly grounds in which they defended their conduct. Washington, in reply, told them that he was well aware of the sufferings of his faithful soldiers. He had long admired their patience and resignation, and devotion to their country, under the most trying circumstances, and if the provisions did not arrive by a specified hour, he would place himself at their head, and march into the country till they were found. To this they consented, and the promised supplies arriving before the time fixed had expired, quietness and subordination were restored, and a movement, the results of which could not be foreseen, prevented.

This supply, however, was soon exhausted, and then the same scenes of suffering were repeated. Nearly all the inhabitants in the vicinity of Valley Forge were Tories, and hence withheld the food they could have furnished. Finding that neither offers of pay nor threats could wring it from them, Washington, acting under a resolution of Congress, issued a proclamation in which he ordered all the farmers within seventy miles of Valley Forge, to thresh out half their grain by the first of February, and the other half by the first of March, under penalty of having the whole seized as straw. The Tories refused to comply, and many of them defended their barns and stacks with fire-arms. Some, unable to do this, set fire to their grain to prevent its falling into the hands of the Americans. The soldiers turned themselves into pack-horses, yoked themselves to wagons, and shrunk from no labor required to bring in provisions. But all the efforts and ingenuity of Washington could not prevent the gaunt figure of famine from stalking through his camp. Horses died for want of forage, and the men became so reduced that scarcely enough could be found fit "to discharge the military camp duties from day to day;" and even these few were compelled to borrow clothes to cover their nakedness while performing them.

A week passed without a pound of flesh being brought into camp, and at last the bread gave out, and for several days the starving soldiers

had not a morsel to eat. Heavy snow-storms, followed by excessive frosts, swelled the sufferings, that before seemed unbearable. So few blankets had been supplied that the benumbed soldiers were compelled to sleep sitting around their fires, to prevent freezing. Many were so naked that they could not show themselves outside of their huts, but hid shivering away in the scanty straw. Others would flit from hut to hut, with only a loose blanket to cover their otherwise naked forms. These huts, half closed up with snow, and the men wading around in their rags to beat paths, presented a singular spectacle of a bright wintry morning. In the midst of this accumulation of woes, the small-pox broke out, and Washington was compelled to resort to inoculation to prevent the severer ravages of the disease. The sick, in consequence, were everywhere and without blankets or provisions and hospital stores, stretched on the earth wet and frosty, by turns, presented a scene of woe and wretchedness that beggars description. Starvation and despair will in the end demoralize the noblest army that ever defended a holy cause, and they at length began to tell on this band of patriots. A foreign officer, in walking through the encampment one day with Washington, heard through the crevices of the huts as he passed, half-naked men muttering, "*no pay, no clothes, no rum.*" Then he said he despaired of American Liberty. Had Howe been made aware of this deplorable state of the army, he could have with a single blow crushed it to atoms. Amid this woe and suffering, Washington moved with a calm mien but a breaking heart. The piteous looks and haggard appearance of his poor soldiers—the consciousness that his army was powerless to resent any attack of the enemy, nay, on the point of dissolution, never probably to be reunited, all combined to press him so heavily with care, that even he must have sunk under it had he not put his trust in a higher power than man. One day a Quaker, by the name of Potts, was strolling up a creek, when he heard, in a secluded spot, the solemn voice of some one apparently engaged in prayer. Stealing quietly forward, he saw Washington's horse tied to a sapling, and a little farther on, in a thicket, the chief himself, on his knees, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, beseeching heaven for his country and his army. Before God alone, that strong heart gave way and poured forth the full tide of its griefs and anxieties. Though the heavens grew dark around him, and disaster after disaster wrecked his brightest hopes, and despair settled down on officers and men, he showed the same unalterable presence—moved the same tower of strength.

But to his God he could safely go with his troubles, and on that arm securely lean. How sublime does he appear, and how good and holy the cause he was engaged in seems, as he thus carries it to the throne of a just God, feeling that it has his sanction and can claim his protection.

The poor man who had witnessed this spectacle, hurried home, and on opening the door of his house, burst into tears. His wife, amazed, inquired what was the matter with him. He told her what he had seen, and added, "If there is any one on this earth whom the Lord will listen to, it is George Washington, and I feel a presentiment that under such a commander, there can be no doubt of our eventually establishing our independence, and that God in his providence has willed it so."

No wonder peace sat enthroned on that brow when despair clouded all others.

In February his wife joined him, and as the two walked through the wretched camp, even the half-starved and mutinous soldier raised his head to bless them, and from many a pallid lip fell the "long live Washington," as his tall form darkened the door of the hovel. She was worthy of him, and cheerfully shared his discomforts and anxieties. Having at length got a little addition, built of logs, attached to their quarters, as a dining-room, she writes that their straitened quarters were much more tolerable.

But the sick, powerless, and famished army that lay around him did not wholly occupy Washington's attention. He wrote to the various officers to the east and north, took measures to have West Point fortified, and pressed on Congress the necessity of a complete change in the organization and discipline of the army, and the mode of obtaining supplies. This body at length yielded to his solicitations, and a committee of five was appointed to wait on him at Valley Forge, to decide on some feasible plan. Washington laid before them a project, which, after receiving the various opinions of the officers, he had, with great labor and care, drawn up. The committee remained three months in camp, and then returned to Congress with a report, which, with a very few amendments, was adopted. On one point he and Congress differed widely. Hitherto, the officers received pay only while in the service, and no provision was made for them in the future. Washington wished to have the half-pay system for life adopted, and finding Congress averse to it, he wrote a strong and urgent request, in which he declared that he "most religiously believed the salvation of the cause depended upon it, and without it, the officers would moulder to nothing, or be composed of low and illiterate men, void of capacity,

and unfit for their business." He said he had no interest in the decision, personally, as he had fully resolved never to receive the smallest benefit from the half-pay establishment; but he added, "*As a man who fights under the weight of proscription, and as a citizen who wishes to see the liberty of his country established on a permanent basis, and whose property depends on the success of our arms, I am deeply interested.*" Still Congress hesitated, doubtful whether this matter did not belong to the separate States. Some saw in it the basis of a standing army; others the elements of a privileged class; indeed, saw every thing but the simple truth, that officers will not sacrifice all their interests, and run the hazards of war for a country which will not even promise after her independence is secured to provide for their support. Deeply impressed with the necessity and importance of this measure, Washington wrote again to a member of Congress, declaring "that if it was not adopted he believed the army would disband, and even if it should not, it would be without discipline, without energy, incapable of acting with vigor, and destitute of those cements necessary to promise success on the one hand, or to withstand the shocks of adversity on the other." He said, "Men may speculate as much as they will; they may talk of patriotism, they may draw a few examples, from ancient story, of great achievement performed by its influence, but whoever builds upon them as a sufficient basis for conducting a long and bloody war, will find himself deceived in the end. . . . I do not mean to exclude altogether the idea of patriotism. I know it exists, and I know it has done much in the present contest. But I will venture to assert that a great and lasting war can never be supported on this principle alone." He might have added that officers and men felt that if they owed the State obedience, the State in turn owed them protection; or that if they risked life and fortune in the defense of their country, she, when delivered, owed them some provision against want. It is hard to fight for a country that degrades our efforts to the mere duties of a hireling. Patriotism, like love for a fellow being, must have regard in return or it will soon die out. Urged by Washington's appeals, Congress at length passed the half-pay bill, but shortly after reconsidered it, and finally compromised the matter by allowing the officers half-pay for seven years, and granting a gratuity of eighty dollars to each non-commissioned officer and soldier who should serve to the end of the war. Thus, while struggling with the difficulties that beset him in camp, he was compelled to plead with a suspicious, feeble Congress, and submit

to its implied imputations. The course it was taking he saw clearly would lead to mischief. Its openly avowed suspicions of the army, he declared, was just the way to make it dangerous. "The most certain way (said he) to make a man your enemy, is to tell him you esteem him such." Besides, the conduct of the army did not warrant this jealousy. From first to last, it had shown an example of obedience to the civil authorities, worthy of the highest commendation, not of distrust. Washington boldly asserted that history could not furnish another instance of an army "suffering such uncommon hardships, and bearing them with the same patience and fortitude. To see men (said he) without clothes to cover their nakedness, without blankets to lie on, without shoes, for the want of which, their marches might be traced by the blood from their feet—and almost as often without provisions as with them, marching through the frost and snow, and at Christmas taking up their winter-quarters within a day's march of the enemy, without a house or hut to cover them till they could be built, and submitting without a murmur, is a proof of patience and obedience which, in my opinion, can scarce be paralleled." No, it could not be paralleled, and yet the greater the devotion and sufferings of the army, the more neglectful, suspicious and hostile Congress became. Its noble conduct demanded gratitude and confidence, but received instead distrust and injury. Thus, while exerting all his powers to protect and keep together the army, he had to devise and propose every important military measure, and then, at last, see many of his plans fail through party spirit, and others so altered as to lose half their value. It was under these accumulations of evils the Conway Cabal came to a head, and Washington saw his own officers conspiring together to effect his overthrow. This was the darkest hour of his life, for not only misfortunes, but things far more wounding to him than any misfortune, were crowding him to the farthest limit of endurance.

Thus passed the long severe and gloomy winter, but spring at last with its balmy breath arrived, and was hailed with delight by the suffering troops. Unjust and inconsistent as it may seem, there were many in Congress and out of it who blamed Washington for not carrying on a winter campaign. Of these members of Congress he spoke in bitter sarcasm, declaring that they at first denied the soldiers clothes, and then wanted them to keep the field in winter. "I can assure these gentlemen," said he "that it is a much easier and less distressing thing, to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fire-side, than to occupy a cold bleak hill,

and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked, distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve nor prevent." His indignation and scorn are moved at the inhumanity of such complaints, but they both yield to pity as he contemplates the condition of his soldiers. But notwithstanding the conspiracies surrounding him, the disaffection of some of his best officers, and the conduct of Congress, and the state of his troops, he did not waver a moment in his course. And when, in the middle of April, he received a draft of Lord North's conciliatory bills, as they were called, containing a new project for settling the difficulties between the two countries, all his solicitude was aroused at once, lest the favorable terms offered might be accepted, or at least urged by men tired of the war and despairing of success. He immediately wrote to a member of Congress, saying, "Nothing short of Independence it appears to me can possibly do. A peace on any other terms would be, if I may be allowed the expression, a peace of war." He expressed his views in full, in which fortunately Congress coincided, and the three commissioners Lord Carlisle, Governor Johnstone and William Eden, after vainly striving for three months to make arrangements with Congress, returned. Previous to their departure, however, they attempted to send circulars to each of the States, showing the terms of reconciliation which had been rejected, and threatening those who continued their rebellious attitudes with the vengeance of the king.

Another event soon after occurred which shed sudden sunshine on the gloomy encampment of Valley Forge, and made its rude hovels ring with acclamations of joy. The overthrow of Burgoyne had fixed the wavering attitude of France, and on the 6th of February a treaty of defensive alliance as well as of amity and commerce was signed on her part, by Geraud, and on ours by the American Commissioners, Franklin, Deane and Lee. The bearer of these glad tidings arrived the last of April, and bonfires, illuminations, the firing of cannon and ringing of bells announced the joy with which it was received by the people. The army was wild with excitement, and the bright May morning that dawned over the huts at Valley Forge did not more certainly promise a coming summer than did this alliance with one of the strongest powers on the globe assure our success. Washington set apart the 7th of May to celebrate this important event in form. At nine in the morning, the troops

were all assembled to hear divine service and offer up their thanksgiving. A signal gun fired, at half-past ten, summoned the men to the field. At half-past eleven, another signal-gun was fired and the columns began their march. At a third signal, a running fire of musketry went down the first line and back the second. A moment's silence followed, when at a given signal a loud shout went up, and "*Long live the King of France,*" rolled like thunder over the field. Before the echo had died away, the artillery broke in, shaking the earth with its deep reverberations, and sending its sullen roar of joy far over the spring-clad hills and valleys. After thirteen rounds, it ceased, and the loud rattle of musketry succeeded, and then the deepening shout of "*Long live the friendly European powers,*" again arose from the whole army. As a finale thirteen cannon were fired, followed by a discharge of musketry and a loud huzza to "*The American States.*" All the officers of the army then assembled to partake of a collation provided by Washington, and for once, plenty reigned in the camp. When he took his leave, the officers arose and began to huzza and shout "*Long live Washington.*" They kept it up till he and his suite had gone a quarter of a mile. The latter, his heart swelling with joy and gratitude at the bright prospect so suddenly opened before his country, and his face lit up at the enthusiasm manifested on every side, would often turn, and swinging his hat above his head, echo back the wild huzza. The uproar would then be redoubled—hats flew into the air, and "*Washington, long live Washington,*" was echoed and re-echoed over the field, and taken up by the army till the whole atmosphere seemed an element of joy.

The troops at this time presented a very different appearance than when they went into winter-quarters. Better clad, they had with the opening of spring been subject to constant and severe discipline, by Baron Steuben, who had joined the army during the winter. This generous stranger had been aid to Frederic the Great, and was afterward made grand marshal of the court of Prince Hohenzollern-Hechingen. The King of Sardinia, anxious to obtain his services, had made him flattering offers to enter his army, but the baron was well settled with ample means, and refused to accept them. In 1777 he passed through France, on his way to England, to visit some English noblemen. Count Germain, the French minister of war, was an old companion-in-arms of Steuben, and he immediately began to press the latter to enter the American service. The wary French minister knew that our weakness lay in our want of discipline, and ignorance

of military tactics, and that there could be no one found, better fitted to render us aid in this department than he. For a long time Steuben steadily refused, but the indefatigable Germain finally overcame all his scruples, and he embarked for this country, where he arrived on the 1st of December [1777]. Congress received him with distinction, and at his own request, he joined the army at Valley Forge, as a volunteer. His astonishment at its aspect was unbounded. Such a famished, half-naked, miserable collection of human beings, he never before saw dignified with the title of soldiers, and he declared that no European army could be kept together a week under such privations and sufferings. His amazement at the condition of the army gave way to pity and respect for men who, for a principle, would endure so much. As soon as spring opened he commenced, as inspector-general, to which office he had been appointed by Congress, to drill the men. Ignorance of our language crippled him sadly at first, but undiscouraged, he threw his whole soul into his work, determined that such noble patriots should also become good soldiers. Though choleric and impetuous, he was generous as the day, and possessed a heart full of the tenderest sympathy. The men, notwithstanding his tempestuous moods, soon learned to love him. The good effects of his instructions were quickly apparent, and now, when Washington was about to open the summer campaign, he saw with pride an army before him that could be wielded, and that had confidence in its own skill. Still it was small, and recruits came in slowly. The committee sent by Congress to Valley Forge, to confer with Washington, agreed that the whole force in the field should be forty thousand men, exclusive of artillery and cavalry; but when, the next day after the grand celebration of the alliance with France, a council of war was called, it appeared that there were, including the detachments in the Highlands, only fifteen thousand troops, and no prospect of increasing the total number to more than twenty thousand. At Valley Forge were eleven thousand eight hundred, while nineteen thousand five hundred British occupied Philadelphia, and ten thousand four hundred more New York, not to mention between three and four thousand in Rhode Island. Over thirty-three thousand British soldiers were on American soil, a force which Congress had nothing adequate to oppose. In this council it was resolved almost unanimously that it would be unwise, under the circumstances, to commence offensive operations. The army, therefore, remained quiet. Meanwhile, Howe began to make preparations for evacuating Philadelphia.

[To be continued.]

BERNICE A THERTON; OR SPRING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

(Concluded from page 846.)

CHAPTER XXV.

On her way homeward, which she did not continue until Paul and Pauline were out of sight, Bernice stopped at the kiln, stirred up the fire, and sitting down in the old accustomed seat, tried to think.

She had not yet succeeded in doing so in any connected manner, when another element was added to the mental confusion. Jep was coming, and she heard him. He made a prodigious demonstration of his progress as he went along. The bushes crackled as he pushed his way through them. On he came singing, or howling, the hymn which his mother always sang when the natural strength of her frame was abated, and she in a subdued, pacific mood.

Bernice heard him coming;—it was but a little time since she could sit and listen quietly, as now, to the assurances of his approach;—she waited without an uneasy look or an impatient gesture, her feet cased in the old red boots, crossed as tranquilly and immovably as a statue. If she was ever afraid of Jep that time was over.

The boy sees her while he is yet at a distance, and accordingly grows still more demonstrative, and when he comes up to her an exultant frenzy seems to possess him, which is shown in his dealings with the kiln fire. Raking the huge brands backward and forward with the great iron poker, seems to be a suitable occupation for him in his present mood, for Jasper is not strong, and the exertion soon exhausts all superfluous strength, and he lies down on the rocks at a short distance from Bernice, so that he can look up into her face, which, laugh at it as he may and does, is beautiful to him—ay, in such measure as he can worship the child, he does worship her.

Bernice has not changed her position since he came. She bears the look with which he contemplates her so steadily, with perfect composure, and she thinks, he has become so quiet, that he may have something on his mind which will presently come forth.

But minute after minute passes on, and he says nothing. Then she recollects the promise

made that morning to his mother, and that leads her to say, though with not a slight misgiving as to the reception he will give her words—

“Jep don't you wish we knew something?”

“Knew something? What?” asked Jep without betraying any very lively interest in the subject.

“What they learn at schools,” answered Bernice.

“What for?”

“We should be so much better for it.”

“Who told you that?”

“I *know* it. We should be better and happier.”

“I don't know any such thing,” said Jep, moodily.

“Oh, yes you do. You would, Jep, if you thought any thing about it. It's the knowledge that makes the difference between folks.”

She sat with her hands folded, speaking in her mildest way, and looking with her kindest look at Jep. The effect of her speech on him, and the manner of it was strange.—He half arose, and continued after that to sit in a reclining posture with his face slightly averted from Bernice. There was something in her eyes that controlled him—affected him most strangely—he was never quite comfortable when he met it.

“You'd like it down in the village to school, I guess,” said he, looking at her with a sidelong glance, which was immediately withdrawn as his eyes met hers. “At old Fillan's, you know,” he added—but in a little softer tone than that which opened the remark—as if he were ashamed to say it, and yet impelled to do so by the unmanageable perversity of his nature.

“Any where,” said Bernice, bravely, “if we could only get taught. We don't know any thing, not the first thing, Jep.”

“Mr. Paul Tintoret would make a pretty good one to teach. But he's going to be off in about—next week. So he's no good. I guess we'll have to stay where we're put. It looks like.”

“Who told you Paul was going, Jep?”

“The man that knows best.”

“Himself? Paul himself?”

“Like enough.”

"When, did you say?"

"Perhaps in a week. It don't make no difference, does it? You're in dreadful sorrow now, I expect. I would n't go and cry about it, if I was you."

"I'm not crying, Jep. Don't let's talk so, Jep?"

"What's the difference whether he goes or not, to you?" he persisted.

"Nothing," said Bernice, with a heavy sigh; "but I never was sorrier."

"Why do n't you go along with him? You'd better," said Jep, with a grin, shading his eyes with his grimed hand, and looking down upon the rock; one might as soon have expected to see it covered with a sudden growth of verdure as to have imagined that Jep's heart was capable of a single sustained emotion of kindness or affection that could bring forth any peacable fruit. Passionately as he attached himself to the child before him, recklessly as he would have undertaken any deed that would irrevocably secure her to himself, so engulfed was the good in the evil of his nature, that all consideration or feeling of a tenderer nature was but like the flitting of a single flash of light from the midst of storm-clouds, seen and gone, and lost in darkness.

"Do n't you think so yourself now? What's to hinder you? Why do n't you go?" he asked again, when he perceived that she was not going to answer him.

"I do n't know," she began musingly, but quickly she corrected this partial acquiescence in what he had mockingly suggested—"No—why no! Jep, what are you thinking of?" Her face became crimson, she looked away from him.

"What is it you are thinking of yourself, you'd better say?" He spoke in a triumphant tone. She was actually conquered by him for once in his life!

"Do you want to know what I'm thinking of, Jep?" she said, after a moment's hesitation, lifting herself up with sudden dignity and spirit, and looking directly upon him, with a look so sad and earnest that even he was touched by it. "I'll tell you. I'm thinking what if you and I could be a great deal better than we are; if I could be like Pauline Fillan, and you like Mr. Paul, it would be so different with us here. I wish we were, I wish we could learn to be; and that's why I wish we could go to school. Folks are happy when they're good, and that's what makes me wish we were different. We might be like 'em, and we aint. We aint no more like 'em, Jep, than if we had n't never heard of such things, or seen such folks. Don't you know? If we was n't so bad off about knowing things!

But we *do* know we ought to be better, Jep—do let's try."

"But you know," said Jep, still insensible, as if he were deaf to this appeal—"you know if you could, you'd go off with Paul Tintoret tomorrow, and 'taint no use of saying you would n't—for you would." He shook his head and looked blacker than ever, as if nothing would please him quite as well as the infliction of a little discipline upon Bernice.

"If for any thing," said she, looking up toward the darkening sky, and speaking thoughtfully as she pushed the hair back from her forehead, "if for any thing, and I do n't think I would for *any* thing in the world—but you say I would—it would be 'cause he knows so much, and is so kind; but, Jep, do look about and see if we can't go to school somewhere, you and me together. Now, Jēp, in earnest, if you could, would n't you like to?"

"To have 'em call us angels?" sneered Jep. "No I shan't. I do n't want no teacher. You do n't. It's all gammon when you say you do. You know there aint a school short of old red wig Fillan's. You know that's what you've got to talking about it for. But look here—when you find a weasel asleep then you may cheat me. School! you want to gad—you want to get down there with Tim and Paul and the rest. Do n't you be a talking school to me again. Come up, the storm is here."

He had worked himself into something like a passion, and now stood up and laid his hand on the child's arm. "Come along," he repeated.

At first Bernice seemed inclined to disregard rather than comply with his order, but the next instant she arose and walked toward home with him. It may have been an inward consciousness of weakness, a feeling that she was not equal to any further contest with him that day, or it may have been a remembrance of her promise to his mother, and a desire to conciliate Jep in all possible ways, that led her to quell the spirit of resistance rising within her, and follow him.

But I think that one skilled in reading the thought and motive of another in facial expression, would have seen in the serenity of Bernice the submission of the child's spirit to an "Unknown God;" that ignorantly as she worshiped Him, even that cry of her soul going out day by day, "Make me like Pauline," was before Him the sweet savor of an accepted sacrifice, and that according to her prayer was it being done to her.

And so she followed Jep, and checked the tears that would have fallen when she thought of Paul, and of all that Pauline had said to her that day, and of the promise she had made concerning Jep to Mrs. Tassie, checked them, until Jep, led

on by that ray of light streaming through his soul, more faintly, however, than the palest moonbeam, scrambled up a steep height far out of their path, and periled his life in gathering a cluster of wild columbine that nodded to them, the first of the season, from a point which, to eyes unaccustomed to scan possibilities of access in such rocky scenes, would have appeared quite unapproachable. When he brought the flowers down from their high place and gave them to her, so simple a human act as this adding one other emotion to those crowding upon her, made a way for the tears to fall.

Silently they fell. When Jep, after a few moments' walk in silence, looked back upon her, she averted her face under pretence of looking about for other blossoms, talking, meanwhile, because she was fearful that he would suspect that she was weeping. Suddenly, however, with his characteristic and savage abruptness, he turned sharp in the path, and exclaimed, "Look up!" and by the unexpectedness of the demand she was startled into compliance.

"I knew it!" he said complacently, looking full upon her face, and then turning about he resumed his way. "I knew you was crying—what for? Stop, won't you?"

"Yes. I have," was the tremulous reply.

"But you'll be at it again. I know by the way you speak, you will."

"No. I won't, Jep."

"Give me them barbs you're lugging. I suppose they are too heavy."

"No. I can carry them very well."

"Give 'em here."

So she gave him the bundle of barbs she had gathered for her basket-work, in the wood, and walked on after him, with only the wild flowers in her hand, wondering and sorrowful, yet hopeful too. Before they reached the hut, the storm broke over them with the fury of a tempest.

CHAPTER XXVI.

During the rise and progress of the storm, Dr. Mitchell, sitting in his office, devotes the afternoon to study. But though his intention is good, many a vagrant thought contrives to steal in between him and a theory which he is attempting to discuss mentally, with the design of establishing it. From his window he watches the great masses of cloud which rise from the horizon, bounded by the mountain, and his thoughts wander with them, on and on. The future, which Mr. Devlin yesterday attempted to array before him in an attractive light, stretches itself, without any aid consciously rendered by his imagination, before him. Relieved, in a sense, of the burden which had weighed upon his spirits

so long, by his recent communication with Mr. Devlin, he seems now enabled to regard it in a new light. Already he has experienced an effect as invigorating as if set free from a pestilent dungeon into the free, uncontaminated air of heaven. He lets fall the skeleton which has been so clasped in his embrace that no other joy or grief might come near him—the morbid nature of his trouble is exchanged for one more hopeful, healthful, courageous. The sunrise spreads around the sphinx, it has again a glory and a voice.

Mr. Devlin's own pre-eminent success in life is one cause of the doctor's unbounded confidence in his judgment—his geniality is the great attraction that has won upon Mitchell in the midst of his gloom. He carries about with him, moreover, this astonishing man of the world, an influence, such an influence to be intensely felt but hardly specified, that Mitchell loves him with the ardent love of youth, reverence, wonder and unlimited confidence. And because he loves him, and has made his heart bare before him, taken him into his most sacred confidence, and heard his counsel in return, because of this, Mitchell is disposed to regard, as he has never before, the solicitations of an ambitious nature, which have presented themselves. Hitherto he has always held these in check. They have visited him—but he has answered them with scourging. Fragrant odors, splendid shows, the persuasions of an expanding intellect and vigorous physical powers have beset him when he has looked out from the grated window of the prison within which he walled himself with ascetic renunciation. Hitherto they have beset him in vain; but now he withdraws the grate and leans forward, looks through the aperture; the sunshine is around him, beneath him, above him, everywhere, filling the world; a broad path opens before him, inviting him to enter, inciting him to wider labors, and grander than he has attempted, excepting in his dreams. Beyond, in the distance, Pauline waits for him, and the chaplet of love and fame. He is no longer an obscure student faltering while the story of affection presses to his lips, and urges its need of utterance—but trio-triumphant in scholarship and love, drawn out to his utmost in beneficent labors for his fellows, he builds his home on a sure foundation, and labors and is happy.

He scans the rare vision in its fullness—he lingers over it—he sustains himself in it, deriving its warranty from such high source that even when he reminds himself that this is only dreaming, he will not dismiss the vision with a breath of calm decision—he cherishes it yet longer—scans it yet again—smiles over it—though while

he does this he falls back upon reality, and looks it also in the face, and when the night comes on, he lays aside the book with which he sat down, purposing an afternoon's study—goes out in the darkness, and turns his steps toward the schoolmaster's cottage.

An hour before his going Pauline had opened Mr. Devlin's book, laid it before her father, and placed beside it the little package of Walter's drawings, and the old man had seated himself for an evening's entertainment. But it was an entertainment from which he apparently did not derive as much pleasure as surprise. He read the text, and turned the pages in silence. Once Pauline, observing the carefulness of observation which he bestowed on the drawings, said, "Mother and I were thinking that Paul must have misunderstood the doctor. The drawings in the book are so exactly like his—I wish Paul would come home." The old man looked up at his daughter, as she spoke, somewhat anxiously.

"Why?" asked he.

"I am so curious to know about the drawings," said Pauline, without hesitation, though not quite without embarrassment.

It was on the old man's tongue to suggest that Paul might not have been mistaken, that the engravings purporting to be copies of the work of a convict's son did not clash with the claims made to the originality of these drawings. But he did not say it—he returned with a still greater anxiety to his study of the book.

"That is Paul—he is coming," suddenly said Pauline, laying her work upon the table at the sound of the gate, swung open and shut again, and advancing steps. But the rap at the door the next moment showed her mistake, and drew from her mother, "That is the doctor's knock," and the doctor came in.

"Walter," said the schoolmaster, while he extended his hand toward his favorite, "bring a chair here and take a look with me. Did you ever see the like of this before?"

"What! Paul has been placing me on exhibition!" the doctor smiled as his eye ran over the outspread drawings, but the old man's were quick to see the grave look underlying the smile.

"Pauline was but just wishing for Paul to come home. We got confused in attempting to recall what it was he said about your work. Were your drawings original, doctor, or copies?"

"Original," said Mitchell.

"There is a wonderful family likeness between them and these in this book of Mr. Devlin's. See—"

Fillan moved the volume toward the doctor, who glanced at one or two pages of it, then

turned back to the preface, and began to read. Presently he pushed the book away from him, and said, looking around upon the little group—

"My drawings were the originals from which these pictures," pointing to the volume, "were taken. I drew them from nature, when I was living with my mother in Australia."

He said this quietly, as if he anticipated no wound in the house of his friends; and from this statement he went deliberately on to others which concerned him, until nothing remained to be told. "I have not been taken by surprise," said he, in conclusion. "I came with the express purpose of saying all this to you. I wanted you to know it. At any time that you say, Mr. Fillan, I will lay before you a package of my mother's letters—letters which were written before she followed my father to Australia. You have won a right to see them.

What answer made they? Mrs. Fillan, by the fire-side sate, with her hand shielding her eyes from candle-light and mental obscurcation; Pauline, who, during the latter part of his recital, had taken up her work, possessed of an unwonted spirit of industry, became so absorbed in it that one wondered if she would ever look up again. Only the schoolmaster spoke—and he said—

"Walter, my boy, I am not given to complimenting folks, but I wish there were a few more men in the world like you. I do n't desire to see your letters. If there ever was any thing that looked like a mystery hanging over you, and I never exactly thought there was, I was willing enough that it should hang there, and if what you've told has occasioned you a particle of pain, I ask your forgiveness for listening to it, as heartily as I would ask it if I had done you a wrong. But what is this you say? You think of leaving us?"

"I see motives for exertion, and beauty in life, such as I never saw till yesterday. Can I not fill a larger place? Every thing within me says that I can, and urges me on. Am I wrong, sir?"

"Wrong! I have been waiting, expecting to hear you say that for months. It was in you, and I knew it must come out. No sir, it is n't wrong, but in the highest degree right. You can fill a large sphere—it's your duty to do it. I have argued the case a hundred times over in my own mind, and I have always arrived at the same conclusion—but not—not without a little sore feeling, Walter. I can't give you up with a great deal of pleasure, my boy. . . . But are you going under the auspices of Mr. Devlin?"

The recall of that name led the doctor's

thoughts into a new train. He smiled as at a pleasant recollection, while he said,

"The opportunity would seem particularly favorable. It is his wish that I should return to Bangor with him; he speaks of his influence as if it were something there, and I have no doubt that it is commanding. Would you recommend it?"

The old man hesitated. Finally he asked, "Have you taken him into your confidence?"

"Yesterday."

"He sent this book down to us—to Pauline, I may as well say—by Paul, this afternoon," remarked the old man, with no marked significance of his voice. He merely told the fact, and if any thing was derivable from it, that was not for him to decide or to suggest.

"This afternoon," repeated Mitchell, but he said nothing more. If for an instant he said to himself, this is strange, with an attempt to understand it, it was for no longer time. Mr. Devlin occupied in the doctor's regard a place so high that suspicion could not reach it.

He remained with them until a later hour than that to which his visits were usually protracted, and the conversation gradually widened its sphere so as to take within it both Pauline and her mother, and though it scarcely strayed beyond himself and the prospects before him, and the past through which he had struggled, bearing his heavy burden in silence and solitude, it had wide interests dependent upon him, and relations connected with him, of which Mrs. Fillan was the first to speak. And tenderly, even with a mother's tenderness, she referred him back to the story of his mother, and her heroic fortitude and faith, and love—to his boyhood's home, and early pursuits, and the bearing and influence of these recollections on every subsequent year and event of his life. There was no fear manifested on his part that he should weary his listeners; and nothing but the most considerate interest which never pushed its way into vulgar curiosity, on theirs. When he was about to take his leave, he said—

"You have taken my confession as if it were that of a foreign prince in exile, rather than—"

"Why should we not?" hastily interrupted the schoolmaster, not allowing him to finish his remark. The old man caught up his spectacles with an emotion and excitement extraordinary for him, and flourished them in his hand as he spoke. "Why should we not! Do you not belong to the royal Legion of Honor? I think, sir, you have furnished us with the amplest, most conclusive proof that you do. We shall see you at least every day until you go, for go you must—this little village is no place for you. You

will leave your pack and the slough of despond behind you here, sir."

Silently one by one, the doctor took the hands of the old master, and his wife, and Pauline. Each had a word for him—but he was speechless—could only bow himself out silently. But he had indeed and for ever escaped from the villainous slough, and as a free pilgrim, was now prepared to go forth to his promised land, wherever that might lie.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Paul did not return home that night. After he had left Pauline at the door of her father's house, his errand accomplished in Mr. Devlin's behalf, he went back to the factory, the door of which he had hardly closed when the rain descended and the floods came. The bright day had closed in this storm, and the bright thoughts with which he had wakened to it were gone, as he was inclined to believe, forever.

He takes up his chisel and hammer, and uncovers the monument of Christine, which is now nearly completed, as if with the intention of resuming his work where he had left it yesterday; but he has no heart to touch it. Either the name which stands out in its beautiful and delicate carving so prominent, utters a rebuke, or the purity of the snow-white marble smites him, or the recollection of what he has done, independent of any suggestion, rises before him and condemns, and crushes him into the dust. He cannot work. The sight of that which gave him so much pride and pleasure, now utterly disconcerts, and is hateful to him. He covers the marble again, and at a disturbed, unequal pace, he goes up and down the little shop, and the shadows deepen. It gets darker and darker till nothing is left there but Paul and gloom.

How can he but think upon the deed that he has done? The hope in which he has indulged faces and condemns him with all the horror of a crime. It is the first moral delinquency of which Paul Tintoret was ever guilty, and he is stained and polluted in his own sight, on account of what he has done. Its effect is not so much in his thought—it may altogether fail of an effect, but that he, in the hope that he has cherished, should so much as have lifted his finger! The moral enormity attendant on his simple act—the arraignment of himself, and the sentence he has passed on himself, much as they concern him, are not associated with others in an vital way—will not prevent Pauline from chatting with him if he goes home—will not prevent her going about, and with her own hands working for his comfort, as she had done so many years—will not prevent Mitchell, when they meet, from the

old friendly salutation, and enlivening, pleasant talk! But how shall he face them? How shall he stand before them guilty of a treacherous thought? He keeps a solitary watch over the accusing thought all that evening—all that night. He has it in his custody, and as if fearful that it would escape him if he slept, he sits and guards it. He says to it again and again, "You are mine. I have cherished you. I have let you have your way. You had liberty, and proclaimed yourself, but you are still mine." And as if the thought needed a proof, he says, "You came up from darkness, and there was no one else to claim you. I gave you a good disguise, and let you have your way. You are mine, you shall bide with me"—and then, as if it were a precious treasure, he scans the thought again and again in all its proportions. Paul Tintoret was never made for such an offense against his royal nature as he has enacted. And he repudiates himself for it—denies and condemns himself anew, and through the night rehearses the tragedy again, and yet again, and will give himself no rest.

Unclean hands, meanwhile, repose peacefully, clasped upon a breast unstirred, except by the gentle breathing of a tranquil slumberer. Mr. Devlin sleeps, and does not dream. No thought startles him—no accusation makes him tremble. Pauline Fillan does not sleep so tranquilly, for a happy consciousness disturbs her. Nor does our little Bernice, for her night is full of pain and fever; nor yet does Walter Mitchell, though a night so full of blessed peace and manful resolutions never before closed upon him. There's not a soul in Briarton whose sleep is so profound as Mr. Devlin's—nor one whose tranquillity affords so deep a cause of disturbance, of hopelessness.

For before he slept the deeds of years passed in review before him. Side by side he arrayed his thought of Pauline Fillan with the portrait of Christine, and a little penciled sketch, preserved through many a strange fortune, of Walter Mitchell's mother; and as he did so, the thought pervading in his mind was, "This youngest is the fairest"—but as he meditated upon his only son, and the new wrong he had heaped upon him, he says he shall have wealth and position that would satisfy a noble. He loves me and I love him, and I will insure greater honors for him than the mere acknowledgement of him as my son. For certainly that would be no honor." And with this reflection did he lie down to his slumber, to sleep well. Dreams never harassed, visions never tortured him. He had repaid, in his youth, the most tender and beautiful devo-

tion; with a desertion which was, if not premeditated, at least accompanied in after years by no compunctious visitings. He had now no affections to be shaken and aroused—it was not long contact with the world that had deadened them—he had neglected them, trampled upon them in his youth, and grown into this fair show of manhood destitute of all that gives to better and more faithful men their hope in life, and their confidence of immortality.

In their first interview, the young man's name had attracted his attention, and it was the inspection of suspicion rather than the advancement of any warmer and better sentiment, that Mitchell had mistaken on that occasion for a cordiality and geniality of disposition which had won upon him, and aroused in him corresponding sentiments.

Since that evening, this study had been pursued by the elder man, always with interest, with various results; but, as we have seen, without the rise or the expression of one such genuine emotion as continually overflowed the brain and the heart of Walter when they were together. And now, convinced of the fact he has suspected, he entertains his knowledge precisely as he has harbored his belief, and the one occasions him no deeper conviction, no more absolute an emotion or thought, than the other.

If this capacity, thus exhibited, is in him the result of a natural, an inherited, or of a cultivated incapacity, the final evolution of a cause is sufficiently defined.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In the gray of the morning, before Paul had thought of arousing himself to make preparations for going up to Mr. Fillan's to breakfast, a tap at the window called him to the door; he opened it with hesitation, not at the first appeal, nor the second, nor indeed until, lifting his eyes, he saw old Sue's visage as it was partly disclosed by so much of the window-light as she was able to attain unto. He had started up at the first tap: but annoyed and confused, he presented himself at the open door, and bade the old woman good morning, for the thought of having been subjected, for how long a time he might not conjecture, to her unsuspected observation, was by no means agreeable to him.

Nor did he like the keen, swift scrutiny to which he felt himself subjected, as she came into the shop and looked around, as if curious to discover the occupation which had busied him through the past hours—for only a glance at his face was needed to assure her that he had not slept all night.

"You're faithful to your word," she said,

seating herself on the bench from which he had risen, "I had my doubts though, when I came up the street—and I doubted it the more when you would not hear my knock." Paul made some apology, and expressed a little surprise that she should have been in any doubt respecting his fulfillment of the promise he had made her. "Just the old narrow view you forever take of things," she said—but the reproach was uttered so cheerily that Paul could not but smile—"As if" continued she with more spirit, the energy of her youth flashing from her eyes, "as if some that knows as much as I do, wouldn't have moved heaven and earth to get you out of his way, if he believed in me as much as I believe in myself. Didn't you know that, boy? Old Joe Tintoret's son, didn't you know that there was one looking after your fortune that wouldn't no more stop looking while there was a stone in the way to be turned over, than she'd die before her time came! The month is not up yet, but I've done the business, I've found the deed, and you'll have your own yet, and that's what I've lived so long for, just to tell you that!—and now I don't know nothing more about my time—it may come when it likes—I'm just ready for it."

"Sue, what do you mean? where have you been all this while?" asked Paul, his anxiety and alarm more aroused than any other emotion. "What have you done? Didn't you give your promise?"

"Never mind—I've been a tramping—I've done the business, and you've got your own—you'll have the papers—and that's all I've got to say about it—you're just one of the boys who don't want to hear an old woman's talk. And so I'm going—but when you get the papers just think old Sue is good for some other things besides fortune-telling—that she never knowed what it was to be tired, or nonplussed, or outwitted, or scared either, by big folks or little folks, as long as she was looking out for your mother's son, who after all was afraid of her, and thought her a little the worse for a want of wit, you know."

"Sue! Sue! you're not going though!"

"Yes, I am, up to see my other chick; and then I'm through with my business."

"But wait!" cried Paul following after her, for by this time she had left the shop, and was striding up the road. "Wait and tell me, what the deuce—"

"Don't say wait, to me, boy! You know where Sue's house is—come up when you want anything of her—I'll be there—I haven't got much left on my hands to do—come aloft Paul—I'll be ready for you," and drawing her old gray cloak

around her, she walked off majestically, resolutely deaf to whatever further word Paul's ingenuity might devise in the hope of detaining her. Went up to see her other chick, did she? but she saw not the child—did never see her again.

CHAPTER XXIX.

But where now is our little Bernice?

There have been numerous passings to and fro from Briarton to the Tassie hut since we last saw her, and a great change is that which has passed over her since then.

Never in all the years of her residence in her adopted home has she occasioned such commotion and disturbance and anxiety as now, when she lies in her little bed in the garret-chamber, and talks incessantly of Paul.

Paul has been to see her again, and not only so but again and again—every day through the past week. Pauline too has more than once climbed the mountain-path, up the ladder into the garret, and for hours together has watched and nursed the child.

They say that she is beside herself—that she talks wildly, and at random, and that one ought not to listen as if he really heard, for that she herself does not know what it is that she is saying. Mrs. Tassie has repeated this in substance at least a dozen times to Jep, when they have been alone together in the kitchen, and a dozen times besides in act and glance, when they have been together in the garret where our little Bernice lies sick of a fever. For Mrs. Tassie recollects the rage into which Jep has fallen more than once, down in the room below, while the people from Briarton were alone with the child in the garret, and she fears, although he walks about the room as quietly, and speaks so softly, that it is really wonderful to see and hear him, she fears that when Bernice begins to talk about Paul, for that is the theme to which she continually returns, and her mind will not be diverted from it—she fears that his wrath will be uppermost, that he will forget how very ill the child is, and the slenderness of the chances of her recovery.

And sometimes when she has said it, always, as she believes, Mrs. Tassie's words and gestures have expressed but the truth. But oftener she has been laboring under a mistake; for only at rare intervals has the child's mind wandered. Often as she has looked up when the garret door has opened, and said, "I thought it was Paul," she has known what she was saying; for when she is awake she thinks only of him and when she is asleep she dreams of him, and when her mind wanders, it is still burdened with that one idea which a few kind words and looks has made the dearest, the most precious she had ever known.

There is no pain, however sharp and agonizing, that she could not bear with meekest patience if he were only standing by her bed, where her eyes could behold him. The lips parched with fever could yet smile for him, because the thought of him has ever been full of refreshment to her. The influence of the memory of Christine in former days of doubt and darkness, was nothing like to this.

Every day since that on which Tassie went to Paul, and told him that his sick child had something on her mind that she wished to say to him, the young stone-cutter has passed through the low door-way into that garret—and every day she has repeated the question of questions, when will he go away from Briarton? Daily she repeats it although he has answered again and again that he may never go—not to-morrow certainly, nor this week, and probably never.

Paul does not say this merely to quiet the child, or to soothe her. But because he believes it. He has completed the monument—it has been placed on the grave beyond the garden of Mr. Devlin's place, at the head of Christine's grave, and the whole country, it would seem, from far and near, has been to look at it. And from house to house through the mountain-land has the rumor gone, that Paul Tintoret will leave Briarton, and besides this, another rumor more portentous, but less extended, that deeply concerns Paul.

But though the village and mountain people have praised the work, and lamented the anticipated departure, Mr. Devlin himself, has of late said nothing to Paul upon the subject; he seems in the multitude of other thoughts and plans—now that Sue is dead—for Sue is dead. She never wakened from that slumber of the night after her return from her last momentous tramp—to have forgotten this which concerns so obscure an individual as Paul Tintoret. And in the severity with which Paul passes sentence on the part that he has taken in bringing, as he believes he has done, a sorrow on Pauline, he proves a traitor to himself, that false self which could be so tempted, and almost rejoices in the overthrow of whatever ambitious project he may ever have indulged in. He is not worthy, he says, of any advancement or success. The question does not turn now on the same point that it did before he gave that book into Pauline's hands. He never can again regard it from that lost point of vision. It is the remorse of a noble spirit which despises and mourns over its momentary aberration.

CHAPTER XXX.

Pauline Fillan is with Bernice to-day. Much of the time since the attack which has made such

a wreck of little Bernice, she has remained in the garret beside the child, watching symptoms, dealing with the patient according to directions the doctor left, and relieving Mrs. Tassie of much care and responsibility by the faithfulness of her watchings. The room bears evidence of her. She has made even that poor garret her witness, as she must needs make every place of her abiding. On the wall opposite Bernice's bed are two gay pictures full of sunlight, groups of children and groups of flowers, which are so placed that the child upon the bed cannot lift her eyes without beholding them. The pillows supporting her head and the counterpane curiously wrought of silk, were brought up for the comfort and amusement of the child; and there upon the bed, within her hand's reach, is the satin bag worked with silver flowers, which Pauline carried on that Sabbath day when Bernice Atherton first went out from the kingdom of darkness, into the marvellous light of love.

At the foot of the bed is a tiny stand which Paul himself brought up, and upon it, every day, stands a china vase in which fresh flowers are kept. Jep gathers them in the woods, or from Mr. Devlin's garden; not a day has he failed with this offering. Bernice sees and loves them, loves them too for his sake as well as for their own, and often she calls Jep to her bedside, to thank him for his kindness, and Jep always says, looking away from her, for he cannot yet meet, much less return that strange new light of her eyes, "Oh don't mention it," but he always adds, "I'm glad you like 'em."

They are the best of friends. Jep walks on tip-toe up and down the ladder; he comes and goes, and is always anxious; he walks from morning till night, to the mines, and to the village, and back home again, but he does no work—the burden on his mind is too great—he never, for an instant, forgets the sick child in the garret. Scores of times he has gone over in his mind, the years of her life in his father's house, and he says to himself, "If there be any angels, such as she used to talk about so much, she's one of 'em, sure."

But it does not altogether please him, softened as his heart seems, that Paul should come so often, although it was Oliver himself who went down for him, and brought him to the house, when the child was first taken ill—the day after Pauline's first visit to the hut—still they have all been so kind to Bernice, and have tried so much to make her comfortable, that the kindnesses have in a measure subdued him, and he does not quarrel or excite himself, only he sometimes says to his mother that he wishes Paul had gone away six months ago, before Bernice

him; and even then his mother finds cult thing to quiet him, for she says—make any difference who comes or goes, 't see that Bernice gets any better with nursing." She evidently believes that will die. And though she has never the belief in so many words, Jap un-her, and often he says to himself, "If " but he never concludes the sentence, aps does not even know what that storm which rouses in him at the bare of her death, portends.

does Mrs. Tassie seem altogether at-ermined and unpliant as is the temper- art, when Pauline Fillan comes up from e, and climbs into the garret, and takes there, never wearying of it, but always thought for the sick, perhaps dying, hat calm and serene face seems to the continual remonstrance against her er and doings, and she does not wonder ice should prefer to take her medicines : gentle hand, and listen to that voice; would take it from no other, when she en to no other.

ie was not by any means free in the of her thoughts—a cautiousness un- r, had developed itself in her. Once o Tassie that the house was like a high- all those folks tramping about it to elves; but he said, "They are tending ild, Hannah—I'm sure I thank 'em," d it in so subdued and sad a way that her own heart, condemned her, and o more upon the subject.

is asleep. Pauline sits beside her. early in the day; from the first dawn g a perfect glory has been over the earth. Before the sun rose, crimson e tongues of fire went in his advance horizon, and up to the zenith, tracing, ver eye had learned to read that hiero- purst and serenest truth; and when mself came, it was upon a path flooded en glory.

s now not a cloud to be seen in the e—the wind is gentle as a breath—as iet lies through all the region as if it meval solitude—as if aching, warring, rte were not even now throbbing there, ig toward their tragedy.

sleeps, and Pauline sits beside her. was awake Pauline worked on her rse, because it pleased the child, but heavy eyes of the sufferer closed, and the work was speedily forgotten, and opped from the watcher's hands.

For a strange incident that must henceforth stand connected with the weightiest of her life had, in coming up the mountain, befallen Pauline.

Early as it was in the day Mr. Devlin was abroad. He had gone to the village the preceding evening, and being belated had remained over night, and was on his way home when he overtook Pauline, and with the merest preface addressed himself to Pauline as a suitor, placing himself and fortunes in a supplicating position before her judgment.

Brief as were his remarks, they were the perfection of speech-making, dignified, respectful, and yet permeated with an unsuspecting confidence that to such an appeal as he had made but one reply could follow. He had not the remotest suspicion that other response than the one he anticipated, could follow.

But a second and a third time was it needful for him to go through with his explanations, and proposal, before any sort of response issued from Pauline. How poorly he was prepared for that response his amazed look bore him witness. Doubtless it was that other voice, a singing voice echoing through the heights far above them, advancing too toward them, that hastened the single utterance which escaped her with something of her father's voice and manner in his dictatorial days, "Enough!" Doubtless it was to that voice she listened, while with an air so abstracted she attended to Mr. Devlin's words. Doubtless it was of that voice that she continued to think when the proprietor said in as bland a tone as that with which he had first addressed her, stopping short in the path, for he also heard and recognized the voice.

"I do not understand that word, I shall come down to your father's house for an interpretation," and with utmost composure he bowed himself out of her presence, retracing his steps down the mountain, for he had passed by the path which would lead him more directly home.

And then, what was it that had followed? Pauline's head bends low as she thinks upon it—lower, until her face rests upon Bernice's bed, and tears come to her eyes, and her lips move, and a prayer seems to be escaping them, and a quick ear might detect among the words she fervently utters these, "For better for worse—for richer for poorer—in sickness and in health—so long as we live."

How it has come about she cannot tell. When sitting by her mother's side, as soon she will be, she attempts to tell the story, she will find as great a difficulty as now, for she cannot recall the way in which it came about—how they came to

vow such vows to each other—how all the many barriers were overleaped—how with scarcely the aid of a solitary word the issue was met, and this end arrived at, is still a mystery to her.

“Has Paul been here?” are the words that recall her from her reverie.

Bernice has awakened, she is so wide awake that Pauline rubs her eyes and thinks it is she herself who must have been napping. the child's eyes are so bright, and clear, and wakeful.

“Not this morning, dear,” said Pauline, “but he is coming. It is early yet. He comes every day you know.”

“I know, but I wish he would come now. Did you hear what he said yesterday, Pauline? Did he tell you?”

“Maybe, was it about the visit you are to make?”

“Yes, that! are you glad? may I come?” said Bernice,—not languidly nor sadly—her words full of joy, and her voice of life; and she clasped her hand looking wishfully, so trustingly too, at Pauline, that Pauline bent over her and kissed her.

“The very day that you are able to be carried, we will carry you,” she said, “I could take you all the way in my arms, I do believe. But I wouldn't undertake to do it after you had been with us a week. And you shall sleep in my room, in my bed; and Paul will be at home; and the children that come to the school, you shall see them too. And Paul says, I heard him talking about it last night, that you must not forget about the organ—I don't wonder that you laugh—he is going to teach you music he says, you have such an excellent ear for it. And the doctor has quantities of pictures which he will bring for you to look at, as soon as your eyes are strong enough; and I shouldn't wonder if you were very happy down there when you make your visit,”

“Oh!” cried Bernice, and with that exclamation the faltering voice and impetuous joy were lost in a burst of tears. “Where is Jep?” she asked at length, “I wish he would come up, I think if I should tell him now about it, and how much good it would do me, he would be glad to say yes. He has been so kind. Oh, Pauline, I wish I was well again just to show you all what I think, for I can't say it.

“We know it all, do n't try,” said Pauline, “I'll go for Jep.”

And down the ladder stairs she went in search of him, but Jep was not in the house, nor anywhere about. Since breakfast, said his mother, she had seen nothing of him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

While this thoughtful inquiry was made, and this reply exchanged, Jep was walking in the narrow path skirting the place of which Mr. Devlin was the lord and master. He had gone there repeatedly of late, but without accomplishing the object he had in view, as Mr. Devlin was never at home. This morning he had been once more on the same fruitless errand, for now the grand point with Jep was to discover about what time it was probable that Paul Tintoret's departure from Briarton might be expected.

The disappointment which he felt at not finding Mr. Devlin on this occasion, was changing into anger and passionate wrath, by a gradual process natural to the workings of his mind, and he was just resolving on a walk to the village, and a thorough search for him, when that gentleman came up the path.

He was in no mood for a consultation of any kind. The unexpected response Pauline had made to his addresses, left him in no very amiable mood, which the scarcely avoided contact with young Mitchell did not serve to mollify. But Jep had no discernment for these things, nor much deep knowledge of the science of time and opportunity, and accordingly he at once delivered himself.

“What is it you want of me, sir? Is it next week, or *when*, that Paul Tintoret is going off?”

“Want of you!” said Mr. Devlin, stopping short in his walk for an instant, and surveying the unfortunate boy with a surprise well calculated to overwhelm Jep with confusion, which, however, it failed to do.

He then passed on, his manner saying for him that he wanted nothing of poor Jep.

Every passion, every fear of which the boy was capable, seemed to be furiously aroused by Mr. Devlin's conduct, and instead of retracing his steps, or turning them in another direction after this repulse, he followed after Mr. Devlin as he went along the border of the plain toward the grove which stretched from the house to the brow of the mountain.

“When is Paul going away?” he repeated. But no reply was given him, and Jep followed on the faster. “When be you going to send Tintoret away?” he asked again. “You know that you promised. You said you'd send him.”

But Devlin paid no more heed than a deaf man would have done.

Then, like the rush of the stormy cataract, was the whirl of thought after thought in mad confusion through the brain of the boy. Hope of revenge or reward, gain or loss, or fear of consequence, were all swept away in the dash and roar of passion. What he would do he knew

not. Lashed by hate and disappointment into unpremeditated act, with a bound he stood at the man's side, his skeleton hand upon the man's shoulder, his black eyes full of devilism, glaring upon him. "Tell me!" he shouted.

Devlin stretched forth his hand, and smote him.

No more than this was needed. Not so much. With the spring and cry of a wild beast, Jep leaped up from the ground, and caught at Devlin's neck. They struggled with each other. They struggled mightily. Surprised each at the contact—maddened by the opposing strength, and furious each at the resistance of the other. They were not men, they were demons, demons incarnate, hovering on the border of their doom—evil fruit ripened, and ready for falling.

Three paces—do they not see! Three paces, only three, between them and the verge! Have they no eyes for seeing? to the brink, to the unguarded brink of the precipice! Like a vulture bearing off his prey, with every instant of struggle Jep makes one more advance. On! beneath that calm and cloudless heaven, in the midst of the glorious brightness of the day, with not one cry for help, for he will soon put off this wild beast, Devlin says. While he yet lifts his arm with a mightier force, they go!

What is this sudden calm in the midst of the towering frenzy? This sudden silence, this unopposed separation. Down from the fair sunlight go they, seeking the eternal shades. Nothing to avert the doom—nothing to impede their going!

And here, be it observed, that in that desperate fall the deepest depth was sounded by the state-liest form, and proudest soul. Stunned, bleeding, dying, Jep lies upon the crag he struck in falling; but far, far down below, dead, dead instantly—lies the owner of all the fair domain, through which, in the splendor of the morning, his feet, even a moment ago, were treading.

Traces of violence on the torn greensward, Jep's cap found hanging on a tree-branch underneath the cliff, where it had caught in his fall, the sudden disappearance, and unaccountable absence of Mr. Devlin, led to a search and a discovery, on the morning after the struggle and the conquest above recorded. And again the mangled bodies of the proprietor, and of poor Jep, were brought into the light of day, and the near of kin wept over them. Yes! for many a

tear fell upon the unconscious Devlin from the eyes of his unclaimed and unsuspecting son. While over the unfortunate Jep, his father and mother, united in their sorrow, poured bitterest lamentations. So died they—and were buried.

I have finished my story, or rather the breaking of these mainsprings have finished it for me. All that I proposed to say when I began it, I have said; if I have shown, as I attempted, the manner of growth which a few apparently trifling incidents induced in the souls, and consequently in the fortunes, of two or three people up in the woody mountain-land of Maine, during the few weeks of spring, in a year whose date I have forgotten, then certainly I may suspend all further detail. The after-growth of seed planted in that time of storm and sunshine, it were mere garrulity in me to tell. No mortal man or woman who has scanned these pages but knows as well as I, that Bernice Atherton went to make her promised visit in Schoolmaster Fillan's family, and that with the Tassies' consent, the visit instead of lasting one or two or three weeks, was of whole years' duration: that when Pauline went with Mitchell, for better or worse, out into the world, aware of his parentage (for the little penciled sketch of Walter's mother so ir-religiously preserved by Mr. Devlin, was the means of his final betrayal,) and sharing, as they were compelled to do by Paul, the fortune of Paul, who at last was roused to a study of that mooted question of his rights. Bernice remained as a daughter in old Fillan's house, waiting there, unfolding under Mr. Fillan's care the flower of manifold spiritual beauty, whose first manifestation was the voice and love of song, when there was no one but an angel to assure her that there were such things as harmony or melody in all this tuneful world of God! Waiting there, I say, until Paul Tintoret should come back from the foreign lands where he was prosecuting his study of art, and in that patient study laying the foundation of a fame as lasting as the marble which he wrought. Should come back to speak those gentle words so sacred to the heart of her who listened to them, that—I will not give them repetition here.

No! there is not a man or woman of you but has perceived that, from the seed scattered in that spring-time, such fruit as this alone could grow.

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A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

MAY, beautiful May, had stamped the earth with smiles; but we rode on, through flowers and sunshine, with as much appreciation of the beauties around us as though the senses of seeing, hearing, and smelling were denied us. The one a sober, middle-aged man, too full of the pleasures of money-making, and the matter-of-fact realities of life, to read the leaves of the book of nature, the other a pale, thoughtful girl, with sorrow-bound brow, wandering in the deserted aisles of the Past, through which the regretful voice of Memory wailed a never-ceasing dirge.

And yet, to do my uncle justice, I must say that he made various efforts to entertain me, in his own peculiar fashion; and from many a half-reverie was I aroused to view the objects of interest we passed on the road. Sometimes it was an Irish hut—sometimes a moss-grown rock—and once a dog with a curly tail was pointed out as particularly worthy of attention. I smiled, in spite of my despondency, at my uncle's ideas of amusement; and remembered what he appeared to have forgotten, that I had numbered seventeen, instead of seven years.

The past was before me, like the flaming sword at the gate of Paradise. I had buried my dead, and went forth to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow—it was the bitter bread of *dependence*.

A cottage, selected with all the exquisite taste of Aunt Christina, in a beautiful country, and surrounded by aristocratic residences, was now our destination; and as we approached, I saw, through the long, French windows, the lace-curtains of which were pushed aside by childish hands, the handsome, passionless features of my haughty aunt, and a group of cherub faces.

My uncle stood awhile at the window, knocking to the children; but Aunt Christina did not come to meet us, and I entered the house with a strange feeling of loneliness and depression. My aunt then came forward, and even untied my bonnet; but the curiously examining glances that surveyed me from top to toe, were not calculated to make me feel more at ease. My personal attractions, never very striking, were not enhanced by sorrow; and my mourning habiliments, hastily botched together by a second-rate

dress-maker, were any thing but becoming. Want of confidence made me awkward, and this feeling was always increased in the presence of Aunt Christina. Now, as I glanced at her faultless dress, and perfect *toute ensemble*, I wished myself any where but under her inspection, in the bright glare of a cloudless afternoon. I mowed hastily off to a darkened corner.

"Are you tired?" inquired my aunt; and somewhat to my surprise, she shook up the pillow of a comfortable sofa, and placed it for me to lean against. I fell wearily back, and took a survey of the rooms.

They were large, irregularly-shaped, and looked as though one had been added on to the other at some later period. The large windows were draped with lace; while through the broad panes came glimpses of trees, and flowers, and mountains in the distance. Pretty cottage furniture was scattered about with a tasteful hand; and Dresden vases, stands of flowers, little baskets and knickknacks, gave the place a fairy-like appearance. It was a fit residence, I thought, for a poet—an idealist, with his intense appreciation of the beautiful; and yet it had been planned and arranged by Aunt Christina! Strange, that refinement should extend no further than external appearances. There was no show of money—no parade of wealth; it was just such a house as might have been chosen by a young, tenderly-nurtured enthusiast, who had married a poor man—

"An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books."

I was leaning wearily on the sofa, replying at intervals to the few questions asked me by Aunt Christina, when, suddenly, one of the front windows was pushed open, and in dashed a beautiful girl of my own age, followed at a rapid pace by Uncle Cambrelling.

"O, Mrs. Cambrelling!" she exclaimed, with a most enchanting lisp, "do keep him away from me! He does tease me so!"

But her pursuer had now seized her, and, despite her struggling, fairly lifted her into the middle of the room. Extremely surprised by the lively behavior of my sedate uncle, I looked at them in silence, while peals of laughter grated somewhat harshly on my ear.

"Lillie," said my uncle, roused at length to a sense of my presence, this is Miss Louey Elmington, a young lady with whom, I dare say, you will soon become very well acquainted."

Miss Louey, herself, probably thought differently, however; for, after a slight nod, and a well-bred stare at the introduction, she took no further notice of me.

Gifted with an intense appreciation of the beautiful, I sat drinking in her loveliness until I could have drawn her portrait from memory. A wealth of golden-tinged hair was braided around a comb, and carelessly decked with a few hot-house flowers; lustrous brown eyes flashed up through their curling lashes, a peach-like hue was on her cheek, and her mouth I thought the loveliest that I had ever seen. She seemed fairly wild with spirits, and laughed, and chatted, and teased, and amused the children, while I was stupid, shy, and silent. I wondered why it was that I disliked her, and experienced a feeling of relief when she took her departure?

"What wonderful spirits that child has, considering her situation!" exclaimed my aunt.

I had supposed her the spoiled child of fortune—petted and indulged in every whim; and I now asked what misfortune she had to contend with.

"One that seems to trouble her very little," replied my aunt. "An insane mother, who is kept a close prisoner in her room, and scarcely allowed to breathe the fresh air. Louey's grandparents, who are immensely wealthy, support them both; and, such is the girl's cunning, I have no doubt that she will get a larger share of the property than any of her uncles and aunts. So that she is only a dependent, you see."

I was a "dependent" too—but the difference! She, all light, and life, and gayety; and I, shrinking into myself—too sensitive to meet the glance of a stranger's eye.

I was not kept long in suspense respecting my field of action. Aunt Christina possessed the happy faculty of creating talents where none appeared to exist, and even the most insignificant characters were converted by her into models of usefulness. A very short time indeed sufficed for the delusion of fancying myself "company;" and I entered quite naturally and unconsciously upon the round of duties that fell to my share. These I found to consist, principally, of a variety of little, disagreeable jobs, which the mistress disdained, the servants scorned, and the dependent performed as her allotted task.

My little cousins were healthy, noisy romps, who played around the grounds, or filled the house with their bursts of merriment, and re-

ceived my advances toward intimacy with good-humored indifference. I fairly pined for something to love, but even the cat at Uncle Cambrelling's repelled me with outstretched claws; and I began to think that Fate had intended me always to pursue my pilgrimage alone.

Aunt Christina's visitors were of the opinion that I had been sent into the world to sit in a corner, and say nothing; and so little was I called upon to change this decree, that my tongue seemed in danger of growing rusty for want of use. True, I often felt that the power was there; and as I listened to conversations that sadly lacked "spice," I thought of innumerable bright things, which diffidence prevented me from giving to the public. Aunt Christina had neither the tact nor the good feeling to draw others into notice, and her very slight mention of her niece inclined people to the opinion that their slights would not be resented.

Louey Elmington made frequent visits at morning, noon, and night; and always with the same flow of spirits, and in the same brilliant beauty that had dazzled me at first. Her conversation was addressed entirely to my aunt and uncle or the children; and, at length, I did not even take the trouble to look up when she entered. I could not help thinking, as I listened to her merry laughter, of *the insane mother*; and sometimes, during my lonely walks in the grounds, I caught a glimpse of a pale, wan face at an upper window of the lordly mansion, that was scarcely a stone's throw from my uncle's dwelling. The *mother*, a prisoner lonely and neglected—the daughter's gleeful tones, perhaps, reaching her in her deserted apartment. How ardently I wished that poor, insane mother had been mine! how tenderly I would have cared for her—how unweariedly cheered her solitude! But then I had not beauty, and grace, and all love's nameless witchery, to sacrifice, and Louey Elmington had.

The first flush of spring had deepened into the rosy hue of summer; and visitors thronged the pleasant cottage, to enliven my aunt's fancied solitude. There not being much action required in the part allotted to me, in the various scenes that transpired, I performed the quiet looker-on, and drew my own conclusions in silence. Excursions were planned, in which my mingling was merely a matter of form; but, at length, a day came, to me, stamped with memorable events.

What possessed us all to seek for pleasure beneath a broiling July sun must still remain a mystery. We had only to open one of the French windows, and we were on a beautiful lawn, with

one of the loveliest prospects that heart could wish; we had only to step into the library, and a banquet presented itself tempting enough to satisfy the taste of the most literary epicure. But having arrived at that stage of indolence that even indisposes one to cut the leaves of the last new novel, we became weary of our Paradise, and fairly yawned with ennui.

I say "we," but it must be confessed that *my* sentiments were of very small weight indeed in the balance.

Our party was composed of as incongruous materials as could possibly be thrown together—it was a piece of human patch-work. We had a couple who had been too lately married to care for any thing but each other; and a couple too long married to care for any thing—each other not excepted. Then we had a whole battery of electricity, in the shape of a restless, talking, pleasure-loving widow, who never had a headache, never got tired, and never took cold. There was something really aggravating in this wonderful unimpressibility; she was like an everlasting clock—once wound up she went at locomotive speed, without any stoppings or hitchings. Then, there was a young gentleman most desperately in love with—*himself*; and this, I believe, completed our menagerie.

The scheme originated with the widow.

"You cannot think," said she, "how very delightful these little excursions are! You work hard all day," (it was to be a fishing excursion,) "and come home with such an appetite for supper—then, too, it is so pleasant to eat what one has caught oneself!"

Her remark, "you work hard all day," we found perfectly true; but we were in such a deplorable state that the idea of work was really pleasant. As soon as our benumbed faculties had taken in what was expected of us, we bustled about with great alacrity, under a strong impression that we could not collect a sufficient number of baskets to contain our spoils—a sort of delusion common with inexperienced anglers, and one that, like first-love, often causes a smile in after days.

The very gentlemanly, colored waiter who attended to our behests appeared rather to despise the whole affair; and held the door open for us to pass through with a peculiar air of dignity—merely a just consciousness of what was due to himself while in contact with so very outre-looking an assemblage. In "Pride and Prejudice," Mr. Collins tells Elizabeth, on the occasion of their dining with Lady Katherine, that "it is not necessary to make any particular change in their attire—merely to put on whichever of their clothes happen to be the best;" and our party,

generally, had attired themselves directly contrary to this sensible advice—having put on whichever happened to be the worst.

The widow was attired in a nondescript-costume, of which a green veil formed the principal feature, and fluttered in the wind like a signal of distress. The love-sick young man, who was disappointed in the expected presence of Louey Elmington, looked sulky, and sucked his cane.

We were destined to a pretty lake, famous for its fishing; and as the distance was quite a journey from Uncle Cambrelling's, we took the cars, which brought us within a few miles of our destination. The widow kept up a constant talking, like the sputtering of fire-crackers on the Fourth of July, and appeared to take upon herself the entertainment of the whole party.

The flying rate at which we passed along almost prevented all observation of the scenery; but I caught glimpses, at intervals, of little streams that wound like threads of silver among the trees and bushes, and beautiful groves, and purple mountains in the distance; with here and there, some country residences that looked like a region of enchantment. I amused myself, as we passed along, in selecting a residence, under influence of the delusion that I was monarch of all I surveyed.

The selection of our fishing-place had been left entirely to the widow; and when, having expected from her exalted description, a region lovely enough to satisfy the toils of a Columbus, we saw only a barren-looking spot, on which trees were, like angels' visits, few and far between; we felt rather dismayed at the termination of our journey.

Fishing, however, had been the object in view, not a lovely landscape; and as that yet remained untried, we mounted with some remnants of hope, a steep flight of steps, that led to a particularly white, unshielded, and hot-looking hotel. The fumes of dinner met us in the hall; but being told that the repast now on the table was already engaged, we were shown, tired and hungry, into an unshaded parlor, to bide the time of those who had gone before us.

A glimpse of a pretty face outside had drawn off our young gentleman—the elder ones conversed of the wheat and crops—the married lovers had gone out for a walk—Aunt Christina looked extremely weary of the whole affair, and discussed the fashions with her nearest neighbor—and I, being the odd figure in every game, took up a well-worn novel that belonged to the parlor furniture, and after becoming deeply interested in the plot, found that there was a second volume, and that the second volume was not to be had.

Dinner being at length announced, we sat down to a repast of tough chicken and black-berry-pie; and with purple-stained lips, after this delectable feast we proceeded to the lake. Being deposited in an unprotected row-boat and set adrift in the broiling sun, the heat became almost insupportable; and with an intensely throbbing head, I sat in my hot corner, and listlessly watched the others.

The fish, however, were obstinate; and only a very small group fell into the snares prepared for them. Our party became discouraged, and after an hour or two spent on the water, concluded to turn their steps homeward. The old wagon belonging to the hotel, that sat perched on wheels of a prodigious height, and looked more like a conveyance for charcoal than an equipage for human bipeds, trundled up to the door; and again we were stowed in its capacious depths.

As we rolled along, leisurely enough, we had time to observe the various objects on our route; and a dwelling that had before caught my eye, was now examined with renewed interest. How little I *then* thought. But no matter; I will not anticipate. It stood on a green sloping eminence, and the house, half-hidden by trees, was one to rejoice the heart of a lover of odd nooks, and queer unexpected places, being large, rather low and very irregularly built. It was draped with vines in many places; and the curiously twisted porch in front presented delightful temptations for reading and meditation. There was a grove on one side of the house; and it was just a place where one could live in utter forgetfulness of the world.

It looked cool and shady, and delightful; and many longing glances were cast toward it by the weary and disappointed party.

"How happy the owner of that place must be!" sighed some one.

"He is not so very happy," replied Uncle Cambrelling, with a bow to the married ladies, "for he has the misfortune to be a bachelor."

"Are you acquainted with him?" exclaimed the widow eagerly, "Do let us stop, then, and make him a visit—I am just dead with hunger and fatigue!"

My uncle cast a somewhat doubtful glance over the habiliments of the party, and then turned to his wife:

"What do you think, my dear?"

"Why, I think," replied Aunt Christina, that, as we have been owing Mr. Delerading a visit for such a length of time, this will be a good opportunity to pay it, particularly as his house-keeper understands getting up excellent dinners; and I, for one, am going to get out."

The wagon was stopped, and in a very short time, we were walking up the avenue that led to the house; leaving our somewhat surprised driver to return to the hotel. I was probably the only one of the party who felt embarrassed, but I could not refrain from picturing Mr. Delerading's first glance of astonishment at the entrance of so singular a group—all, with the exception of my uncle and aunt, entire strangers to him.

The bell was pulled with an energy that caused me to tremble anew for our bold proceedings, and in another moment, we were standing in an old-fashioned hall with doors on both sides. There were busts and statues scattered around; and the first glance showed the occupant to be a person of taste and refinement.

But my eyes, as I stood half concealed by the rest of the group, were involuntarily drawn toward an open door—the entrance to a small, elegantly fitted-up library. But my glances were not bestowed upon the books, or the foreign vases and gems of *vertu* scattered about. I was the youngest of the party, and not feeling at all interested in the dinner that the others were expecting, I stood looking at a gentleman, half reclined on a sofa opposite the door, in a sort of fascinated stupor; and in the short space of two seconds I had discovered that he had dark hair and eyes, and an intellectual face—that he was tall and rather slight—and that his whole appearance was that of a person in delicate health.

The heavy volume in his hand engrossed his attention so completely that he did not see us, until the servant announced: "Mr. and Mrs. Cambrelling."

Then, when he *did* look up, to meet the many pairs of eyes belonging to some eight or nine persons, all mentioned as a single couple, his first impulse was a start of surprise; and I could see that a second glance brought a half comic expression to his handsomely formed mouth. So *outré* looking a group had, probably, never tested his hospitality before.

But, with an air of the most polished courtesy, he rose and bowed, as though he considered himself highly honored.

"Mr. Delerading," exclaimed my uncle, "don't set us down for a company of strolling players, for we are, in reality, the sad remnant of a very hungry fishing-party, who, attracted by the very comfortable air of your delightful place, have come to see if they cannot disturb it a little."

A set of brilliant teeth were disclosed by the smile that fairly illuminated the hitherto pensive countenance of our handsome host; and gracefully leading the way to an elegant drawing-room, he endeavored to relieve any feelings of

embarrassment that might arise from our uncere-
monious visit.

I felt sick and weary; the room swam around; a confusion of chairs, tables, and pictures upside down danced before my eyes—and I fell back insensible.

When I recovered, I found that I had been carried up-stairs, and placed on a high, soft bed, on one side of which stood the short, old-fashioned housekeeper, whose kind face expressed the utmost sympathy; and on the other, Aunt Christina, who looked annoyed.

"Poor young lady!" said the kind old woman. "Do you feel any better?"

A faint smile was the only answer that I was capable of making; and the next moment the door closed behind her.

"It seems very strange," began my aunt, in a fault-finding tone, as though my fainting had been an unwarrantable liberty, "that you should be the only one to get sick. You had better give up fishing-excursions for the future. It is quite enough, I think, to bring Mr. Delerading a party to dine, without giving so much extra trouble."

I looked calmly out at my aunt, from among my numerous pillows, with very much the feeling of a mischievous child, who has perched itself up somewhere out of reach, and defies all pursuit. I knew that she could not help herself, and that I could not be dragged from my cosy nest until I chose to come. So I looked very serenely out of the window upon the lovely prospect, and around the room, at the furniture, and the pictures on the walls, and wondered if I were not dreaming to suppose myself in bed, in a house that I had never seen before.

Aunt Christina went down stairs, and the old housekeeper came back, and sat and talked to me. We became quite confidential, and she told me so much of Mr. Delerading's habits and employments that I seemed to have known him many years. He was evidently her model of all that was excellent and praiseworthy; indeed, the whole Delerading race were paragons.

I discovered from my informer, that Mr. Delerading was not, as I supposed, in very rugged health; that he was very fond of reading, and that he spent his time partly in the library, and partly in walking through the grounds; that he had no near relatives, made very few visits, and seldom went to the city. She also hinted that mines of unemployed wealth were at his disposal, and that he was about thirty-seven years of age. I encouraged her to talk, for I felt an interest in the handsome recluse.

My dizziness and ill-feelings having now subsided, I concluded to go down stairs. The

wrinkles were smoothed out of my dress, my hair brushed into some kind of order, and with an extremely discontented glance at my reflection in the mirror, I left the room to join the party below.

Mr. Delerading paid me a variety of those little attentions which are always appreciated by those to whom neglect is habitual; and these, accompanied by a sweet smile and winning manner, fairly bewildered my foolish young heart. He rose at my entrance, and insisted upon placing me in the most comfortable seat; expressed his regret at my indisposition, and a hope that "I would feel, in his house, as though I were at my own home."

Home! I had none.

Dinner was announced, and while the others ate, and laughed, and talked, I sat beside Mr. Delerading—too languid to eat, too shy to talk, and too happy to envy them their mirth. He showed me his books, and I read the titles of the old English authors, and our standard poets, and history, and philosophy, and almost every thing of value that had been printed and bound. I quite forgot that I was a *dependent*, and listened to Mr. Delerading in a state of quiet rapture.

On our return, the others bantered me about "my conquest," as they termed it; and I entered my so-called home, with a buoyancy of feeling that I could not have explained.

"Lillias," said my aunt, as though it went rather against her to admit the fact, "you do look really *pretty!*"

I smiled at the compliment; and instantly my thoughts reverted to Mr. Delerading. It was now October, and the blaze from the coal-fire had brought a color to my usually pale cheek, and a lustre to my eye, while the closely-fitting black dress set off a figure that even my modesty acknowledged as pretty good. The book of poems I had been reading, fell from my hand, and I became plunged in a reverie.

How often the words, "Bring out your hopes and look at them," (which I have somewhere met with,) occurred to my mind, and I did bring out my hopes, and looked at them, and found them—*a blank*. I looked back to that summer day, and the feelings that were then called into existence, until I felt like laughing at my own folly.

What was I to Mr. Delerading, or he to me, that he should remember me with aught but indifference? He had come to Uncle Cambrelling's very soon indeed, as I whispered to myself, after the fishing-party; but Louey Elmington was there, in all her bright, glorious beauty; and I sat and watched his eyes—fascinated, as it seemed, by her lovely face, by the childish dimples

that came and went with every burst of laughter, by the inexpressible charm that pervaded her every movement. Oh! how lonely and desolate I felt, as I sat there lost in the blaze of girlish beauty that seemed to rivet his whole attention. I crept quietly away; but my absence was unheeded.

"I can tell you what, Miss Louey," said Aunt Christina, "such a conquest as *that* is not to be despised. Why, he could buy out nearly all the places for miles around!"

"Yes," rejoined the youthful beauty, "but then he is so dreadfully *old*!"

"*Old*, indeed!" repeated my aunt. "Why, if his hair was as white as silver, and he walked with crutches, he would still be laid siege to as a 'great catch.' I advise you to go to work in earnest, or some one less scrupulous will carry off the prize."

Louey Elmington gazed complacently at her own reflection in the mirror, and then glanced at me, as though she would say—"I am not afraid of *you*." Nor need she have been. Aunt Christina appeared to consider me so completely *hors du combat*, that I involuntarily learned to entertain the same opinion of myself, and should as soon have fancied myself capable of removing mountains, as of being likely to captivate any one, much less such an one as Hubert Delerading. His wealth possessed no attraction for me. I would have given that to Louey Elmington if she would but leave me the rest.

He came again; and, following Aunt Christina's advice, she did "go to work in earnest," and fairly bewildered the quiet recluse with her smiles, and beauty, and compliments. I listened in surprise, and felt half-inclined to blush for her forward advances; but I tried hard to keep out the entrance of the demon Envy. I had heard that the best of men were captivated by beauty; and he, whom I had, in imagination, raised far above his fellows, sat listening, in half-surprised amusement to the brilliant sallies that fell in quick succession from lips lovely enough to have carried off any degree of folly. Sometimes a glance, a word, to show that I was not quite forgotten, roused me from my apathy; but my brilliant rival was determined that I should not shine, and soon eclipsed my lesser glory.

The time passed, and brought me to October and the twilight fire-side; while the sighing wind without seemed wailing the dirge of my buried hopes.

And, now, "I looked pretty."

A quick, electric thrill of pleasure darted through my veins; and I sat lost in a pleasant dream.

"I wonder," said I, unconsciously speaking my thoughts aloud, "what has become of Mr. Delerading?"

"Lillias," said Aunt Christina, after a short pause, "it is very easy to see that you are rather captivated in that quarter."

I started as though I had received an electric shock, and I could feel the warm blood glowing in my face. Truth prevented me from denying it, and I sat gazing at the fire as though my eyes were fastened there by a spell.

"It is certainly very foolish of you, to say the least," pursued my aunt.

"Why?" said I, at length, as I braced myself up with the consciousness of having done nothing wrong, "why is it 'foolish' of me to admire what is good and noble?"

My cheeks were tingling; but I would say it.

"Because," rejoined my aunt quietly, "it is not at all likely that he will ever admire you in return."

We sat some time in silence; and perhaps she pitied the downcast face and drooping figure, for she said:

"Mr. Delerading is by no means as 'good and noble' as you imagine him to be; and if you should marry him, you would only be disappointed. In the first place, he is a very mean man."

"Aunt Christina!" said I energetically, "Mr. Delerading is not mean—I know that he is not! His housekeeper—"

But I was left alone to finish the sentence. Even the usually blunt perceptions of Aunt Christina comprehended that I, the dependent, had contradicted her, flatly and pointedly; and she left the room with an assumption of dignity that made my heart sink for my future peace.

With head bowed upon my hands, and the silent tears forcing themselves through, I sat and thought—roaming among bright schemes and dreary presentiments, until my head seemed fairly dancing on a sea of speculation.

"Bring out your hopes and look at them;" and now they were tinged with a rosy, yet solemn, shade, like the light that streams through a church-window into the gloomy aisle. Why should not *I* achieve great things? I looked at the volume of poems, and seizing my pencil, in a moment of inspiration I wrote with feverish rapidity, until I had completed some verses which I thought even bore comparison with the printed volume before me. I sat reading them by the light of the fire; and then I put them jealously away, as a miser guards his treasures.

I filled sheets of paper with my compositions; and at length, with a trembling hand, I sealed

my treasured manuscripts, and sent them afloat upon the world. As the child watches his plaything ship, or the mariner his frail bark tossed on the tempestuous waves—so I, in my solitude, sat watching like Noah, and wondered if to me would come the dove and the olive-leaf.

Pictures rise up before me, as I sit shifting the kaleidoscope of memory—pictures of hope and desolation.

A cheerful room, with a blazing fire, and warm curtains, that exclude the wind, loom up in the shade with a crimson blackness. Children playing around, and filling the room with their noisy glee. By the fire sits a woman, handsome and stern; the blaze shows her features in their emotionless beauty, and lights up the rich folds of her dress with the charm of the painter's pencil.

A girl kneels beside her and plays with the child on her lap; but the fire-light throws out no beauty in *her* face—though *within* is a heart almost bursting with its hopes and anticipations. The goal is not yet won—and still the heart dreams on.

A bleak array of verdure-stripped hills, and trees wailing in the Autumn blast. A chill November fog, that hangs, pall-like, over the grave of the dead summer, and broods in dreary vengeance on the tops of the distant hills.

Uncle Cambrelling and I are plodding along on one of our country walks, when we take distant views of dreary prospects, and get home almost frozen.

As we approach the house, I stand for some time looking through the curtains, where the soft lamp casts a radiant glow, and fancy myself a wayworn traveler, hastening home to loving hearts. I even feel the kisses of welcome upon my lips, the words of kindness in my ear; still in my waking dream, I enter the hall—but ah! how soon the delusion vanishes.

A small church, built of dark stone with stained glass windows. It stands in the midst of evergreens, and there is a cross on the top—and the shadow of the cross seems playing about inside.

A frosty Sunday in winter, just after the holydays. The dark wreaths of evergreen rest upon the inside walls, that gleam out, in their pure whiteness, from the green leaves; broken off branches stand in the corners by the preacher's desk, and the clergyman, in his white gown, is reading the services:

"I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against

Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

My lips frame the responses, but my heart is far away. A face comes between me and the prayer-book, and places its hand over the leaves.

"At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow," and I see the feathers around me waving in proud humility. I, too, bend involuntarily—but it is to an earthly idol.

The commandments are read. "Thou shalt have no other gods but me. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image—" and I weep as I kneel at prayer-times.

I gaze upon the bright winter sunshine, as it pours in mellowed, subdued radiance through the church windows; and I soar up through the vaulted roof, and think of heaven, and of those who have passed away to the better land. Years crumble, like decayed monuments, before the touch of memory—and again I am a child, and love is a pet kitten or a waxen baby.

I was an authoress. I saw printed before me my first trembling offerings; and read the sweet incense offered up at the shrine of early genius.

Birds sing more sweetly when they are blind; and I, with my heart-light extinguisher, went singing on a never-ceasing dirge to the Past. And yet that same lonely heart would glow at words of praise; and I wondered if *he* saw my writing? If *he* pondered over them, and marveled at the young heart thus early blasted?

"Bring out your hopes and look at them." I brought them out, now, and the Trump of fame gave back a hollow echo

The warm, April sunshine had awakened the long frozen earth; the melody of birds was around; and violets, lovely, blue-eyed violets! sprinkled the hedges and roadside. The daffodils and hyacinths were blooming in the garden; all was life, all was beauty; and feeling very much out of keeping with the blue sky and beautiful earth, I fled, to the refuge of the unlovely and neglected—Solitude.

A small gate at the foot of the garden led into a grove, where slept a blue lake, o'ershadowed and guarded by drooping willows and sturdy oaks. There, curled up on a rustic bench, I lay dreaming, with both hands upon my throbbing brow, and the sky, and all the things that seemed mocking me with this beauty, shut out from view.

I was sick and weary, that morning—weary of life and the consuming ambition that urged me on to overtask my strength. But, after sleepless nights, my work was accomplished—the finishing touch given to my master-piece; and I

only awaited the dread fiat that would call me forth to life and happiness, or plunge me in hopeless despair. I had dispatched it secretly, as the work had been done, for I had no one to sympathize with me in a bitter disappointment; mocking words and scornful smiles at the presumption that aspired to so much more than it could reach, were all that I had to expect in the event of a failure.

As I lay there, the words of Gibbon rose to my mind: "After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau* or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

He, a man, wrote for fame, for the sake of the fame itself. *I*, a woman, wrote, too, for fame, but only that something nearer and dearer to the heart might come of it. I was fairly goaded into an exhibition of talent, by the urgent necessity of *something* to lay upon the shrine on which my heart had garnered up its all—but that *all* to *me*, how poor to others! It was wild, visionary, for how could *he* know of what I had so carefully concealed from others? But I had, Nero-like, condensed the whole world of critics into *one*; and when I thought of my novel, it was always to fancy *him* reading it, and, perchance, marveling at the power and agony that I had woven into a web of fiction. It was forcible, because *true*—it was painted glowingly from life itself; I had twined a wreath of passion-flowers from my own heart-experience—hewn an image out of *living* marble; and, disguised with a thin veil of unreality, sent it forth to strive for the laurel-crown.

A loud, merry voice roused me from my dream; and Uncle Cambrelling, who always appeared to me excited by an intense enjoyment of nothing, seized me by the arm with a rough, good-nature, and dragged me, astonished and but half-awake, from my comfortable couch. I was frightened, and began to fear some dreadful accident; but the only answer I received to my questions, was: "Come on the piazza, and you shall see what you *shall* see."

Before I arrived in front of the house, I dis-

tinguished the gleeful tones of Louey Elmington; but I was scarcely prepared for the beautiful tableau that burst upon my view. Seated on a large, cream-colored horse, whose attitude was grace itself, was our lovely neighbor, dressed in a riding-habit of soft green, every fold of which was arranged with artistic taste. A broad straw hat was wreathed with plumes of the same color, that lay upon her cheek like the green leaf upon the apple-blossom; while her bright hair seemed like a stream of sunshine gilding the whole.

She was beautiful, and she *knew* it—sitting there in gay consciousness of her power; while I, whose brain was full of such fancies, stood gazing upon her, as on a vision, and thought of beautiful ladies of the olden time, who delighted in the pleasures of hawking, and are always painted with bright-colored hair, confined by a net-work of green and gold. I was almost as bad as Cervantes' hero, and came near converting the sober man-servant who attended her into a loyal and brave knight.

The beautiful Louey had one peculiarity that puzzled me. She never hesitated to speak of her designs, of whatsoever nature the scheme might be, before all who chose to listen, as though words that might compromise another, could not be used against *her*, by reason of her superior charms. She was now talking merrily with Aunt Christina; but as Uncle Cambrelling came up, she called out—

"What do you think, Mr. Cambrelling? Am I not all plumed for conquest? Will it not be '*veni, vidi, vici*'?"

"Yes," replied my uncle, "you might go out as a highway robber without the least doubt of success, provided that your booty was *hearts*; but, Lillie," he added, turning to me, "you must really have a riding-habit and a horse—these pale cheeks of yours call for exercise, and as an equestrian you might turn out quite a beauty."

I smiled at the idea, as though a riding-habit and horse were all that were required to make me Louey Elmington; and the beauty's lip curled scornfully at my uncle's remark.

"I do not think that Lillias would look well on horseback," said Aunt Christina, "she is too quiet and sober."

That was probably mentioned, thought I, to put me in a happy frame of mind. Perhaps I was bitter, but oh! it would have been strange had I been otherwise than "quiet and sober."

"I am going a courting," said Louey, with an outburst of laughter. "What do you think of my attacking that stiff, old bachelor, Mr. Dele-rading?"

"That depends," replied my uncle, "much upon how the attack is managed; but, in my

opinion, it is dangerous work to meddle with porcupines."

"Oh," said Louey, glancing at an imaginary mirror, "I am not in the least *afraid* of him; and Mrs. Cambrelling thinks that it would be quite a bright idea to ride past his house, and meet with some slight accident in front of it. I am told that it is an excellent hospital."

The glance which accompanied these words left me at no loss to guess her meaning. She suspected me, then of *artifice*, and was now triumphing over my defeat.

"You had better manage to let the horse drop a shoe," was the laughing reply, "for there is a blacksmith's near the house, and you can walk in and be entertained by Mr. Delerading while the animal is being shod."

"*Nous verrons!*" said Louey, gayly, as she kissed her hand to the company. "But, if he does not come to the point, I think seriously of making him an offer."

A green riding-habit floated on the wind, and horse and rider seemed swimming through the air. I went in to the uncongenial task of making button-holes; and Aunt Christina, who was an inveterate sewer, took up some elaborate embroidery.

"That girl," said my aunt, after a long silence, "is perfectly unscrupulous. She will gain her end, though it should be through any amount of cunning and deceit. I have no doubt that she will eventually capture Mr. Delerading."

I sighed as I pictured the beautiful vision armed *cap-a-pie* for conquest, and I flattered myself that it was on *his* account that I wished the event different; but ah! would I have been any better satisfied with the success of a more worthy object? I fear not.

Completely unnerved, from the excitement of wakeful nights spent in rapid composition, I sat, during that long, spring morning, and stitched the fine linen before me, until the room reeled around, and my eye-balls seemed on fire.

I thought that I had been asleep, and woke to hear Aunt Christina saying—"She is entirely too fond of pouring over books. Were she more of a romp, it would be better for her health."

I put my hand to my head; it was wet, and I now had faint recollections of a cold shower-bath. There was some one with my aunt, and I lifted my head from the sofa-cushion, to see who it was. *Mr. Delerading!* And Louey Elmington had taken so much pains to attract his attention! With a thrill of delight I saw her plans foiled, and wondered what good genius had interfered in my behalf.

Mr. Delerading saw my look of astonishment, and came toward me.

"Miss Rutherford," said he, with a pleasant smile, "I hope that you are now convinced of the folly of spending so charming a day within doors; and if you are ready to atone for your fault, what do you say to the punishment of taking a drive?"

I looked at Aunt Christina, who coldly replied—"Since Mr. Delerading is kind enough to take so much trouble, you had better go."

I panted for the air and sunshine, and feeling very much like a person in a dream, I was soon seated in Mr. Delerading's carriage, alive only to the consciousness that he was beside me. A trembling fear that we might encounter my beautiful rival was soon dispelled by observing that we had taken an entirely opposite route.

"Miss Rutherford," said my companion suddenly, "I think that you and I have never come to a very good understanding of each other. You are so very reserved that I never can gain from you what you think; and yet I am perfectly convinced that your opinions would be well worth knowing. Circumstances have, perhaps, interfered in the progress of our acquaintance; and I will frankly acknowledge that this drive was partly planned that I might enjoy the pleasure of chatechising you."

This singular and unexpected address gave rise to mingled feelings. I was rather flattered that Mr. Delerading considered me sufficiently interesting to study, and yet fearful that he classed me with those botanical horrors that one brings home and examines from the very oddity of their ugliness. I resolved to be upon my guard, and say as little as possible.

As though he had read my thoughts, Mr. Delerading smiled, and I felt rather more discomposed than I ever had in my life.

"I was thinking of poetry," said he, "and of a remark that I once heard from a person who said that 'he did n't like blank verse, for, to him, the *prettiest* part of poetry was the *rhyme*.' But what do *you* consider poetry?"

"The language of suffering," I replied. "And as for my creed, I believe, with Shelley, that 'wretches have been cradled into poetry by wrong.'"

I spoke forcibly, as though the experience were my own, and my companion was looking at me in surprise. Perhaps, like the magician of old, he was frightened at the spirit he had invoked.

"What *kind* of poetry do you like?" he asked.

"Earnest, rugged, impulsive," I replied, "glowing with thought, like the rough mine studded with gems."

I had never talked so much before, but I began to think my companion as singular as he, doubtless, considered me.

"You like the roaring cataract better than the tinkling fountain," he continued. "But your sentiments, Miss Rutherford, are a perfect duplicate of mine, and I find very few to agree with me upon any subject. But I think," said he kindly, "that you should, if possible, try to forget the very existence of books. Let us talk of nature. Is not that a beautiful place that we are passing?"

The carriage rolled slowly along past a close-shaven lawn, beautiful in the fresh greenness of early spring, and far back from the road, amid grand old trees, rose turrets and towers like an English castle. It was grand, sombre, and majestic; but when Mr. Delerading asked me how I should like such a place for a *home*, I shook my head disparagingly.

"Why?" he asked, with an affectation of surprise. "Is it not very handsome?"

"Very," I replied; "too handsome to be comfortable."

"Now, Miss Rutherford," said he, "just draw me your idea of a home, and I will not ask another question."

I hesitated. Perhaps I should only make myself ridiculous; but my companion had placed himself in a listening attitude, and I commenced, like a despairing improvisatrice.

"My ideas," said I, "are extremely fragmentary, and refer more to the inside than to the casket itself. A warmth of loving looks—a bright, blazing fire—a soft, yet brilliant light, whose reflection cheers the weary traveler—books, flowers—refinement everywhere visible."

"Ah," said he, with a sigh, as though roused from a feast before he had satisfied his appetite, "how few *realize* this home of which you speak. I was reading, lately, that the author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' which has found its way to so many hearts, was once affected to tears at hearing his own piece—and he told a friend, who was with him, that, of all whose hearts had echoed to that simple melody, he was, perhaps, the only one who had no home."

Had he a design in this? Did he suspect that I, too, was in heart a wanderer?

I should not have cared had our drive never ended, but twilight approached, and we left those scenes of beauty and our dreamy rhapsodies, and drew up at Uncle Cambrelling's door. I noticed several people entering Mr. Elmington's grounds, and a sort of bustle among the party; but after returning Mr. Delerading's farewell, I entered the house, acting over in imagination the scene of the afternoon.

Aunt Christina and Uncle Cambrelling stood with faces full of horror. A cold chill crept over me as I listened for their first words.

"It is fearful!" exclaimed my aunt. "Did you say that she was dead?"

"No," replied my uncle, "she still breathes, although she was taken up without sense or motion. But so violent a blow was enough to produce instant death: and if she lives, it will be as a disfigured cripple. Poor child! What *will* she be without her beauty?"

Be still, wicked heart! I knew, without their telling me, that it was Louey Elmington—that she had been thrown from her horse, and was now lying a crushed, shapeless mass. True, she was my rival, and yet I mourned the spoiling of that lovely face as though it were a cherished picture broken.

Uncle Cambrelling was fond of telling news, and he seated himself by me to go over the story again.

"Poor child!" said he with real feeling, "she was so beautiful!"

The tears rolled down my cheeks—had she been a beloved friend I could not have wept more bitterly. My uncle pressed me close to him, for death and suffering near us make us more loving one to another—and, besides, he knew that in her hours of triumph she had often slighted me.

"Yes, Lillie," he continued, "she rode off, as you saw, in the wildest spirits, and quite as much in earnest, I believe, as in jest, respecting Mr. Delerading. Strange that he should have come here, and get missed of her! The servant-man, though unhurt himself, was entirely incapable of preventing the accident. They had arrived near Mr. Delerading's place, but the horse, shying at some object in the road, could not be prevailed upon to proceed. Louey, however, was determined to get him opposite the house, in order to take a survey of the premises, and the horse as obstinately persisted in turning another way. Thomas says that he advised Miss Louey not to urge him, but she persevered, and, with a sudden bound, he threw her against a tree, and then stood perfectly still. She was brought home senseless, and it is doubtful if she ever recovers."

Who would have thought, that saw her in the morning so bright and confident, of such a melancholy end? My conscience upbraided me for unjust thoughts toward my suffering rival, and I prayed, oh, how earnestly! for the boon of life for her whose own folly had caused this judgment.

A sombre mist seemed brooding over the lordly mansion—a dark cloud hovered around it, for the voice of glee was hushed.

News of my book had arrived at last! News more flattering than a young aspirant could possibly expect or hope for. The publishers called it 'unparalleled success,' the demand for the new book increased every day, and those who had entirely overlooked me while I was *acting* the sorrows therein depicted, devoured the written narrative with flattering eagerness.

Aunt Christina bought the book, read it, and pronounced it a masterpiece. She had, somehow, discovered my scribbling propensities, of which she extremely disapproved.

"I have always," said she, grandly, "despised mediocrity; to write such a book as *that* shows talent—but those scribblers who take to writing merely because they can do nothing else, have my unqualified contempt."

"Aunt Christina," said I, rendered bold by success, "did you ever hear of a bird that flew quite as high the very first time that it used its wings, as after it had practiced awhile?"

"Very pretty, I dare say," was the reply, "but if you mean by that, that talent is a thing that comes by *practice* and *trying*, I can assure you that you are mistaken. I suppose you will say next that, after *practicing*, you could write a book as good as that?"

"I think I could, now—*nearly* as good," was my reply.

"That only increases my conviction of your very great conceit," said my aunt. "But I advise you to give up this scribbling altogether," she continued; "it makes you more silly and visionary than ever."

I made no answer, and went in search of Uncle Cambrelling. He sat on the piazza, reading my book, and as I approached him I saw the tears glistening under his spectacles.

"It is really foolish to cry over a book," said he, as I came up, "but I defy any one to read *this* without crying."

"Do you think it so very interesting?" I asked.

"Interesting!" he repeated, "I consider it wonderful! You must be very insensible."

Uncle Cambrelling was not given to novel-reading, and his tears flattered me. I went closer, and put my hand on his shoulder. I remembered stories that I had read, in which the heroines, after secretly publishing books, the like of which never was heard before, on hearing some one say that they would give worlds to know the author, throw themselves into a father or mother's arms, and claim the merit of the production. There was no one to weep over me, and pronounce me a prodigy; but I felt the want of sympathy, and resolved to disclose my secret.

"Uncle Cambrelling," said I, "I wrote that book."

He started, and surveyed me curiously.

"You must be dreaming, Lillie!"

"No," said I, smiling at his surprise, "I am not dreaming now—I may have dreamed when I wrote it."

"It can't be possible," said he, "that you could do this!—Why, you will be quite rich!"

There was always in Uncle Cambrelling a spirit of calculation that seemed to fall like a dead weight upon my dreams and fantasies; and leaving him in an astonished stupor, I wandered off to the lake.

The stars were shining when I left my retreat, and the grape-leaves were traced in silver network on the piazza. Before I retired for the night, Aunt Christina informed me that "the book was much better than she ever supposed me capable of writing. Still, she wondered that it should be so much admired, because it was very evidently written by a person who knew nothing of the world and of society, and there was a continual harping upon one string that was really monotonous. She advised me to improve myself."

I walked very soberly up to bed, and wondered what Mr. Delerading would think of it.

Nearly all night I lay looking upon the moonlight from my sleepless couch, and forming vague plans respecting Louey Elmington. She would live—was every day recovering; and I experienced a feverish desire to see her—to tell her of the depth of love which her misfortunes had awakened, and offer to read to her, or do any thing to turn her thoughts from the one overwhelming subject. I felt how much harder it was for her to have had this wondrous gift of beauty and lose it, than, like me, to have mourned the want of it.

One bright afternoon I slipped quietly out, and walked toward Mr. Elmington's. Grand old trees embowered the house in a perpetual shade; and all was as quiet as a deserted palace. The double glass doors were open, and I hesitated to ring the bell, for fear of disturbing the sick girl. With a noiseless step, I entered the great hall, and stood listening, like a thief for the sound of footsteps.

A door was open—I entered it, and found myself in a small apartment that looked almost like a fairy-scene. The large windows opened on an immense balcony, beyond which the picturesque Hudson went murmuring on in silver-like beauty, and green hills, beautiful villas, and majestic woods dotted its banks. Within were flowers, packed together in huge pyramids, as

though culled from a floral wilderness, and birds, and books, and pictures. Heavy crimson curtains cast a rose-colored glow through the room, and almost concealed a door that led into another apartment.

I approached the opening, as yet unseen, and heard the tones of a low, sweet voice. I advanced as gently as possible, for there was nothing in the pale, gentle face of the insane mother to deter me, and stood by the bed-side.

I almost feared to look down upon the face nearly buried in those laced pillows, but a sudden movement of the sufferer revealed the altered features. I pressed back the starting tears, and tried to look calmly on that once lovely head, shorn of its bright tresses, and twined with linen bandages—on the deadly pallor of the once blooming cheek—and the dark circles around the closed eyes.

Suddenly she opened them, and fixed them full upon me.

“Do you not know me?” I asked, “Do you remember Lillias Rutherford?”

“Mrs. Cambrelling’s niece?” said she faintly.

I smiled, even in that sick-room, for I had no identity of my own; and, like the moon, shone only with a borrowed light.

“I have come,” said I, as a sort of apology, “to see if you will let me read to you, or sit and watch you while you sleep?”

She looked at me in languid surprise; her expression seemed to say: “Why should you do this for me?”

“I know,” said I, “that this may seem like intrusion—that we have been almost as strangers—but I did not stop to think of that. I thought that you might like some one of your own age to sit with you; I can sit for hours in a darkened room.”

She lay, for a few moments, thinking, and then turned to her gentle, dark-eyed nurse,

“Mother,” said she, “do you hear how kind Miss Rutherford is? Far, far kinder than I deserve.”

Mrs. Elmington thanked me in a lady-like manner, and had, evidently, from the shock of her daughter’s accident, quite recovered her reason. I read to Louey, that very afternoon, and felt as tenderly toward her as though she had been a suffering child. I could see that the change was not an outward one only.

Day after day, I loved to linger by that bed-side, and watch her gradual restoration. I brought her flowers and soothed her, until she learned to watch for my coming, and grieve at my departure. Oh! how sweet a thing this love was that I had won where I least expected it!

“Lillias,” said my charge one day, “do you know that I used to feel very wickedly toward you?”

“Poh!” said I, with a smile, “you must be dreaming, for I don’t think I ever gave you cause to feel so.”

“No,” she replied, “you never did—and that is why it was wicked. About this Mr. Delerading,” she continued, (how my tell-tale face showed the mention of that name!) “I thought that you were poor and dependent, and wished to make a great match, but I was determined that you should not succeed. I stopped at your uncle’s that morning on purpose to plague you—but, even then, I was touched by your humble admiration, so free from the least particle of envy. But I resolved to subdue Mr. Delerading, to show you the folly of entering the lists with me—and you see to what it has brought me.”

I told her that she was dreaming, as I rearranged the flowers; but a glance convinced me that she detected my flimsy veil of incredulity, and I felt uncomfortable, as though I were the injurer, and she the injured.

“Will you promise me,” said I, “never to speak of that affair again, and never to mention a certain name?”

She promised, and I went back to Aunt Christina’s, musing with a troubled heart.

On my way home I encountered Mr. Delerading. I had tied a crimson scarf on my head, and an empty basket hung on my arm.

“Only the butter and eggs needed to make a complete Red Riding-Hood,” said he. “But what old grandmother have you been visiting?”

“None,” I replied. “I have been sitting with Louey Elmington.”

“Miss Elmington!” he repeated in surprise. “I did not know that you were so intimate with her.”

He had then noticed her manner on the occasion of his visits.

“Not before her accident,” said I. “But, since then, I love her very much.”

Mr. Delerading answered me with a look which, had I supposed that he cared in the least about me, I should have construed into one of pleasure; as it was, it only puzzled me.

“Let me relieve you of this basket,” said he, with a respectful politeness.

Aunt Christina looked when she saw me enter, so fantastically arrayed, accompanied by Mr. Delerading, carrying my basket; but a certain defiant feeling rose within me, and her disapproving glances fell in vain.

I felt more than usually depressed. Aunt Christina had gone to pay some visits; and I sat

marring the surface of the paper before me with uncouth ideas, that were putting to flight all recollection of a pile of sewing that lay unheeded beside me.

Aunt Christina looked askance upon my rhymes and sketches. She feared that roaming in an ideal world would unfit me for the plain realities of life; and oh! how I loathed the long, weary tasks that she placed in my unwilling hands!

The power of a single voice! and that voice one that you long, yet dread to hear—trembling lest its tones should break a cherished delusion. A voice recalled me from my dream; and I awoke to the Present, and Hubert Delerading. I had a silly habit of crying, and I suppose that my eyes betrayed this weakness, for he glanced at them inquiringly, and I turned away from his questioning look.

"I have a charge to bring against you," said he.

I wondered at first what this could be; but it proved to be nothing worse than murdering the king's English, for, drawing forth a book of Aunt Christina's, which he had borrowed on his last visit, Mr. Delerading took from between the leaves, a fugitive piece of poetry, that bore my signature, and held it up before me.

A flush of pleasure came over me at the thought that he had read, and, perhaps, *admired* it; and yet I would not, for the world, that it had been there. What had originated in carelessness, he might impute to design; and I sat trembling for fear that he should suspect me of having put it there on purpose.

"Struck dumb, I see, by detected guilt! Not a word in extenuation of the offense. Caught, too, in the very act!"

He reached out his hand for the paper in my lap, but I seized it hastily, and tore it into fragments. I had written his name over it at intervals; and I carefully examined each shred, for fear the dreaded characters would appear as distinctly to his eyes as they did to mine.

Mr. Delerading was looking at me, and I fixed my eyes intently upon nothing.

"Why is it," said he, at length, "that you have always kept this casket so carefully locked, lest a gleam of the jewels within should draw forth the comments of the multitude?"

In other words, thought I, feeling by no means complimentarily disposed toward myself, why have you always behaved like such a fool when I have seen you, and been afraid to open your lips?

He seemed to divine my thoughts, for he said, with a smile—"I am afraid I have been unjust in supposing that pride dictated the concealment

—it was the modesty which is always the accompaniment of true genius."

I had never received so many compliments in my whole life before, and I now sat quite dumb with astonishment. The more my silence struck me as being foolish, the greater the disinclination to speak. I knew that Mr. Delerading must think me stupid and uninteresting, and yet, for the life of me, I could think of nothing to say.

"I hope," continued my interrogator, "that the loneliness and heart-desolation, so touchingly expressed, are but the poet's license? I cannot think that one so young should have seen so much sorrow." He sighed, as though years, with him, had brought their own sad experience.

I tried in vain to compose myself; my lip quivered, and I burst into an hysterical fit of crying. It was the only time that sympathizing words had been addressed to me for many a long day, and I tried, unsuccessfully, to recover myself.

"I thought," said Mr. Delerading kindly, "that your aunt had adopted you?"

I did not reply; and he glanced toward the unfinished work. He probably knew, for the first time, that I was a *dependent*, lonely and neglected, and I could read the sympathy expressed in his look.

He did not speak again very soon; but then he drew his chair closer to mine, and talked for a long time. I felt glad that no answer was required. I sat looking at the carpet in obstinate silence.

But at length I *could* speak—a new life stole over me—and he listened to my lonely history in the deepest attention.

"And the *last* chapter, Lillias?" said he, when I had ended, "When is that to be added?"

I was relieved from my embarrassment by the sound of carriage-wheels, and we awoke to the consciousness that we were sitting in the dark, and that Aunt Christina had returned. I flew to my room with a somewhat unsteady head, and left him to explain.

They sat talking for a long time; but again there was a rumbling of carriage-wheels, and he was gone. How could I go down stairs? How face Aunt Christina's coldly-questioning looks, and hear, perhaps, the words of reproof and displeasure? I made several vain efforts to descend, and, finally, gave up the attempt in despair.

I heard footsteps approaching the door. My dignified aunt had actually come to seek me! I trembled as though I were a dependent still, and wondered what words could be found to express her sense of my temerity.

"Lillias," said Aunt Christina, impressively, "I am extremely surprised."

"So I supposed, and I did not interrupt her.

"Mr. Delerading has been telling me that—that—he *loves* you, (she brought it out with an effort,) and asked my consent to marry you!"

I had guessed as much before, and, therefore, her announcement did not surprise me.

"It is a very strange thing," pursued my aunt.

So I thought, too; but she appeared to be under the impression that I had used some sort of witchcraft to delude Mr. Delerading. What it was I could not tell; for poets may talk of "*beauty* in tears," but I had always been told that I looked like a perfect fright after a fit of weeping, and I had done nothing but cry. However, she prudently remarked that it would be of no use to lecture me, *now*—the deed was done; and she skillfully transformed her somewhat fault-finding commencement into a speech of congratulation.

I looked forward to the event with none of the regret that a tenderly-nurtured daughter experiences on leaving the home of her childhood. My feelings were, rather, those of a prisoner let forth into the sunshine.

At the tea-table, Uncle Cambrelling expressed his satisfaction in a series of winks, his usual mode of manifesting pleasure; and, in the evening, he displayed, for my entertainment, a neatly summed-up account of Mr. Delerading's property, personal and real estate. Had I gone off in a fit of indignation, and protested that Mr. Delerading's wealth was the only drawback to my perfect happiness—that it was himself alone I wanted—and said a thousand other extravagant things—Aunt Christina would have curled that haughty lip of hers in unutterable contempt, and Uncle Cambrelling would have whistled. So I let them suppose what they pleased; and fancy me cunning, interested, or simple, as best suited them.

My aunt expressed her sorrow at parting with me, but I could see that her eye glanced rather uneasily toward the pile of unfinished work; my uncle spoke of missing me, and rattled the newspaper impatiently as he searched for his spectacles.

Not being ill-natured, I took my accustomed seat of an evening beside Uncle Cambrelling, and read him the stocks and market accounts, as usual, beside all the speeches; and, wishing to leave a good impression with Aunt Christina, I exerted myself to diminish the pile which my negligence had accumulated. I possessed a peculiar knack at button-hole-making, and I stitched away with nimble fingers, as I reflected that it would be the *last*.

"What is the matter, Lillias?" asked Mr. De-

lerading, as he watched me while I opened a case of diamonds. "Are they not set to suit you? They can be altered, you know."

"Yes," I replied, rather hesitatingly.

I was queer, perhaps, but I remembered that I was *poor*; and this looked too much like being bought. I should have felt uneasy to wear *diamonds*; and he smiled when I asked him if there were no roses in the conservatory?

"Why, certainly, you foolish child!" he replied, "but roses fade. Suppose, now, that I had a particular reason for wishing you to wear these diamonds—would you do it? Very well—that look is sufficient; and now listen, while I tell you. Your idea was, I suppose, that I, thinking you ought to be loaded down with all sorts of presents, as a reward for being engaged to me, went to the jewelers, and selected the most expensive diamonds that I could find. You need not say any thing—I *know* that you did. Now hear the truth: I had a mother once, and among the relics which I cherish, as having been worn by *her*, is that very case of diamonds. I took them out last evening, and looked at them, for the first time in many years; and I thought that although I had so carefully concealed them from other eyes, they would be a fit offering to one young and guileless, like yourself. You would have loved her, had you known her—and, now, you will not refuse to wear the jewels?"

How *could* I refuse? There were answering tears in my own eyes, called up by those mournful recollections in one I loved, till I could scarcely see the diamonds, bright as they were.

I am writing in a small boudoir, that opens into a larger apartment, occupied, at present, by rather a troublesome inmate; for he is constantly seizing my papers, and making his own comments upon them. I am called all sorts of names, too: "blue-stockings," "authoress," "scribbler;" and in answer to this very liberal shower of abuse, I reply:

"You knew all that before you married me; you cannot complain of having been in the least deceived, for I certainly showed you my very worst."

"But not the best," he replies, as he makes a journey from the next room, on purpose to deliver this speech with appropriate gestures, "My life, since a certain day, has been a voyage of discoveries, and my property only increases in value every hour."

I know him too well to suppose that he is ridiculing me, and my cheeks glow and my eyes glisten with a joy that I cannot conceal.

It is now more than two years since the fishing-party; and in that very house which I then en-

tered for the first time, I am now quietly established, with no wish for a change. In summer, the song of the birds in the trees around—the lawn's mossy slope—and the blue river in the distance—are sufficient, without; and, within, love and happiness keep up a constant strain of soft-toned melody. Our neighbors call us unsociable; and reports of our being two stray specimens from some other planet often reach us; but we laugh at their surmises, without abating one jot of our queer ways.

Curtains of lace and rose-color droop over the long windows, through which come glimpses of the sun-lit snow; for it is now winter, and the frozen surface glitters in the sunshine like a bed of crystal. The evergreens on the lawn loom up in dark contrast; their branches laden with the feathery flakes that have been caught in their descent.

Wreaths of evergreen are suspended in the hall, for we have had a merry Christmas; and Hubert says that Louey and I made noise enough for a dozen children. Very likely, for we were both wild with spirits, and did a thousand ridiculous things that come within the compass of a Christmas license.

The library is now often in disorder; for my work-basket, which, by the way, always contains the same unfinished ruffle, which Hubert declares is a legacy from Penelope of old, now reposes, upstart that it is! beside learned divines and clear-headed statesmen; and scissors, thimbles, and all the multitudinous implements of a worker who does no work, lie scattered about in distressing confusion.

Old Mrs. Philbrick, the housekeeper, walks about, the same as ever, mistress of all she surveys—I not excepted; and evidently considers me a sort of visitor, whose stay is protracted to an indefinite time. I am by no means certain that she does not cherish the idea that, on the first instance of misbehavior, I am to be turned out. I can see that she does not altogether approve of my scattering flowers about the house in summer-time, and dressing it up with evergreens in winter; and she looks mournful every time that I pour out tea.

Now and then we are invited to Uncle Cambrelling's, to spend the day, when every thing is very grand, and stiff, and formal, and Aunt Christina attires herself in her best, to do honor to her wealthy nephew-in-law—and watches me narrowly, to see if I use my finger-bowl, and handle my fork properly. We are always very glad when it is over; and come home rather quiet and subdued.

I have one dear friend, Louey Elmington, but not the bright and brilliant Louey who clouded my dream in its first unfolding. Ah, no! Pale is the cheek upon which rest the folds of lace that now supply the place of that bright coronal of hair; and the eyes that droop beneath those long lashes, are more like violets on which the rain-drops glisten than the flashing jewels to which I once compared them.

Louey came very near to Death—so near that she could almost feel the fanning of his wings; but she awoke again to life, gentle and loving, like one who had come forth purified from a fiery ordeal. Gently had she been dealt with, for save the roses fled forever, and the gentle, half-suffering smile that plays around her mouth, the exquisite face shows no alteration. She awoke, too, to the beautiful light of a mother's love: and with hands joined by suffering, the two are now all in all to each other.

They tell me that the clergyman who watched by Louey's sick-bed would win her to his home; and I hope that it is true, for had I never seen Hubert, I might have made Mr. Limmingford the radiant figure in my hero-worship. He reminds me of an apostle that I saw in a Catholic cathedral, descended from his shrine, to sway the multitude with his one voice, as though they were reeds bending to the wind.

"Lillias," says Aunt Christina, who has entered unperceived, "this continued scribbling of yours is perfectly ridiculous—why should you do it now?"

I see Hubert walking in the grounds, and as my conscience rather smites me, I look up the last quire of foolscap, and resolve to forget the meaning of *cacoethes scribendi*.

SONNET.—THE ALHAMBRA.

THE purple minarets are seen no more.
Alhambra! Desolate are thy gay halls.
Where oft resounded thy sweet fountains' falls,
And merry revelry was held of yore.
Within thy beautiful jasper-pillared aisles,
The rank grass elevates its prickly head:
Where roses bloomed, with thorns is overspread.

Sad ruins, now, where stood thy glittering piles.
Thy thousand towers are sunk into decay,
Vanished the actors of the gorgeous scene,
And Moorish princes have ejected been,
Whose deeds rich frescoes did in gold portray,
Nor war nor love shall acted be in thee:
Nor heard again shall be thy damsels' minstrelsy. W. A.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RUSSIAN LIFE.

It might be said, without much exaggeration, that we know as little of the interior life of Russia as of that of Dahomey or Timbuctoo. The jealousy of the government has greatly contributed to this result, although it is far from having been the sole cause. The country is not a tempting one to the traveler; nor are those who travel always the best judges, or the keenest observers of the manners and character of a people. Englishmen, especially, are so often the slaves of egoism and national prejudice, are so inveterately habituated to measure every thing by their own standard, and to overlook the qualifying conditions of the object criticised, that they are either very useless or very unsafe guides. The Germans, more liberal, are less locomotive; and although their point of view may be higher than that of our own countrymen, their almost invariable pre-occupation by some theory renders them unfit to perceive and reproduce, with fidelity, characteristics on which they only philosophize. In the case of Russia, the language is an almost insurmountable obstacle to a thorough comprehension of the people by a foreigner; and although we have many books which profess to give an account of the country and the people, we are scarcely in a position to judge of their value, inasmuch as they are, almost without exception, tinged with political feeling.

Yet the Russians are a people eminently worthy of being studied. Like all semi-civilized nations, they are full of character; the nobles, more especially in the provinces, from the strong and bizarre contrasts between the original barbarism of still recent date, and the artificial polish arrived at by a forcing process; the middle classes, from the arts to which they resort in order to sustain themselves in a false and difficult position; the peasantry, whether serfs or enfranchised, from their intense nationality, their mixture of simplicity and cunning, and from a peculiar goodness of heart, which not even the detestable institutions under which they live have succeeded in stifling or corrupting. To study them, however, you must be among them—Petersburgh, Moscow, Odessa, are not Russia. The popular ideas as to the climate, the habits,

the costume of the people are chiefly formed on what has been seen and described in the capital, and generally in the north; but, as regards by far the larger portion of the Russian territory, they are ridiculously wrong. Take a globe, and observe the latitude of an immense portion of that empire in Europe, and you will not be surprised to find that during all seasons but the winter, you will live under a southern sun, of which the heat is almost as insupportable as that of the tropics, and where the character of the people, and their manners, are soft, luxurious, free, and as full of sensuous enjoyment as may be those of the natives of the south of France, or even of Italy. Confess, reader, that although a little reflection would have supplied such impressions, you have not been accustomed to regard Russia and the Russians from this point of view.

We propose in this article to supply, as far as our space allows, a few materials for a more correct conception of the true character of Russian interior life, more especially in the provinces. They are derived from a work published some two years since, at Moscow, in the Russian language, by a Russian gentleman of the class of the nobles, himself a landed proprietor, but, as far as may be inferred from his book, singularly exempt from prejudice. Not that he professes any liberal ideas, quite the contrary—he seeks to avoid self-obtrusion throughout, and limits himself to reproducing, with an instinctive fidelity, what he has heard and seen. M. Ivan Tourghenief's "Photographs" are the more interesting, inasmuch as he is not a professed writer; he has not sought "effects," but has transferred to paper, with the vividness of a daguerreotype, the impressions produced upon him by the various personages and scenes he describes. Nature has given him a fine perception of the beauties of scenery, and of the peculiarities of the human character: he paints them with the simplicity and ardor of a lover, and he is none the less an artist because a practiced eye will detect the absence or even the want of art. Of all descriptive works, those which are produced by men of this stamp are the most valuable, and the most lasting, because they

are necessarily stamped with the fidelity of truth.

Mr. Tourghenief is possessed with a love of sport, which with him amounts to a passion. With his gun and his dog, and generally with an attendant of congenial taste, lent him by some friend at whose territory he stops in his rambles, he constantly follows his favorite pursuit. He is not, however, a mere sportsman, but also a keen observer of human nature and character; and as his passion leads him into all kinds of out-of-the-way places, and among all varieties of people, from the highest to the lowest, he has had ample scope for observation and amusement. What led him to write, we know not; but a few fragmentary descriptive pieces, which appeared in an unconnected form, in a literary review at Moscow, having attracted universal attention, from the extraordinary fidelity and gracefulness with which they depicted the manners of the people, he was induced to proceed, and ultimately to publish the work of which we speak. In the original, it is entitled, "The Journal of a Sportsman;" but such a name would very imperfectly express the peculiar character of the work, in which sporting adventures are a mere thread on which are hung the charming pictures of life, manners, and scenery, of which the book is full. The author of a French translation, which has just appeared, has, with good judgment, changed the title into, "*Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe*," which better indicates the value of the book, as containing the view taken by a Russian aristocrat of many of the customs and social institutions of his country.

If there are those who seek the artificial stimulus of horrors, who like to hear with the mind's ear the fall of the knout on the back of the suffering serf, or who desire that the simpler pictures of slave life shall be set in a connected narrative of refined cruelty and pain, as in the work of Mrs. Stowe, they will not find their appetite satisfied in the passages we propose to give. The pictures of Mr. Tourghenief are what we have called them at the head of this article—"Photographs;" there is in them always something of still life. But, at the same time, they are eminently suggestive, the more so from the utter absence of all effort, egoism, or self-display on the part of the writer. They might have been made more "artistic," but then they would lose a certain smack of rough reality, which inspires an almost absolute confidence in the reader. The author does not moralize in words, but in examples. He does not spare his own class, but he lets the facts speak for themselves; and as his sufferers are not angels, but Russians habituated to serfdom and its evils, you are able to look at

that institution somewhat more philosophically than if your moral indignation were perpetually excited by artificial means. The bright side is given, as well as the dark one, and yet the result of the whole is a profound conviction of the iniquity of serfdom as an institution, and of its degrading effects on the subject as well as on the master. The book is a Russian Uncle Tom's Cabin, without its blood and gunpowder.

Serfdom, however, furnishes only episodes in these sketches, which embrace almost every conceivable social variety. As the book is large, and written with extreme verbal closeness, we can do no more than select here and there a passage capable of being detached, premising that it is often in the details and lighter touches that the author is the most successful.

The lot of the Russian serf, like that of the slave everywhere, depends much on the character of the master, but, at the same time, much also on his own. We find in these pages, among a host of others, two portraits of serfs—the one, a man "comfortable," through steady industry; the other, an idler, but enjoying immunity through his skill as a tracker of game.

Khor (says M. Tourghenief) lived in the midst of a wood, in a large open space which had been cleared, drained, and cultivated, and in the centre of which rose a habitation, rustic in character, constructed of pine-wood, and with the usual dependencies, such as a farm-yard, sheds, stables, wells, and so forth. In front of the house extended a rude bench, under a shed supported by four thin wooden props. I was accompanied by M. Poloutykine, of whom the inhabitant of this house was one of the peasants. We were received at the door by a fine young man, apparently about twenty years old.

"Ah! is it you, Fedia?" said the master; "is Khor at home?"

"No; Khor is gone with the cart to the town," answered the young man, disclosing a row of teeth as white as snow. "Do you wish me to harness the teledjka?" (This is a species of open chaise without springs.)

"Yes; but first give us some kvass." (This is a refreshing acidulated drink, much liked by the Russians of the lower order.)

The sides of the room were nothing more than the blocks and pillars of wood with which the house was built, but hewn smooth and whitened; and they did not exhibit those coarse images which we see too often in the huts of the peasantry, stuck on the walls with moistened bread-crumbs, which attract the dust and harbor flies, creepers, and other insects. In the corner, however, which was evidently the place of honor, a lamp was burning in front of a sacred image in massive silver. The youth soon returned, armed with a large white jar full of fresh and foaming kvass, an enormous loaf of wheaten bread, and immediately after about a dozen of cucumbers salted, swimming in a wooden bowl. These good things were arranged on the table, which had been freshly scraped and washed; and then he

went and leant against the doorway, whence he looked on at our proceedings, his face radiant with good humor. We had scarcely finished this simple repast when we heard the rumbling of the wheels of the teledjka. We sallied forth instantly, and there saw on the narrow seat of the vehicle a youngster of fourteen or fifteen years, whose whole attention was devoted to restraining the ardor of a piebald horse. Round the teledjka were ranged six young giants, all bearing a strong family resemblance to Fedia.

"These are the sons of Khor," said my companion.

"Yes, we are all Khors," said Fedia, who had followed us out under the shed; "but we are not all here—Potapp is gone into the wood, Sidor is driving the father." Then addressing the young driver, he added, "Rattle along, for it is for the Barine;" (this is the Russian for the master;) "only mind the ruts and keep the animal well in hand, or you will lame him, and, what is worse, you will shake the seigneur's brains in his head;" at which piece of pleasantry on the part of Fedia all the rest of the Khorides seemed immensely tickled.

I inquired of Mr. Poloutykin how it was that Khor thus had his house and lived apart from the other peasants.

"Why, the truth is, that the fellow acted with much foresight. Five-and-twenty years ago, he was burnt out of his hut, and he made an arrangement with my father, for a certain rent, to be allowed to clear a place in the wood, near a marsh, where he could build a new one for the family which he hoped Providence would send him. 'And what makes you go to live in a swamp?' 'Never mind that,' said Khor; 'you promise never to call on me for the *corvée*, and you yourself shall fix the rent!' 'Fifty roubles a year,' said my father. 'That will do, thank you.' 'But mind,' added my father, 'no diminution!' 'You shall be regularly paid.' And he soon after contrived to make for himself the inclosure you saw to-day. The other peasants nick-named him Khor, (the knowing one,) and the name has stuck to him ever since."

"And does he succeed pretty well?"

"Extremely; to-day he is to pay me his rent, and I have already given him notice that I must raise it unless he will buy his freedom. I often persuade him to do so, but the rogue swears by all his gods that he has not a kopeck for such a purpose."

I felt interested in this man, and in the evening I mechanically took the road toward his little homestead. I found sitting on the door-step of the hut an old man, partly bald and gray, small in stature, but broad-shouldered and strongly built. It was no less than Khor in person. I regarded with curiosity this good man, who resembled most of the busts of Socrates, with his high protruding forehead, small piercing eyes, and broad flat nose. He asked me in. Fedia brought me black bread and milk. Khor seated himself on the bench, which, fixed to the wall, extended almost round the room, and stroking his beard gently he began to talk to me. He seemed fully conscious of his reputation as a man of sense, for he both talked and moved

gravely, while occasionally his bearded mouth betrayed a slight smile.

We talked of seed-time, of harvest, and on peasant life, and our views seemed to agree on these points; and yet it appeared to me that in thus talking without any apparent object to a man in his position, I was losing a little of mine; especially as Khor, probably because he considered it prudent, was discreet and reserved. At length I said to him, "Khor, why do you continue a serf, instead of buying your freedom?"

"And why should I buy my freedom?" he answered; "our master is a very good master, and I know what my rent is."

"But," I added, lowering my voice, "it is always better to live in freedom."

He looked at me a little askance, and muttered, "Ah, yes."

"Then why do n't you free yourself?"

Khor held down his head, and rose from his seat saying, "to do that one must have money, sir, and I have none."

Then he suddenly added, in a tone perfectly natural and civil, "But do you not want a chaise?"

Decidedly this man was not deficient in either intelligence or finesse. I said that as I wished to shoot the next day, close by, I should like to make up a bed on some hay.

"You do us honor. But you must have some bed-clothes and a pillow. Here, you women," he cried, raising his voice; "and you, Fedia, go and help them. Women are such stupid creatures."

A quarter of an hour after, Fedia, armed with a lantern, conducted me to the shed where the hay was kept, and I lay down with my dog at my feet. It was a long time before I could sleep; the cow came to the door and "mooed" eloquently until driven away by my dog; then a pig came and commenced an active foraging with his snout; and finally a horse tied close by began to munch his hay loudly, every now and then snorting and shaking himself. At length, however, I fell asleep.

At break of day I was awakened by Fedia. I liked the lad very much, and he appeared to me to be the favorite of his father. They were accustomed to joke each other. The old man came to seek me, and whether it was because I had passed the night under his roof, or for some other cause, he appeared more disposed to warm to me than he was the evening before.

"What superb young fellows your sons are," said I, as the youth entered the room, and a strapping girl, who turned out to be the wife of one of them, arranged the tea things for breakfast. "Do they all live with you?"

"Why, yes, it pleases them, and I do n't complain."

"Are they all married?"

"Here is a good-for-nothing, who cannot make up his mind," answered Khor, pointing to Fedia, who was leaning as usual against the door-post; "as for Vaska, he is still young, there is no hurry."

"And why should I marry?" replied Fedia, "I am very well as I am; for my part I do n't know what one wants with a wife."

"There, there, you rogue, we understand you,

we have seen you with silver rings on your fingers. You like to go dancing after the maids up there at the master's. 'Oh! you wicked fellow, let me alone, will you,' added the old man, imitating the voice of Poloutykine's maid servants. 'Very well, very well, Mr. Whitehands!'

"What is a wife good for?" answered the outh.

"A wife," replied Khor, seriously, "is the nearest servant of a man; two hard-working arms, which, added to his, make four."

"What do I want with a servant?"

"You are fond enough of working with other people's hands, if you can get them," said Khor, still joking his favorite. "We know what you are worth, you unmarried gentlemen."

"Find me a wife, then," replied Fedia, laughing. "Ah! you have nothing to say to that."

"There, enough, enough," replied the father, smiling; "do n't you see that your clumsy efforts are tiresome to the Barine. I will find you a wife, be sure of that;" and then turning to me, "I hope you will excuse him, he is a great overgrown boy, with nothing but down on his lip, and not the sign of a beard."

It follows almost of necessity that the foregoing portrait is of an exceptional person; but at the same time, from the matter-of-course manner of both master and serf, the inference is that such exceptions may be numerous.

Here we have a portrait of a domestic serf, who is privileged to attend his master in the chase:—

Kalinytch was a man of about forty years of age, tall, thin, and with a small head set aslant deep back between his shoulders. At the first glance he prepossessed you by the *bon hommie* which expanded over his sunburnt countenance. It was the daily duty of this man to attend his master on his sporting excursions, carrying his game-bag and sometimes his gun. In fact, without such a man the seigneur would not have had the energy to pursue the game. But Kalinytch knew how and where to find the birds; it was he who went to fetch the fresh water, to clear the underwood, and make room for the droschki, for his luxurious master. Although he had nerves of steel, he was a man of a soft and joyful character, singing to himself unceasingly, while his active eyes were on the look-out on all sides. In speaking, he had a slight nasal accent, his clear blue smiling eyes winked habitually, and his hand often strayed down to his beard, which he wore long and pointed like a Jew's. His walk was a stride, without the slightest appearance of haste, as he scarcely seemed to lean on the long and slight stick which he carried in his hand. During the day, he and I exchanged from time to time a few words; the thousand little necessary services I required, were rendered to me without servility; but in the attentions he paid to his master he exhibited all the *prévenances* of an old nurse. The heat being insupportable, he led us to a sort of hut in the midst of the wood, where we were surrounded with aromatic herbs hanging up in bunches to dry; he made up two beds of fresh hay, and then, having covered his

head with a net, he took a knife, and a piece of lath scraped fine and thin, and soon returned triumphant with a pot of fresh honey, from which he made us a sweet amber-colored drink, almost as clear as spring water; and we dropped asleep to the murmuring of bees, and the rustling of leaves. Awakened by a sudden gust of wind, I opened my eyes, and saw Kalinytch seated on the door-sill trying to cut out wooden spoons for use on similar occasions; and it was to me a source of supreme pleasure to regard the honest countenance of this primitive and simple-minded man, with his brow as serene as an autumn sunset. "Kalynitch is a good fellow," said his master to me, "and very useful. It is unfortunate that he can never manage to make a home for himself, or even build himself a hut; but he never could; and then I take him always about with me, he comes with me every day shooting. How could he?"

The quiet selfishness of this arrangement speaks volumes.

Now let us take a picture of a different character. Our author has spent the afternoon and evening with a country gentleman, a thorough *bon vivant*. They are enjoying the cool of the evening outside the house, and sipping their tea:

The wind had almost ceased, but from time to time a slight breeze swept over us. One of these gentle currents of air, in expanding itself against the house in front of which we were seated, bore upon it a sound of blows many and measured, which appeared to come from somewhere in the region of the stables. Apolonowitch was in the act of lifting his saucer to his lips, and already he had distended his nostrils, an operation without which no true Russian can really enjoy the aroma of his tea, when he suddenly stopped, listened, raised his head, swallowed a teaspoonful, and setting his saucer on the table, began with a smile of perfect good nature to imitate, as if involuntarily, the sounds which we heard:—"Tcheouki! tcheouki! tcheouki! tcheouk! tcheouki! tcheouki! tcheouk!"

"What can that be?" I asked with astonishment.

"Oh! nothing," he replied, "only one of my fellows whom I am having well flogged. You remember Vacia, who acted as butler for us this afternoon at dinner; the tall one with the immense whiskers like brushes: Ah! now you have it!"

Indignation the most profound could not have withstood the unconscious look, naturally clear and soft, of Apolonowitch as he said this. I abstained from word or gesture, but it seemed that my eye betrayed my thought, for his radiant face was for an instant clouded with thought.

"What is it, young man, what is it?" he said, gravely shaking his head; "by your glance you think me a very cruel master; but you know the proverb: The more love, the more correction. It is a principle that is not of yesterday." In a quarter of an hour after, I took my leave. In passing through the village, I came across Vacia, with his large whiskers. He was walking leisurely along, cracking nuts. I stopped my chaise and called him.

"What was the matter, my good fellow; they beat you to-day?"

"How do you happen to know that?" replied Vacia.

"I know it because your master told me so."

"My master himself?"

"Yes, himself; and why did he have you beaten?"

"Oh! there must have been a reason for it, of course. With us no one is beaten without a reason, no, no, no; with us, there is nothing like that, oh! no; our Barine is not like that; ours is a real Barine; where could you find such another? Oh! no, there is not his equal in the whole district, oh! no."

"Go on!" I cried to my coachman.

And in returning home I reflected on this singular specimen of Russian life on the old model.

The following portrait of an individual nobleman, executed with much minuteness, may be taken as equally characteristic of a class:

At some short distance from my property lives a handsome young gentleman of my acquaintance, named Arcadi Pavlytch Pechnotchkine. Among other advantages which his domain possesses over mine is that it is full of game. Now my friend's house, it should be said, has been built on the plans of a French architect, his servants are all from the highest to the lowest, in English liveries, he gives really excellent dinners, and he receives you, when you visit him, in the most amiable manner; and yet, with all that, you never seem to desire to go and see him. He is a man intelligent and honorable, he has been perfectly well educated, from contact with the very first society his manners are most polite; but at the present time his attention is devoted, and with signal success, to every pursuit connected with rural economy. Arcadi Pavlytch, according to his own account of himself, is "severe, but just;" he watches closely over the well-being of his vassals, and if he chastises them, that is only the best proof he can give of his regard. "They are creatures," said he to me, on a particular occasion, "with whom we must act as we do with children; for, after all, we must always remember that they are but full-grown children." As for himself, whenever what he called the sad necessity for being severe occurred, he seemed carefully to avoid showing any thing like anger, nay he would not even make a hasty movement or raise his voice; he would simply point his finger at the culprit, and say, quietly, "Ah! I have caught you, my good fellow;" or, at other times, "What is the matter with you, my friend; recollect yourself." And his teeth would become a little compressed, his mouth would contract almost imperceptibly—that was all the emotion he permitted himself, although the luckless offender knew too well what was coming.

As he is in some sort a type, I will sketch his portrait. Above the middle height, and well formed, he is what the sex would term a good-looking fellow: he bestows the most minute care on his hands and finger-nails, and his cheeks and lips bear the rich tint of health. His laugh is full of frankness and heartiness, and when it

is necessary to display the little courtesies, he has a peculiar habit of nearly closing his eyes, and winking, which suits him well. He dresses with remarkable taste; he receives an enormous quantity of new French publications, of all kinds, but, for all that, is no great reader; I question even whether he has even yet got to the end of the *Juff Errant*. In fine, Arcadi Pavlytch passes for a gentleman of the first water, and, in the eyes of mothers with daughters to marry, for one of the most desirable matches in the whole district. The ladies are quite mad about him, and with them every thing he does is perfection. Besides this, he is remarkably prudent—the prudence of the serpent—but he has never been mixed up in any scandal; and yet, on occasions, I have seen him ready enough to square up to and demolish an adversary—if he appeared timid. He seems to know his value, and taken care to make himself sought after. All loose society he shuns, that he may not compromise himself; but once, in a moment of gnyety, he confessed himself a disciple of Epicurus, though generally pretending a profound disdain for philosophy—a science which he stigmatizes as the quaintessence of German folly. He is fond of music, and, while at the card table, will sing low and between his teeth, but with feeling, some *morceaux* of *Lucia* and the *Somnambula* he has retained in his memory, but he almost always takes them a note too high. His winters he passes at St. Petersburg. His house is unusually well kept; and even his coachmen have so far bent to his influence, that they not only clean the harness of their horses, but push their refinement to the extent of once a day washing their faces, even to their throats and behind their ears! True, his people have a decidedly downcast look, but in this good country of ours, it is not so easy to distinguish the morose from the sleepy ones.

Arcadi Pavlytch has a soft and unctuous manner of speaking, minces and cuts up his sentences, and rolls with a kind of voluptuousness each word as it falls like a pearl from between his handsome moustaches. He is fond of interlarding his conversation with the commonest French phrases, such as *Mais! c'est impayable!* *Mais, comment donc?* *Voilà qui est merveilleux!* *Suchant? charmé! rare!* and so forth. And yet, notwithstanding all the agreeable qualities I have here recorded, I confess that I have no particular liking for his society, and, were it not for his pheasants and partridges, it is more than probable that we should soon be strangers to each other. A vague, uncomfortable feeling takes possession of you when you are at his house; even the luxury with which he is surrounded appears forced; and when every night a *violet de chambre*, frizzed and pomaded, comes, with his livery of blue and blazonry, to gently remove your boots, you feel yourself constrained and uncomfortable before this pale and precise looking figure.

This Frenchified Russian, as may be inferred, is capable of a little quiet cruelty to his serfs. Here is an example:

Notwithstanding my very indifferent liking for Arcadi Pavlytch, I happened once to pass the

night at his house. The next morning I rose early, and had already my horses put to, when nothing would do but that I must stay and partake of an *English* breakfast. With our tea they supplied us with chops, fresh eggs, butter, honey, Swiss cheese, etc., etc. Two men-servants, in white gloves, silently anticipated our slightest wishes. We were seated on a divan; Arcadi Pavlytch was dressed in large, loose pantaloons of silk, in which his feet were lost eight of, a jacket of black velvet, an elegant blue *fez*, and yellow Chinese slippers. He sipped his tea, tasted this thing and that, admired his finger-nails, smoked a little, comforted his back with a downy cushion—in short, gave unmistakable signs of being in extremely good humor. After a time, he began seriously to attack the chops and the cheese, and had acquitted himself like a man, when, having filled a glass of red wine, and put it to his lips, he suddenly lowered it, and his brow became overcast.

"What! This wine has not been warmed!" said he, in a dry voice, to one of the men-servants. The man was visibly alarmed, grew pale, and stood petrified. "I speak to you, *mon cher*," continued, with a studied calm, the young seigneur, his cold, large eyes wide open, resting on the poor man, who could do nothing but twist with a slight convulsive movement the napkin he held in his hand, while, so fascinated was he by his terror, he was unable to articulate a syllable.

Arcadi Pavlytch lowered his head, but continued thoughtfully to regard the unfortunate man. Then, addressing me,

"Your pardon, *mon cher*," he said, with an amiable smile, while letting his hand fall gently on my knee. Then, again looking silently at the servant, "There—go!" said he, raising his eye-brows, and striking on a bell at his hand, which brought immediately into the room a stout, dark man, with a low forehead and forbidding eyes.

"Make ready for Fedor," said Arcadi, to this man, in as many words, with the most perfect self-command.

And the man, whose special duty was the flogging department, made his obeisance and left to fulfill his orders.

There is in the foregoing a cool refinement of insensibility, and a systematic indifference to the degradation and suffering of the unfortunate serfs, more appalling than the most harrowing descriptions of cruelty and pain. The minuteness of the description, and the absence of the arts of writing would argue that the picture is a true one. It certainly is not overcharged.

This Arcadi Pavlytch is also an amateur agriculturist, of a class of which specimens may often be found even among our own squires. He does the dilettante part, and leaves the real management of his property to intendants. He insists on taking our author to see one of his estates. The descriptions of the journey, of the arrival of the lord and master in the village, of the intendant and his family, and various little episodes, are full of *vraisemblance* and vivid life,

but unfortunately they are too long for extract. This intendant stands very high in the favor of his indolent master, who boasts of him that he is quite a statesman in little.

This treasure, this "statesman," of whom Arcadi had so much spoken, (says the author,) was small in stature, broad shouldered, red nosed, with small, blue eyes, and with his beard trimmed and arranged like a fan held downward.

"Ah!" exclaimed this man, (who smelt of wine,) in a kind of half-chanting tone, and as if he were ready to dissolve in tears, "Ah! and you have at last deigned to come to us, you, our father, our benefactor! Your hand, father, your hand!" and he protruded his big lips in readiness.

Arcadi Pavlytch allowed his hand to be kissed, and replied in an affectionate tone:

"Ay, and how do matters go on here, brother Sophron?"

"Ah! you, our father!" chanted off again the intendant, "and how could they go otherwise than well, when you, our father, our benefactor, deign to give the light of your countenance to this our poor village. . . . Oh! it is happiness enough to last me to my grave! Thanks be to God! Arcadi Pavlytch, thanks be to God, all goes well, well, well—all goes well, through your goodness."

After an instant or two of silence devoted to mute contemplation, the "statesman," began to sigh with enthusiasm, and, as if carried away by an irresistible impulse, (to which perhaps an extra allowance of ardent spirits had a little contributed,) again once more he begged to kiss the hand of the seigneur, and recommenced chanting with even more vigor than before.

"Ah! you, our father and benefactor—and—oh!—what?—surely in this joy I have lost my senses—yes—'tis indeed true—I see you—I see you—I can believe my eyes—it is indeed true that you are there—you, our father!—our—"

And so on to the end of the chant. It was strong acting, but Arcadi Pavlytch smiled, and said to me, in French, "*N'est-ce pas que c'est touchant?*"

As this Arcadi Pavlytch seemed so proud of his management of his property, and insisted on showing all that his "statesman" had done for him, our author accompanied him the next day over his estate. After having been called on to admire a multitude of proofs of excellent "systematizing," the visitors were at last requested to inspect a new mill, that had recently come from Moscow.

We could see (says our author) that the sails went well; and certainly if Sophron could have known what awaited us there, he would have been content with the more distant view. On coming out of the mill, at a few steps from the door, and close to a pool where some ducks were swimming and plashing, stood two peasants—the one an old man of some seventy years, the other a youth of some twenty. The only clothing of either was a patched shirt, and each had a cord round his waist. Their feet were naked. The local edile was persuading them to go away,

obably they would have done but that out. Sophron's fists were clenched and he was evidently much annoyed at the apparition. Arcadi, too, frowned and said:—he had been all day boasting the management of his estate. However, he went straight up to them. The two visitors bowed themselves at his feet.

"Is it? Speak!" said he, in a severe tone with a slight nasal tone. The poor men exchanged a glance, but could not bring themselves to speak. They winked their eyes convulsively, and bit their lips hard.

"and what is it?" repeated Arcadi; and turning to Sophron, he asked, "Of what are they?"

"The Tobolúief family," replied the intendant in a low tone.

"I say!" addressing the old man. "I am afraid, fool!"

The old man lifted his bronzed and wrinkled face to the earth, and from between his lips, which were literally blue, said, in a voice of anguish,

"us, help us, good master!" And then he more prostrated himself; the younger of the two did almost the same. Arcadi Pavlytch and his brother threw their prostrate necks without emotion; and then, throwing himself into a fresh attitude, he said,

"of whom do you complain?"

"Pity, good master! A moment only, and we are at it. We are tortured—we are—"

"who, then, makes martyrs of you?" asked Arcadi Pavlytch, the intendant.

"Is your name?" added Arcadi, after a moment's silence.

"Pity, good master."

"The other?"

"Son, good master."

Arcadi again was silent, curling his moustache: and then he went on—

"What respect has he tormented you?" he said this he looked down on the ground, over his moustache.

"The master he has entirely despoiled and ruined. Contrary to the regulations, he has taken two of my sons to the recruiting service, and he wants to take away the third. It was yesterday that he took away from me my son; and his grace, the ancient, who is now himself, has pulled down my house. Good master, do n't let him quite ruin us!"

Pénotchkine was very much embarrassed. With an air of vexation, he demanded of the intendant what he had to say to the accusation.

"He is a drunkard," answered the other, with a certain assurance of manner,—“a drunkard and an idler: he does nothing: for five years he has been unable to pay his rent.”

Sophron Jackovlitch has paid it for me, good master," answered the old man. "For five years he has paid it; and because of that he makes a name, and takes all I have, good master,

What does not explain how you are in arrears," answered Arcadi, quickly. "It is that you frequent the cabarets."

The old man opened his mouth to explain.

"I know you!" continued Arcadi. "Your whole life is spent in drinking, and in sleeping on the stove, and it is the hard-working peasant who does your work."

"And, moreover, he is rude," added the intendant, seeing that there was no reason to fear for his own rudeness in interrupting his master.

"Yes, of course, it is always so; and how often I have had to notice it! The idler gives himself up all the year to drink and debauchery, and then, some day or other, he comes to throw himself at the feet of his master."

"My good master," said the old man, in a tone of the most terrible despair, "in the name of God, come to our assistance. I declare to you, before heaven, that I have not a morsel to eat, or the means of gaining my living. Sophron Jackovlitch has taken a hatred toward me—why, Heaven only knows; but he has ruined, crushed, destroyed me: and now he is going to take away my last child." Here the tears rolled over his bronzed cheeks. "In the name of God, my good master, come to our aid!"

"And it is not only us that he persecutes," said the younger of the two.

Arcadi Pevlitch took fire at this unlucky word of the young man, who had till then kept silence.

"And you. Who spoke to you? When you are not spoken to, how dare you speak? Hold your tongue, sir! Why, this is a revolt! I am not the man to be revolted against!"

Two hours after I had left I encountered a peasant, whom I knew as a capital sportsman. I asked him if he knew the intendant of Mr. Pénotchkine.

"What! Sophron Jackovlitch?"

"Yes, what sort of a man is he?"

"He is not a man—he is a dog; and a dog so bad, that from here to Kursk you could not find his equal."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and this property of that Mr. Pénotchkine, it only appears to belong to him: the real owner is this Sophron."

"You believe so."

"He has made a property of it for his whole life. There is not a peasant on the estate who is not up to his neck in debt to him, so that he has them all under his thumb. He employs them as he likes, he does exactly as he likes. They are his victims."

And then he went on to describe the various extortions of Sophron. "He is very clever! And how he rolls in money, the wretch! But his delight is to flog; he is a dog, a mad dog; he is not a man, I tell you; he is a wild beast."

"And why don't the peasants complain to their real master?"

"Why you see, sir, if he gets his rents regularly, he is satisfied. If any one complains, he lets them know what they have to expect. He reminds them of what he has done to others."

I told him of the old man and his son.

"Yes," said he; "and Sophron will suck the old man dry, even to the marrow in his bones. Henceforth, too, his only word will be a blow. Poor old man! And what is the cause of it all? Why, five or six years ago he resisted Sophron's authority in some trifle or other, and he said

something that has rankled ever since. He has never ceased to torture him, and to drain him dry. He has sent off two of his sons as recruits, contrary to the law! The execrable wretch!"

The national music of Russia, as the reader probably knows, is of much originality and beauty and deeply tinged with an indefinable sentiment of melancholy. A passion for song prevails among the peasantry, who often join to very fine voices remarkable executive powers. It is not unusual with them to engage in contests for supremacy in this exquisite art. Of one of these our author gives a charmingly graphic account, from which we can extract a few passages only, regretting not to be able to reproduce the whole, marked as it is by vivid and characteristic portraiture. The struggle has been appointed to take place in a well-known drinking-shop or cabaret, situated in a village of the steppes, placed on a hill, and abruptly divided by a ravine:—

In the middle of the cabaret was a thin but well-made man of about three-and-twenty years of age, wearing a long robe of blue calico. He had the air of an operative, and he did not appear to be in the most robust health. His meagre cheeks, his large, restless gray eyes, his straight nose and nervous nostril, his clear, lofty forehead, covered with masses of pale, deep sandy colored hair, worn behind his ears, his lips somewhat thick, but fresh-colored and expressive—all these traits indicated an impulsive and impassioned character. He seemed much agitated. His eyes frequently opened and shut; he breathed fitfully; his arms trembled as if he were suffering from an access of fever; in fact it might be said that he was in a state of fever—that is to say, the nervous excitement so common with those who have to speak or to sing before an assemblage expecting great things. This was Iachka, or James the Turk. Near him was a man of about forty years of age, broad shouldered, with heavy cheeks, low forehead, Tartar-like eyes, short, flat nose, square chin, and black hair, hard and shiny like the bristles of a brush. It was easy to see that such a countenance would easily assume, perhaps was not unaccustomed to, an expression of ferocity. Without moving, this man looked about him with a dull, slow glance, like that of a tied ox. He had on an old, indescribable coat, with flat brass buttons, and a not very new black silk cravat encircled his thick, muscular neck. He was called Diki-Barine, or the Gentleman-Savage. Opposite him, in the angle of the bench encircling the apartment, and under the images, was Iachka's rival in the coming contest, the general dealer of the village, a man of middle height, but well made, about thirty years of age, his face freckled, his nose broad and on one side, with small, piercing eyes, bold and restless in their glances, and beard carefully trimmed. This man was generally called "the Dealer," seldom by any other name. From meat, fish, or candles, to bricks, lime or wood for building, from a sporting dog to a sauce-

pan, or a box of lucifers, nothing came amiss to this man of many trades.

As for Iachka, his antagonist, he had obtained his nickname of "the Turk," from the simple fact of his being the son of a woman of that nation who had been brought into Russia as a prisoner. Although his exterior was that of a simple workman, he had the true soul of an artist, in the full sense of the word. His worldly state was that of a workman in a paper factory near at hand.

At length the match commenced, lots having been drawn for the first start, which fell to the dealer. This man rose from his corner, and, half shutting his eyes, commenced, in a very high falsetto voice, a national air, which I heard for the first time, and which is unapproachable except by voices thoroughly sure and capable of reaching with perfect purity the highest registers. The voice of this man was soft and agreeable, but somewhat mechanical; he seemed to turn it about like a brilliant gem; the notes appeared to part from his throat, to ascend and descend some spiral way of crystal glittering in the sun, and, when at its heights, he literally rained gems of the most charming melodies, which floated and undulated, till he would let them lose themselves in gossamer-like sounds, which died away in silence; yet after these pauses, which scarcely allowed us to breathe, he suddenly burst out with a refrain of the same airs, sung with a power and a boldness that carried you away. It was a performance that would have charmed the most exacting amateur. The voice was that known as a Russian *tenore di grazia*, and it would have been listened to with pleasure at Naples or Milan, or it would have become the *tenor léger* of the Paris opera. Knowing that he was before accomplished and practical judges, he gave rein to his powers, or, to adopt the characteristic popular phrase of the country, he did not hold himself in his skin. The district is one noted for hundreds of first-rate connoisseurs, and throughout Russia it is regarded as a locality the most famous for vocal melody.

For a long time the worthy dealer, notwithstanding his vocal *tours de force*, went on singing without producing any marked effect on his auditors, but suddenly a passage more marvelously vocalized than the rest broke the spell of expectation, and sent a thrill of joy through them all. A low choral murmur was only interrupted by muttered cries the most grotesque, such as "Superb!—Oh! the rascal!—Yes, festoon your notes, snake!—Ah! the wretch!—The animal!—The dog!—Go to the devil, you Herod, go!" and other polite manifestations of enthusiasm, of the same kind. The rival singer, it is fair to say, showed, by the approving movement of his head, that he acknowledged the beauty of the singing. "The Savage" alone rested immovable and impassable, but his glance fixed upon the singer was of a remarkable softness, although on his lip there was the conventional disdain of the critical amateur. Encouraged by these marks of approval, the artist let out like a whirlwind, executing such roulades, such trillings, such bursts of sound, followed by such cascades, that when, at last, exhausted, pale, bathed in perspiration, and throwing back his body for the last effort, there came forth one

long expiring note, which seemed to lose itself in space, one sudden cry escaped from all the listeners together, as on the word of command bursts forth the fire of a platoon. One flung himself on the neck of the singer, and squeezed him in his long bony arms; the innkeeper cried as if his voice would crack, *Molodetz! Molodetz!* (a word significative of familiar admiration, as in English is said "trump!") a poor peasant expressed his delight in the way habitual to his class, he commenced spitting vigorously against the door; and on the countenance of the rival there was an expression of intense admiration.

After some compliments, and a characteristic scene among the auditors, Iachka is called upon to begin:

Iachka passed his hand over his throat, and murmured a few incoherent words, which betrayed excessive timidity and doubt.

"Do n't be afraid!—that is the only thing you need be ashamed of! Sing, man—sing, man; and do your best!" said "the Savage," in a tone which claimed obedience.

Iachka breathed deeply, looked around him, and covered his forehead and eyes with his left hand. The party seemed to devour him with their eyes, more especially the dealer, who, notwithstanding his late triumph, was not wholly without inquietude. When Iachka at length uncovered his face, the poor fellow was as pale as death, and his eyes were scarcely perceptible under their downcast lids. At length, after having taken a long breath, he began. His first note promised but little: it was feeble, unequal, and scarcely seemed to come from the chest, but rather as if it had been thrown into the chamber from some voice without. After this first broken note there came another, more firm and more prolonged, a tremulous sound, like the vibration of a violin-string which, when struck by a master hand, produces an echoing tremulousness, softer than the first sound, and which gradually seems to grow more distant and more feeble, until at last it vanishes. After a third note, a little stronger, and more full and beautiful, the singer gradually grew more warm and animated, and at last it was possible to judge of the character of the air, which was strikingly melancholy.

Soon an intense pleasure began to manifest itself on the faces of all; the grace and softness of the intonations, and the exquisite finish of the *nuances* left no room for criticism. Seldom had I heard a voice of more exquisite freshness. At the opening a certain timidity, accompanied by a formality of intonation, interfered with the pleasure; but all this was soon lost in the profound feeling, the true passion of the singer, blending with the sadness of the air all that is beautiful in youth, strength, softness, and expressiveness. The true Russian soul, so good and so full of warmth, breathed through this voice, so soft and charming, which went direct to the hearts of the auditors, there to touch those chords which awaken the national melancholy. And now the melody grew and developed itself in beauty. It was evident that an intoxication of inspiration had carried away the singer. No longer the slightest trace of timidity, but an en-

tire abandonment of the soul to the voluptuous delight of the song. If there was not the less a tremulousness in the voice, it was no longer the uncertain tone of timidity, but the thrill of, passion which passes direct into the souls of the listeners; and all the while that noble voice continued to gain in power, in force, and in amplitude. His song excited my imagination to the most vivid memory of past scenes, which were conjured up before me like life; and this through the passion of a simple artisan, standing immovable in a common cabaret, but whose inspiration made him for the moment a magician and a master alike of the beautiful and of the sublime. Singing under the stress of his impassioned emotion, this young villager had forgotten every thing, us, his rivalry, and his rival, sustained as he was like a buoyant swimmer on the waves of his melodious and mellifluous song.

I heard a sound of stifled sobs—it was the innkeeper's wife, who was crying, her head fallen on the window-sill. This sight seemed to give a new soul to the singer, whose song grew more deeply infused with feeling; the innkeeper was panting with the excitement and the charm. The trivial Morgatch sat like a statue, but with his eyes fixed on the grimy ceiling; the poor peasant was sobbing noiselessly in his corner, balancing his head as if to nurse and soften his emotions; and on the iron visage of the Savage, under his long black eye-lashes, that seemed glued to his cheek, were two large round tears, hanging suspended and ready to break. As for the rival singer, he rested utterly motionless, but with his right hand closed, and pressing convulsively his forehead.

Panting as we were under these sensations, I do not know what would have been the effect of the last paroxysms of our emotion, had not Iachka suddenly brought his song to a close, with a sharp note, of a boldness, a fineness, and a purity so extraordinary, that it seemed as if in that one sound his voice had departed for the heavens. No one moved, no one spoke; it seemed as though all expected the return of that voice from its flight. Iachka opened his eyes and looked surprised at this kind of ecstatic silence; but he soon saw the reason—involuntarily that silence had accorded to him the victory.

"Iaxof!" said the Savage, in a voice trembling with emotion—but he could not utter another syllable.

We were in fact petrified, as if by enchantment. At length the rival of Iachka rose and advanced toward him. "You have won!—yes, you have won!" said he, with an emotion it was painful to witness; and he rushed out of the place.

The nobility of Russia are notoriously extravagant, resembling, in the country districts, in many of their habits, the Irish spendthrift of the past age. The book of Mr. Tourghenief is full of life-like portraits of men of this stamp, who have ruined themselves, and who come to utter destitution. There is one charming little episode of this kind. A proprietor becomes enamored of a young girl, a serf, the waiting-maid of a lady

She consents to become his mistress and he succeeds in hiding her from the world. She betrays a marvelous aptitude, and has a facility to sing, to play, to dance. At one unlucky occasion, she cannot resist the temptation to flaunt her greatness in the eyes of her proprietor, who has so often tormented her by her pride and unkindness. The wheels drive past the domain, but are unfortunate enough to overturn the carriage of the lady on the road-side. This leads to a discovery; the police are called in—are bribed—the girl is still retained. But the lady has recourse to law in all its most vexatious forms, and the lover is harassed in person and in pocket. Suddenly the young girl, seeing that ruin will ensue, insists, in spite of all remonstrances, on delivering herself up. He is distracted; but she escapes, and effects her generous purpose, although knowing the fate that awaits her from her vindictive mistress. He loses all self-control, wastes his substance in debauchery, even to his last shilling, and when the author again encounters him, it is in a low coffee-house, at Moscow, where he is living on his wits, but where, nevertheless, he insists on giving his visitor champagne. If our space permitted, we would extract some very touching passages of this kind. In the following extract, an extreme case is daguerreotyped. Mr. Tourghenief, while out shooting, trespasses on the grounds of a proprietor named Radiloff, and a shot which frightens a young lady of his family, brings him up. After a little heat, Radiloff finds that the intruder is a gentleman, and he insists on his coming to the house and dining. He has been presented to the mother:

"And see," continued Radiloff, pointing out to me a person, tall and thin, whom I had not perceived on entering the drawing-room, "here is Fedor Mikhieitch." And then, addressing this person, he said, "Come, Fedor, give this gentleman a specimen of your talents; a man with your advantages should not stand skulking in a corner." The man to whom these words were addressed rose instantly from his seat, and having taken a wretched violin from under the window-seat, seized the bow by the middle, but with the wrong end uppermost, and having fixed the instrument against his chest and shut his eyes, began to sing and dance grotesquely while he scraped the strings. He seemed about seventy years of age, and wore a long surtout of gray calico, which hung flapping against his long, bony legs. This unfortunate being continued to dance, sometimes making his steps rapidly with his feet, sometimes balancing affectedly his little bald head, sometimes throwing it back and displaying the swollen veins of his neck, while he went through this exercise with an effort too visible from the occasional yielding of his knees. His toothless mouth opened from time to time to emit a sound more like a rattle than an expression

of gayety. It was not difficult for Radiloff to perceive from my countenance that this exhibition of the talents of Fedor was any thing but agreeable to me.

"Enough, old gentleman, enough; now go and get your reward." Fedor Mikhieitch instantly restored the violin to its place, and, after saluting us all separately, he left the room. In a few moments my host invited us to take the *cave-de-vie*, as dinner was served. Whilst we were going to the dinning-room, and taking our places, Fedor Mikhieitch, who, from the effects of the "reward," had his eyes dancing and a decided vermilion at the nose, was singing a martial song. His place was allotted apart from us, at a small table, without table-linen, in a corner of the room. The poor old man had forgotten himself, even to the extent of neglecting the most ordinary rules of the table, and it appears that it was a matter of necessity, especially on an extraordinary occasion, to keep him at a certain distance from the company. He crossed himself, took a long breath, and began to swallow like a shark the food set before him.

In answer to a glance of inquiry on my part, my host said: "Yes, he, too, once was a landed proprietor; he was rich, and he ruined himself; now he lives in my house. In his time he passed for the most formidable gallant in the whole district; he ran away with two married women; he maintained a choir of singers in his house, and he was himself noted everywhere for his skill as a dancer and a singer."

During the dinner, and in the evening, our author noticed something in the expression of the young lady's countenance which fascinated his attention. She was the sister of Radiloff's deceased wife, and in the familiarity of his address there was nothing incompatible with their position. In the evening the conversation led Radiloff to describe the intensity of his grief at the death of his wife.

"The next morning," he said, "I found myself beside her body. It was in the height of summer, and in the broad sunlight. Suddenly I saw (here Radiloff shuddered)—I saw a fly walking over her eye, wide open as it was. I felt like a sack, and when I came to myself I wept for hours." If I were to live for a century, (says the author,) I should never forget the expression at that moment on the countenance of the young lady. The mother of Radiloff, (an old lady, short of stature, thin in the face, and with a gentle, even timid, but sad expression,) the mother laid on her knee the stocking she was knitting, drew her handkerchief from her enormous reticule, and, thinking herself unnoticed, dried two large tears. Fedor Mikhieitch, as if inspired, seized his violin, and with his wild, shrill voice commenced singing. The intention was good. The miserable old man was thus, according to his idea, showing his devotion in the hope of passing off the scene. We all shuddered at the first note, and Radiloff begged him to be quiet. Seven days afterward I happened to pass again by the house of Radiloff, but found neither him nor his sister-in-law. In fact, on the very night I have described,

they had eloped together, abandoning the old lady. As soon as I heard this, I comprehended the peculiar expression on the young lady's countenance while Radiloff was describing his sensations on seeing the dead body of his wife. That expression, in fact, was not merely one of sorrow or of pity, but was inflamed by the fire of jealousy.

The length to which these extracts have run obliges us to bring them to a close. The peculiar character of minuteness which pervades the original has been necessarily somewhat lost sight of, in order to reduce them within a reasonable compass. They form but a small portion of the whole collection of daguerreotypes, many of which are far more interesting than those which we have selected, but less manageable for the purpose of selection. For instance, the chapter which narrates in full the story of the slave mistress, already referred to; and another, called in the French translation, the *Comptior*, in which we have a perfect picture of that *imperium in imperio*, a Russian proprietary village, where the mistress, a kind of Lady Bountiful, regulates, by means of ukases or proclamations, all the affairs of her petty sovereignty, down to the pettiest details of offenses and punishments, but who is in turn systematically cheated by her stewards. The farmer comes to sell his wheat; a hard bargain is driven between him and the steward as to the price. Is it for the benefit of the mistress? No! The dispute is as to what the farmer is *really* to pay; the price for the eye of the mistress being fixed by common consent. And then the farmer is ushered by the steward, with every formality and servility, into the presence of the lady, in order that the false contract may be duly ratified. In this chapter, too, we find the steward coercing an honest serving-man who loves

one of the maid-servants coveted by the steward himself, the end being that the poor girl is made the scape-goat. In another chapter we have an amusing portrait of a lady-proprietor who from conscientious motives has remained single; she conceives it to be her duty to keep her serfs in the same state, and not a man or woman of them is permitted to marry. In another, a beautiful girl has been brought to the capital by a fine-lady mistress, her owner, who, to keep her about her person as maid, refuses her the permission to marry a fellow-servant. The result is that the poor lovers commit themselves; the youth is sent off as a recruit, and the girl sells herself in marriage to a miller, for whom she has no love, on condition that he purchases her freedom. The poor loveless wife literally pines away before your eyes, in the author's simple narrative. Two little episodes, the "Village Doctor," and the "Village Lovers," are charming as idyls, irrespective of their value as pictures of manners; and the "Russian Hamlet" has a peculiar humor of its own, thoroughly national. Unfortunately, it is too long for extract. The Dwarf *Kaciane* is, in a literary point of view, a new character; and there is a chapter in which some boys, watching horses, recount, round a night-fire in the steppes, the various superstitions of the country, that is full of poetry, and racy with nationality. Scattered through the book, too, there are portraits of individuals, each representing a class, of the same order as two or three we have already extracted; and thus, on arriving at the close, the reader has become insensibly possessed with almost every phase of Russian life. The French translator, M. Ernest Charrière, has performed his difficult task with great skill.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE KINGLIEST KINGS.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Ho! ye who in a noble work
Win scorn, as flames draw air,
And in the way where lions lurk,
God's image bravely bear;
Though trouble-tried, and torture-torn,
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.

Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,
Still springeth from the cloud;
And soul ne'er soared the starry Seven,
But Pain's fire-chariot rode.
They've battled best who've boldliest borne,
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.

The martyr's fire-crown on the brow
Doth into glory burn:
And tears that from Love's torn heart flow,
To pearls of spirit turn.
Our dearest hopes in pangs are born,
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.

As beauty in death's cerement shrouds,
And stars bejewel night,
God-splendors live in dim heart-clouds,
And suffering worketh might,
The mirkiest hour is mother o' Morn,
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.

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THE CREOLE MISER:
A WEST-INDIA SKETCH.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

HE lived in a little square house; and he was a little, queer old man. His house had exactly eight windows in it, and for curtains, a thin gauzy substance that had blackened and whitened again with age, called in ordinary parlance, cobwebs. Very busy had his aged upholsterers been; (for I expect they were all old veterans, those spiders;) not only were his windows draperied, but his walls, his ceilings, the inside of his cupboards, his bed, his board, and they always spun a little on his old thread-bare coat, so that funny people said he carried a part of his furniture with him.

Outside this miserable house reigned rare beauty. One palm tree, the king of a group, towered in majesty a hundred feet, and looked down with even sovereign contempt upon the miser's cottage. But then trees and flowers grew there only because they *would*, in spite of him. Gorgeous oleanders brushed the dust from the sides of the dingy edifice with their pink fingers; other bright creatures of the soil, dressed gayly in yellow and blue, or simply arrayed in modest white, decked the miser's garden. An orange-tree bloomed and clustered there, and sometimes a little swarthy hand reached up to its boughs and pulled, stealthily, oh! how stealthily, while a pair of large, sad eyes kept constant watch! It was the dirty, small, but beautifully-shaped hand—they were the deep, glorious eyes of little Dinny, the miser's reputed grandchild.

Little Dinny did not look like her grandfather. That is, if the face had been free from dinginess, the hair untangled, and the slight features thereby fully revealed, she would have had no likeness to the strange old man. As it was, a slight resemblance existed—both were dirty.

The old man was a curious study. He was short and exceedingly diminutive. Of a light, mottled, Creole-color, or a very faint shade of yellow brown, his little features gave the key to his character. His nose was a pinched affair, that looked as if there never was enough of it. He had no teeth, and his thin lips were sucked in as if he grudged the room they took. Grizzled and gray, his hair stood out like the points of the compass, from under his rimless straw hat. His clothes were so scant that they clung to his

shrunken limbs, and the patches seemed pasted on. A nondescript pair of shoes completed his attire; neck-tie, collar, gloves, such things he never wore; and yet the daintiest of the land had business with the old miser.

Many thought, as they saw little Dinny creeping about the house with woe-begone face, that she was illy used. The nearest neighbor tried often to coax her to come and eat, but she appeared to be a scared little thing, and never ventured. She had, as I said before, bright eyes, almost preternaturally bright; but they were always circled, either with tears or dirt. Her hair was beautifully glossy, but fearfully tangled. It might have hung in bewitching curls over neck and shoulders of delicate proportions, in fine contrast to a complexion of rich brunette shade; but there was no one to cut, curl, and arrange it, and as to a comb or brush, I do n't suppose the child had ever seen either.

One dim afternoon in the famous "rainy season," the old miser wended his way homeward. Many a pedestrian turned to look and smile, in spite of the driving storm; for the umbrella he lifted over his shaggy head was full of rents, and holes, and patches, so that under its shelter, what there was of it, a comfortable little shower came down on its own account. The miser entered his hingeless gate, and the palms waved him a mournful welcome, sending a jet of water from their champagne-like goblets, on his rusty hat. He entered the house and called Dinny. No little dingy face answered his call, and looking about, amazed, perplexed, for a little moment, he sat down to think.

To think! And of what can a miser think? He can grind money out of filthy dust-heaps, and refuse bones, from the very leavings of a dog's dinner, or worse. He can scrape it from the empty till of the poor widow, even from the lean flesh of orphan children; but of what can he think?

He cares not if banks fail, for his gains lie imbedded securely under his eye. Can his thoughts turn upon literature? He never affords a daily paper. A book would be a heavy item of expense. "Man wants but little," is his motto—

and so he starves both soul and body. And what are his pleasures? He cannot enjoy home, for a fire, a right cheery, blazing fire would give him the chills of ague. A candle is an unnecessary luxury; what does he want of candles? His friends are so *dear* that he declines intimate companionship with them. He can count his gold to be sure; but how stealthily! He cannot afford bolts and bars. His hand shakes, his head sinks as he lays every hard-earned dollar within his money-bags; for visions of robbers and assassins come between him and the closed shutters.

Poor groveling soul! There he sat, with eyes half-closed, and head slightly inclined forward, thinking, perchance, of his hardly-driven bargains. He had forgotten Dinny—her presence was not necessary to him—and if she was gone, there would be one less mouth to feed. He took from his pocket, at last, an old dingy wallet, counted its contents, and smiled grimly.

"Riches at last," he muttered, "like the grave I keep gathering in. It was lucky," he continued, looking out upon the leaden sky, "lucky that Dinny's father died just when he did. Ha! I was mighty timid—squeamish enough just then—but bless my soul, after I got going I could n't stop. 'Twas pleasant to be rich, and the little brat, curse her, did n't need the money—never will. She'll grow up a fine quadroon wench, and then I can sell her—ay! the same thing, to some merry Englishman. What shall I care? She's no chick of mine. But I'm hungry; I must eat my supper. Lucky for *me* I do n't expect much attention, for I shouldn't get it; lucky I do n't have tea and toast, and a table set, for Dinny would n't do it, little brat."

He went to the musty-smelling closet, to get his usual meal, a couple of raw plantains. To his consternation there was only one there. In vain he ran his hand again and again over the accustomed place. What did it mean? Who had dared to poach upon his premises? A thought flashed over him. Dinny, the little wretch; she must have stolen it. She had dared to ask for more in the morning.

Great was his rage—a strange thing for a man to get angry about; but had one seen how suddenly those hollow cheeks flushed, and what fiery glances shot from those eyes, it would not have been difficult to solve the reason. He took the plantain in one hand, and snatched his cane up with the other. Thus he began a search for the half-starved child.

"I'll pinch her; I'll strike her," he muttered, grinding his teeth and shaking his stick. "I'll teach her to steal. I'll learn her a lesson. Dinny, you little wretch—no, Dinny, nice little girl, sweet little girl, come here, I've got a plantain

for you. No, I ain't, I do n't know any thing about it, Dinny, nice little girl. Come here to your old grandfer, Dinny, he's lonesome;" and thus stooping, peering into dark corners, and almost inaccessible holes, the old miser hunted the house over, but no Dinny became visible.

"The little brat," he muttered at last, standing perfectly still, and actually shaking with rage; "she's somewhere; she ain't out in this rain; she's in at Aunt Jessy's; but Aunt Jessy shan't save her. I'll pinch her; I'll strike her; I'll beat her for stealing my supper."

The night had come on, and there was no light. The miser opened the rickety door under which the rain was plashing, and running down the dark entry. It was very dark in the yard, but the yellow radiance streaming out from Aunt Jessy's little window, gave a clue to his uncertain footsteps. So with the rain pouring upon his triangular head-gear, he hurried to her door, and knocked.

"Who's dar?" asked a coarse female voice.

"It's I—your landlord. I've come after little Dinny. Is she here?"

"Laws! how you talk! 'sif Dinny dar come from de house dis time of night."

"I say is she here?" thundered the miser, growing impatient.

"No—Aunt Jessy, oh, do, *do* say no," whispered a small voice, imploringly; but Aunt Jessy was a consistent Methodist, and she hesitated.

"Ef she ar, what you want of she?" at last she asked, oddly perplexed.

"O! Aunt Jessy! now he'll know; he'll kill me; I *did* steal it; I was so hungry! oh! don't, don't let him hab me."

"She's a sweet little girl," said the miser, in a lower voice, "and her old grandfe's lonesome. Wont she come and stay with him this rainy night?"

"La! Dinny, he speaks dre'ful kind to you, chile; go out with the poor old man; he's you gran'f'er, Dinny."

"I knows it, but oh, wont he pay me," sobbed the child, rising from her crouching posture, and creeping toward the door; "oh, wont he pay me! wont he!"

As soon as they entered the house, Dinny fell on her knees, and begged him to spare her. He lifted her roughly, and dripping as she was with the rain on the entry floor, led her rudely by the shoulder to his room.

Poor child, the blows fell hard, thick and fast upon her naked shoulders. Piteously groaning, she writhed and shrieked, and strove in vain to shield herself, until at last, bruised and quivering like a reed, she crept to her own dark room, and near morning fell asleep.

THE MISER'S NEW PROJECT.

They had not met before for years—those two sallow, wrinkled old men. Profuse were their congratulations, numerous their inquiries of each other.

"They say you are rich, Collamer," said the stranger, "how is it? Three years ago you were poorer than I, notwithstanding your saving propensity."

"Rich, rich!" croaked the miser; "I wish I was rich. What do people know? look at me, should you think I was rich?"

"No, upon my word, no; but some one told me that judging by your purchases and rapid sales, you must be wealthy; for he had seen you count out thousands in good, solid gold."

"Wh—where—how!" gasped Collamer, his face turning ashy; then, recollecting himself, he said, "oh, ay! the merchants, my shippers, I suppose."

"And where's that pretty little child of Henri's? still with you, I hope, and thriving."

"Ay! her father is dead," replied the miser, evasively.

"Are you sure?"

Collamer started, and looked his questioner in the eye; he fancied he met a strange expression there, and trembled.

"It is hot here; come under the shadow of this orange tree. I heard he was dead, and thought it might be rumor. Besides, I met a man since, who I fancied resembled him; these made me ask you if you were sure. Did poor Henri leave any thing?"

"Nothing, save a few ornaments," answered Collamer, uneasily; "but walk into my shop; I see a customer coming; we can talk there."

"Why don't you marry?" interrogated the friend, after the customer had gone.

"Nobody would have me; besides, too expensive."

"Always your cry; the shoe of poverty pinches you," answered the other, a little ironically; "but come, your fortune's made; I know somebody would have you; the widow Deans."

"She owns a fine three story house," said Collamer, musingly; "I wish I could think she would marry me."

"But she is black."

"Her money is not, though," replied the miser, laughing.

"Not a bad bargain," exclaimed the other; "you marry her for her money, she marries you for yours."

"How does she know I've got a cent?" asked Collamer.

"O! don't think folks are blind, man. Go home—no, go to the tailors, buy one new suit,

and go and marry her. My word for it, she will not refuse to be your bride."

It was a new idea. "I'll try it," thought the miser. "She owns a fine house, besides a plantation; and then I shan't have to eat plantain alone. But Dinny, little wretch, I'll make her a servant; yes, Dinny shall be my servant; I wish she was dead."

On the morning of that same day. Aunt Jessy, finding her exit cut off through the doors, crept through a hole into the mouldy room, and found her way to Dinny.

"Poor chile," she exclaimed, stretching out her hands, as Dinny smiled a sickly smile, "I dreamed of yer, and my heart kept sayin' go in, and see ef she be sick. Now do n't tell me—oh! Lord a mercy!" she cried, in unfeigned horror, spying Dinny's ill-usage in the marks upon her shoulders; "an' he using far words to she, and beat she so! And you's had no for to eat," she said interrogatively.

Dinny shook her head; she was nearly famished.

The good black, who had been Collamer's tenant but a few weeks, seemed struck dumb with astonishment. Hastening out, she soon returned with some plantain, a bit of dried cocoanut, and a little warm water in a calabash.

The child ate eagerly, and until she was satisfied; it had been a long time since she had done that.

"Bress you, chile, you's white, you is," exclaimed Aunt Jessy, who had undertaken to wash the little girl's face; and now she had begun, she performed her office thoroughly, combing out the tangled locks with a gentle hand, and turning them from her finger in long, glossy ringlets.

What a transformation! the exceeding beauty of the little face, but for its wanness, might have chained the attention of a connoisseur in loveliness. And when the miser came home at night, bringing his heavy shop-key in his hand, he started as he entered the dusky room. "Confound it," he muttered to himself, "I wish the child was dead;" for the remark of his friend with reference to the death of her father, had stirred up the nest of vipers in his black heart.

So threatening was the look he gave her, that she shrunk suddenly back, and involuntarily put her hands together, after the manner of her daily supplication.

"What have you been at, little wretch?" he asked, seating himself; "who fixed you up so finely?"

And the poor motherless child answered, her voice trembling from extreme terror, that it was Aunt Jessy.

"The black serpent," he muttered with a

growl; "and you, I suppose—yes you, innocent infant, told her you had n't enough to eat, eh?" and he seized her delicate wrist.

"O! no—no—no," she cried wildly, "I never told her—oh! I wont do so again—please do n't beat me."

"She brought you something to eat; see there," and he pointed to the shell of the plantain that lay on the floor, "or else, sweet little darling, you've been stealing again—oh! I'll maul you for it if you have."

But his plantains were untouched—and yet he was enraged to think that the poor child had found a friend; and every time he passed her he would catch her by the shoulder, and shake her, or else thrust his doubled fist in her face.

Only once as he gazed at her, and the tears came trickling down her cheeks, a sudden spasm contracted his features; for in the misty light that hovered near the unglazed windows, he saw for an instant the child's dead mother, bending with sad, eager look over the babe of her love—and his love had that mother been once—once, when he was in his young and active manhood.

Had he ever been young? With his grizzly, crisped hair, and whitened beard—his shriveled features and stunted form, had he ever been young? Yes, there was a time when bloom and vigor heralded his approach to manhood; when the light of a strong intellect sparkled in his eye, and gave to his expression clearness and beauty. He loved then, with all the intensity of a passionate nature, a fair English girl. She did not despise him because his skin was darker than her own, but she did not love him. Her affections had been already given to another. But in his mind, the reasons why she could not love him were seemingly obvious enough, he was a Creole; guilty of holding in his veins a drop of the proscribed blood of Africa. Her refusal changed his nature. He became moody, vengeful and distrustful, and the transformation was complete, when the love of money grew strong as forged chains to bind him to a grosser occupation—that of gathering gold for gold's sake.

Five years before, the love of his youth had died, leaving a young child, the last and only living of eleven. Her husband had sought in travel to forget his grief, and had left his little daughter, Dinny, in charge of Collamer, who then lived in the island of St. Kits, with his sister; the latter taking charge of his small, but rather comfortable household.

Collamer was in due form appointed the child's guardian, and property to a large extent thus placed in his hands, in case of death occurring to the child's father. The first year Dinny prospered; Julia Collamer was gentle and kind to

her as a mother. The second year she was to be sent to school, abroad, but unfortunately for the child Julia died, and the tidings of the traveler's death came soon after, so that an awful temptation was thrown in the path of the money-getter—for there was no other heir save little Dinny, and he was now her sole protector. He yielded; and this acquiescence made him bad to the heart's core. He grew greedier than ever for gain—sold his little homestead, became careless of his personal appearance, removed from the haunts where he was known, to the neighboring island of Barbadoes, and began to count his crusts, and measure out his plantains. Dinny, poor child, soon felt the change. Her neat little frocks grew rapidly to tatters—her hair, once nicely curled, now all unused to care matted together, and her face grew wan. Harshness became familiar to her; and she learned that the hand once conferring benefits, could deal the angry blow.

But to return—once Dinny as she sat there crouched up and weeping, made him shudder; for he fancied an angel presence near; but to him her look was vengeful. He turned from the child, and began thinking of his new project. He would buy a suit of clothes—a very, very cheap, thin, strong suit of clothes, that would answer for his work as well as his wedding. And then—it was a fine house the widow owned, and she would have plenty of servants—"lots of extravagance" he muttered—"but I'll see to that. Dinny shall be our servant—but she sha n't look that way—no, no, we'll let her get grimed and black again; no more of Aunt Jessy's coming in here to dress you up, do you hear?" he added, turning to Dinny; "if she comes in here again I'll have her put where she can't get out; d'ye hear, little hypocrite?"

Dinny looked her fearful acquiescence, and crept to bed in her dark corner, while Collamer muttered to himself, "am I sure he's dead? aint I sure; ought n't I to be sure enough, when he wrote me on his death-bed, and when I received another letter from the man who closed his eyes? Dead! yes. he'll never rise to disturb me, only in the face of his girl, curse her—I wish *she* was dead;" and he glanced uneasily to where she lay. "If I only had the nerve, I'd do it;" he muttered, with a diabolical look, and an uneasy cramping of the fingers, as if he held a knife between them, "but what's the use; she'll die soon enough the way I'll work her—wont she? oh! wont she?"

THE ORPHAN'S RESCUE.

The suit was bought and worn. It was made of linen, good strong linen that would last, the tailor said, like iron. Every thing prospered

with the miser. He wooed and was successful; the widow La Tour, who always wore the whitest and finest of silk handkerchiefs over her crisp locks, and who as she went to church on Sunday was noted for her multiplicity of flounces, and blue ribbons, had consented to be his; and so the miser was soon to be married.

Dinny had never been well since her last flogging. She had moved wearily about, eating nothing, resting little, sleeping none. The miser had looked at her as she lay before him, suffering from the effects of a slow fever, and only wished that she might die. Without care, medicine, or attendants, the child was daily getting worse.

It was the day before the miser's marriage. He had prepared every thing for the ceremony, and was in high glee. He had ascertained that day the exact amount of his wealth, to a farthing, and Dinny's fortune had made him indeed a rich man. He was boisterously happy, and just on the point of committing an extravagance he had never before done in his life-time—that of treating his clerks.

A gun boomed sullenly in the distance—the signal of the arrival of the British Steamship Aften, and Collamer hurried out to gain the wharf, and look with the gaping crowd. As he stood there, exulting to himself, one of his men whom he had sent to the ship, came back, and handed him a note freshly written.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, his face becoming deathly pale, and staggering as he broke the seal; then turning, he hurried to his counting-room. There he sat down, throwing the letter on one of the benches that lined the apartment, and wiped the sweat of agony from his brow, and rocked himself to and fro. For thus ran the note, the cause of his agitation:—

"Tom—My Dear Old Friend;—Here I am—alive, and soon to be, I hope, well. You heard that I was dead. Well, no wonder; for I was actually buried alive with the hospital corpses. No respect shown to persons, you know, when the cholera rages. But I'll tell you my whole story when I see you. Come off here to-night, can't you, for I'm sorry to say I'm so prostrate from sickness that I can't go ashore till to-morrow. How is Dinny? God bless her. Well, I hope, and growing heartily. You have been like a father to her, no doubt. Bring her with you. I long to see and clasp the child to my heart. But I forget; she may be at school in England. Well, no doubt you have done your best by her. Come aboard. Yours,

HARRY OF OLD."

Had a thunderbolt smitten him, had the light-

ning blinded him, the wretched miser could not have been more thoroughly stricken to the earth. Dinny's father lived—lived to claim his child—to claim his wealth. The one was dying in rags and wretchedness—the other had increased tenfold; and oh! agonizing thought! must it slip from his grasp now? What to do he knew not. He sat there like one bereft of feeling, doubt and misery clogging the footsteps of his thought, while ever and anon his haggard brow was wet with great beaded drops, and he clenched his hand as he smote them away.

It was a mild autumnal evening, but there was no death of summer there. The palms, and the feathery foliage of tropical trees, bloomed as brightly as if decay were never to touch them. On the porticoes of all the houses the miser passed, sat gay groups, enjoying the brief twilight. Soft music floated from many a window, and glad laughter greeted his ears, attuned more to the discord of fiends than the melodies of happy hearts.

Several pretty girls dressed in white muslin, with flowers twined in their bright ringlets, sat on the piazza of the residence of an old merchant, who for many a year had lived opposite the miser. They were gathered about the chair wherein reclined their gray-headed parent, plying him with questions, for they had been absent the year past in England, and had returned this day in the steamer.

"And who, papa?" asked Claudine, a beautiful brunette, "who is that just going in old Collamer's house? and where is that wrinkled up miser?"

"That is him," answered the father, relinquishing the hand of his daughter, and slightly moving his seat.

"That he; no indeed, papa," answered the lively Claudine. "Why he was a little, wizened, miserable-looking being, and this one, I am sure, looks quite respectable."

"Nevertheless it is him," answered papa; "he has, for a wonder, attired himself in new clothes, and I confess I should hardly know him myself. He is going to be married, girls."

"Going to be married!" all cried simultaneously—"and to whom? Who will have him?"

"The Widow La Tour."

"Of all things," cried little Lucy, "a great black woman like her, to be mother to that little white girl of his."

"Where is that little Dinny, father?" asked Claude.

"I hav n't seen her lately," replied the father, absently. "She's a poor little wretch, any way; and I do n't believe he treats her well."

Just then Aunt Jessy came laboring up the

steps, with her week's washing nicely balanced on the crown of her head.

"Ky!" she said, placing the basket down, "glad to see the young misses"—then rapidly changing her position, she cried out, ghastly with terror, "Oh! massa, massa, he kill she—he hab murdered she—oh! look missee, look massa, dat chile, dat Dinny! Oh! de Lord! whar shall I go?"

All looked in the direction she pointed, and to their horror, they saw Dinny, her eyes wild, her cheeks hollow, and white as any corpse, standing with outspread arms at the opened window, a great wound gashed in her forehead, from which the blood ran trickling down to her feet. It was but a moment before another figure appeared in the background, blood on his clothes, and either in passion or entreaty, holding forward both hands. He strove to clutch at the child, while she, with a shriek that curdled the blood of the listeners opposite, threw herself headlong from the window to the ground outside.

The group on the piazza were nearly frantic with terror. Assistance was immediately called, and the senseless body brought within the merchant's house, and laid upon Claudine's bed, while a servant was immediately dispatched for medical assistance.

INSTEAD OF A WEDDING A FUNERAL.

When the miser had entered his house on that memorable evening, he had first fastened the doors and then sought Dinny. He knew not what his whirling brain would have him do. First visions of murder and secretion came in his mind, then concealment—that he might make the father think Dinny was at school.

The child was raving in the delirium of fever for the first time. He caught her by the arm as she ran singing and half-clothed through the chambers; he glared at her, and she returned the look; he shook his hand, and she laughed louder than ever. Her cheeks burned, her eyes blazed.

"Imp," he muttered, "devil, scourge of my life. Oh! little fiend, laugh at my ruin, by the heaven above, it shall be your last breath."

The child danced, and screamed, and whirled about, throwing up both arms. She seemed for the moment a little fury. Suddenly she cried out shrilly, "My mother has been to see me, grandfer, my mother has been to see me, and she wants to see you;" and sprang with her hands uplifted toward him. Unprepared for this act, the old man stepped aside. There was a hole in the floor just there—his foot went in, and he fell headlong, while the laugh of the maniac-child rang louder and more shrilly.

Maddened by her mirth, the old man lifted himself from his recumbent posture, and with one blow sent Dinny reeling against the wall, where a loosened nail tore her fair forehead. Then she shrieked with pain and fright, ran, pursued by the trembling miser into another room, and threw herself headlong as we have described, from the window.

When the neighbors who had gathered about the house at last forced their way in, they saw by the rags, and dirt, and penury around, how Dinny had been treated. Guided by heavy groans, they found their way to the old miser. Dinny had been, unconsciously, her own avenger. The fall her blow had caused, had ruptured a blood-vessel, and the oppressor was dying. His miserable story was soon told, and as far as it was possible, restitution made. On the day following, while Dinny's father was bending in tears over the hapless child, a hearse, without carriages or mourners, carried the unshrouded miser to his grave. They buried him in what was to have been his wedding suit.

Dinny hovered long between life and death; but the kind attention of her beautiful nurses, saved her life. All claimed her, from the dark-eyed Claudine to the gay Julie, and there in their midst, the child and heiress of the English planter found a happy home, and grew to lovely womanhood.

DEMOSTHENES.

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

"**FAR** mightier than the Sword," Demosthenes
First, was thy clarion voice, when Athens heard
Thee advocating war, by pen and word,
Against the king. Delivery one sees
Was thy first requisite. Unconquerable will
Rendered thee what thou wast. Hard by the shore
Of the loud-sounding sea, to hear its roar,

Oft didst thou stand. There, declaiming still,
Thou didst thyself accustom to the noise
Of mad assembly. Each defect of nature, thou
To persevering art didst soon constrain to bow;
A thunder-bolt of eloquence—a counterpoise
'Gainst traitorous Æschines, thou, too, didst act.
When monarch's gold the hireling's efforts did exact.

THE HEADSMAN'S SACRIFICE.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Concluded from page 229.)

CHAPTER III.

AND the crowd, with the impulse that often sways great masses—the very crowd that had been so eager to witness the axe fall, heaved itself tumultuously back and forth around the scaffold, vociferous with joy that the victim had escaped. They made way for the headsman to pass through their midst, hooting him forward, with fierce scorn, though he staggered and reeled like a drunken man from each rude rebuff that met him.

But when the prisoner descended the scaffold, pale and haggard, as if going to death, rather than escaping from it, the populace received him with a cry of sympathy touchingly genuine.

“Make room for the baron, make room for the people’s friend,” ran from lip to lip, while the crowd gathered around the half-fainting man, stopping his progress with congratulations, till at last he was lifted, in the enthusiasm of the moment, upon the people’s shoulders, and borne homeward in triumph through the streets of Antwerp.

At first he made a faint resistance, but the popular enthusiasm overpowered him, and at last he yielded to its friendly violence with a look of wild satisfaction, that made his pale face absolutely luminous with some inward joy.

The proud baronial mansion to which they were bearing him had been a gloomy, place that day. In one of its dim, gothic chambers, back from the street, which was crowded all day long with her father’s friends, poor Nina had sought refuge, and there, true to his pledge, Alexander had followed her, shutting out the very light of heaven, that it might not bring a death-sound to her heart, which shivered and quailed like a wounded bird from every noise that uprose from the city.

Thus the morning wore on, and each moment as it passed fell back upon those young hearts like drops of lead, till they were weighed down with the heaviness of a grief that threatened to quench the very life within their veins unless some relief came.

Poor Nina, during a full hour she had been

lying with her pale face buried in the purple cushions of a couch, upon which she had fallen in very feebleness, utterly exhausted by her grief.

At last she lifted that pale face from its rest, and turned her heavy eyes upon the young man, who, with a stronger and more rebellious sorrow, was pacing up and down the room, now in despair, then chafing with a wild hope in the mysterious man who had so often come to his aid in time of need.

“Alexander,” said Nina, turning her heavy eyes upon him with such an expression of anguish that he clenched his hand in the agony of his helplessness. “How the minutes wear on, each so heavy, and yet so fast. What shall we do? what can we do?”

“Hush, Nina, hush. Your eyes unman me. I shall go mad with rage. My heart leaps to your voice, like a hound kept too long in the leash, in very despair. I shall plunge into the street and grapple with the very headsman for your father’s life. I shall go mad, Nina, if this continues long.”

Nina rose upon her elbow, and put the golden ringlets back as they came showering over her face. “What if I go out thus, bareheaded and shrouded in the force of my own helplessness. The people loved my father, they will honor my distress, and help me forward to the scaffold. Then I will plant myself before him, shut him out from the crowd, and hide his gray hairs with these full tresses. A thousand times have the people said that I was beautiful, even as I passed them in the street. They will see how young I am, how full of life. Well, I will offer this youth, this beauty, this life to the headsman, and thus my father shall escape.”

Poor girl, she began to gather up her hair in breathless haste, eager to put her wild scheme into action.

“The hour, Alexander; I have been afraid to ask till now, but tell me the hour, to a minute, before I go.”

The young man shook his head; “Oh, Nina, this is useless. The hour that flies over the

scaffold has as much power to save that noble life as you. Be patient, oh, my Nina, do be patient."

"No, no!" said Nina, wildly, "I cannot be patient—to wait is to die. My brain aches—I hear the axe fall—I see, oh, I see such sights in the shadows of this room—I hear such sounds surging up from out of doors—I tell you, Alexander, to remain here is to be in torture; to feel death, and yet not save my father!"

She was about to go forth, striving with her unsteady hands to unfasten the massive door.

"My love, my poor, poor Nina! what can I do, how can I help you? Come hither, my darling; lay your head on my bosom; let me kiss your eyelids till they tremble with the gush of tears that will relieve you. Come, my beloved!"

She staggered toward him, holding forth both hands, like a poor little child when it first attempts to walk.

"Go with me, go with me—two for one—our young lives for his—oh, come, Alexander, what would life be when I am not with you?"

She paused with a sharp gasp, and turned to listen, supported by the arms she had so tenderly sought. A step was at the door; she held her breath, her eyes burned like two stars, her lips parted and a cry—such a cry—almost a shout broke through them.

"My father! my father!"

She was upon his bosom; a shiver ran through her frame, the arms which had sought his neck fell loosely down, and she lay like a sleeping angel in his arms. The word father seemed to have spread over her face like a perfume.

The Baron bore his child softly to a couch, kissing her with his own pale lips, and sinking on his knees, as he laid her upon the purple cushions, without removing his arms.

It was beautiful to see his stern, grand face, as he watched the life come back to that gentle girl; it lighted up with gleams of tenderness, as we see the surface of a river when the sun gleams forth.

"Come hither," he said, extending one hand toward the young man; "come hither, my son, and see how pleasantly the life dawns up from a heart suddenly stilled with joy. See, her eyelids move, her lips part. Nina, my child, my own darling, my children!" The proud man embraced both the girl and her lover in one generous clasp, for Alexander knelt by his side, and both the young man and the old wept such tears as keep the strongest heart green.

Nina arose, and looked fondly up at her father.

"And how was it done, my father?"

"I cannot tell. Last night either the Headsman of Antwerp, or some one disguised in his

garb, came to my prison. I had no will in the matter, but was, as it were, forced to exchange raiment with him, and come forth safe. The good priest joined me outside the walls, took me to an obscure dwelling, in a part of the town which I had never seen before, and there I rested till within the hour, when priest's garments were given me, and I was told to come hither, take thee, my Nina, and escape from Antwerp before the dawn. A vessel lies ready for us, my child; have you strength, have you courage?"

"And Alexander?" asked Nina, turning her eyes fondly upon the youth.

"Nay, it is interdicted; he must remain behind for a time."

"By whom? Is there any one who cares enough for my fate to say if I must go or remain?" asked the youth.

"It was the father confessor, who acts always for our good, my son."

"Be it so," said the young man, "but fear not, Nina, nothing shall keep me long from your side."

"A noise, so loud that it reached even the remote chamber, rose up from the street. Nina started up in affright.

"They are coming! Let us go now. They will not let you escape!"

"Hush, love, hush! There has been tumult in the street all day, a tramping to and fro of the soldiery; something strange is afoot, but I can trust the holy father, who vouches for my safety."

"Yes, yes, but let us begone. Do you not hear—those steps are in the house!"

"No, no. It is thy frightened fancy; be soothed; we cannot sail before the rising of the tide, and till then are safest here."

"There! There, again!" cried Nina, starting up and rushing toward the door, with both hands extended, as if her little force could prevent any one entering that way.

"It is some one!" cried Alexander, springing to his feet. "Footsteps, and of men. Nina, come back."

"No, no!"

The door was pushed open, as she spoke, and upon the threshold stood an old man, clothed in the garments her father had worn when taken from home, but in sore disarray, for the surcoat was open at the throat, the ruff cast aside, and the white hair of the old man fell wildly over his forehead.

He looked around upon the group within the room, his white face quivered with emotion, his hands shook as he held them out.

"Dost thou not know me?" he cried, and the great tears started from his eyes. "Oh, my

kinsman, dost thou not know me! and thou, and thou!"

He turned toward Alexander, the tears leaped like hail down his furrowed cheeks, but his eyes gleamed and shone behind their moisture.

Alexander recognized his mysterious friend. The baron knew his kinsman, whom he had thought dead more than twenty years ago. The youth would have fallen upon his knees.

"Not there, not there, my son, but here against my heart, before it breaks."

He lifted the young man from his knees, and girded him with hungry force to his heart. It rose, that kingly heart, panting with a swell of tenderness, broke a great heave of the chest, and the young man held a dead father in his arms.

There, upon the couch where Nina had just rested, they laid the ruins of that noble old man, and saw his features settle into the sweet death-rest, which looks so sweet on old age.

The priest whom we have seen alone with the headsman in his chamber, stood over his death-couch, grief-stricken, but with a holy satisfaction on his face, as if he rejoiced that a good man had gone to heaven. Alexander knelt by the couch, silent and chilled with the pressure which that breaking heart had left upon his own. At last he lifted his eyes to the priest.

"He *was* my father!"

"Yes, he was thy father, young man, and loved thee as human beings seldom love each other. Like the kinsman whom he would this day have saved, he was condemned to die for some fancied offense against the state, and thou must then have been a penniless and friendless orphan upon the earth. He had the choice, and took it—death, leaving thee alone and a beggar,

or a living death, as the Headsman of Antwerp, with a pledge that at his death the estates and title should come back untainted to his son."

"But why conceal himself? I had not cared though all the world shunned him," cried the youth, with a burst of generous grief.

"It was a part of the compact by which he earned the right to live. You were to be brought up in secrecy, and he to wander among his fellow men, masked and unknown forever!"

"And all for me! all for me!"

"Even so; but the task was too much, his great heart chafed itself to death with its cruel work. At last the baron, his own kinsman, was condemned. He could not do that bloody act, but resolved to die in his place. His poor old servant, here, was persuaded to assume the red garments and the mask, after they had aided the baron in escaping."

"I could not have done it—the Holy Virgin forgive me, but I must have dropped dead on the scaffold but for the pardon," cried the old serving-man, lifting his head from the garments of his master, where it had been resting.

"I know it, thou faithful servant, full well I know it. Thank our blessed lady that the pardon came in time, for thou art fully pardoned, my son," continued the priest, turning to the baron, and may safely rest in Antwerp, unchallenged, both in life and estate. As for this youth, let the city authorities be summoned, that his rights may be recognized, and thou, my children," he added, laying his hand upon his Nina's head, while he rested upon Alexander's shoulder, "it is his behest that you separate no more, for he has watched you both, and loved you both, even to the laying down of life for your happiness."

A FANTASY.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

'Tis midnight now! The silent hour!
The great October moon
Goes climbing 'mong the cold, white clouds,
But colder dreams my spirit shrouds,
Of hours that passed too soon.

I hear the low but certain steps
Of Time, move slowly by;
I hear it in a throbbing heart,
And in a pulse's uneven start:
When will these voices die!

Weird phantoms fill the dreamy air,
And ghost-like peer on me;—
Why haunt me in this silent hour,

With such a strange, unearthly power?
Back with thy mockery!

Back! I would be alone to night!
Come to my aid, oh, Peace!
Enfold me with thy pure, soft wings,
And guard me from all fearful things,
And give my soul release.

The midnight hour! meet hour for thought!
Meet hour for life's review!
Hour for resolves, and prayer for all,
For strength for resolutions made—
To live a life anew.

ASPEN COURT;

AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

(A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.)

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

(Continued from page 260.)

CHAPTER XLIII.

LEE WAY.

THE minister was as good as his word, and Bernard Carlyon had the satisfaction of apprising Lilian, about a week after the conversation between Selwyn and the earl, that he had received a permanent appointment, which was already valuable, and which would, in due official course, be exchanged for something better. He had also the internal comfort of reflecting that he owed this entirely to his own exertions in the trial-sphere into which he had been introduced by Lord Rookbury, for Selwyn, in the upright discharge of his duty, deemed it right to apprise Carlyon, that his former patron had conceived a dislike to him, and that his advancement was by no means to be an additional item in his debt of gratitude to the earl.

Selwyn, who regarded Carlyon with considerable interest, did not hesitate to add a few words, rather of hint than of remonstrance, and based upon the story which the earl had compiled, touching Bernard's susceptibility to feminine attraction. The minister did not give much credence to the tale as presented to him, being well aware of his noble friend's talent for defamation, but on the supposition that where there was so much smoke of scandal there might be some fire of fact, he, good-naturedly, counseled Bernard to increase his chance of winning one of the prizes of life by concentrating his attentions. He refused to say more, but parted very kindly with Carlyon, and adding a hope that though their connection ended, their acquaintanceship might not do so; and Carlyon, on his side, expressed a regret, which was sincere, at resigning the employment which had brought him into constant and confidential intercourse with the high-minded and intellectual statesman.

Despite what Selwyn had told him, Bernard determined to call upon the earl, and make formal acknowledgment that his promotion had

grown out of the introduction originally given him by Lord Rookbury. The earl received him with much cordiality, having, in the interim between that time and his talk with Selwyn, got over, not only the rage in which we left him, but at least a dozen succeeding bursts of wrath, and having also arrived at the conclusion that, as his evangelical friend would infallibly do what he had promised, there was no use in contesting the matter further. So his lordship assured Carlyon that he had never entertained any doubt of his rising as soon as his talents should become appreciated, and that he, the earl, had, therefore, abstained from urging upon the minister to attend to Bernard's interests, feeling that it would be more gratifying to the latter to know that he was the architect of his own fortunes. In fact, therefore, the earl said, Bernard really owed him nothing, a statement to which the newly-appointed Secretary to the Salvages and Contingencies Office gave ready assent.

Lord Rookbury then began, *more suo*, to discuss the doings of the Wilmslows, and others with whom they were both acquainted. Bernard had for some time heard nothing of the Aspen Court family, the young ladies having ceased to send him those united literary efforts of which we saw specimens in other days, and he was interested in hearing how the curious *ménage*, which he had helped to arrange, was proceeding. Lord Rookbury was as frank as usual when speaking of other people's affairs. Mr. Wilmslow was, he said, as great a blockhead as ever, but his vices were taking a more sullen and selfish character—he drank hard, and squandered away a good deal of money at billiards and other amusements.

"But where does he get the money, and where does he find the players?" asked Carlyon, remembering that Molesworth was not likely to supply the former very liberally, and that Aspen Court was at a most inconvenient distance from

the nearest provincial town where any thing like Henry Wilmslow's set could be found.

"Well, I have been fool enough to lend him a good deal of money," said the earl, "and he has bought a horse, and rides off to Bristol and other places, and relieves his amiable family of his society until he gets cleaned out."

"I hope he duly appreciates your singular kindness," said Carlyon, who was hardly entitled to put, point blank, the question, why Lord Rookbury threw away his coin so absurdly. Of course, however, the earl knew what he meant, and told him so.

"Suppose," said Lord Rookbury, "that I do it to annoy Mrs. Wilmslow, who hates me. Or suppose that I am a better Christian than that, and try to render good for evil, by alluring Henry Wilmslow to leave his wife and children to their own quiet avocations, instead of worrying them with his vile ill-temper, and viler good-temper. Or, suppose that he has assured his life in my favor, and I want him to break his neck that I may get my money."

"The last supposition is not impossible," said Bernard, not over-pleased with the earl's tone of banter, and desirous to throw in a shot in return.

"No," said Lord Rookbury, "but it is not the right one after all. You know that I did myself the honor of proposing to Miss Wilmslow."

"Your lordship intimated, one evening, that you had done so."

"Safe man. But your own special confidante, Mrs. Wilmslow, told you so herself, and mightily deplored that such a wicked person as I am should have taken such a liberty."

"You were pleased to follow it up by a greater one, my lord," said Bernard, "which cost me some hard riding."

"Surely you do not grudge the trouble which made you such a hero in the eyes of the Aspen Court ladies. That galloping up and delivering them from the rabble they consider the most magnificent feat ever heard of. I think little Amy has made a ballad in which you are compared to St. George overthrowing the dragon, the balance of glory being rather in your favor. By the way, you threatened the ringleader in that brutality with your vengeance and my own, united, and told him he should be ruined and transported."

"I dare say I did," said Carlyon, "for I was in a reckless rage."

"But you ought always to keep your promises to the humbler classes," said the earl. "It is a duty we owe them to set an example of adherence to truth. As you promised in my name, I considered that I was bound to see that your en-

gagement was fulfilled, and the excitable toll-barrister is at present under sentence of transportation."

"He was a great ruffian, certainly," said Bernard, "but after the chastisement I inflicted, I meant to have done with him."

"Never do things by halves. As soon as I heard the story, I set a lawyer to work—not my solicitor, of course, he goes to church, and speaks at missionary meetings—but a struggling fellow with a tainted name, whose devotion to a titled client would make him stick at nothing. I did not ask any questions, but I fancy that certain publicans, who naturally loved our friend for selling liquor without a license, were interested in inquiring among *their* clients into his defects; and if I say that a very abusive exciseman was set upon him, and that he was incensed into a savage onslaught upon a queen's officer, I fancy I am only tracing some of the steps by which Mr. Attorney Sliver earned his guerdon. You may be sure that on the trial evidence of the gentleman's general amiability was not wanting, and it so happened that I dined in the company of the judge who tried him, and incidentally brought out the anecdote of his behavior to the Miss Wilmslows. His lordship, of course, could have no judicial knowledge of this fact, but he happens to have daughters whom he worships, and I fear poor Bowmudge was no better off for his judge's recollection of my improving conversation over night. So I have saved your credit. However, to speak of pleasanter people, why don't you ask after the family? or do you hear so regularly that you have no need of any information?"

"I have heard nothing from Aspen Court for a long time," said Bernard.

"Theseus has abandoned the Ariadnes of Aspen, eh!" returned Lord Rookbury. "Still you will be glad to know that, despite your desertion, two of the three young ladies are as well, and look as well as ever. But as for the third"—and the earl spoke more gravely.

"Kate?" said Carlyon, involuntarily.

"Kate is the second," said Lord Rookbury, composedly. "You know best why you should instinctively suppose that Kate had suffered."

Carlyon did know best, but he did not know what to say, and the earl did not help him. After a pause, Bernard said—

"I hope nothing is seriously the matter with poor little Amy."

"I fear," said Lord Rookbury, "that the poor child is not long for this world."

"What! Amy," exclaimed Bernard, much shocked. "That sunshiny little face!" He stopped to hear more.

"A cloud has come over that sunshine," said the earl, in a tone of real feeling, "and I doubt whether a darker shadow be not approaching faster than is believed at Aspen Court. I have seen some sad business in my time, Carlyon," he continued, "and there is not much that I need a physician should tell me. But a physician will have to tell a cruel story to poor dear Mrs. Wilmslow before long."

"It will kill *her*," said Carlyon, in a low voice. "She is the best mother in the world, and is devoted to all the girls, but little Amy she idolizes."

"And I will tell you why," said Lord Rookbury, once more speaking in the calm voice of one who analyzes a subject, but without sympathy. "That child was born just as the dream that Henry Wilmslow was any thing but a selfish profligate came to an end. Amy is the link between her mother's happiness and her desolation. That link is about to be broken, but Mrs. Wilmslow has too strong a sense of duty to let her the heart break with the sorrow."

Carlyon listened with much surprise, as Lord Rookbury uttered these sentences. Bernard had never heard him give so much proof that he could appreciate a woman's nature or her goodness. That evil old man, who had walked in his reckless way over the world's best gardens, he had then, sometimes owned the beauty of the flowers he had snatched and cast away. More often, perhaps, than the younger man imagined.

"I believe that you are right," said Carlyon, who had always done justice to the noble nature of Jane Wilmslow. "I believe that you are right," he repeated. "She will live for her other children. What is it that has fastened upon poor Amy?" Tears came to his eyes as he spoke, for world-worn and ambitious as he was, there was a place in Bernard's heart for some one who were neither, and he had kept little Amy there.

"It is, as you will have supposed, consumption," said the earl. "But it is most probable that she would have strengthened, and have mastered the disease, but for a fatal shock which you will well remember, and which, prostrating her, left her helpless too long to give hope that she could again resist the old enemy."

"The fright—the skeleton—the day she first entered Aspen Court," said Carlyon, the scene recurring to him with painful distinctness.

"Aye, the freak of that mad clergyman has struck down Amy Wilmslow," said the earl. "I believe," he added, savagely, "that one has the consolation of knowing that no curse one could devise comes up to what he suffers already, or it would be a sin to speak of him without an execration."

"He is irresponsible," said Carlyon, with a

pitying recollection of Eustace Trevelyan, and it may be, softened by another recollection—that he had met him in the society of Lilian.

"Nobody is irresponsible, sir," said the earl, relapsing into one of his wayward fits. "Amy will die, and that man will have killed her, and I wish it were left to me to settle whether his starting and whimpering should save his neck from the gallows."

Carlyon did not deem this outbreak worth a reply, and Lord Rookbury, incensed, mended matters with another.

"Or if he is irresponsible," said the earl, "his responsibility must be transferred to somebody else. There are a priest and a niece, I understand, who have charge of him. Where were they, when he was devising that infamous jest? The death of poor Amy is chargeable upon the heads of that priest and of the girl."

"You talk atrocious folly, and you know it, Lord Rookbury," said Carlyon, with his face in a flame at this reference to Lilian. "It would be even more reasonable to lay the poor child's fate to your ungentlemanly conduct in detaining her and her sisters at Rookton, and exposing them to the ruffianism you were boasting you had punished."

It was, we know, one of this strange old man's characteristics, that in the midst of one of his vilest tempers he could be suddenly brought to his senses, if the individual whom he assailed confronted him with an audacity like his own. It was not that he was in the slightest degree cowed, but he liked to see self-assertion. His tone immediately altered.

"I should be very, very sorry to think so, Bernard. The detaining them at my house was a whim, but it did no more than a rainy evening would have done, and on the whole, I believe they were more amused than annoyed."

"Their mother regarded the affair differently," said Bernard, indignantly.

"And under what impression she did so, you know best," retorted Lord Rookbury. "I am indebted to you for having led Mrs. Wilmslow to believe that I had invited her daughter to a house where somebody's presence implied contamination, you being well aware, not only that I am incapable of such an outrage upon ordinary decency—I don't speak of morals, I have no morals, and never pretended to any—but you, I say, knowing perfectly well that the only person, not a menial, living at Rookton Woods, was little Lurline, whom, moreover, I took especial care that they should not see."

"Your lordship utterly mistakes and misstates the case," said Bernard. "I never exchanged a word with Mrs. Wilmslow on such a subject as

your domestic arrangements, until the day when I learned that the young ladies were at Rookton, and then it was only to allay her feelings by the positive assurance that I believed the little girl you speak of to be the only lady in the place.

"By Jove, I believed it was you who had told her of all sorts of horrors," said the earl, dropping into a familiar conversational tone. "To be sure, I ought to have thought better of you, and a great deal worse of somebody else. Of course it was that vulgar hound Wilmslow, who must have filled his wife's head with such trash."

"I never supposed Mr. Wilmslow capable of much invention," said Bernard, coldly.

"Nor I," said the earl, laughing. "Of course I may have amused myself by telling him any rubbish that came into my head, but it was foolish in him to believe it, and ungentlemanlike to repeat it. Half the charm of social life would be destroyed if a fellow were to be so ungrateful as to retail against you the fictions you composed for his entertainment."

"We were speaking of a graver matter," said Carlyon. "Setting aside whatever has interrupted us, may I ask your lordship whether a medical man is in attendance at Aspen Court?"

"No," said Lord Rookbury, "for Mrs. Wilmslow does not see the danger—or else will not bring herself to believe that she sees it. Of course, a stranger could hardly advise it. Indeed, hardened as I am to most other people's troubles, I would sooner suffer some personal hurt than undergo the task of breaking the matter to Amy's mother."

"Yet it ought to be done," said Bernard, musingly. "And then, if there should be a chance of saving her, and we throw that chance away—"

"I have thought of that," said the earl. "But I tell you frankly, Bernard, that I cannot and will not face that woman, who has been treated almost as badly in this world as ever created woman was, and tell her that another blow is to descend upon her. I don't mind a woman's crying, and clinging to one, and vowing that one's cruelty will kill her, and all that—I have seen too much of it—how easily it is got up, and how little it has to do with any thing but her selfishness; but I will not, at my time of life, willingly undergo the actual suffering of looking at the quietly borne agony, which I foresee will soon be read in Mrs. Wilmslow's face. Damn me if I can, or will, then," said Lord Rookbury, with unusual emphasis.

Bernard, we have seen, had little regard for his noble friend, and small belief in his sincerity, but the tone and manner of Lord Rookbury made it impossible to doubt that for once he was giving utterance to his feelings.

"A friend of such a woman ought to make any sacrifice of his own comfort for her sake," said Bernard. "After what your lordship has said, I have made up my mind."

"You propose to go Aspen Court, and inform Mrs. Wilmslow of her child's danger. It would, no doubt, be doing, I will not say a kindness, but something higher. I say, unaffectedly, Bernard, that I honor you for undertaking this work. Will you take a suggestion from me?"

"Assuredly," said Carlyon.

"Let the visit answer two purposes. Take down with you a first-rate physician, but do not let him make his errand known until he has, unobserved, examined the poor child, and until you have prepared Mrs. Wilmslow. You are not in the highest favor with Wilmslow himself.

"I am happy to say that I am not," said Bernard.

"Exactly. But it is as well to avoid unpleasantness. Wilmslow will obey any directions from me as implicitly as the blockhead's nature will allow. I will desire him to be especially civil to you, and to your companion, who has come, by my desire, to look at Aspen Court, for reasons which Wilmslow will understand, or think he does. That will secure him perfect freedom of action, and you can manage the rest. Does any particular name occur to you as that of the man you would take down?"

"I am rather intimate with Rockbrook," said Carlyon. "If he would go, he is precisely the man."

"Pooh—we'll make his refusal impossible," said the earl, opening a cabinet, and taking out a check-book. "He is a first-rate fellow, and will do what any second-rate fellow would be afraid to do; namely, lend himself to the little deception without fear of compromising his dignity."

The earl wrote two checks, one for a magnificent fee, and the other for a smaller amount.

"That for Rockbrook," he said, showing the sum to Carlyon, "and this please to use for expenses. "Nay," he said, earnestly, "you will confer a very great obligation upon me by letting me feel that, though too great a coward to do this myself, I have, in some degree, assisted you in doing it. Put it up, it is not worth a second word. I suppose that you can leave town tomorrow. Not before, because I think my letter to Wilmslow should precede you—it will prevent his wife's being taken by surprise at your arrival. You hesitate as to that? Pray be frank; I fear that you have some good reason."

It is not necessary to trace the exact line of thought which traversed Bernard's brain. What he said, was:

"It just seems to me as possible that Mr. Wilmslow, regarding the proposed visit as one of business, might not keep the young ladies at home. I don't know whether they have made any acquaintance in the immediate neighborhood, but—"

"You are a very clever man, Bernard," said the earl, "and it is only my age that gives me the advantage over you. I have it, however, at that price, and I see what you mean, but will not say. The second Miss Wilmslow's pride has been roused by finding that, though she cares very much for you, your affections are placed elsewhere, and you think that delicacy will scare her away when she hears that you are coming, and that she will take a sister with her. Now, my word for it, she will remain and confront you."

"At all events," said Bernard, who was indisposed to prolong the discussion, "I am glad that your lordship has clearer views on a certain point than you had when I first visited Rookton Woods."

"Not a bit clearer," said the earl. "I told you then that the young lady's heart was yours—those were my words. I see no reason for retracting them. You may marry her now if you like. It would please her mother—it would certainly please herself; and as for that blatant ass, who would be your esteemed father-in-law, he must do as I please. Only, if you do make the marriage, you must keep your wife out of the Forester set, as I doubt whether Miss Kate and Polly Maynard would altogether fraternize, or sororize, or whatever the word is."

"I admire the ease with which your lordship turns from a grave subject to a light one," said Carlyon, "but I cannot just now imitate it, for I am sincerely grieved at what I have heard to-day. I will see Rockbrook at once. I think I shall just be in time to catch him at St. Vitus' Hospital, where he visits."

"I talk as others think," said the earl. "My dear young friend, we should all go mad in one day, if we gave any thing the continuous attention which it is deemed decorous to affect in speech. You might as well try to keep the eye fixed for half an hour, as the brain, and lucky for us that it is so. Broach that theory to the students at St. Vitus', and good-bye."

But Carlyon recurred very often, during the rest of that day, to the bright face and fearless eyes of poor little Amy, and thought sadly of her merry laugh being hushed forever. Some of us may have thrown our hearts open to a little fairy of the kind, and she has dwelt therein, saucily, and as she pleased; and one day we have learned that our fairy has become an angel—perhaps one

murmur may be forgiven us where she is gone—but, most surely, those who have loved the child will forgive it in one another.

CHAPTER XLIV.

OLD FRIENDS AGAIN.

Most of the misfortunes of our lives are of our own making, an old truth, illustrated in the position in which we left Mr. Paul Chequerbent at the close of the last chapter of his history. Without dwelling upon the undertaking in which he had engaged himself, and which was not likely under any circumstances to lead to an honorable or profitable result, so far as Paul was concerned, the very last steps which he had taken materially conduced to render his overthrow more disastrous than it would otherwise have been.

He had closed the street-door of the house, and had thereby excluded the porter, Galton. And he had tied by the leg, to an arm-chair, the only other person in the place, except himself. His own precautions, therefore, increased the chances against him, and when the creature that had occupied the strong-room dashed forth upon him, and brought him to the ground, his situation became perilous in the extreme, and the recollection that he was beyond all aid came upon him so powerfully as, in combination with the fright, to deprive him of consciousness.

There were, doubtless, many very bad things in that lawyer's strong-room, but there was nothing quite so evil as Paul, in the few moments between his opening the door and being thus prostrated, had, perhaps, believed. Those who have done us the honor to read this narrative from the commencement, and whose patience and forbearance will ere long be rewarded in a marvellous manner, will remember our mentioning that Mr. Molesworth had a partner named Penkridge, who resided at Norwood, and there kept a menagerie, wherewith he frightened himself and his neighbors. Mr. Penkridge used to haunt the docks and other quarters where he was likely to pick up additions to his collection, and used, of course, to be fearfully cheated by guileless sailors who had brought over the animals as pets, sailors who never made a voyage in their lives, and who bought for trifling prices, of country showmen, creatures for which the confiding Penkridge was happy to pay formidable sums. It was an edifying sight to see the mild, neat Mr. Penkridge seated upon one of the narrow hard boards which serve for seats in the hotels of Ratcliffe Highway, and surrounded by four or five dirty, crafty, crimp-like fellows, the party listening—Penkridge all faith, the confederates with approval—to a clumsy yarn touching the capture

of the animal which the attorney was just then buying. Few of Mr. Penkridge's quadrupeds had, according to the sellers, killed less than six or seven men; and the aggregate slaughter which the united menagerie must have committed among helpless natives, and gallant officers in the Queen's and Company's service, was frightful. His last purchase, however—that of a striped hyena—bade fair, as we have seen, to deserve a ferocious reputation; though, as it happened, this had been bought on the strength of its gentleness to its owner, the gentleman whom Paul had tied by the leg. Mr. Penkridge had purchased it too late in the day to receive it at Norwood, and a happy idea had suggested itself for its lodgement in the meantime. The keeper, under whose eye and short iron stick it was really docile, had been brought to the office, to be received for the night, and dispatched with his interesting charge to Norwood in the morning, and the porter conceived the notion that the strong-room would be a capital place of security for the beast. Galton had shown much attention to the plebeian Van Amburgh, and had gone forth on hospitable thoughts intent, when Mr. Chequerbent's ill-fortune led him to the door of the mansion. It is sad to think, too, that Mr. Galton's kindness was not well rewarded; for, on that person's returning with the materials for supper, and finding the door, which he had left ajar, closed against him, he had no resource but knocking. In this he had to persevere for a long time in vain; but at last the noise aroused the wild-beast man, who, starting up, was brought to the ground, chair and all, by Paul's device. As soon as he could extricate himself, which process he assisted by a series of choice comminations, he blundered to the door, and opening it, he admitted the person whom he supposed to have played a practical joke upon him, and with one well-delivered blow, floored his astonished host. The two men wrangled and quarreled for some time; but at length the truth dawned upon them that a third party must have mingled in the business; and search being made, Paul was found, to their great consternation, lying senseless in the distant office, the hyena, which had abandoned him after the first bite, crouching on a shelf, amid old declarations, and pleas, and other fangs of its relatives, "the furred law cats." Paul was removed to the porter's bed; and as soon as the others had arranged the falsehood by which the porter's abandonment of his post was to be screened, a surgeon was fetched. Mr. Chequerbent was soon restored to consciousness; but the wounds he had received were serious, and would probably, the doctor thought, be attended by violent inflammation. Quiet and con-

stant care were pronounced absolutely necessary; and, after some deliberation, the aristocratic Paul Chequerbent, whose own bewilderment left him small voice in the debate, was actually removed to St. Vitus' Hospital.

His reception at that establishment was somewhat more agreeable than he had expected; for he had some uneasy misgivings lest the whole forces of the hospital, including three or four doctors of great West End repute, would be turned out to welcome him, and that his misfortunes, as retailed by the latter, would furnish a theme for the conversation of the metropolis. But St. Vitus' did not appear to share in Mr. Chequerbent's estimate of his own importance; and after a brief examination by the house surgeon, who confirmed the view of the medical man first called in, Paul was assisted to the "Galen Ward," and deposited in one of sixteen small, curtainless, cleanly-looking beds, which stood in two rows, in the formal, yellow-walled chamber; the whole proceeding taking place in the most quiet manner, and the officials acting as composedly as if they were in the habit of seeing aristocrats eaten by hyenas. The hard-faced nurse gave Paul rather a keen glance, which was probably satisfactory, for she proceeded to pay him, not only the ordinary attentions she owed to a patient, but others by no means of routine, and which, credible witnesses assure us the hospital nurse reserves for those who have the power and the will to be grateful. Mr. Chequerbent, indeed, aware of this peculiarity, took an opportunity of apprising her that he was a gentleman, and was somewhat comforted in his affliction by her assuring him, with a smile, that there was no need to tell her that. Moreover, the Galen Ward happened at that time to be about half empty, and out of seven or eight other patients only one had an unpleasant peculiarity.

In the gloom of the ward, Paul had ample leisure for appropriate meditation, and he repeatedly addressed himself to review his recent adventures and general position; but was diverted from a dispassionate survey thereof by the continual recurrence of irritating feelings whenever Carlyon and Angela became the subject of his thoughts. Finally, he resolved to send for Heywood, and explain that he had been wounded in endeavoring to discharge the priest's bidding; and shortly after forming this resolution, he fell into an uneasy sleep.

He was awakened after a couple of hours, by feeling hands traversing his person lightly from head to foot, pausing at intervals in their course. Arousing himself, he could make out, by the dim light burning in the ward, that a very tall figure, in white, was standing by his bedside. Before

he could utter a word, the figure bent down and whispered, earnestly—

“Do n’t speak, sir, or you’ll be disappointed in your order.”

“What order?—what are you talking about?—who are you?—and what do you want?” demanded Paul, in the agitation of one who is suddenly roused.

“Hush, sir; pray do,” said the figure, looking round with much apprehension. “I’ve measured ’em all but you, and I should be very sorry to disappoint a gentleman.” And by this time Paul could see that his companion was a cadaverous-looking man, who held a two-foot rule in his hand.

“Five ten I made you, sir; but to be comfortable and correct, we’ll go over it again.” And, before Paul could remonstrate, the rule glided along his body, the measurer pausing at the feet, and apparently considering whether he should allow any thing extra.

“We’ll say six, sir, any how,” said the man. “Copper nails, shields, and handles, of course. And what will you please to have in the inscription? When did you *obit*?”

“When did I do what?” said Paul, believing himself listening to the nonsense of a dream. “*Obit*—what’s that? *Obit*, or Three Fingered Jack,” he muttered. “But I must be asleep; and yet I am not either; and this fellow is real,” he added, giving the man a push.

“*Obit* is Latin, sir, I’ve heard,” whispered the man in a humble tone.

“And if it is,” said Paul, incensed, “you need not come to one’s bedside in the middle of the night to tell one that. Be off with you; I believe you are mad.”

“I have had that said to me many a time, sir,” said the man, still very humbly; “but it makes no odds when I know quite different. Will you be pleased to name your date, sir, and it shall be put in correct.”

“What date, confound you?” said Paul, sitting up in bed in great wrath.

“Nay, sir, nay, that do n’t look well,” said the other, laying Paul back, and keeping him straightly stretched out. “There, sir, that’s the way we should lie.” And with his hand on Mr. Chequerbent’s chest, the other held him down, despite his struggles, but continued to address him deferentially.

“If you will only mention the date, sir, I could be going about my work.”

“What date, once more?” demanded Paul, furiously.

“When you was pleased to die,” said the other. I have measured you, and you shall have it home any time you please to appoint. Here’s my card,

sir. They call us extortionate, but your respected executors will have no reason to complain of my charges.”

“A madman—a madman,” shouted Paul, nearly frightened out of his senses. “Here, take him away—look him up—manacle him, somebody.”

But the moment he raised his voice, the other, with the cunning of insanity, threw himself on the floor, and crept away so rapidly to his own bed, that the drowsy eyes of the nurse, who was awakened by Paul’s shouting, failed to detect his movements. Paul’s explanations to her were received indulgently—more indulgently than a plebeian patient’s would have been under similar circumstances—but she evidently disbelieved his story, and smoothing the bed-clothes, told him to go to sleep again, for that he had had an ugly dream. To please him she walked round the ward; but if one man was more fast asleep than another, it was the individual who had, as Mr. Chequerbent asserted, come to his bedside. He was, in fact, snoring. Finding the nurse not only incredulous, but indisposed to contest the question, Paul requested her, for his comfort, to place near his hand a small thin poker, which he had observed in the ward; and this she did, remarking, as if he had been a child—

“There’s its pretty poker, then. It shall beat the hobgoblins, it shall. Now go to sleep.” And the good advice she gave, she speedily proved that she was not above taking.

Paul, as soon as she was gone, quietly took the poker, and concealed it, on his right hand, under the bedclothes. He then waited the further movements of the man who had disturbed him. This watch was long, for the cunning of the other prevented his moving a finger for upward of an hour. Then he rose slightly, and looked stealthily round the ward, and at last, stealing from his bed, he proceeded to repeat what he had probably done before approaching Paul. The latter could see him gliding from bed to bed, and silently measuring the inmate of each—as for his coffin—noting on a card the result of each calculation. But though he looked wistfully at Paul’s bed, he seemed to have an instinctive fear of again attempting the operation from which he had been scared, and finally he returned to his own couch. Weary with pain, Paul at length could keep watch no longer, and again he dropped off into slumber, this time heavier than the last. The maniac, unsatisfied, was more wakeful, and just before dawn he resolved on a renewal of his attempt. Again Paul, in his sleep, felt the measuring-rule traversing him, but he could not rouse himself to give the alarm or the *coup* he had meditated. The man completed his work,

and as he did so, he detected the poker lying beside Paul, who was sufficiently disturbed to be able to hear him mutter a curse upon the carelessness of the sexton, who had left one of his tools lying about. He then stole away. Shortly afterward the nurse made her round, and Paul, completely wakened by her tread, called her to the bed-side, and said, in a whisper:

"Now, nurse, will you believe me? That fellow has been here again, and has taken away the poker, and has got it in his bed."

Turning suddenly, the nurse's eye caught a slight movement in the couch of the other man.

"Pooh, pooh! dreaming again," she said, loud enough to be heard by the monomaniac. "It is nearly morning—get one more sound sleep before the light comes in; and don't talk any more nonsense. Nobody has been awake except yourself." She then placed a finger on Paul's lip, and retired.

In a few minutes three stalwart servants of the hospital entered, wearing list slippers, so that a footfall might not be heard. They proceeded rapidly, and as by preconcert, to the bed of the maniac, and before he could offer the slightest resistance, he was in the stringent embrace of a strait-waistcoat; his legs were strapped together, and he was borne away. He uttered no cry, but just as he was conveyed through the door, he said, in a loud but respectful tone:

"You see, gentlemen, that it is not my fault if you should not get your coffins in time."

"We could have no idea that he was in *that* sort of way," said the nurse to Paul. "He was always quite quiet, and took his medicine like a lamb. He was in the undertaking line of business. But putting one thing and another together, I shouldn't wonder, now, if he had n't been measuring the ward for their coffins every night for the last three weeks." This was an unguarded admission for the vigilant lady to make, but Paul did not draw the natural inference from it.

"I see his hand move," she continued, "but of course I did n't pretend to, because them lunatics is so artful, and he might have done us all a mischief if he had known he was watched. But our people know pretty well how to manage, and we did n't lose much time, sir. I have n't found the poker, though."

Search was made, but the instrument was not discovered until the morning, when it was found under the mattress of the patient whose bed adjoined that of the madman. It must have been the motion of his arm, after placing the article where it could not readily bear witness against him, that caught the eye of the attendant. Paul,

even in his trouble, was a little amused at the report made next day to the medical gentlemen, and at the extreme care with which the nurse invited attention to the fact that, having had her suspicions of the condition of the patient, but not liking to charge him hastily with being mad, she had made him the object of her sedulous watch, night after night, and on the first unmistakable symptoms had taken steps for the protection of her other charges. But her charges knew better than to invalidate her claim to the praises of the medical staff, for, as Paul put it, "*No mens sana, when not in a corpore sano, makes an enemy of the person who has his corpus at her mercy.*"

It was one or two days after this that Carlyon, leaving Lord Rookbury, hastened to St Vitus' Hospital to secure the services of Mr. Rockbrook. As he waited in the hall, the priest, Heywood, came down, passed him with a slight bow, and went out.

"Has he been confessing some Catholic patient?" said Carlyon to Mr. Rockbrook, who followed Heywood.

"No," said Rockbrook, "he came to see a young fellow with an odd name, who met with an odd accident. Exchequerby—no—but it is something about the exchequer, too. What's that name in the Galen Ward, the hyena bite, Warren?"

"Chequerbent," said the dresser, who was in attendance on his chief.

"I never heard of more than one person of that name," said Carlyon, "but it can hardly be he. Can I see him, when we have spoken?"

The visit to Aspen Court was speedily arranged, Mr. Rockbrook, a man of decision as well as of skill, taking just three minutes to consider whether he could be spared from town, and announcing the result by desiring Carlyon to meet him at the mail train next evening. As he took the check, he said:

"This would be too much by half, but your friend, the earl, cheated me out of about the balance ten years ago, when I had attended a lady especially recommended to me by him. I suppose this is conscience money, and he is pleased that he has had the interest in the meantime."

"Much his way," said Bernard. "But don't let me detain you. I should like to see the patient, however, because if he is my Chequerbent, he will be glad to see me."

But Bernard mistook, for Paul was not at all glad to see him, and looked so sulky—he fancied that he was being dignified and reserved—that Carlyon could not understand the case. Paul would give no account of the accident, would accept no service, and begged that Mr. Carlyon

would not consume his valuable time in visiting an hospital.

"This is all nonsense," said Bernard, as soon as he had made out that Paul was really offended with him. "Somebody has been setting you against me. That wont do. I appeal, point blank, to your own gentlemanly nature, and ask you whether the terms on which we have lived justify you in quarrelling with me without telling me why. Come, Paul, treat me fairly, and then be as haughty as you please."

The word was well chosen. Paul had wished to appear haughty, and as his haughtiness was acknowledged, down he came from his pedestal.

"I don't deny it, Carlyon," he said, "that you have often acted a friendly part by me. But if you cannot see that your present conduct has cancelled forever all kindly memories, I despair of convincing you."

"My dear fellow," said Bernard, "never use portentous words until you are quite sure they are deserved. And first tell me what you mean by my present conduct."

"You cannot doubt my meaning, Carlyon. I wish to abstain from introducing the name of a lady into our quarrel."

"We have no quarrel yet, I tell you," said Bernard. "But as my conscience entirely acquits me of ever doing or saying any thing with reference to any lady which could give you uneasiness, I am afraid I must ask you for her name."

"Do you mean to deny," said Paul, "that you have certain matrimonial objects?"

"On the contrary," said Carlyon, "I mean to affirm the fact most strenuously. What is your reason for desiring that I should continue a bachelor? Have you discovered that I am your elder brother, or any thing of that kind? You shall be none the worse by my marriage."

"Don't make a joke of it, Carlyon," said Paul. "I shall be a great deal the worse by your marriage."

"I wonder why," said Bernard, slowly, and in an amused tone. "You cannot well be the lady's unjust guardian, whom I am to call to account—I don't know, though—perhaps you may be. You never saw her—possibly that is another proof of your neglect—yes—"

"What do you say?" cried Paul, sitting up in bed, and opening great eyes. "I never saw her? Are you mad?"

"Do me a favor, Paul," said the other. "Just look straight in my face, and pronounce to me the name of the person you suppose I want to marry; because I see, very clearly, where you are."

Paul was brightening up enormously, but pro-

videntially he remembered his dignity, and restrained himself.

"I had reason to believe," he said, in a voice in which delight would make itself heard, despite his endeavors, "that the nobleman who has done you so many favors was going to do you another, and confer upon you the hand of his newly-found daughter."

"What!" said Bernard, laughing, "your friend, the pretty actress? That was your notion? Make yourself easy. To say nothing of the presumption of thinking to win against you, because in truth the thought never entered my head, you might have given me credit for some regard for your feelings. I do not think I ever showed myself very unmindful of them."

"You have not, you have not," said poor Paul, who was ready to cry. "But you have taken such a load off my heart."

"You were no wiser than you ought to have been, when you let anybody lay it on, Master Paul. Who was it? That Jesuit whom I met down stairs?"

"Never mind who," said Paul. "It's all over. I am very much obliged to you for coming to see me."

"Thank your friend the priest," said Bernard. "You ought to have sent for me. But for the merest accident I should never have known that you were here. However, you are in first-rat hands; I will speedily commend you to Rock brook, though that is not necessary. And now tell me how you came to get bitten by the wild beast."

"It is very simple," said Paul, coloring. "I opened the strong-room at the office, and the beast inside flew at me."

"Why, what were the other fellows about, not to tell you that the creature was there?"

"They were all gone," said Paul. "The hyena," he added, as if desirous to get away from the other part of the story, "was a new pet of Penkridge's. So Galton told me, after the accident."

"Did you know the beast was there, then?"

"Of course not. Do you think I should have been such an idiot?" He stopped, for it suddenly occurred to him that Carlyon had suggested a most capital account of the affair, and one too good to be destroyed. "Of course, I mean," he added, "I did not know it was a hyena, or I should not have opened the door. I thought, from its voice, that it was a dog of some kind, and any dog I can easily quiet."

Carlyon had no clue to the real story, but something in Paul's manner convinced him that Mr Chequerbent was not speaking the exact truth.

"Well," he said, "it is lucky that things are not worse. By the way, I did not know that you were acquainted with Mr. Heywood. If you had gone to Aspen Court with me you would have met him, but you preferred to go to a ball and be locked up. How did you make his acquaintance?"

"He introduced himself to me, at the Fortress, as a friend of yours, and showed me a good deal of attention," said Paul. "I breakfasted with him at his rooms."

"When?"

"The morning before the hyena affair."

"It was then that he put into your head the notion about me and Miss Livingstone?" said Bernard.

"No, indeed, it was not," said Paul; which was true, for this had been done on the night before.

"Paul," said Carlyon, "one word, and you

will pardon it, because I have, as you will admit, earned the right to-day to sin against you once and be forgiven. I do not ask any questions, but Heywood would not have invited you to breakfast if he had not intended to use you as a tool. Beware of him. If I made a guess at certain matters I should pain you needlessly, but all I say is—beware of that priest. And now—by Jove, here is a handsome woman—and coming to see you—and a young lady too."

Never was a disagreeable conversation so agreeably broken off, for here entered our splendid friend, the Junonian Mrs. Sellinger, with her full figure, and bright dark eyes. But what of her, when another figure escapes from her protecting hand, and runs, half-crying, up to Paul, and calls him a wicked old thing for not sending for her? O my Lady Anna, are these your Rookton manners?

Part Fourth 480.
OLD-FASHIONED TYPES OF FEMALE EXCELLENCE.

BY PATERFAMILIAS.

My good friend and quondam college-chum, Herbert Cheveley, is a mediæval bachelor, and a very favorable specimen of his class. He is a trifle *too* mediæval, if any thing, and beside being forty-six, which he cannot help, he affects Puseyism, painted windows, and Chaucer's "Canterbury's Tales." I sometimes think he *must* feel slightly uncomfortable, when "dropping in" on a bright Sunday morning, just before church time, he catches me in the very plenitude of married bliss, revelling in the "bosom of my family;" buttoning a glove for the "wee wife," adjusting a sash for pet Fanny, who, being six years old, of course goes with us to morning service, or just preparing to give baby a farewell kiss. But on the whole he appears a happy fellow, and I should say "accepts his destiny."

Probably my friend would have been a bachelor under any circumstances, but the precise reason he gave me (in a conversation many years ago, since which we have have not re-opened the subject) for "withering on the virgin thorn," was this. His peculiar cast of mind, his reading, and the deep impressions he had received from his mother's almost saintly gentleness—she "was a woman—but God rest her soul, she's dead!"—of the Evangeline stamp—led him to cherish in

his mind the very meekest, softest, most submissive type of female excellence and beauty. No face had a charm for him which would not have beseeemed a painted window in a cathedral, and harmonized with long white hands crossed humbly on the breast; no character could please him long unless it corresponded with such a face and such an attitude. At twenty-three he had found, as he devoutly believed, an approximation to his ideal, in the sister of a common friend. She had a Madonna face, long dark eye-lashes, and a chaste repose of manner, with a voice that

Was ever gentle, soft, and low,
An excellent thing in woman;

and Herbert had not seen her many times before a watchful seriousness of face, and an occasional lighting up of the eye, when he was in her company, made me aware that he had been powerfully impressed. One beautiful Saturday evening, just after a shower had fallen, when the golden sunshine lay sweetly on the trees, and an indescribable repose seemed to have descended from the skies, because it was the eve of the Sabbath, he called to return a book, and the hush and calm which had been stealing over him was deepened, not broken, by the solemn

ticking of the hall-clock as he passed it. Laura would not be able to see him for a minute or two; so he sat in the library, watching the sunset, and wishing her name had been Beatrice, though, to be sure, Laura was the name of Petrarch's love. When poor Laura *did* appear, my friend, with his quick eyes, and quicker sensibilities, was struck mute, and could hardly be as polite as the lady—such a contrast was there between the look she wore, the tremulousness of anger she could not conceal, and the deep gentle calm in which he had been bathing his soul. Her behavior to him was all that he could wish, but it was evident she had recently been much moved, and moved to anger too, of a very high pitch. Her beautiful cheeks were yet flushed; the darkling light had not died from her eyes; her voice had even a faint suspicion of hoarseness in it! In the intervals of a brief conversation, her lips shook involuntarily; her fingers played nervously with the paper-knife, or disarranged and arranged over and over again the flowers in the vase. She was evidently relieved when Herbert rose to go; so he thought; and *he*, too, was relieved when, in the open air, he could take a long, deep inspiration, and gather up his scattered perceptions.

His Madonna, then, was a fury; his saintly ideal was made of the same clay as —. Poor fellow! He formed no resolution there and then, but the sequel is told in his "single unblestness" to this day. If he had been, I will not say wiser, but less of a blind enthusiast, he would have made the discovery on his first acquaintance with his Madonna. She had what Carlyle calls "a background of wrath" in her composition; and, above all, he would have been at the pains to ascertain whether there might not have been some just, nay, some noble, honorable cause for the burst of indignation which had so disturbed, and probably distressed his Laura, that sweet, calm Saturday evening. But he did not. He was not selfish; he was not exacting; but the shock was too much for him. He was one of those to whom

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled—
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty,
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

Laura had, probably, no more than a presentiment, if even she had that, that she had impressed my friend, and she is now with her husband in Canada—the very paragon of wives and mothers, as I am credibly informed.

Carried on without mentioning Laura, my friend and I have not unfrequent discussions about the old-fashioned types of female excellence, which most command his sympathies.

Looking at them soberly, can a cultivated conscience and enlightened judgment escape the conclusion that the "submissive" element is too much developed, that some of the most lovely and loveable heroines of early song, drama and romance, would have been all the better for a little less "gentleness," and a little more decision of character? Doubtless, according to apostolic authority, wives should "obey their husbands," and cultivate "shamefacedness and sobriety;" according to Shakspeare, should be always ready to pay the "tribute of love, fair looks, and true obedience;" according to Milton, should be "obsequious" in their very "majesty;" according to the marriage service, should "love, honor, and obey;" and according to common sense, and the teachings of every-day experience, should "pull" with their lords, and "know when to give way." But there is surely a point at which submission may become guilty and dishonorable; at which the highest art of the poet is scarcely sufficient to beautify and glorify it. Except to peculiarly constituted minds, it can scarcely be a subject even of tragic satisfaction, when some sweet creature is made to sacrifice her best affections, and even resign her truest duties, as well as her holiest rights, to the caprice of some stern-hearted barbarian of a moral experimentalist, who amuses himself by trying how far a woman's heart-strings may be stretched without breaking; still less when she is represented as bearing reproach and indignity, not to say brutality, on account of crimes of which she is innocent, without opening her gentle lips in self-defense, or pleading mightily with her tyrant. Unless the genius of the artist who paints a picture like this be of the very highest order, a sentiment of moral disapprobation arises in the mind which is too strong for the "ideality" of the picture, and almost puts out its beauty. It is true I keep my thoughts on these matters pretty much to myself, when Mrs. Paterfamilias is present, leaving her to infer that I have the same unqualified admiration as our friend Cheveley for the "Nut-browne Mayde," for Griselda in the "Clerk's Tale," and for Desdemona in "Othello." Though even in *her* company, I would rather dwell on the mildly-toned portraiture of womanly excellence given us by a poet conscious that he is

The heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time,
and hinting what a husband expects in his partner, without that savage exactingness which distinguishes your Leofric of Coventry, or your Marquis Walter of Saluces. The man who would not be satisfied with "Isabel" is a — never mind! he is hard to satisfy:

Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity,

Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood
 Revered Isabel
 A courage to endure and to obey,
 A hate of gossip parlance and of sway,
 Crowned Isabel, through all her placid life,
 The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

But I cannot help noting that Isabel is said to have had

The intuitive decision of a bright
 And thorough-edged intellect to part
 Error from crime

And I venture to doubt whether she would have submitted to insult and blows from her lord for some unexplained offense, without an effort to set herself right with him. And not all my reverence for Shakspeare, and all my love for his creation of Desdemona, shall prevent my inquiry, as a husband and father of a family, whether Desdemona was not responsible, in great part, for "the tragic loading of that bed?" I do not wish to spoil a beautiful ideal picture in any one's mind, still less to dispute that Othello's bride was up to the type of womanhood in her age and country—I mean their very highest type; but I do happen to think that the type is one which cannot be contemplated with unmixed delight and approbation by a nineteenth century spectator.

It is very beautiful, it makes the heart leap, and the tears to come, when the "Nut-browne Mayde" insists on accompanying her banished love to the greenwood—

With it is so, that ye will go, I will not leave behind;
 Shall never be said the Nut-brown Maid was to her love unkind.

Even at the expense of her reputation—

For I will prove that faithful love, it is devoid of shame.

And her womanly delicacy—

"Lo, yet before, ye must do more, if ye will go with me,
 As cut your hair up by your ear, your kirtle by your knee,"
 I shall, as now, do more for you than 'longeth to woman-
 hede,

To short my hair, a bow to bear, to shoot in time of need.

But when the "Earle's son" puts her love to the last bitter test, and challenges her affection with shame and dishonor, and she replies—

Though in the wood I understand ye had a paramour,
 All this may nought remove my thought but that I will
 be your.

And she shall find me soft and kind, and courteous every
 hour,

Glad to fulfill all that I will command me to my power;
 For had ye too an hundred mo', yet would I be that one,
 For in my mind of all mankind I love but you alone,

I am heretical enough to think that the poet would have satisfied the moral sense better by breaking the lady's heart on the spot, than by thus making her acquiesce in her dishonor, and volunteer menial offices for the paramour of her fickle and insulting lover.

In the "Clerk's Tale" the story-teller, knowing full well how much improbability would attach

to any tale in which a loving woman should be represented as giving up to supposed death, first her daughter—

Have here again your little youngè maid—
 Farewell, my child, I never shall thee see!

And then her son, just two years old, praying the ravisher of her darling that

Her little son he would in earthè grave
 His tender limbs, delicate to sight,
 From foules and from beastes for to save,

merely at her lord's bidding without complaint—has provided against any difficulty in the reader's mind, as well as he could, by the oath which he puts into Griselda's mouth before the "alliance." But do not the stirred heart and conscience of the reader begin to play havoc with the beauty of this portraiture of a loving, obedient woman (though how *could* a woman love such a fellow as Marquis Walter turned out to be?) when she consents, without expostulation, to be ignominiously put away for no offense whatever; and not only so—for it must be granted that "eke the Popè," is said to have "consented it, rancour for to slake," and good wives of "great" folk, down to poor Josephine, have often been put away for "state" reasons—but to prepare the home for her late lord, once *her* home, for the new bride? Ought the poor creature, even if she must be made to give up her babes one by one, and finally to go back, heart-crushed, to her father's home, after a married life of wrong upon wrong, to be forced to say:—

And of your newe wife, God of his grace
 So grant you weale and prosperity,
 For I will gladly yelden her my place,

and then to go about with a pale face, compressed lips, and a bursting breast,

The house to dight,
 And tables for to set and beddes make,

till she

Hath every chamber arrayed and his hall.

because another was coming to lie in the bosom from which she had been sent away? Could she do all this, even under a mediæval moral regime, without guilt before God? Those are questions which I put to Herbert when Mrs. P. is not near. He usually stops my mouth by quoting the sweetest passage in the whole episode, and inquiring if it is not conceived in the true spirit of Christian gentleness and forgiveness—

One thing beseeche I you and warne also,
 That ye ne pricke with no tormenting
 This tender maiden, as ye have done me!

or the advice to "Those about to Marry" with which the "Nutbrowne Mayde" concludes:—

Here ye may see that woman be in love meek, kind, and
 stable:

Let never man reprove them then, or call them variable
 But rather pray God that we may to them be comfortable.

For aith men would that woman should be meek to them
each one,
Much more ought they to God obey, and serve but Him
And when I say that men who have formed their
ideas of female gentleness and submissiveness upon
such models as Desdemona, Griselda, and the
Nutbrown Maid, will probably be disappointed in
married life; or if not, find that women of that
type are ill-fitted to meet the stern practicalities

of the life of to-day, he turns round upon me with
a police report in yesterday's *Times*, by which
it appears some pale-faced, half-starved wife, who
supports by the labor of her hands a husband
who smashes her, and three or four children, per-
jures herself in giving forced evidence against
said "husband,"—perjures herself, in order to
screen him by softening down "stubborn facts,"
in a long course of meekly-borne brutality.

ART AND ARTISTS OF AMERICA.

BY E. ANNA LEWIS.



THOMAS DOUGHTY, N. A.

Doughty stands in the first rank of American landscapists. His reputation grew up with the reputations of Cole and Durand; and Dunlap has placed him on a platform with these two great artists. He has a fine, noble, generous nature, with many admirable qualities of heart and mind, and much that is true and great in art. He has had some moments of purest inspiration—and in these moments has produced pictures of much thought, feeling, and power. His paintings are innumerable. His best are

among his early efforts, and have found permanent niches in the castles of Europe, and in the halls of his own country. One of his best works is in the possession of Alexander, the artist, of Boston. Others adorn the drawing-rooms of some of the wealthiest families in New York, but, as we have not a list, we cannot give exactly their names and niches; nor can we, until we have an opportunity of examining them, give more than a general idea of their great artistic merits.

Thomas Doughty was born in Philadelphia, Pa.

1793. His parentage is respectable. At the age of fifteen he was put out to learn the trade of a tanner. This was not pleasing to his taste, nor so agreeable to his olfactories as the fragrant breath of Nature. He loved her, wooed her, and filled up the goblet of his soul with her beauty.

Our artist is self-taught. He has had no great masters. He went to school to nature, and it had been well for him if he had continued in her school, until his career had been completed. He seized upon every means of study that lay before him. He went abroad, studied the old masters assiduously, and painted many fine pictures. He made the acquaintance of Sully, and received much benefit from the society and advice of this truly eminent artist. Many other important tributaries helped to swell the stream that wafted him onward to honor and fame.

During his apprenticeship he made a few pictures in oil and India ink, and finally, in opposition to the counsel of all his friends, he forsook his savory trade to become a professional artist.

From his earliest boyhood he loved the woods, the streams, the hills, and the valleys. He dwelt with them—he felt their power—he made them his study and delight.

He commenced painting with the feeling that God made the world, and all things therein. He was filled with the power of this feeling, and he made it felt in his pictures, which are full of the beauty of thought and feeling.

If he had pursued art with that pure love of nature, which first impelled him to produce a picture, he would have been unequalled in the representation of nature; but like too many persons of great and genial hearts, he married at a very early age, and soon found himself called upon for the support of a large family, which is not very easily obtained in the most lucrative walks of art. He has painted too much—too hastily. The wants of his little ones spurred him on too fast. Thought declared that she would not be a race-horse for any one, and despite his whips and spurs, would go no further with him. Beauty sighed that she was forsaken. Nature said that he had represented her under all kinds of false colors, and placed her in all sorts of bad lights, and thereupon divorced herself from him. Truth bowed assent, and went with her. These were sad partings for Doughty. All the pictures he has painted since are valueless as works of art. He became filled with the love of the world. He made his pictures for the world, and they are wanting in thought, beauty, feeling, harmony, because he felt the love of God and nature less, and the love of the world more than when he wedded art. He has but one means of salvation left—that is repentance—to retrace

his steps, and to humbly acknowledge his errors at the altars of *Nature and Truth*.

J. F. CROPSEY, N. A.

Cropsey has studied with great assiduity, and worked with the feeling that art is for him a religion—a high and holy source of life and light.

There is much in his works that is true and great. His perspective and architecture are of the finest. His figures correctly drawn and gracefully attitudinized. We know not where he was born, nor how he was bred. We shall only speak of him as an artist—of the thought, soul, feeling that he has evolved through the language of art.

Early in his professional career he went abroad to study the old masters. He stood before the Transfiguration of Raphael with wonder and worship. He knelt before it, and drank in the soul and feeling of art, and felt himself a greater and better man. He went to Tivoli, and made studies of the place, and “The Temple of Sybil at Tivoli,” is said to be his best picture. There are beauties in this picture unfelt by the world—many things worthy of a great master. The architecture is unsurpassed; the sky is beautiful and clear, but there is a want of production in the foreground which makes its greatness unfelt.

“The Coast of Genoa,” was one of the finest pieces of out-door painting on the walls of the academy at its last exhibition, and the finest exhibited there since the days of Cole. In this picture Cropsey seems to have broken away from himself, and to have breathed in the pure air of the Italian sky, and the Italian coast.

He has chosen the picturesque varieties of his theme with great intellectual sagacity; given to them an atmosphere that the human lungs can expand in, and over cloud, mountain, sea, and tower poured the full light of day. The conception is bold; the treatment marked by a broad and accurate comprehension of nature, manly and artistic in the highest degree. The picture is without dark shadows. The clouds, bathed in silvery light, float through the blue space, mingling at the horizon with the bold, irregular mountains, upon whose summits the snow yet seems to resist the summer sun. It seems miles from their wild heights down to the water's edge; and as we trace the barren coast around, there on a little peninsula, embosomed in trees, with cloister and tower, sleeps a convent, within whose white walls the indolent monk, kneeling before some dim picture of the Virgin or rudely carved image of the Redeemer, securely counts his beads. On the right rises the tower of Genoa, connected with the fortification by a viaduct, whose arches span

the mountain road and the convent below, where, with banner, sword, and helmet, flashing in the sun, moves a military procession. At the foot of this mountain wall fishermen are busy with their nets; the sea is lashed into foam, and a boatquivers on the ridge of a crested wave. The entire work bears the impress of consummate power.

Beside these, Cropsey has painted other landscapes that will hold a permanent place in the galleries of posterity; while he has produced many others that are fine in feeling, but wanting in the fullness of coloring, breathing with thought and beauty, yet wanting in the power of expression, and full of unmeaning touches.

T. ADDISON RICHARDS, N. A.

Mr. Richards is one of the younger landscapists. In his department of art he has painted much and well.

"The Indian Paradise," or the "Dream of the Happy Hunting-Grounds," exhibited at the last Exhibition of the National Academy, is his most ambitious effort. The artistic treatment, no less than the subject, is strikingly picturesque, poetical, and thoroughly American. In the foreground, typical of the present life, is a rude and desolate rocky eminence, fertile only in a few scattered shrubs and grasses, upon the verge of which an old Indian chieftain, disheartened and exhausted by the long and unsuccessful toils of the chase, has cast himself down to rest. As the hunter sleeps on his eyrie-pillow, his bow falls from his hand into the deep gorge beneath, overhung with masses of floating vapor—the Valley of the Shadow of Death, dividing the Present and the Future. Beyond smiles a grand panorama of far-reaching hill and vale, which the sun, the Great Spirit, lifting the veil of cloud and mist, is called into laughing life and gladness by the glow and warmth of his magic smile. Golden rays sportively catch the last flying vapors, and one elfin gleam kisses the lips of the veteran sleeper, and calls to his dreaming fancy the vision of the sunny land of his life's hopes—the promised "Happy Hunting Grounds."

While the cultivated eye will enjoy the intellectual and poetic spirit of the picture, the less appreciative observer will yet regard it with pleasure, even though he view it only as an actual scene. He will be content with the brilliant scenic effect, the soft and soothing atmosphere, the delicate color, and the changing forms. This work must contribute greatly to advance the artist's reputation.

His next most elaborate work is entitled *Alastor*, and illustrates the following passage from Shelley's poem—"Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude:"

"Obedient to the light
That shone within his soul, he went pursuing
The winding of the dell. The rivulet

Wanton and wild, through many a deep ravine,
Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell
Among the mass, with hollow harmony,
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones
It danced, like childhood, laughing as it went;
Then through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud
That overhung its quietness. O stream!
Whose source is inaccessible profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome stillness,
Thy dazzling waves, thy loud and hollow gulfs,
Thy searchless fountains, and invisible course,
Have each their type in me; and the wide sky
And measureless ocean may declare as soon
What cozy cavern, or what wandering cloud
Contains thy waters, as the universe
Tell where these living thoughts reside, when stretched
Upon thy flowers my bloodless limbs shall waste
I' the passing wind!"

T. Addison Richards was born in London, and when a child, removed with his father, the Rev. Wm. Richards, to Georgia, where the family now resides.

At the age of twelve years he illustrated a manuscript of 150 pages in water colors. While going to school he prepared a work entitled "Young Ladies' Instructor in Flower Painting," which was published in Baltimore. From flower painting he proceeded to landscape painting, and finally to teaching painting in Georgia. His next effort was a series of romantic views, engraved upon steel by eminent artists, and published in a volume entitled "*Georgia Illustrated*," edited by his brother, Wm. C. Richards, Esq. He then commenced the study of the law, and for a year devoted himself to the tomes of Coke, Blackstone, and Kent. The law was distasteful, and he suddenly abandoned it, and came to New York with the determination to become a professional artist, where, during nine years, he has been a faithful student of nature. More of Richard's works have been engraved than any of our younger artists. Our artist is also a clever literateur. He was at one time connected with his brother in the publication of the "*Orion*," a monthly magazine, for which he wrote numerous tales, romances, and sketches. In 1853, he published in Philadelphia, "Summer Stories of the South," a volume of romances, illustrating the scenery of Georgia and South Carolina. A series of illustrated articles on the Scenery and Topography of the Republic have appeared in Harper's Magazine. He writes occasionally for the literary journals abroad, and is now preparing an elegant illustrated volume on landscape for a house in New York.

In 1849, Mr. Richards was elected an associate of the National Academy, and an Academician, and in 1850 a member of the council, and corresponding secretary. In person our artist is about the medium height, slender, pale, with blue eyes, and very fair hair. His disposition is amiable; his manner gentle; his conversation fluent; his age about 28; his studio in the New York University.

Monthly Summary.

UNITED STATES.

Ratification of the Reciprocity Treaty—Storms and Suffering at the South—Seizure of the Benjamin Franklin Steamer—California—Oregon—Texas—Nebraska—British Deserters—Dead Bishops—Mayor under Indictment—French Squadron at New York, etc.

SINCE our last summary the political note of preparation has been reverberating all over the country. Conventions, primary elections, amalgamations, and divisions have been in full blast, exhibiting the operation of that machinery by which the steamship of the state is put so vigorously ahead. In all the states of the Union accounts of the agricultural crops have been published, and the inference from these has been that, in spite of the drought, the harvest will be of an average character on the whole. In the early part of September a hurricane swept through South Carolina and Georgia, and passed along the seaboard to the north with more or less ruinous results. Charleston and Savannah especially suffered, and the cotton crop of the two states was damaged to a very disastrous extent. Subscriptions have been taken up for the people of Savannah in our chief northern cities. The cholera reports have been indicating a subsidence of that deadly malady, while at New Orleans, Savannah, and other places in the South, the yellow fever has succeeded it with great virulence.

On 4th September, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania issued a decree sustaining the City of Erie in its Railway War, and ordering the Railway Company to remove the track from the streets of the town, and also in Harbor Creek.

On 11th September, President Pierce proclaimed the ratification of the Reciprocity Treaty between England and the United States, respecting the interests of the British Provinces. By this, as most people are now aware, the Americans are admitted to a share in the Sea Fisheries of the coasts of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, to the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and a freedom from duty on the lumber floated from our soil down the river St. John; while it is agreed that breadstuffs, the necessaries of life, fish, coal, and all kinds of ores, timber, gypsum, and a variety of other merchandise, shall be interchanged free of duty, by the people of both nations. By the exercise of the imperial privilege, the river St. Lawrence and the Fisheries have been thrown open to the citizens of our States. But the operation of the free trade part of the treaty depends on the decision of legislative bodies, both in the Colonies and in these States. One of the colonies, Canada, has formally accepted the agreement, and it is not doubted that the others will do the same. The action of Congress, also, will probably be favorable to the treaty.

On 15th, the District Attorney of New York, filed a libel on the steamer Benjamin Franklin, which was accordingly seized on suspicion of being armed and munitioned to proceed to Venezuela, in aid of the rebels there. But after an examination by the authorities, she was allowed to clear out for St. Thomas.—On 22d, Captain J. Smith, late of the Julia Moulton, was arrested in New York, charged with being engaged in the slave-trade. He had succeeded in

landing 600 slaves on the coast Cuba, after which he burned the brig. A wealthy ship-chandler was arrested at the same time. The Boston authorities refused to send back to the British Province of Prince Edward Island, two deserters to be shot. The men were also charged with larceny, and, were it not for the military forfeit, would have been found guilty. On 22d September, one was acquitted, and the other found guilty. But his case was sent on appeal to the Supreme Court, and some merciful *hocus-pocus* of the lawyers may save his life from the paw of the British lion. On 23rd, bills of indictment were found against Mayor Westervelt, of New York, and councilmen Rowe and Seely, for granting liquor licenses contrary to the laws of the state. Eleven hundred liquor dealers were also indicted for selling without license. Bishop Wainwright, Episcopalian, of New York, and Bishop Gartland, Catholic, of Savannah, died in the month of September. Dr. Thomas, of Hartford, was elected to the see of the former. Toward the close of the month, four French men-of-war, two frigates and two steamers, were at anchor in the Bay of New York.

California has been rejoicing over the plenty of her crops—cereal as well as aureal, and agitating her annual elections. The news from the mines was cheering, and some rich new diggings were discovered at Santa Barbara. Trade, however, refuses to obey any more of those feverish impulses proper to the commencement of society in such a place, and seems, by reason of the contrast, to be especially dull. Salt has been discovered in Los Angeles country, and a company has been organized to manufacture it. A company has been formed for the connection of Sonora and Stockton by telegraph. The Know-Nothings had formed an organization in San Francisco, and the foreigners had formed one in opposition. The usual amount of fights and murders had taken place—the Chinese being particularly prominent in the wild work of assault and battery. Mr. Atkins, charged with the murder of Mr. Way, of Boston, and Mr. Bateman, charged with an attempt to kill Mr. Soub, of the Chronicle, had been discharged. English and French vessels of war were going in and out of the Bay of San Francisco, leading people to think they were in pursuit of the Russian ships, Aurora and Diana.

Immigration is rapidly increasing by way of the plains, and it is thought the population this year, will be increased 20,000 from that cause. The Chinese are coming in, in such numbers, and are, in general, such an isolated, semi-barbarous, and sickly people, that the entire press of the state complains of them as a nuisance. They amount to over 40,000 persons, and it is thought some law must be passed forbidding the importation of them.

In Oregon gold discoveries had been made by the Indians, thirty miles below the delta of the Columbia. The wheat harvest was good, but prices of labor were very high. The Hon. Mr. Davis has resigned the governorship of the territory, in consequence of illness in his family at home. Captain Crosby was about taking two vessels to Hong Kong, to open the trade of Oregon with China and Japan. The overland immigration to the territory continued, and the Indians were troublesome in the southern parts. Mount Hood is discovered to be, or to have been a volcano,

showing at present no signs of active eruption, though smoke issues from it. A fine granite quarry has been discovered near Portland. The harvest was good, and the Know-Nothings were making their invisible organizations.

In Texas, the yellow fever made great ravages, especially in Galveston. The population of that city is less than five thousand, out of which fifty-eight died in one week in September. The selection of lands for the settlement of the Indians was made—the locations being all on the Brazos River, where a number of tribes were preparing to settle.

The late news from Fort Laramie, in the Nebraska Territory, has been disastrous. On 19th of August, Lieut. Gratton and twenty men who had gone out from that place to arrest some Indians who had stolen cattle from an emigrant, were set upon by a thousand of the Wazaxies, and massacred—only one escaping to tell the tale. Next day the Indians went to the post of the Fur Company, and pillaged it. Fort Laramie is seven hundred miles from Fort Leavenworth, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and its usual garrison was about fifty-seven men. The necessity of increasing our army on the frontiers, and in the centre, has been felt, and the military stations will, doubtless, be reinforced.

NEIGHBORING STATES.

MEXICO.

It is stated that Northern and Eastern Mexico are in revolution against Santa Anna. But the Dictator seems to hold his own steadily enough, and the last distinct piece of news from that indistinct part of the world, is, that the troops of the government gained a decided victory over the insurgents, under Don Jose de la Garza, at Ciudad Victoria, capital of Tamaulipas, on 22d of August. General Alvarez is said to be alive, and at the head of the government of Guerrero—though the government organs continue to assert that he is dead. Santa Anna was encouraging immigration from France, and 2000 Swiss were said to be on their way, to form the nucleus of his army. He has suppressed thirteen active squadrons of his forces, doubtful, very probably, of the loyalty of their adhesion. His peculiar policy has been further indicated by his friendship for the sons of Iturbide, sometime emperor of Mexico. Don Augustin, the eldest, has been named aid-de-camp to the Dictator, and his youngest brother has been appointed Secretary of Legation to Washington. Alvarez, it was stated, had entered the city of Ayuntla, and was marching with a strong force, through Guerrero, toward Mexico, to finish Santa Anna, or be finished himself. Intelligence from Mexico reported that, on 12th of August, Count Raousset de Boulbon was executed.

CUBA.

In Cuba, the authorities were preparing the reception of Concha, the governor who supersedes Pezuela. The importation of African slaves to the island still continued, in spite of the proclamations of the captain-general, and this importation was chiefly carried on in American ships, and by sea-captains from our states. Mark Chauncey, of Philadelphia, and William Wynn, of Malne, along with a number of Portuguese sailors, have been imprisoned in Tacon jail, for their share in running in a cargo of boxales, in the slaver Esperanza. Neither the Creoles nor any other class of people in Cuba exhibit any tendency to revolution; the only excitement among them has been produced by the preparations for Concha's ceremonious reception. The Chief of the Treasury Department at Havana has shown, in a circular, that the Queen Dowager Christina had in ten years received from the revenues of that island one million six hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. In the beginning of October, Captain-General Concha saw himself installed in the office of the late Captain-General Pezuela.

GUATEMALA.

From the republic of Guatemala, we have accounts of pronouncements in Quetzaltenango, Solola, and other places, proposing the appointment of His Excellency, President Carrera, a native mestizo, and at one time a herd-boy at a farm-house, Perpetual President, with the right of nominating his successor, till the country be in a fit condition to discuss such matters with serenity. They propose to invest him with all the privileges of kingship, far exceeding, indeed, those of Santa Anna of Mexico. The question has been referred to the Council of State, composed of the ministers of the various departments, with his excellency at its head, and there seems little doubt that the half-blooded Carrera will become the dictator of the most considerable of the Central American republics. Santa Anna's success has encouraged this movement in Guatemala, which has the hearty support of the priesthood. Carrera, by a decree, has put an end to the Belgian settlement, established about twelve years ago, at the Bay of St. Tomas, on the north coast.

NICARAGUA.

In Nicaragua, the whole population seem to have taken to their guns, and ranged themselves either on the side of Castillon or Chamorro. It is agreed that if the revolution continues much longer the country will be ruined. In the midst of the tumult, some of our citizens, such as Captain Myrick, in the employment of the Transit Company, and Mr. Henry Gottel, have been arrested by the President's authority, for various reasons. Gottel's case made a great noise, and but for the interference of our consul at San Juan del Sur, he would have been shot. The chief interest attaching to these squabbles with our citizens, is the probability that the interference of our government may yet be brought to bear upon the feverish destinies of Nicaragua.

NEW GRANADA.

Latest news from New Granada states that Senor Obaldia, vice-president of the republic, had escaped from Bogota and the custody of Melo, and taken charge of the executive power at Ibague. It was reported that the brigantine Winthrop had arrived from the United States, with about 5000 muskets, and other war munitions for the government. Another reinforcement of muskets, also from the United States, had gone to Carthagena. Gen Morquera was in Honda, busily employed in organizing an army of the north. The health of the Isthmus, at the great crossing, was good.

HONDURAS, ETC.

In addition to their plague of locusts, the people of Honduras have been afflicted by a severe conflagration, which destroyed the business part of the capital, involving a loss of half a million of dollars. In the Banda Orientale, the citizens of Montevideo were about to declare that a free port. In Paraguay, a North American company was about opening a cigar factory on a very extensive scale. Senor Manuel Bustamante has been elected Vice-President of Ecuador. Chili has declared her neutrality in the present European war, and her legislature has passed a law by which the poorer people shall receive the services of the clergy gratis.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

For some time past, we have been assured that, after all the premature reports on the subject, the Sandwich Islands were about to become part and parcel of our republican confederacy. Mr. J. Commissioner Gregg, it was said, had drawn up an agreement to that end, and it had received the assent of King Kamehameha, and the majority of his council. People were let to think the treaty was already on its way to Washington. But there is no certainty in all this. The kingdom of Hawaii is not so easily unkinged.

Previously to the date of last intelligence, a squadron of French and English war-ships was at Honolulu, no doubt for the purpose of letting all concerned know that the European powers are always ready to uphold their protectorate over Kamehameha the Third and his realm. The king and his court were received in the loudest kind of royal state, on board the flag-ships of the two nations, and all the representatives of foreign states accompanied his majesty. He is very much worried and watched, among them all, apparently. As yet, there is no certain sign of Hawaian annexation, any more than on the side of Cuba, or of Russian Sitka. The European powers seem to have made up their minds on that subject. As regards that Russian slice of America which we have been looking to, both England and France have agreed with Russia (this is stated by the governor of the Hudson Bay Company) that the Czar's possessions there shall not be molested! In all things we have a coalition against us, inimical to the growth of our power.

BRITISH PROVINCES.

The Queen of England and the President of the United States have ratified the Reciprocity treaty between the states and the colonies; and, on 23d September, the Canadian legislature accepted it. By royal prerogative, the freedom of the St. Lawrence and a partnership in the fisheries have been granted to our citizens; and the Canadian parliament has passed an act, giving our citizens right to purchase lands in the queen's provinces to the extent of 400 acres each; and many have availed themselves of this privilege. At the same time the British Secretary of State has intimated his intention of doing away with all the imperial custom-houses of British America—a remarkable change.

A Tory ministry, under the premiership of Sir Allan McNab, has succeeded the ministry of Mr. Hincks; but this will not check the progress of liberal measures in Canada. Lord Elgin is about to resign his office of Governor General of the British Provinces.

The people of Nova Scotia, finding their fisheries handed over, by royal prerogative, to the participation of our citizens, have a general but indistinct sense of grievance, and say the only sensible way of acting and rectifying themselves, would be to become a portion of our federation at once. A rational discontent.

THE OLD WORLD.

THE WAR.—The latest attempt of the temporizing German powers, has been rejected in his usual uncomplaining style by the imperious Nicholas. He is on the Pruth to be sure; but not on his marrow-bones. On 10th and 13th of August they sent their respective documents and demands to St. Petersburg, and on 1st September they had their answer. He would not consent that the bygone treaties with the Porte should be wiped out. He would not consent to give up his protectorate of the Danubian principalities, nor the supremacy of the Black Sea. No doubt these things would be vast sacrifices, and the Czar must be reduced very low indeed before he would consent to make null and void the hereditary policy of his dynasty, and cause the history of Russia to retrograde half a century. He will certainly stand on his imperial right and surrender none of it. The London Times speaks of the result of the German diplomacy with sarcastic impatience. It refuses to inflict on its readers the mass of documents bearing upon it, and winds up by declaring that all has failed; "the notes of Austria and the exhortations and prayers of Prussia are flung in their faces." This is a correct description of the Czar's way of carrying on his diplomacy. Such, just now is the state of that central machinery on which hang all the movements of all the armaments. Austria does not think she ought to go to war with Russia for the refusal, and Prussia makes no sign of saying any thing, pro or con.

But Austrian troops have entered the principalities at four points: Rothenthurm, Prediala, Botra and Bistria. Omar Pasha, with his army, reduced to 18,000 men, was in Bucharest on 23d of August. English and French gun-boats keep the mouths of the Danube free. On the 4th of September, the expedition of the allies sailed from Varna, for the Crimea, carrying 25,000 English and 35,000 French land forces, and 20,000 Turkish and Egyptian soldiers, provided with all the military means of battle and bombardment, attack and defense. The fleet was manned by over 20,000 seamen, and the entire presented the most powerful armament that ever floated on the Euxine, or, indeed, any other sea. Prince Menschikoff awaited them within the formidable walls of Sebastapol, defended by its strong garrison, and supported by an intrenched camp of 60,000 men. The Czar stood firm, and a levy of one man for every thousand was taking place throughout the western part of the empire.

The history of the grand Baltic armament under Sir Charles Napier and Baraguay d'Hilliers, is one of contemptible failure. The allies, whose expedition had threatened the chief fortresses of the Czar in the Gulf of Finland with destruction, took a couple of forts on the little island of Aland, and then ceased altogether. They went home. But they first offered the Aland Islands to Sweden, who refused to take such a paltry and perilous gift, and when, by repeated solicitations they could not oblige her to accept them, they blew up the fortifications and left them. In the beginning of September, all the French troops were on their return in French and English vessels. Cholera came down along with them, and the soldiers were put into hospitals at Kiel, Friedrichsort, and other places. The whole squadron of Parseval Dechene, 45 ships were to meet and cast anchor at Cherbourg in the beginning of October; and 36,000 men were to disembark at the same time to take up their quarters on the shore. Most of the British ships were also returning, and Admiral Napier had expressed a wish to resign his command.

In Asia matters continued pretty much as they were, except that Guyon, the European soldier, had been made commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces. The latter had suffered a defeat at Kars; but the mountain-Sultan, Schamyl, had made a charge down upon Tiflis, capital of Georgia, ravaging two hundred villages in his way; and the Russians hastily evacuated Bayazid, and marched to protect their central positions, leaving the Ottoman territory free. It is reported that Persia has turned against the Porte.

SPAIN.

In Spain, Espartero and his ministry have been doing all in their power to repress the spirit of republican revolution. They refused to bring Queen Christina to trial, the vehement request of the men of the clubs and barricaders, and permitted her to quit Madrid on 28th of August with her husband, Rianzares, and her five children, and proceed under escort on the road to Portugal. Espartero has put down the clubs of Madrid, and the juntas of the Provinces, and labored hard to fix the allegiance of the army and the priesthood round the throne of Isabella. But though the friends of order and monarchy were congratulating each other on the prospects of quiet times, the country was in a feverish and troubled condition; the disarming of the clubs and dissolution of the juntas having greatly exasperated and increased the number of the discontented. Orense, Marquis Albaida, the acknowledged head of the Republican party, has fled from Madrid, and lies in concealment, carrying on those secret operations, which will soon betray themselves in outbreaks all over the nation. It is stated with confidence that republicanism has been organized every where, and that the friends of Democracy only bide their time to rise in arms. Our ambassador, Mr. Soule, has been very much mixed up with

these insurgent proceedings, and he had left Madrid to take up his residence a little nearer to the frontier. He was invited to attend a dinner given by the journalists to Espartero and his new ministry, but would not go. The government organs denounced him severely for his adhesion to the party of the republic, and his participation in their proceedings, declaring that he ran away from Madrid to avoid the consequences of his secret hostility to the existing order of things. Mr. Boule, in reply to these charges, wrote to the *Diario Espanol* an indignant letter, in which he declared his respect for the people, and stigmatized the wretches who flatter and deceive them. There is no doubt that Mr. Boule is the friend of Albaida, and the republicans, and there is as little doubt that the latter are about to agitate Spain in an unprecedented manner. But they will have the Queen and her ministers, the priesthood, and the Carlist Pretender against them—formidable odds.

FRANCE.

In France the discontent and servitude of the people is in some sort mitigated by the pomp and circumstance of war, reports of the real, and the mimicry of reviews and sham fights. The Hippodrome of Paris, and the grand siege of Silistra, is to the populace of that city, what the old fights and shows of the amphitheatres were to the Romans. Louis Napoleon, having formed a strong camp of 100,000 men at Boulogne, received in that place the visits of the Kings of Belgium and Portugal, and the Prince Consort of England. The receptions took place during the first week of September, and that of Prince Albert was extremely cordial. The emperor pledged the health of Queen Victoria, and the prince, in reply, hoped to see the French Emperor soon in England, to receive the hospitality of the Queen and the nation. A grand sham fight of a spirited nature was conducted by the emperor and his generals, with the highest intrepidity and eclat. The emperor returned to Paris on 15th September, and a loan of four hundred millions francs was proposed. These pageantries could not be exhibited for nothing.

POLAND.

It is stated that the Czar Nicholas, dreading the results of a war in the centre of Europe, in which the Poles would be invited by the Western Allies to break out in rebellion against him, has expressed a design of establishing the Kingdom of Poland, under the government of one of his sons. Be that as it may, Prince Czartoryski, now a resident of Paris, addressed a letter to his countrymen, in the middle of September, warning them that their independence may possibly be at hand, but imploring them not to be deceived by the promises of the Czar. This manifesto, put forth, of course, with the consent of Louis Napoleon, shows that should the war continue, the policy of France, and also of England would be to separate Poland from the dominions of the Czar. The Poles, to be sure, can have little reliance on any of those despots, one way or the other; but these facts indicate the possibility of one more rising on their part, should the Czar refuse to come to terms.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

The Chinese rebellion proceeds at the same slow rate. Nothing decisive is as yet done in the north. But Canton was in a state of alarm, expecting an attack by the rebel forces, under Ho-tuk, a chief of the Triad Society. The Americans, English, and other Europeans were prepared to put their valuables on board the ships of their respective countries, at a moment's notice, and our war-steamer John Hancock, along with some British ships, had turned their broadsides to the shore. The Imperialists in the town were well prepared for resistance, and it was expected that

the terrible proceedings of Shanghai were about to be repeated in Canton. Commander Ringgold was at Hong Kong, co-operating with the English war-vessels in their attempts to put down the pirates infesting that part of the world.

The news of American diplomacy in China is more interesting and significant than that of the war, with which, however, it is intimately identified. On 21st of May, Mr. McLane, the U. S. commissioner to China, proceeded in the Susquehanna war-steamer up the river Yangtze Keang, accompanied by the tender Confucius, for the purpose of holding an interview with the Imperialist Viceroy of Keang-nan, at Keunshan, and also visiting the rebel chiefs at Nankin. Moving up the river to Silver Island, where he expected to meet the viceroy, Mr. McLane was told he could not see him there, but should on the return of the vessels. The expedition then proceeded toward Ching-Keang-foo, a city held by the rebels, where a shot was fired across the bows of the Susquehanna, from the shore. Lieutenant Duer went ashore, accompanied by officers and missionaries, and obliged the sullen and reluctant Wo, commander-in-chief of the station, to apologise for the shot, and promise that the American flag should be respected. The rebels, it must be observed, have no cordial feeling toward Americans, seeing that we rather lean to the powers that be, as yet. The steamer then lay off Kusanow, till permission should arrive for its further advance to Nankin. It was brought by an officer, and on 27th May the ships anchored before the capital of the Taeping Wang. Mr. McLane sent on shore his demand for an interview; but was obliged to send Lieut. Duer and others after it, to oblige the people at the city gates to forward it. At last, by showing themselves peremptory, the Americans had their message carried to the interior city, where the Pretender dwells, surrounded by his five Wangs or Kings—the North, the South, the East, the West, and the Central. On 30th an answer to the message was sent back. If the American envoy would knock his head on the matting before the Taeping-Wang, offer presents of gold and silver, and the homage customary in such cases, he should have the interview. The angry commissioner said he would never do such homage to men in rebellion against the emperor, with whom the Americans were in alliance; and so ended the negotiation. The ships went up the river sixty miles further, to show their independence of Taeping, and then ran rapidly down to Silver Island. But the Imperialists were as shy as the rebels. The Viceroy did not come to the interview. He sent to say he would meet the commissioner at Hang Chow—which probably tempted the disappointed official to make a ferocious pun at his expense. Every thing seems to show that the poor Chinese, by their intestine commotions and massacres are only offering the Americans, English, and other foreigners the favorable opportunity of putting down both, and possessing all the sea-ports of the monarchy.

After the signing of the late treaty with Japan, Commodore Perry prepared to leave; but before he went he wished to have a view of Yeddo, and steamed from Yokohama accordingly in the direction of the capital—telling the Mandarins he merely wished to give the emperor a naval salute. Those officers, however, opposed this strenuously, and when they were not listened to, solemnly declared they would use their swords to destroy themselves by the *hari kari*, and the interpreters should and would do the same. Not willing to have them kill themselves on his decks, the commodore turned back, and then proceeded to inspect the newly-conceded harbors. On 17th of April he visited the bay of Bameda, and on 6th May proceeded to Hokodade in Matsumay, which they reached on the 11th. This is a large and commodious harbor—an excellent place of resort for whalers. On 21st of May Commodore Perry called for Shanghai, and arrived there on 13th of June.

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Review of New Books.

Shakspeare's Scholar: Being Historical and Critical Studies of his Text, Characters, and Commentators, with an Examination of Mr. Collier's Folio of 1632. By Richard Grant White, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

This handsome volume, one of the most elegant in point of mechanical execution ever issued in the country, has a great advantage over most works of the kind, in being eminently readable. Mr. White has happily interspersed expositions of Shakspeare's characters, and tributes to prominent actors, and truculent comments on some of Shakspeare's commentators, with his strictly textual criticisms. The reader who once commits himself to the company of Mr. White, soon finds that he is no Dry-as-dust, but a live companion, full of brilliancy and geniality, as well as judgment and erudition. He is, likewise, a critic after the approved modern fashion, more anxious to interpret than to controvert, more desirous of exhibiting his author than of making an exhibition of himself. He also has a feeling that it is sacrilege to alter Shakspeare's text, under the pretence of improving it; and he is accordingly brought into especial antagonism to Mr. Collier, whom he belabors with a discriminating and intelligent remorselessness, which every orthodox lover of Shakspeare must applaud. Collier is a literary squire, who has been seduced into literary red-republicanism; and it must be confessed that he has contrived to combine the faults of both extremes in a way beyond the powers of any man but a proser turned iconoclast, or a bore suddenly infected with the genius of desperation.

The Historical Sketch of the Text of Shakspeare, is perhaps the ablest portion of the work, and we commend it to all readers of Shakspeare as a valuable guide to accurate judgments on the various editors of Shakspeare. The oracular infelicities of criticism of some of these dignified meddlers with the text—the audacious corrections and alterations of others, who, as Campbell said of Cibber, “Left their vermin in the sacred precincts of Shakspeare”—are sharply and clearly exposed; and Mr. White's own statement of the principles which should guide an editor of Shakspeare, and to which, in his own explanations of dark and difficult passages, he has rigidly conformed, is admirable. In his long arraignment of Mr. Collier's celebrated “Corrected Folio,” there is not one charge which we should feel disposed to soften, viz: that it possesses in itself no authority, and that consequently its proposed emendations must be judged by their intrinsic worth; that the corrector did not feel the poetry of Shakspeare, did not take his wit, and did violate his dramatic propriety; that his corrections were made in disregard of the context; that they were not made until after the Restoration, when Shakspeare's contemporaries had passed away, and emendation must have been conjectural; that the corrector disregarded the tastes and customs of Shakspeare's day, and sought to make Shakspeare's text conform to the tastes and customs of his own day; that he made changes in the text merely because he could not understand it; that he blundered in making his corrections, was obliged to erase them and substitute others, which could not have been the case if he had had “authority;” that the corrections which

would best sustain his claim to authority, have been made by the conjectures of others, and some of them by mediocre minds; that of 1103 proposed changes in the text of the folio of 1632, at least 1013 are entirely inadmissible into the original text, 173 are already a part of the received text, leaving but 117, a little more than one-twelfth of the entire number, from which future editors may carefully select emendations; that it is highly probable that correctors of two or three generations labored upon the volume; that there are other existing folios, similar in every respect to this, and confessedly entitled to no confidence; and finally, that this folio is filled with errors of all the various kinds committed by editors and commentators, of every grade of capacity and incapacity, during the last hundred and fifty years; and that it contains a large number of the specific mutilations perpetrated by them, and adds to those more than have heretofore been attempted by all the mutilators of the text combined. This is a heavy list of charges to make against a book which has been received by many readers of Shakspeare as an authoritative collection of textual corrections, but it seems to us that Mr. White not only makes out his case, but might have made even a stronger one, had he chosen.

This able introduction is followed by notes and comments on the various plays, extending to about four hundred pages. They are the result of a life's study of Shakspeare, and will be read with delight by all students of the great dramatist. The guiding principle of the writer was not “to decide what Shakspeare might have written, or what he could have written, or to seek the interpretation of his thoughts from those who proclaim themselves his prophets, but to learn from him what he did write, and to study to understand that in the submissive yet still inquiring spirit with which a neophyte listens to the teachings of a reverend and no less beloved master.” Many of the suggestions and corrections of Mr. White are singularly able, original, and just. Others are ingenious, but questionable. In some rare instances he offends the taste and associations of readers of Shakspeare, by explanations, that are strained and “from the purpose” of the poet. His great offense in this regard is one suggestion in his remarks on the Merchant of Venice, which we forbear to name. In respect to his expositions of Shakspeare's characters, we can go along very well with him, leaving out his depreciation of Isabella, in Measure for Measure. His tribute to Imogen has all the fervor of a lover, with more than a lover's discrimination. It is, perhaps, the noblest, most beautiful, and most eloquent passage in the whole work.

In conclusion, we would cordially advise all intelligent readers of Shakspeare to obtain Mr. White's book. While it will repay the most thoughtful perusal, the most hasty and superficial reader will never find it dull. Especially will every man who has toiled through the mass of English commentators on Shakspeare, welcome a critic who has a fine and deep sense of Shakspeare's genius, who has studied the various processes of his amazing imagination, and who depends as much on his trained capacity in interpretative criticism, to pierce the clouds of Shakspeare's dark and verbally confused passages, as on his antiquarian lore.

Firmilian. A "Spasmodic" Tragedy. By J. Percy Jones. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

"I am not arrogant enough," says Mr. J. Percy Jones, in his modest preface to this high-pressure tragedy, "to assert that this is the finest poem which the age has produced; but I shall feel very much obliged to any gentleman who can make me acquainted with a better." And indeed it would be difficult, admitting the author's theory of the purpose and the materials of poetry, to find its match, much less its superior. The spasmodic and desperate school of poets must survey his triumphant success in realizing the wildest ideal of their explosive imaginations, with mingled admiration and despair.

"Firmilian" is the production of Professor Aytoun, the present editor of Blackwood's Magazine, better known by his skill in parody than by his original "Lays." It is especially designed as a satire on Alexander Smith's "Life Drama," though it does not confine its ridicule to him alone. That eminent critic, Mr. George Gilfillan, whose magazine articles have so long guided the literary judgments of Great Britain and Ireland, comes in for his share of the writer's scorn, being represented under the name of Apollodorus. Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, and others, are likewise touched with no gentle finger. Like all elaborate attempts at quizzing, it is carried occasionally too far, but the general strain of its ludicrous caricature of the "convulsives" of literature, is as wholesome as it is ingenious and forcible. The following soliloquy of Firmilian, expressive of his incapacity to realize through crime a sense of remorse sufficiently keen to enable him to depict the remorse of Cain, is a fair hit at the bombast, bravado and weak word-piling, which are now sometimes passed off as sublime poetry.

"Alas! I fear
I have mista'en my bent! What's Cain to me,
Or I to Cain? I cannot realize
His wild sensations—it were madness then
For me to persevere. Some other bard
With weaker nerves and fainter heart than mine
Must gird him to the task. 'Tis not for me
To shrine that page of history in song,
And utter such tremendous cadences,
That the mere babe who hears them at the breast,
Sans comprehension, or the power of thought,
Shall be an idiot to its dying hour!
I deemed my verse would make pale Hecate's orb
Grow wan and dark; and into ashes change
The radiant star dust of the milky-way.
I deemed that pestilence, disease, and death,
Would follow every strophe—for the power
Of a true poet, prophet as he is,
Should rack creation!"

Ruskin appears in the play under the name of "The Graduate," and his artistic disgust at the architecture of churches, is mistaken by the Inquisition for heresy, and he is condemned to the stake. Aytoun, of course, feels his full share of the rage excited in Edinburgh, by Ruskin's late lectures on "Architecture and Painting," which the style of building in that city is so vehemently and violently assailed. The following extract describes the graduate's conduct previous to his martyrdom:—

"SECOND GENTLEMAN.

"When he reached the pile,
He craved permission of the Inquisitor
To say a word or two. That being granted,
He turned him straightway to the raging crowd,
Which, at his gesture, stilled itself awhile,
And spoke in parables.

"FIRST GENTLEMAN.

"How mean you, sir?
Did he confess his guilt?"

"SECOND GENTLEMAN.

"In faith, not he!
His speech was worse than any commination.
He cursed the city, and he cursed the church;

He cursed the houses, and he cursed their stones.
He cursed, in short, in such miraculous wise,
That nothing was exempted from his ban.
Then, sir, indeed the people's wrath was roused,
And a whole storm of cats came tumbling in,
Combined with baser missiles. I was fain,
Not wishing to be wholly singular,
To add my contribution to the rest.
Yet he cursed on, till the familiars gagged him—
Bound him unto the stake, and so he died."

This, of course, does not do justice to the eloquence or the reason of Ruskin's curses. The good people of Edinburgh, who had been so long puffed for the beauty of their city, will never forgive the Graduate of Oxford, for the wounds he has inflicted on their pride. After the Inquisitors have burned him, Carlyle is brought forward to undergo a similar fate:—

"There was a fellow, too, an Anabaptist,
Or something of the sort, from the Low Countries;
Rejoicing in the name of Teufelsdrückh.

* * *

Six times the Inquisition held debate
Upon his tenets, and vouchsafed him speech,
Whereof he largely did avail himself.
But they could coin no meaning from his words,
Further than this, that he most earnestly
Denounced all systems, human and divine.
And so, because the weaker sort of men
Are oft misled by babbling, as the bees
Hive at the clash of cymbals, it was deemed
A duty to remove him. He, too, spoke,
But never in your life, sir, did you hear
Such hideous jargon! The distracting screech
Of wagon-wheel ungreased, was music to it;
And as for meaning, wiser heads than mine
Could find no trace of it. 'Twas a tirade
About fire-horses, jütuns, wind-bags, owls,
Choctaws, and horse-hair, shams, and flunkielism,
Unwisdoms, tithes, and unverbatimies.
Faith, when I heard him railing in crank terms,
And dislocating language in his howl
At Phantasm-Captains, Hair-and-leather Popes,
Terrestrial Law-words, Lords, and Law-bringers,—
I almost wished the Graduate back again:
His style of cursing had some flavor in 't;
The other's was most tedious."

We cordially commend "Firmilian" to all lovers of broad and riotous humor, even if they have not read Alexander Smith, the poet most remorselessly quizzed in it. We can almost conceive that bard himself as enjoying some of its parodies on his sublimities.

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Captain Canot; or Twenty Years of an African Slaver: Being an Account of His Career and Adventures on the Coast, in the Interior, on Shipboard, and in the West Indies. Written out and Edited, from the Captain's Journals, Memoranda, and Conversations. By Brantz Mayer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Nothing has been written on Africa and the African Slave Trade, which equals in interest and information this autobiography of Captain Canot—a man, combining, as the editor remarks, "The astuteness of Fouché, with the dexterity of Gil Blas," and who describes the villainous things he does or sees with a graphic sincerity to which we know no parallel in literature. The narrative not merely arrests attention, it fascinates it. The volume is full of scenes represented with such closeness to reality, that we seem to witness them rather than read of them. It would be easy to quote many passages relating to the Captain's special profession, which would interest our readers, but we have been particularly struck with one adventure recorded in the book, which has no relation to the biographer's usual experience. It seems that when a mere boy, he was at Leghorn with his uncle, who was connected with a commercial house in that port, who were bankers to Lord Byron. The latter, while inspecting some boxes which had arrived from Greece, borrowed of Canot his silver pencil, and after making a memorandum, paused as if lost in thought, and, in a fit of abstraction, put the pencil in his

pocket. As this was the boy's "first silver possession," he was determined to reclaim it, and accordingly called at the poet's villa, early the next morning, and, after considerable difficulty, was admitted into the poet's room. The conclusion of the adventure we give in his own words:—

"Byron was still in bed. Every body has heard of his peevishness when disturbed, or intruded on. He demanded my business in a petulant and offensive tone. I replied respectfully, that on the preceding day I loaned him a silver pencil—strongly emphasizing and repeating the word *silver*—which, I was grieved to say, he forgot to return. Byron reflected a moment, and then declared he had restored it to me on the spot. I mildly but firmly denied the fact; while his lordship as sturdily reasserted it. In a short time, we were both in such a passion that Byron commanded me to leave the room. I edged out of the apartment with the slow, defying air of angry boyhood; but when I reached the door, I suddenly turned, and looking at him with all the bitterness I felt for the nation, called him, in French, an 'English hog!' Till then our quarrel had been waged in Italian. Hardly were the words out of my mouth, when his lordship leaped from the bed, and in the scantiest drapery imaginable, seized me by the collar, inflicting such a shaking as I would willingly have exchanged for a tertian ague from the Pontine marshes. The sudden air-bath probably cooled his choler, for, in a few moments, we found ourselves in a pacific explanation about the luckless pencil. Hitherto I had not mentioned my uncle; but the moment I stated the relationship, Byron became pacified, and credited my story. After searching his pockets once more ineffectually for the lost *silver*, he presented me his own *gold* pencil instead, and requested me to say why I cursed him in French.

"My father was a Frenchman, my lord," said I.

"And your mother?"

"She is an Italian, sir."

"Ah! no wonder then you called me an English hog. The hatred runs in the blood; you could not help it."

"After a moment's hesitation, he continued—still pacing the apartment in his night linen—'You don't like the English, do you, my boy?'"

"No," said I, "I don't."

"Why?" continued Byron, quietly.

"Because my father died fighting them," replied I.

"Then, youngster, you have a right to hate them," said the poet, as he put me gently out of the door, and locked it on the inside."

This is certainly one of the most characteristic of all the anecdotes regarding Byron, and it is curious to find it recorded in the biography of a slave captain.

Mosses from an Old Manse. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 2 vols. 16mo.

This is a new edition, carefully revised by the author, of a work published in New York several years ago, and containing some of the ripest products of Hawthorne's mind. The account of the "Old Manse," the stories of the "Birthmark," "Young Goodman Brown," "Rappaccini's Daughter," "Egotism," "The Artist of the Beautiful," "The Christmas Banquet," "Drowne's Wooden Image," "Roger Malvin's Burial," will not soon be forgotten by any readers who have previously made their acquaintance. "P.'s Correspondence," is one of the most ingenious and striking of all Hawthorne's works. "Earth's Holocaust," (which we take pride in saying was originally published in this magazine,) "The Celestial Railroad," and "The Procession of Life," are profoundly philosophical in their meaning and purpose, while the ideas they expound are clothed in forms of equal vividness and simplicity. "Feathertop," and "Passages from an Unpublished Work," are new. The latter is Hawthorne all over—thoroughly steeped in his peculiar sentiment and humor. The publishers have issued the volumes in a shape which makes them agree with their uniform edition of Hawthorne's other works—"The Twice Told Tales," "The Snow Image," "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of Seven Gables," and "The Blithedale Romance," eight volumes in all. We need not say that every American who has the least appreciation of literary art, and who desires to own all the great and original efforts of the American mind in the sphere of romance, should possess a complete edition of Hawthorne.

Popular as this great writer is, and large as has been the circulation of his writings, we still think that if his merits were as widely known as they deserve, he would have ten readers where he now has one. In England his genius seems to be more deeply appreciated than in his own land. There he is considered the foremost man in our literature.

British Poets. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 18mo.

The Boston publishers are pushing on this beautiful edition of the poets with commendable alacrity. Campbell is given in one volume. Sir Thomas Wyatt in one. Surrey in one. Gay in two. Parnell and Tickell in one. These have all been issued since we last noticed the edition. Of Campbell it is unnecessary to speak, for his popularity is co-extensive with the language. The present edition is edited carefully, and contains one poem not included in other editions of his works—a poem chiefly remarkable for the grandeur of one stanza, which stands out in singular contrast to the feebleness of the rest. The poem is on Wallace; and the great passage is this:—

"When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land:
For his lance never shivered on helmet or shield,
And the sword that seemed fit for archangel to wield,
Was light in his terrible hand."

The poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and the Earl of Surrey are prefaced by extended biographies, written by the accomplished American editor of the work. The present are the first American editions of these elderly poets—elderly in respect to time, but with that youth and freshness of genius sparkling in their sentiments and imaginations, which never grow old. Gay, the friend of Pope and Swift, and the cosiest, most delightful, and most genial wit and satirist of his day, occupies two compact volumes. Parnell and Tickell are easily compressed into one. Though necessarily included, in order to make the edition complete, they are far from being poets in any fine sense, and are doubtless excelled by many of our own unsuccessful bards in thought, feeling, and expression. We understand that James Russell Lowell is to edit Wordsworth, and Keats, and the Ballad Poetry of England, for this edition.

A Journey to Central Africa; or, Life and Landscapes from Egypt to the Negro Kingdoms of the White Nile. By Bayard Taylor. With a Map and Illustrations by the author. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1 vol 12mo.

This is Bayard Taylor's most attractive and most instructive prose work, and it has attained a corresponding popularity. It went through twelve editions in a fortnight after its publication. We do not wonder at its success, because it not only gives a vast amount of information regarding countries unfamiliar to ordinary readers, but conveys that information with a clearness and certainty of style which stamps it on the dullest perceptions. From the time he starts from Alexandria, to his arrival at the region of the Shilluk Negroes—through all his voyage up the Nile, and his journey across the desert—he has the power of so realizing the scenery and the life he witnesses, that he transfers his own perceptions and sensations to his readers. But the great charm of the book is the deep, tranquil happiness diffused through it, a happiness which steals its genial way into the mind of the reader. Taylor thoroughly enjoyed his whole journey; accidents and discomforts never seem to have touched his sustained and satisfying cheerfulness, and the "frolic welcome" of Tennyson's Ulysses was given equally to the "thunder and the sunshine" of his experiences. A book so replete with strange scenes and adventures, where every chapter presents a new series of sights and sensations, can be described only by indicating its general spirit. We intended to point out some passages of description, as of peculiar excellence, but on recurring to them, we found they are all related to the stream of the narrative, and the persistent mood of

be writer, and could not be isolated without loss. The book can be appreciated only by those who cordially take in its whole contents, and then it gives the impression of a work of art as well as a book of travels.

Literary Recreations and Miscellanies. By John G. Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

A collection of prose essays, criticisms, and stories, worthy the reputation of Whittier. The same qualities which lend vigor and vividness to his verse are prominent in his prose—intensity of conception, fervor of feeling, audacity and elevation of thought, clearness of arrangement, animation and splendor of style. Every sentence gives evidence of coming from the heart of a man, as well as from the pen of a practised writer, and the thoughts, descriptions, and opinions, even the playfulness and humor indicate a mind which gravitates inevitably to what is noble, and true, and just. There is nothing sickly or spasmodic, even in his occasional extravagances of philanthropic invective. The rage is "noble rage," and has the rush and sweep of a strong northern blast, healthy and exhilarating. There are many essays in the volume which are as deep and delicate in sentiment as others are passionate. "Fear the fierceness of the boy!" sings one of the old poets of Cupid; and probably the alternations of fierceness and tenderness in Whittier's mind, are but different expressions of one predominant feeling of love.

A Defense of "The Eclipse of Faith." By its Author. Boston: Crosby, Nicholas & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume, though especially interesting to the theologian, is not without its attractiveness to the general reader. The style of Professor Rogers in controverting the positions assumed by the rationalists, is very captivating, exhibiting not a little of that wit which has been so often exercised in attacking the Scriptures, and so rarely in their defense. The special object of the volume is to reply to Mr. Newman's "Reply" to the "Eclipse of Faith," and it seems to us triumphant. The chapter on "the moral perfection of Jesus," reprinted from Newman's "Phases of Faith," is also most searching and caustically criticised. Indeed no reader of that chapter can fail to be struck with the want of spiritual perception in Mr. Newman's mind. We doubt if Tom Paine could have blundered so grossly and disgracefully on a subject demanding moral and spiritual discernment.

Notes of a Theological Student. By James Mason Hoppin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Hoppin, unlike other tourists in Europe, does not attempt to give a connected account of his travels, "with matter and impertinency mixed," but publishes only his striking experiences of foreign life. His chapters, accordingly, are full of thought and information, conveyed in a style sometimes hard and abrupt, from its painful endeavors after compression. The most interesting portions of the book are those on the University of Frederic William. The Home of Luther, Schiller's Cottage, German Music, Parnassus, Athens, and the Religion of Islam.

History of Cuba; or, Notes of a Traveler in the Tropics. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

A timely, attractive, and valuable work. Mr. Ballou writes from personal knowledge of Cuba, and what he could not learn from observation, he has mastered by study. Those who desire a clear view of the history, the political and social condition, the productions, the people, and the scenery of Cuba, can obtain it through this volume. Mr. Ballou wields a practised pen, and is equally felicitous in the narration of events, and the description of scenery. The work is illustrated by numerous engravings.

Memorable Women: The Story of their Lives. By Mrs. Newton Cooland. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

A capital book, containing vivid and sympathetic portrayals of the lives and characters of Lady Russell, Madame D'Arblay, Mrs. Pious, Mrs. Hutchinson, Lady Fanshawe, Margaret Fuller, and Lady Hale. The authoress has happily selected her subjects, each being the representative of a different order of character, and each having a peculiar interest of its own. The volume is well written, discriminating, eloquent, and full of matter. Written with an especial reference to feminine readers, the authoress has made it from that very fact, all the more attractive to the other sex.

Hard Times. By Charles Dickens. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This cannot be considered one of Dickens's master-pieces. He evidently was tired himself of his material, and huddled them up to a conclusion long before his original intention. There is more caricature, more repetition, more painful striving after effect, more dullness, and less geniality of sentiment and humor, in this novel than in any of his previous efforts. Yet it contains, with all its faults, enough genius to make a reputation, and it is calculated to impress the reader all the more with the author's great powers, when we consider that his failures would be another man's triumphs.

Chastnut Wood; A Tale. By Lile Linden. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

Lile Linden, the euphonious appellation of this new aspirant for the honors of romance, exhibits considerable talent, especially in the delineation of humorous character. Jerry Goldsmith, the Yankee man-of-all-work, is capitally drawn, and occupies a large space in the novel. The serious characters, especially the rogues and rascals, are not so closely convolved, nor so adequately represented. The story is interesting, though it is not developed with any peculiar felicity. The domestic scenes are by far the best.

History of Pyrrhus. By Jacob Abbott, with Engravings. New York: Harper & Brother. 1 vol. 16mo.

This volume belongs to the series of Mr. Abbott's romantic historical biographies. In the preface to the present work, the author confesses that he does not pretend to give ancient history as it appears after being subjected to the searching tests of modern criticism, but tells the story with all the fabulous and mythical appendages to the actual facts.

Katharine Ashton. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

This novel evinces the characteristic merits of Miss Sewall's works, enforcing through the agency of interesting narrative and attractive characters, the claims of morality and religion.

Life's Lesson. A Tale. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

A moral and religious story of more than average ability, whose purport is sufficiently indicated by its title. It is one of those novels which we cannot help praising for the excellence of their purpose, without being satisfied with their purely intellectual merits.

The Youth of Jefferson, or a Chronicle of College Scrapes at Williamsburg, A.D. 1764. New York: Rodfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

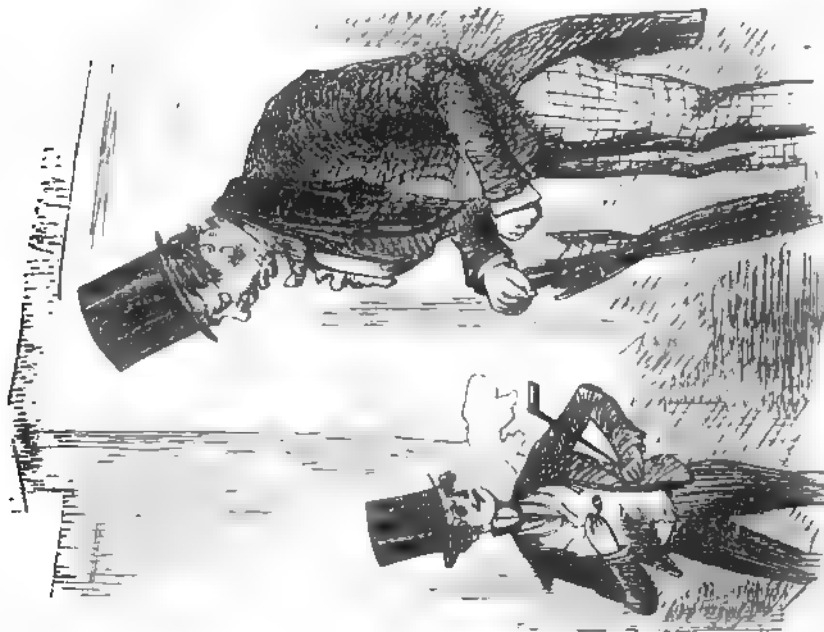
An agreeable little volume, giving, with much graceful ease and ease of style and representation, an idea of Jefferson in his youth, and of the manners of Virginia previous to the Revolution. It well repays perusal.

Original and Selected Comicalities.



11 HANCOCK

1st Little Sock.—"I say, Tom, it's n't that your Go'nor jestat pathed?"
 2d Ditto.—"Yes, I b'lieve it was: but I've often told him if he would wear that hat, I could n't recognize him in public!"



"Well, Master Charles, where does your Family live now?"
 Master Charles.—"Why, you do n't mean to say you think I've got a Family, do you?"



THE KID.

Well! Good bye, Uncle! I've enjoyed myself very much in the Country; and if you will run up to London at any time, I'll show you a little more!



Fashions for the Month.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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NO. 6.

[Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1854, by J. T. HEADLEY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States in and for the Southern District of New York.]

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

(Continued from page 424.)

CHAPTER X.

Lafayette at Barron Hill—The Oath of Allegiance taken by the Officers—Strange conduct of Lee—Evacuation of Philadelphia—Determination of Washington—Battle of Monmouth and conduct of Lee—Arrival of the French Fleet—Attack on New York Planned—Failure of the Attempt against Newport, and Displeasure of the French Commander—Massacre of Baylor's Dragoons and American Troops at Egg Harbor—Destitute condition of the Army, and Opinions of Washington as to the result of it—The Army in Winter Quarters—Miserable condition of Congress—Sickness of Lafayette—Washington consults with Congress on the Plan of the Summer Campaign—Resolves to act solely against the Indians—Sullivan's Expedition—Taking of Stony and Verplanck's Points—Governor Tryon's Foray—Successful attack of Wayne on Stony Point—Lossing's Accusations refuted—Wretched state of the Currency—Washington's Indignation against Speculators—Count Vergennes' views of Washington—Suffering of the Troops in Winter Quarters at Morristown—The Life Guard—Death of the Spanish Agent—Washington partakes of the Communion in a Presbyterian Church—National Bankruptcy threatened—Arrival of Lafayette with the news of a large French Force having sailed—Noble Conduct of the Ladies of Philadelphia, and of Robert Morris, in Supplying the Soldiers with Clothing.

THERE was much truth in the reply of Dr. Franklin, when told that Howe had taken Philadelphia, "Say, rather, that Philadelphia has taken General Howe." He had lost more than three thousand men in the attempt to reach the city, and having accomplished nothing toward the real conquest of the country, was now about to march back again. He had, in fact, been to this amazing expense, loss of soldiers, and labor, to get into quarters which he could have obtained quite as well in New York.

In the mean time, Washington, in order to restrain the depredations of the British foraging parties, which were of almost daily occurrence, and to watch more narrowly the movements of Howe, sent forward Lafayette, with about two thousand men, who took post on Barren Hill, nine or ten miles from Valley Forge. This hill was across the Schuylkill, and furnished an advantageous position. A Tory Quaker, however, at whose house Lafayette had, at first, taken up his head-quarters, informed Howe of the state of affairs, who immediately sent out five thousand troops to seize him. The plan was to pass along the banks of the Schuylkill, between Lafayette and the river, and while two detachments held the only two fords he could cross in his retreat to camp, a third, constituting the main body, should advance to the attack. This plan was well laid, and promised complete success. Lafayette was taken by surprise, and nearly surrounded before he was aware of the presence of the enemy. Only one ford lay open to him, and the column advancing to occupy it was nearer to it than he. Yet it was his last desperate resource. The road he took ran behind a forest, and was invisible to the enemy. Along this he hurried his troops, while, at the same time, he sent across the interval between him and the enemy, heads of columns, which, showing themselves through the woods, caused Grant, the British commander, to halt and prepare for an attack. This produced a delay which enabled Lafayette to reach the ford first, and cross it in safety, while his baffled pursuers returned cha-

grined and mortified, to Philadelphia. Washington, who had been informed in some way of this movement, hurried forward, but as he rose a hill, he saw that he was too late. The woods and shores between him and Lafayette seemed alive with the red-coats, and the long line of gleaming bayonets that almost surrounded the American detachment, left scarcely a hope for its deliverance. Washington was exceedingly agitated. It was Lafayette's first essay at a separate command, and he would feel the failure of his favorite boy-general more than of his own. Besides, he could ill afford to lose two thousand men, in his present condition. He watched every movement with his glass, and, at last, to his inexpressible joy and astonishment, saw Lafayette lead his swiftly-marching columns up to the ford and across it, in safety. The intensest excitement prevailed in camp. The danger, indeed the almost certain overthrow, of Lafayette, had been communicated to the army, and Washington had ordered it to stand to arms, and when the former again entered Valley Forge in safety, those occupying it made it shake with their exultant shouts.

A short time before the breaking up of the camp at Valley Forge, Washington, by the direction of Congress, administered the oath of allegiance to the officers of the army. The form of this oath was printed on a slip of paper, with blanks to be filled with the name and rank of the officer, to which he affixed his signature. Washington administered it to the chief officers, and Stirling, Greene and Knox to the others. To expedite the ceremony, several took the oath together. As Washington was reading it to the leading generals at the same time, Lee, who had been exchanged for Prescott, taken at Newport, suddenly withdrew his hand; ~~and~~ quickly replacing it, he again withdrew it. Washington paused and inquired what he meant by his hesitation. Lee replied, "As to King George, I am ready enough to absolve myself from all allegiance to him, but I have some scruples about the Prince of Wales." A roar of laughter, in which Washington himself could not help joining, followed this extraordinary exhibition of conscience.

Howe, having completed his preparations for evacuating Philadelphia, secretly and silently stole out of the city before daylight, on the 18th of June, and commenced his inland march for New York. Washington, anticipating this movement, had dispatched Maxwell's brigade to New Jersey, to coöperate with General Dickinson, commanding the militia of the state, in retarding the enemy. The news at length arriving of the actual departure of the British, he immediately

ordered Arnold, still lame from the wound received at Saratoga, to occupy the city with a small detachment, while Wayne and Lee, at the head of two divisions, were directed to push rapidly across the Delaware and seize the first strong position found on the further bank. Washington, with the remainder of the troops, followed, and in six days the whole army encamped at Hopewell, five miles from Princeton. He had previously, however, sent off Morgan to hang with his six hundred riflemen on the enemy's right flank. General Scott, with fifteen hundred picked men, and Cadwallader, in command of the Jersey militia and Pennsylvania volunteers, were afterward added and directed to concentrate rapidly on the left flank and rear.

In the meantime the motley host composing the British army, was pressing slowly forward. With its long train of baggage-wagons, horses and artillery, it stretched twelve miles along the road. The apparently interminable line was nearly half the day in passing a given point, and presented a singular spectacle, with its mixture of regulars and loyalists, the whole terminating in a disorderly, boisterous, immense crowd of camp-followers.

Washington had previously called a council of war, to determine whether it was best to hazard a general engagement. The decision was against it, and embarrassed him much, for it was clearly his wish to bring on a decisive battle. In this he was seconded strongly by Greene, Lafayette, Steuben, Wayne, Duportail, and Patterson. There is but little doubt that from the first he had determined to attack Lord Howe, for after this council he asked no one's advice, but proceeded on his own responsibility to take such measures as would make an engagement inevitable. Wayne was directed to join the divisions already pressing the enemy while all the advance parties, numbering nearly four thousand men, were put under Lafayette, and ordered to gain the left flank. Howe had designed to march directly to Brunswick, and there embark for New York, but finding Washington in front, and not wishing, encumbered as he was, to give battle, he turned off at Allentown, and took the road leading to Monmouth Court-House and Sandy Hook. At the latter place he expected to get his troops and baggage aboard of the ships. But finding, as he approached the court-house, that the American army was steadily closing on him, he ordered the whole baggage-train to move to the front, and selecting a strong position, flanked by woods and swamps, halted. Knowing that the gallant young Lafayette, in executing the orders given him, would inevitably bring on a battle. Washington took measures to sustain him with

the entire army, left under his own immediate command. At this juncture, Lee, whose rank entitled him to the command of the advance, but who had yielded it to Lafayette in disgust, because Washington paid no attention to his advice, now asked to be reinstated. Embarrassed by this inconsistent conduct, Washington, however, concluded to send him forward with two additional brigades to the aid of Lafayette, the whole to be under his own command, but with orders not to interfere with any plans which the latter had already set on foot. He, at the same time, wrote to Lafayette, explaining the unpleasant position into which this eccentric conduct of Lee had thrown him, and expressed the confidence that he would waive his right, and thus relieve him from it. It was well that the American commander had such a noble, self-sacrificing heart to appeal to, or there would have been a serious quarrel here on the very eve of an engagement. The next morning, at five o'clock, Washington, some six miles distant, was aroused by the news that the British army had recommenced its march. He immediately dispatched an aid to Lee with the orders to attack the enemy, "*unless there should be very powerful reasons to the contrary.*" With any other commander but Lee, this would have brought on an immediate battle. Washington expected this to be the result, and immediately ordered the troops to march to his support. The 28th of June was one of the hottest, sultriest days of the year. It was also the Sabbath day, but the fierce mustering was not to the sanctuary, nor the sounds that broke over the fields the sweet call of the church-bell to quiet worshipers.

At early dawn Lee, in carrying out his orders, began to close on the enemy. Soon after word was brought him that the whole British army was preparing to attack his division. Spurring with his staff along a causeway across a swamp, he galloped up a height beyond, on which Dickinson had drawn up his troops, and surveyed the field of battle. He could not ascertain from the conflicting reports, whether the rumor was true or false. In the mean time, Lafayette, observing a false movement of a portion of the British army, hastened to Lee and asked if a successful attack could not be made there at once. "Sir," replied the latter, "you do not know British soldiers. We cannot stand against them. We shall certainly be driven back at first, and must be cautious." The fiery Frenchman did not hold British valor in such high estimation, and replied that they *had* been beaten, and presumed could be beaten again. At all events he would like to make the trial. It was now perfectly evident to him that Lee did not intend to carry out Wash-

ington's orders, and seeing at that moment an aid from the latter gallop up, to obtain information, he told him aside, to say to the general that his *immediate presence on the spot was of the utmost importance.* In the meantime, Scott and Maxwell were moving forward in beautiful order toward the right of the enemy. Lafayette had wheeled his column, and was pressing steadily toward the left, while Wayne was descending like a torrent from the heights. Lee was apparently about to second this movement, when he saw the whole British army wheel about and march back on the Middletown road, as if to fall on him in one overwhelming attack. The whole sandy plain which, like that of Marengo, seemed made on purpose for a battle-field, was filled with marching columns, and echoed to the sound of stirring music and shouts of men. In the distance streamed the long line of baggage wagons, while nearer by, the glittering columns fell one after another into the order of battle, the rattling cavalry hurried forward with the blast of trumpets, and to Lee's distempered vision, he was about to be overwhelmed, while a deep morass in his rear cut off all retreat. He, therefore, immediately dispatched his aids to the different corps, with orders to fall back over the causeway, to the heights of Freehold beyond. Lafayette, stung with rage, slowly and reluctantly obeyed, while Wayne, astounded at the sudden order, could with difficulty extricate himself from the position in which he was left. The whole army at length repassed the morass, but Lee neglected to occupy the advantageous heights of Freehold, and continued to retreat, followed by the shouting, taunting enemy. He did not even announce his retreat to Washington, and thus prepare him for an event so disastrous as the collision of one-half of the army in disorderly flight, with the other half, must inevitably prove. Early in the morning when about commencing the attack, he had dispatched a message to the commander-in-chief, briefly explaining his plans and promising success. On the reception of this, Washington ordered Greene to march to the right of Lee, and support his flank, while he himself pressed on directly in rear. Although it was early in the morning the heat was intense. Not a breath of air stirred the still foliage, and the round, fiery orb of day seemed to roll up a brazen sky. Washington foreseeing how severely the troops would suffer from the heat, ordered them to throw away their knapsacks and blankets. Many went still farther, and stripped off their coats also, and marched in their shirt-sleeves. It was a terrible day, the thermometer stood at ninety-six in the shade, while the deep sand through which the panting soldiers struggled,

gave still greater intensity to the heat, and hence increased immensely the pangs of thirst. But the scattered firing in front had been heard, and the army pressed forward with shouts. Washington, ignorant of Lee's retreat, had dismounted where two roads met, and stood watching his marching columns, when a countryman dashed into his presence and announced that Lee was in full and disorderly retreat. His countenance instantly grew dark as wrath, and with a burst of indignation he sprang into the saddle, and burying the rowels in his steed, parted from the spot like a bolt from heaven. A cloud of dust alone told the course of the fiery and indignant chieftain. Meeting the head of the first retreating column, he flung a hasty inquiry to Osgood, the commander, as to the cause of this retreat, who replied with an oath, "Sir, we are *fleeing from a shadow*," and then dashed on to the rear, and reined up with a sudden jerk beside Lee. Leaning over his saddle-bow, his face fairly blazing with concentrated passion, he demanded, in a voice of thunder, the meaning of this disorderly retreat. Stung by the overwhelming rebuke, Lee retorted angrily.* But it was no time to settle differences, and wheeling his horse, Washington spurred up to Oswald's and Stewart's regiments, and exclaimed—"On you I depend to check this pursuit." He then galloped along the ranks, and roused the enthusiasm of the soldiers to the highest pitch, till the glorious shout of "*Long live Washington*," rose over the din of battle and drowned the loud huzzas of the enemy. Never, even while heading a charge, did Washington's personal appearance and conduct inspire his troops with such wild enthusiasm. Under the sudden excitement into which he had been thrown, and the extreme heat combined, that colorless face which so rarely gave any indication of the fires within, was now suffused, and two bright red spots burned on either cheek, while his blue eyes fairly gleamed, and seemed to emit fire. His reeking horse was flecked with foam as he dashed hither and thither, and wherever his voice reached, men stood still. The troops gazed on him with astonishment, and even Lafayette forgot for a moment the peril of the army, in admiration of his appearance, declaring afterward that he thought him the handsomest man he had ever beheld. In a few moments the whole appearance of the field was changed—the disorderly flying mass halted. Order sprung out

* Mr. Sparks informed me that he once asked Lafayette at La Grange, what the language of Washington to Lee really was. Lafayette replied, that although standing near to both at the time, he could not tell. It was not the words but the manner that struck so deeply. No one had ever seen Washington so terribly excited—his countenance was frightful.

of confusion, and under the galling fire of the enemy's guns, the ranks wheeled and formed in perfect order. Having thus established a firm front to the enemy, Washington rode back to Lee, and exclaimed—"Will you, sir, command in that place?" "Yes," replied the latter. "*Well, then, I expect you to check the enemy immediately.*" "*Your orders shall be obeyed,*" retorted the enraged commander; "*and I will not be the first to leave the field.*" The conflict then became close and severe, and Washington, trusting to the steadiness of the troops, hurried back to bring up his own division.

Lee had now the main army on his hands, which pressed against him with resistless power. The artillery played on his exposed ranks, while to the sound of bugles the English light-horse charged furiously on his left. Yung Hamilton watched with a beating heart the bursting storm, and fearing that Lee would again retreat, crossed the field on a furious gallop, and with his hat off, his hair streaming in the wind, pressed straight for the spot where he stood, and reining up beside him, exclaimed in that noble enthusiasm which that day pervading all hearts saved the army, "*I will stay with you, my dear general, and die with you. Let us all die here rather than retreat.*" Grand and glorious words, spoken there in the din of battle, amid the whistling balls, and worthy of the hero who uttered them. Lee struggled nobly against the overwhelming numbers that pressed on him, but was at length forced back.* So stubbornly, however, did the Americans dispute every inch of ground, that when they retired from the woods the opposing ranks were intermingled. Half that gallantry two hours before would have given a glorious victory. As it was, Lee succeeded in effecting a safe retreat.

At this critical moment Washington arrived with the other division, which came up on almost a trot, and panting with thirst and heat. Hastily ordering up Greene on the right, and Stirling on the left, he himself led the centre full on the enemy. Stirling brought up Lieutenant Carrington's artillery on a full gallop, and unlimbering

* It was during this part of the battle that an Irishman, while serving his gun, was shot down. His wife, named Molly, only twenty-two years of age, employed herself, while he loaded and fired his piece, in bringing water from a spring near by. While returning with a supply she saw him fall, and heard the officer in command order the gun to be taken to the rear. She immediately ran forward, seized the rammer, declaring she would avenge his death. She fought her piece like a hero to the last. The next morning, Greene, who had been struck with her bravery, presented her to Washington, who immediately promoted her to a sergeant, and afterward had her name put on the half-pay list for life. Previous to this she fired the last gun when the Americans were driven from Fort Montgomery.

them with astonishing rapidity, opened a terrible fire on the advancing columns. Lee rode up to Washington, saying coldly, "Sir, here are my troops; how is it your pleasure I should dispose of them?" Between the exhausting heat and their fierce conflict, they were completely beaten out, and Washington ordered them to the rear of Englishtown, while he led on the battle with the fresh troops. The victorious enemy, pressing eagerly after Lee, came suddenly on the second line now formed and, flushed with success, bore steadily down on the centre. But here was Washington, around whom the troops gathered with invincible resolution and dauntless hearts, while Wayne, from a hill crowned by an orchard, rained a tempest of balls on the advancing columns. Hurling back by the steady volleys, the latter then moved almost simultaneously against the right and left flanks of the Americans, but were immediately scourged back by Knox's heavy guns and the fierce fire of Stirling's battery. All this time Wayne kept firing with such deadly precision on the British centre that every attempt to charge proved abortive. Again and again the royal grenadiers moved forward in splendid order, and with a resolute aspect, but were as often compelled to retire from the close range of the American fire. Col. Monckton, their leader, saw at once that no progress could be made till Wayne was driven from that orchard, and riding along the ranks of his brave grenadiers, aroused their courage by his stirring appeals. He then formed them in a solid column, and shouted "*forward!*" Moving swiftly forward at the charge step, but with the regularity and steadiness of a single wave, they swept up the slope. Wayne, the moment he detected the movement, ordered his men to reserve their fire till the column came within close range, and then aim at the officers. The grenadiers kept steadily on till they arrived within a few rods of the silent Americans, when Monckton waving his sword over his head shouted, "*CHARGE!*" At the same moment the order "*Fire,*" ran along the ranks of Wayne. A deadly volley followed, and nearly every British officer bit the dust, and among them the gallant Monckton. A close, fierce struggle, ensued over his dead body, but the Americans finally bore it off in triumph. Wayne now bore steadily down on the centre, while the shouts of his excited troops were heard in the intervals of the heavy explosions of artillery as they bore the strong battalions fiercely back. Their march was like the step of fate, and they crowded the astonished enemy to the head of the causeway, and across it into the woods beyond.

All this time Morgan with his brave riflemen lay at Richmond Mills, only three miles from

Monmouth Court-House, waiting for orders. This iron-hearted commander, a host in himself, had his men drawn up in marching order, and as the heavy and constant explosions of cannon rolled by, followed by the sharp rattle of musketry, he paced backward and forward in the road, a prey to the most intense excitement. His eager eye sought in vain to catch the form of a swift rider, bearing the order to move forward. All day long he chafed like an imprisoned lion, yet, strange to say, his existence seemed to have been forgotten in the sudden excitement and danger that followed Lee's mad retreat. Had he been allowed to fall with his fresh troops on the British rear, he would have broken them to pieces.

The scorching Sabbath day was now drawing to a close, and as the blood-red sun sunk in the west, the whole British army retreated, and took up a strong position on the spot occupied by Lee in the morning. Woods and swamps were on either side, while the only causeway over which troops could approach was swept by heavy batteries. Washington rode up and scrutinized the position long and anxiously. His strong frame had been tasked to the utmost, and as he sat on his exhausted steed and cast his eye over his gallant army, he saw that heat and thirst had waged a more terrible conflict with them than the balls of the enemy. On every side arose the most piteous cries for water, and the well were hardly able to carry the wounded to the rear, while scores lay dead amid the sand untouched by the foe. The battle seemed over for the night, but Washington, stung and mortified at the unpardonable errors and consequent misfortunes of the day, determined to rest with nothing short of a complete victory. He, therefore, brought up the two brigades of Poor and Woodford, and ordered them to force their way through the woods to the right and left flanks of the enemy, while he hurried the heavy cannon of Knox to the front. In a few minutes the heavy batteries on both sides opened, and it flamed and thundered there over the causeway. But the two brigades found so many obstacles obstructing the way and delaying their progress, that night came on before they could reach their posts. The attack was then abandoned; the bugles sounded the recall of the advance parties, the heavy firing ceased, and nothing but the moans of the wounded and heavy tread of the battalions taking up their position for the night, broke the stillness of the sabbath evening. The fainting army laid down to rest on the heated plain in the full expectation of another battle in the morning. Washington stretched himself in his mantle, and the young Lafayette, feeling deeply for the disappointment

under which he knew him to be suffering, stole quietly to his side. Washington wrapped him affectionately in his mantle, and the two tired heroes slept together under the open sky.

The British commander, however, had no intentions of risking another battle, and so, at midnight, quietly aroused his slumbering army, and hurried away from the spot that had so nearly witnessed his overthrow. The morning drum roused up the American army at dawn, but no answering sound came from the enemy's camp. The moment Washington was informed that they had fled, he sent on officers to ascertain what distance the army had reached. He found it had gained a march of nearly nine miles, and with its long train of baggage-wagons and artillery was streaming swiftly along the road toward Sandy Hook. Feeling that his troops were too exhausted to overtake them, he gave up the pursuit.

The American loss in this battle was in all, killed, wounded and missing, three hundred and fifty-eight; some of the latter, however, afterward re-joined the army. The British left two hundred and fifty on the field. Many they had buried during the night, and a large number of those not badly wounded accompanied the army in its flight, so that their loss was never ascertained. Fifty-nine lay dead without a wound upon their persons. Several hundred took occasion, during this battle and the march, to desert, and returned to Philadelphia and to the sweet-hearts they loved better than their country's service, and others remained in New Jersey, so that the enemy was weakened in all probably not less than two thousand men.

This, though a less bloody one, was one of the most remarkable battles in the Revolution, and fixed the turning point in the history of the army. The rally of the troops while in full retreat, the steady formation of the lines under the blaze of the enemy's guns, and after victorious assaults, were achievements worthy of the most veteran troops. Hamilton, who had been accustomed only to the movements of militia, was filled with admiration at the spectacle, and said he never before knew the value of discipline. From that time on, the regulars relied much on the bayonet, and the British grenadiers saw with amazement themselves beaten with their favorite weapon.

Though justly indignant with Lee for thus robbing him of victory, Washington immediately reinstated him in his old command. Lee, however, was not content with this, and wrote the latter an impertinent letter, to which a cold and curt reply was made. Enraged at this second attack, as he deemed it, on his honor and

character, he wrote a still more insolent letter, which brought down the charge from his commander of being "guilty of a breach of orders, and of misbehavior before the enemy, and in *making an unnecessary, disorderly and shameful retreat.*" Lee's answer to this severe accusation was so insulting that he was immediately placed under arrest. His after trial and suspension from the army are well known.

The army being recruited, Washington moved by easy marches to the Hudson, and crossing at King's Ferry, encamped near White Plains. In the meantime he had heard of the arrival on the coast of the French fleet, composed of twelve ships of the line and four frigates, under Count de Estaing. He immediately dispatched a letter of congratulation by his aid, Colonel Laurens, to the count. Soon after, on being informed that the fleet had reached Sandy Hook, he sent Colonel Hamilton to consult with him on the best course to pursue. It was at first hoped that a combined attack, by sea and land, could be made on New York, but the pilots reporting that it would be impossible to take the heavy ships over the bar, the enterprise was abandoned. Philadelphia being evacuated, there seemed now no direction in which the fleet and army could coöperate except Rhode Island. There was a garrison of six or seven thousand British at Newport, and it was therefore resolved that Sullivan should proceed thither with five thousand men, followed by Lafayette with two brigades, while the vessels would proceed by sea. But the delay caused by the want of troops, proved disastrous to the expedition. Sullivan, however, succeeded at length in gathering an army of ten thousand men, and proceeded to besiege the place, while the French fleet came steadily up the channel, past the English batteries. Every thing now promised an easy victory, when the fleet of Lord Howe was seen hovering in the distance. D'Estaing immediately put to sea to engage it. But a violent storm suddenly arose, disabling both fleets, and compelling the English vessels to return to New York for repairs, while those of the French came limping back to Newport. Sullivan's hopes again revived, but the French admiral, deaf to all appeals, would not coöperate with him, declaring his orders were, in case of any damage to repair to Boston and refit. Sullivan, enraged at what he considered pusillanimous conduct, sent the count a fierce remonstrance. This only made matters worse, and the fleet took its departure for Boston, and the enterprise was abandoned. The ill will caused by this protest annoyed Washington exceedingly, and he took unwearied pains to heal the breach that had been made. He wrote to Lafayette to act as mediator, saying,

"Let me beseech you to afford a healing hand to the wound that has been unintentionally made. America esteems your virtues and your services, and admires the principles on which you act. Your countrymen in our army look up to you as their pattern. The count and his officers consider you as a man high in rank, and high in estimation here, and also in France, and I, your friend, have no doubt but you will use your utmost endeavors to restore harmony, that the honor, glory, and mutual interest of the two nations may be promoted and cemented in the firmest manner." Lafayette needed no greater stimulus to action than the wishes of Washington, and put forth unwearied efforts till harmony was restored.

There being a suspicion that the British might plan an expedition to the east, for the purpose of attacking the French fleet, and perhaps Boston, Washington took post at Fredericksburg, near the Connecticut line, and commenced repairing the roads as far as Hartford, so that the army could march without impediment. Gates was sent, also, to take command at Boston, in place of Heath. This almost entire withdrawal of the troops east of the Hudson, left the smaller detachments which remained on the other side, much exposed, and provoked the attacks of the British. One party fell on Major Baylor's dragoons located near Tappan, surprising and massacring them without mercy. A similar attempt was made on Pulaski's legion, stationed at Egg Harbor, where privateers were being fitted out, and, through the villany of a deserter, met with like success.

For four months the army lay comparatively idle, waiting the further movements of the British. In the meantime Washington became very solicitous about the future. The want of funds in the treasury, together with the high price of food and clothing, seemed to threaten greater evils than mere physical exposure and suffering. The officers could not live on their pay, and Congress was without means to raise it, while discontent and loud complaints pervaded the army. In a letter to Gouverneur Morris, replying to certain inquiries, he says—"Can we carry on the war much longer? Certainly not unless some measures can be devised, and speedily, to restore the credit of our currency, restrain extortion, and punish forestallers. Unless these can be effected, what funds can stand the present expenses of the army? And what officer can bear the weight of prices that every necessary article is now got to? A rat in the shape of a horse is not to be bought at this time for less than two hundred pounds, nor a saddle under thirty or forty; boots twenty, and shoes, and other articles

in proportion. How is it possible, therefore, for officers to stand this without an increase of pay? And how is it possible to advance their pay when flour is selling at different places from five to fifteen pounds per hundred weight; hay from ten to thirty pounds per ton, and beef and other essentials in this proportion." It was plain that this state of things could not last. The officers, wholly unable to meet their necessary expenses, would inevitably become bankrupt.

During this summer a project was set on foot for the invasion of Canada by the allied armies, assisted by the fleet, but it met with Washington's decided opposition, and was finally abandoned.

Autumn closed without any expedition of importance being undertaken, and the army retired to winter quarters. The artillery was taken to Pluckemin, while the troops stretched in a line of cantonments from Long Island Sound to the Delaware. Head-quarters were at Middlebrook, where were stationed, also, seven brigades. One brigade was at Elizabethtown, another near Smith's Close to act as a reinforcement in case of need, to West Point; and one at West Point. There were, also, two brigades at the Continental village, situated between West Point and Fishkill, and three near Danbury, Connecticut. Thus the enemy in New York were confined to a small space for action, while our troops, by reaching over so large a territory, could more easily obtain forage. Putnam was at Danbury, and McDougall in the Highlands, while Lincoln was sent to take command at Charleston, to repel any attack the British might make on it during the winter. Of the four regiments of cavalry, one was in each of the states of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut.

The vexed question of exchange of prisoners again came up, and Washington was much annoyed at the difficulties thrown in the way of its final adjustment. But the greatest cause of distress and anxiety was the contemptible condition to which Congress was reduced. During the whole year it averaged not more than thirty members. Says Sparks: "Whole states were frequently unrepresented; and, indeed, it was seldom that every state was so fully represented as to entitle it to a vote." But although so feeble in numbers, it was still feebler in intellect. There were but few even second-rate men among the members. Still its feebleness both in numbers and intellect, was not the worst features it exhibited. It had descended to a mere political arena, where private jealousies, and party feuds fought their battles, reckless alike of the great struggle without, or the welfare of the country, except so far as they affected their selfish ends.

Perhaps it is not to be regretted that its journals were destroyed, and the history of our country saved from so great a blemish. The views and feelings of Washington on the subject, are exhibited in a letter to Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia. In that he declared without hesitation, that he thought the separate states should "*compel their ablest men to attend Congress.*" He said they were too busy with their individual concerns, but if the whole government should continue to be mismanaged, they, too, would "sink in the general wreck which will carry with it the remorse of thinking that we are lost by our own folly and negligence." "The public," he said, "believed that the states at this time are badly represented, and that the great and important concerns of the nation are horribly conducted, for want either of abilities or application in the members, or through the discord and party views of some individuals." It was plain that without some change in the administration of the national affairs the revolution, with all its momentous interests, must end in utter failure.

While Washington remained at head-quarters, Lafayette arrived at Fishkill, on his way to Boston, previous to embarking for France. Here he fell sick. His journey from Philadelphia, in the midst of severe storms, had brought on an inflammatory fever, which carried him to the verge of the grave. His life was despaired of, and the whole army was in mourning. Washington immediately repaired to his bedside, and watched over him with the solicitude and fondness of a father. The young marquis was deeply affected by this attention, and carried the remembrance of it with gratitude and affection to his grave.

The army being well hutted, and things comparatively quiet, Washington proceeded to Philadelphia, to consult with Congress on the best means to be adopted. He proposed three plans. First, to operate against the enemy on the sea-coast. The second to attack Niagara, and the British forces in that region, and the third to remain entirely on the defensive against the British, and act only against the Indians, who had grown bold by their impunity. The latter was resolved upon as giving repose to the country, and at the same time permitting a retrenchment in the expenses of the war, and restoring the currency, which was now in a shocking condition. The evils growing out of an army unemployed, and also of such a tacit confession of weakness, Washington thought would be overbalanced by the relief from military exaction, and by the fact that the alliance with France, and the threatened war of Spain with England would tend more to secure the acknowledgement of our independence, than victories. If he had consulted personal ambition,

he would not have consented to idleness, which is always dangerous to a commander's reputation.

Having completed his arrangements with Congress, he returned to Middlebrook. The army was consequently reduced, and more attention paid to its discipline, which was entrusted to Steuben. In the mean time the expedition resolved upon against the Indians, was set on foot. The Six Nations, with the exception of the Oneidas, and a few of the Mohawks, had joined the English, and assisted by the Tories, kept the New York frontiers drenched in blood. The tragedies which were enacted at Cherry Valley and Wyoming, with all their heart-sickening details and bloody passages, were fresh in the recollection of every one. The Six Nations were spread along the Susquehannah, and around our inland lakes, extending as far as the Genesee Flats. The plan adopted by Washington was, to have Sullivan, with three thousand men, start from Wyoming, and advance up the Susquehannah, while General James Clinton, with one brigade, should ascend the Mohawk, and form a junction with the former wherever he should direct. Sullivan left Wyoming the last day of July, and did not return till the middle of October. He traversed the solitudes as far as Genesee river, burning and laying waste the towns and villages, and rich fields of grain; moving like a devastating scourge over the land, and inflicting a punishment on the Indian tribes, which they never forgot.

While Sullivan's army was thus feeling its way through the wilderness, Sir Henry Clinton, with a large body of troops ascended the Hudson, for the purpose of attacking Verplanck's Point, and Stony Point, standing opposite each other, and, if possible, force his way through the Highlands. But Washington, being apprised of his designs, hurried off couriers to the different brigades in New Jersey, and soon their tread along the banks of the Hudson convinced Clinton that it would be a desperate undertaking to attempt to force the strong passes above, while so well guarded. He, however, took possession of the two points, which were feebly manned, and leaving strong garrisons in each, returned to New York. Washington then removed his head-quarters to New Windsor, a few miles above the gorge of the Highlands, and looking directly on West Point, while his army swarmed the forest-clad shores on either side, watching with anxious care this gateway of the state.

Having thus drawn the forces under Washington into the Highlands, Clinton made a sudden incursion into Connecticut, hoping to tempt him thither also, where a more open country would make a battle less hazardous. Governor Tryon,

with two thousand men, sailed up Long Island Sound, and plundered New Haven. He then returned to Fairfield and Norwalk, and burnt them to the ground. No public stores were at either of these places, and the whole expedition was simply to pillage and to burn the dwellings of peaceful citizens. It was the unexpected irruption of a band of robbers, and the atrocities committed inflicted a lasting disgrace on the name of Tryon, and covered Sir Henry Clinton with infamy. The attempt to entice Washington away from his stronghold proved abortive. It, however, broke up his plan of not acting on the offensive, and he determined to strike a blow which, while it inflicted a severe chastisement on the enemy, should at the same time hush the complaints against his inaction. This blow was no less than the recapture of Stony and Verplanck's Points, with all their stores and armaments. It was his purpose at first to assail them both the same night, but this he afterward abandoned, and concluded only to make a feint on the garrison at the latter place, to distract it from the attack on the former. To prevent misarrangement, through want of information, he carefully reconnoitered the place himself, and directed Major Henry Lee, who commanded a body of cavalry in the neighborhood, to ascertain accurately the condition of the fortress, and strength of the garrison. This being done, he called no council of war, consulted none of his officers, but having fixed on Wayne as the proper person to take charge of the hazardous enterprise, sent for him, and explained to him his plans. Wayne at first seemed doubtful of success, but was ready to attempt any thing on Washington's request. To prevent any information of the project reaching the enemy, Washington communicated it to no one but Wayne, and one member of his family. The night before the attack, however, he sent for Colonel Rufus Putnam, and took him into the secret, because he wished him to make the false attack on Verplanck's Point.

Stony Point was considered almost impregnable to any storming party, it being washed on two sides by the Hudson, while on the other lay a morass which was overflowed at high water. Besides these natural defenses, a double row of abatis surrounded the hill, the whole surmounted by the fortress, itself garrisoned by six hundred men, and bristling with cannon. Washington, fully aware of the peril of the undertaking, drafted every officer and soldier himself, and a more splendid body of men never moved unflinchingly up to the cannon's mouth.

On the night of the 15th of July, Wayne set out with his command, and at eleven o'clock reached the morass which he found covered with

two feet of water. The word "halt" then passed in a whisper down the line, and the whole stood to their arms while he and some of the officers reconnoitered. It was resolved to make the attack in two columns, and on both sides at once. Every musket of the advance parties was unloaded, and at the word forward, they, with shouldered pieces, plunged into the water, and pushed swiftly forward. The sentinels on watch immediately gave the alarm, the shout of "to arms!" "to arms!" and roll of drums rang along the heights, and in a moment that lofty rock was in a blaze, and raining a fiery deluge on Wayne's columns. But nothing could shake their steady courage. Through the iron sleet, over their own dead, over the abatis and up the steep acclivity, they pressed sternly on, the only sound heard in their otherwise silent ranks being the high and ringing order "forward," "forward," of the officers. Their tread was like the march of destiny, and bearing down every obstacle, both columns entered the fort together, and as they met, the shout of victory rose wildly to the midnight heavens. It was gallantly, gloriously done. Wayne had a narrow escape. A musket-ball grazed the top of his head and brought him to his knees. "*March on,*" he shouted, "*carry me into the fort. I will die at the head of my column.*" Next sunrise the morning gun was fired by an American hand, and carried consternation to the English ships below. The land rung with acclamations. Wayne was overwhelmed with compliments, and his name was in every one's mouth. It was the most brilliant exploit during the war, and would have covered the veterans of a hundred battles with glory. *

* Mr. Lossing though indebted, in his "Field Book of the Revolution," to my "Washington and his Generals," has not referred to the work from first to last, except in the following note, appended to his account of the storming of Stony Point. "Mr. Headley, in his 'Washington and his Generals,' vol. I, 326, has the following paragraph: 'The water around them was driven into spray by the grape-shot and balls that fell in an incessant shower, while the hissing, bursting shells, traversing the air in every direction, added inconceivable terror to the scene.' From a personal examination of the ground, I know that not a single shot, unless accidentally interrupted in its progress, could have touched the water of the morass from the elevated works, and in none of the official accounts of the assault and defense, have I seen any mention of a bomb-shell being thrown. Indeed, there was nothing against which to hurl those murderous missiles, except the innocent hills in the rear, for the assailants were at the verge of the works before the garrison was aroused. Historic truth is greatly injured by thus allowing the imagination to put its high-wrought creations in the place of facts, and a coloring of justice is thereby given to the sweeping assertion of Byron, who said, 'All history is but a splendid fiction.' The fanciful rhetorician should always be subservient to the plain historian, when recording facts." Here are two distinct allegations. First, that I stated a falsehood in asserting that the balls smote "the waters of the morass." Second,

Washington went up to the fortress after the capture and examined it. Finding that it would require too many men to hold it against the force which the enemy could bring against it, by means of their fleet, he ordered the works to be destroyed. Lee's subsequent daring and successful attack at Paulus Hook, with his dismounted dragoons, was a repetition of the affair at Stony Point, and added fresh laurels to those which already adorned that noble officer's head. With these brilliant exceptions, the army under Washington remained for the most part quiet. He employed this season of comparative inaction in corresponding with Congress, and other distinguished men, on the affairs of the country, especially on the state of the currency. Congress continued to issue its worthless paper to such an extent, that by the following spring two hundred millions of dollars were found to be afloat, and not one redeemable. So low had this paper depreciated, that forty dollars of it, at that time, was equivalent to only one dollar in coin. This state of the currency was ruinous to every class of inhabitants, but on none did it fall so heavily as the soldiers and officers. As money sunk prices rose, and the officers were compelled to pay double for every thing, so that many resigned to escape beggary. "It was no uncommon thing to give a month's pay for a

that, in his opinion not a "bomb-shell" was "thrown." I will not stop to speak of the absurdity of a man destitute of military knowledge attempting to state what the guns of certain works commanded, more than seventy years after they have been deserted, or of implying that there were no batteries except those within the works proper, or of the more than absurdity of asserting that a commander of a fortress would leave a practicable access to it unswept by artillery, but come directly to the facts in the case. Marshall, in his life of Washington, says, in vol. IV., page 123, "On the summit of this hill (Stony Point) was erected the fort, which was furnished with a sufficient number of pieces of heavy ordnance. Several breastworks and strong batteries were advanced in front of the principal works, and about half way down the hill were two rows of abatis. The batteries commanded the beach and the crossing-place of the marsh, and could rake and enfilade any column which might be advancing from either of these points toward the fort." Yet Mr. Lossing says, "I know, from personal examination, that not a single shot could have touched the waters of the morass," etc. i. e., he knows that Chief Justice Marshall has been guilty of a gross fabrication, or an egregious blunder, in his history. I suppose if the Chief Justice can survive this result of Mr. Lossing's "personal examination," I can.

With regard to the second assertion, that no "bomb-shell" was thrown, I would say that so slight an error as stating that "shells" were thrown with grape-shot would hardly sanction a man in making the grave charge of putting "the high wrought creations" of "the imagination" "in the place of facts." But passing the discourtesy of the thing, look again at the "facts" of the case. In a life of Wayne, "founded on documentary and other evidence, furnished by his son, Colonel Isaac Wayne," Mr. Moore, the editor quotes from a letter of Wayne's as follows: (page 98) "The formidable and double row of abatis, nor the high, strong works in front could damp the ardor of the

breakfast," said Colonel, afterward General, William Hull. He himself gave eleven thousand two hundred and fifty dollars for a chair with a double harness. Added to this, speculators who had funds, would buy up any article which they ascertained would soon be in demand, and thus exhaust the market and then lay their own prices. These things aroused the indignation of Washington, and troubled him exceedingly. He declared that he was not afraid of the enemy's arms, but of this prostrate currency, and utter want of patriotism. He reasoned, he expostulated, he appealed. He plead not only for the living, but for the "unborn millions," whose fate this struggle was to effect. "Shall," he exclaimed, "a few designing men, for their own aggrandizement, and to gratify their own avarice, overset the goodly fabric we have been rearing at the expense of so much time, blood and treasure? And shall we at last become the victims of our own lust of gain? Forbid it—Heaven!" He found, also, cause of annoyance in the unceasing assassin-like attacks of Gates, and the more bold, open and malevolent assaults of Lee, who pursued him with such relentless fury that the name of Washington became the "moon of his madness."

The French minister, Gerard, who accompanied

troops, who, in the face of the most tremendous fire of musketry, and from artillery loaded with shells and grape-shot, forced their way at the point of the bayonet," etc. Again, Mr. Sparks says in his biography of General Wayne, in speaking of the storming of Stony Point, (page 45,) "Neither the morass, now overflowed by the tide, nor the formidable and double row of abatis, nor the high and strong works on the summit of the hill could for a moment damp the ardor or stop the career of the assailants, who, in the face of an incessant fire of musketry, and a shower of shells and grape-shot, forced their way through every obstacle," etc. It appears, from the above quotation, that it is not I, but General Wayne and Mr. Sparks who have "allowed the imagination to put its high-wrought creations in the place of facts." It may be difficult to determine whether such allegations are distinguished most for their modesty or their decorum. Thus much, however, for the value of Mr. Lossing's opinions, and the accuracy of his investigations. Having thus disposed of his accusations against me, it would be very easy to show the absurdity and contradiction of his own account, but I cannot spare the space. I suppose that, in the last sentence, Mr. Lossing means, to say that I am the "fanciful rhetorician who should be subservient to (him) the plain historian." "Ecce signum!" If such sources of information as "Marshall's Life of Washington," "Life of Wayne," and "Hull's Memoirs," have been neglected by Mr. Lossing, no wonder his "Field Book" contains the manifold errors it does. Byron might still adhere to his sweeping assertion. The assumption of grave dignity, and pious regard for the reputation of history exhibited in this paragraph, throws into still stronger relief the absurdity of the accusations. Before Mr. Lossing ventures again on such sweeping, ungentlemanly assertions, he would do well to pause and remember that a historian may possess worse qualities than a "high-wrought imagination."

Count D'Estaing, came to camp this summer and had long consultations with Washington, and formed various plans for the future. His letter to Count Vergennes at this time, shows that he was as much impressed by Washington's presence and greatness of intellect as others. That impalpable influence and grandeur, which it has been found impossible to convey an idea of through language, affected all alike, from the most accomplished noblemen of Europe, to the wild Indian of our own forests.

As winter approached, head-quarters were established at Morristown, and the army, pitching its tents on the southern slope of Kimble's Mountain, commenced building huts. The cavalry was sent to Connecticut, while strong detachments guarded the passes of the Hudson. Clinton finding himself so closely watched, and constantly thwarted in any movements around New York, resolved on an expedition to the South, and at the latter end of December set sail, for Charleston, with seven thousand troops.

Washington, during the winter occupied the house of Widow Ford, to which he in February added two log buildings. In a meadow at a short distance from the dwelling, between forty and fifty huts were erected for the Life Guard, numbering at this time two hundred and fifty. It was in this meadow Pulaski drilled his legion, and performed those daring and extraordinary feats of horsemanship for which he was celebrated. The winter set in excessively cold—nothing like it had ever been experienced in this country. The ice in New York Bay was frozen so solid that heavy artillery and troops crossed from the city to Staten Island. The sufferings of the troops were consequently severe. The snow averaged from four to six feet deep on a level, obstructing the roads and keeping back provisions from camp, so that the half-frozen soldiers would sometimes go a week without meat of any kind, and then again without bread. All through January this half-starved army was protected only by tents, and with nothing but straw between them and the frozen ground, and a single blanket to cover them. Human nature could not bear up against such protracted sufferings, and desertions and plunder of private property became frequent.

Washington, all this time, had not a kitchen to cook his dinner in, although his guards had put up the logs of one for him. His family consisted of eighteen, which, with that of Mrs. Ford, were all crowded together in her kitchen, and scarce one of them able to speak for the colds they had caught." Washington crowded into a kitchen with more than twenty others, for two months, without salary, without reward of any kind, and struggling with a selfish Congress, and compelled

to defend the purity of his motives from the aspersions of those for whose benefit he is laboring, is a study for a patriot.

During this extreme cold weather, Lord Stirling took fifteen hundred men in sleds and crossed the ice at midnight, from Elizabethtown to Staten Island, to surprise the British. The latter had, however, got wind of the expedition, and the troops returned with only a few prisoners, some blankets and stores as trophies. One-third of this detachment had some parts of their persons frozen, and were more or less seriously injured. A sort of partisan warfare was maintained all winter, keeping the camp in a constant state of watchfulness. As an illustration of the duties of the Life Guard, it was their habit during this winter, at the first discharge of guns along the line of sentinels, to rush into Washington's house, barricade the doors, throw up the windows, and stand five to a window, with muskets cocked and brought to a charge. On some mere foolish alarm, Washington's wife and Mrs. Ford would often be compelled to lie shivering within their bed-curtains till the cause of it could be ascertained.

The Chevalier de Luzerne, who had succeeded Gerard as minister, visited Washington in camp, as he had previously done at West Point. The cheerful manner with which he, from the first, accepted the poor fare and miserable accommodations offered him, had won the good-will and respect of both officers and men. Spain having also declared war against England, our prospects grew still brighter, and a Spanish agent, though not an accredited one, named Miralles, accompanied Luzerne to look after the interests of his government in the south. He died at Morristown, and was buried with distinguished honors, Washington and the principal officers appearing as chief mourners. To prevent any one from reopening the grave, to obtain possession of the diamonds and jewels that were buried with him, a guard was placed over it till the body could be taken to Philadelphia for interment.

It was while encamped here that the following incident occurred, illustrating Washington's religious character. On hearing that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be administered in the Presbyterian church, the following Sunday, he called on the pastor, Dr. Jones, and inquired if they allowed the communicants of other churches to unite with them in the service. "Most certainly," replied the doctor, "ours is not a Presbyterian table, but the Lord's table, general, and hence we give the Lord's invitation to all his followers of whatever name." Washington replied that he was glad of it—that so it

should be, and next Sunday was seen seated among the communicants. Unsullied by his camp life, with not a stain on his blade, he could go from the battle-field to the communion-table, as well as to his closet in the wintry forest.

The subject of the exchange of prisoners again coming up, the French minister was very solicitous that Washington should not consent to any but the most favorable terms, urging the double motive that the British government now found it hard to replenish the army from Germany, and needed men badly, and, also, that it was of the utmost importance to insist on a perfect equality in all things, not only for our own sake at home, but from the effect of such a position abroad.

During this winter the finances of the country reached their lowest ebb, and national bankruptcy seemed inevitable. Lotteries for loans, laws making paper a legal tender, and every substitute only plunged the nation into deeper difficulties. Every measure calculated to bring relief was seized on by speculators, to advance their own interests, and thus added to the embarrassment already existing. Washington became so indignant at this villany of "*forestallers*," as he called them, or mere speculators, that in a letter to Read, he said—"I would to God that some of the more atrocious in each state were hung in gibbets upon a gallows four times as high as the one prepared for Haman." The British and loyalists saw the dilemma into which the government had fallen, and increased it by issuing large quantities of forged paper. They felt and said that unless we could obtain a foreign loan, which they did not believe possible, "unless all the moneyed nations had turned fools," we must inevitably go to the wall. No more battles were needed; bankruptcy would finish the rebellion. Washington had all along predicted such a crisis, and now, with other patriots, looked gloomily into that gloomiest of all gulfs in time of war, a bankrupt treasury.

At the beginning of April the army consisted of only ten thousand, four hundred men. This number was soon after still more reduced, by sending off reinforcements to the south, where now was the chief theatre of the war.

To enliven a little the gloom that encompassed the struggle for liberty, Lafayette, the untiring friend and resistless pleader for the American cause, arrived with the cheerful intelligence that the French government had sent six ships-of-the-line, and six thousand troops, which would soon be on our coast. He landed at Boston amid

public rejoicing, but locked up the glad tidings he bore, till he could pour them forth to the man he loved better than his life. The meeting of Washington and Lafayette was like that of a son and father. The eager delight with which the one recounted what he had done, and told of the aid that was approaching, and the deep and affectionate interest with which the other listened, would form a subject for a noble picture. The marquis had obtained the promise of large supplies of clothing, while he had purchased on his own account, a quantity of swords and military equipage for the light-infantry he commanded. In speaking in council one day, of the enthusiasm and impetuosity of Lafayette, the Prime Minister of France, old Count de Maurepas, remarked—"it is fortunate for the king that Lafayette did not take it into his head to strip Versailles of its furniture, to send to his dear Americans, as his majesty would be unable to refuse it." How little the governments of France and Spain dreamed what a train they were laying under their own thrones, when they came to our relief in the struggle for independence. There never has been a more striking illustration of the folly of human scheming, and of the ease with which heaven works out its grand designs, over all earthly mutations, as the ultimate result of our success on the destiny of Europe.

As the summer advanced, the destitution of the troops in the article of clothing became an object of the deepest solicitude. Many of the officers looked like beggars, while the tattered soldiers, most of them, had not a shirt to their backs. Congress being apparently unable to do any thing, private sympathy was invoked. The ladies of Philadelphia, from the highest to the lowest, met together to make garments for the soldiers. Lafayette gave a hundred guineas in the name of his wife. The wife of the French minister six hundred dollars of Continental paper. Like the heroines of old, the women sacrificed their jewelry, and labored as common seamstresses in the noble work. Twenty-two hundred shirts were thus made, each bearing the name of the maker. A ship-load of military stores and clothing, belonging to Robert Morris, arriving about this time, this noble financier immediately made a present of the whole to the army. Such flashes of light shot through the gloom, keeping alive the faith, and love, and courage of those on whose shoulders the Revolution rested.

[To be continued.]

GOSSIP ABOUT OLD LETTERS AND OLD TIMES.

BY AN IDLER.

And from the crypts of Time draw freshly out
The portraiture of forms that sleep in dust,
And bid the words they spake have voice once more. DRUMMOND.

OLD times are always interesting. People are in the habit of calling them "the good old times;" and though correct argument can show they had not so much good in them, after all, the fancy will still have its way, and still look back, as one looks to a sunset, or on the haze which spiritualizes the brown woodlands of autumn. There is something in this idea of things that have been and are no more, which goes beyond all philosophy—a pathos in the past which no one can reason down. Poetry has an especial stronghold in the past; and the general idea respecting it is that those old times were more genial and unsophisticated—had "more heart," as the Hon. Mrs. Skewton says—had braver men, truer lovers, more beautiful women, than our own degenerate day can boast, and banqueted on redder wine, stronger ale, and larger sirloins than anybody knows any thing about at present. This is, in a great measure, the reason why old memories are such pleasant reading, and it fully justifies the curious enthusiasms of the antiquaries, and those who love their disquisitions. We have been just glancing over a collection of old English letters, edited by Mr. Lodge, Norry King-at-Arms, the great herald, and referring to the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James, sovereigns of England. These letters have rather a dry look, and, though the books containing them were published sixteen years ago, and have been part of the contents of one of our Mercantile Libraries, we have been obliged to use the paper-cutter in reading along—always a miserable vexatious necessity. These uninviting volumes, nevertheless, contain a good many curious and entertaining things; and some of the latter, following the advice of the excellent Captain Cuttle, we have made a note of. We need not insist on the fact that such domestic and epistolary scraps of our ancient literature contain a good deal of information, valuable to the philosopher and the historian, and indispensable to the latter, if he means to perform his task fully and fairly. They are also of interest to the general reader, giving him a private and authentic view of a state of society which is misrepresented

in the usual run of romantic narratives, and overlooked nearly altogether in history—the history of dynasties, revolutions, battles, and so forth—and the more interesting, of course, when they concern his own ancestry, or his own language. It is also pleasant to estimate, from the manners and ideas of one's precursors, what progress the world has been making, materially or morally.

In this book of the gentle Norroy King-at-Arms, there are several plates of engraved autographs, after the signatures of kings, queens, lords, and ladies. And such odd autographs! None of the masculine scrawls can be made out, so ridiculously uncouth are they, and so amazingly unlike what they purport to be; while, remarkably enough, the hand-writing of the ladies is generally decypherable, and, in many cases, very good. The most distinct of the female names are those of "Marye the Quene," and the sister name of "Elizabeth R."—the latter drawn out and flourished with wonderful freedom and boldness, as if done in face of the Pope's Bull, and the Invincible Armada! The women, indeed, in those times, traced some strong lines, and played some strong parts. In the business of housewifery, and the management of their families, they possessed more influence and character then, we suspect, than any of our bold bloomers will exhibit for a very long time. They would keep their husband's accounts, and look after his tenants, his rents, and his lessees; they had a knowledge of herbs and simples, and some excellent ideas of medicine and the general laws of health. Every gentlewoman had her receipt-book for cookery and cures, and those in the higher stations, with more leisure on their hands, were in the habit of making records of household and other events, which generally took the form of journals. The Paston Letters, another famous collection of epistles, show how the ladies of three or four hundred years ago used to manage the estates of their families, and discuss the gravest political crises alternately with the fashion of their cloaks and girdles, and the contents of their cupboards. In one of these letters,

under the date of 1492, we have a notice of Mary Cavendish, Countess of Salop—a terrible-minded woman. She has fallen out, from some dire cause or other, with Sir Thomas Stanhope, and sends him a furious message by her man, Williamson, who is to deliver it to him, in the middle of his own hall. And this was the message:—"Though you be more wretched, vile, and miserable than any creature living, etc., yet that she be contented that all the plagues and miseries that may befall any man may light upon such a caitiff as you are! Your life hath been so bad you will be damned perpetually in hell-fire; with many other opprobrious and shameful words which cannot be remembered, as the bearer would deliver it but once." Poor fellow! he probably thought that *once* too much; and he must have winced a good deal in that strange place, while delivering the *pronunciamento* of that noble vixen.

From an army order, bearing date 1513, and enumerating bows, arrows, arquebuses, carriages, gunpowder, pellets of lead, falcons of brass, saltpetre, etc., we perceive that artillery was then regularly employed in war. At that time—the reign of Henry VIII.—the manufacturers of London were greatly excited against the poor Flemish refugees, whom the Spanish governor had driven away from the Netherlands, and who worked better and cheaper than the English tradesmen. These last had the terrible audacity to paste a couple of huge written bills on the gate of St. Paul's Church, and on the door of St. Mary's Convent, in Tower street, declaring that the king was advancing money to those foreigners, who were thereby enabled to injure and starve the English tradesmen. Bluff Harry was thrown into a towering Tudor passion by these impudent "posters," and resolved to discover the rascals who put them up. He, therefore, sent the aldermen of the different wards round the city to make every man who could write, give a specimen of his chirography, and also to seize the account-books of the traders, hoping, by a comparison of the private hand-writing with that of the placards, to find out the seditious villains. A curious and remarkable piece of tyranny. Louis Napoleon could never bring about a *coup d'état* of the kind! We are not informed that King Harry succeeded in this attempt to come at the Know-Nothings of his time. Their hands would, doubtless, tremble and go astray, at a great rate, in writing their names and specimens, and so baffle the "stars"—that is, the men of the star-chamber. In several of these letters, we find Thomas Allen, servant of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and resident in London, writing to his master the news of the court and capital, and accounts of all the purchases made for the earl's household.

In those days, when newspapers were not, and trade was carried on in a poor slovenly way, such men as Allen were necessary to keep the country nobles posted up in the history of the day—act the part of modern "private correspondents" in fact, and also to provide for their employers those household necessities which the country-parts did not produce. Allen, in his letters, mentions that he sends silk and canvas, for hangings and tapestry to soften the rude panel-work, or naked masonry of the houses, goblets, shoes for the earl, forty pounds of currants, a ream of paper, satin from Flanders, (this was one of those articles the king wished to have manufactured in England, by the assistance of the Flemings,) ten pasties of congers, (these eels must have been salted, otherwise they could scarcely be sent in baked condition from London to Sheffield); and, among a variety of other matters, corn measures, ale measures, bread weights, and large quantities of lead, which the Earl of Shrewsbury was in the habit of selling again at a profit, to his neighbors. Perhaps he sold his corn, and his ale in the same way—employed his steward to do it, in a gentlemanly style. Money was very scarce in England at that time, and, as it was necessary to the expenses of the higher orders of the gentry, the merchants were, in a great measure, but the factors of the noblemen. Shrewsbury, Burleigh, (the queen's great minister,) and others, exported lead in their own ships, and the Earl of Leicester had a great portion of his property engaged in the Muscovy trade, then recently opened. The greater part of those half-trading, half-buccaneering expeditions which harassed the Spaniards in the new world, were fitted out by the gentlemen of England. Thus we perceive in what a great degree the element of commerce has entered the peerage of England—not to speak of later influences. The Talbots, and the rest of them, were as prompt to recognize the necessity and benefits of commerce, as any of our own citizens at present, and to engage in it, too, with a strong money-making zest.

In another of these Norroy letters, we have King Henry asking for a benevolence—that is, a free, customary gift, of four pence in the pound for land, and two pence for movables; and it is amusing to read the directions given to the commissioners sent round to collect the cash. This was always found to be a delicate sort of experiment, even under the Plantagenets and Tudors; and the collectors are here cautioned to treat the people with courtesy, and show them how the king beat the French, and how the country was to be defended if those wicked hereditary enemies come to invade it. A cunning and respectful appeal was to be made to their feelings as

Englishmen; and this was found to be better than bullying—the subsequent plan of the feeble and foolish Stuarts. But, under King Harry, if there was one who would not pay—why, then, he was to be talked to, and let go—with a mark against his name. The thing was to be slurred over, lest the example may have an injurious effect on the collection; which puts one in mind of Dogberry's advice concerning those "vagrom men," who, if they will not stand, in the prince's name, are to be let go about their business. Despot as he was, Henry thought it necessary to manage his Englishmen. Comparing such cautious doings with the deadly machinery of monarchy, in our times, we see how strong despotism has become in these days of electricity and steam-power. Not that King Henry could not show his ill-humor, at times, in the matter of the Benevolence. Alderman Reed, of London, provoked him by the use of language not fit to be ventilated till a succeeding reign; he refused to be benevolent; whereupon he was taken and packed off with a harquebuss on his shoulder, to serve as a trooper on the Scottish Marches. If he would not pay, he should fight. Two long, grave state letters to the Earl of Shrewsbury, suggest that Reed shall be sharply and perilously worked, "to bring down his disobedient stomach." "Finally, you must use him in all things after the sharp military discipline of the Northern wars." To add to his misery, poor Reed was taken prisoner by the Scots. Never was cockney so discomfited. But then comes a considerate letter from the Council, requesting the Earl of Shrewsbury to attempt his ransom. He was ransomed accordingly, and subsequently came home. It is probable the alderman grew more, "benevolent" for the remainder of his life.

We have sufficient proofs in these letters, that the means and appliances of social life were rude and meager even among the nobles of the land, in those good old times of the Tudors. A mechanic, nowadays would not put up with the domestic comforts of the old Talbots and Percies. In 1551, Lord Paget is about to be banished from court, for some roguery in grabbing land estates—a general practice in high society at that time and previously, as the Paston Letters prove. But his lordship calls for mercy, and bemoans his fate in a pitiable manner. He has a dreadful fistula; his wife has a continual *stich* in her side; and if they be sent away into the wild country place where his house is, they must die for want of physicians. Besides, he has no manner of provision in those parts; and, last of all, he says, his house of Barlow is all plucked down, saving two chambers, and his house of Bew-desert,

though it be pretty, is yet so small as, after one month, it will "wax too unsavory for him to continue in, with his wife, children and family, and then he shall have no place to remove to but to some inn." His lordship cried as he said all this! In 1555, a correspondent of the Earl of Shrewsbury, writing from London, says he has no news to tell him, "but that Mr. Latimer and Mr. Ridley are burnt at Oxford, who died in like manner as others heretofore have done." Shrewsbury in this reign was a Catholic. Of Bishop Gardner, who died about this time, it is stated that his bowels were buried at Saint Mary's in Southwark, and his body was carried to Winchester. The practice of embalming people of distinction was general formerly in England. In 1565, we find that Queen Elizabeth did away with the office of royal *henchman*—an attendant more necessary to a king than to a queen. Bishop Percy of the Reliques gives a ridiculous etymology of the term, saying that henchmen were so called from being always at their lord's sides or haunches. *Heinsman* in the German is a houseman or domestic. In 1567 we find the Earl of Sussex transmitting from Vienne a pen and ink portrait of the Archduke Charles, whom, it is said, Elizabeth was disposed to marry. But he would not change his religion, though he liked the British lioness well enough, and she would not marry a Papist. This was perhaps lucky for the Archduke, who, if he had wedded Elizabeth, might have damaged the proverb of his house, which says that Austria *marries happily*. He might have been *blown up*, like Darnley. Elizabeth was never sincere in these marriage treaties; she was resolved not to marry. Without believing what Bayle and others have said about physical hindrances, we can easily understand how, in that treacherous and violent age, she would refuse to let her power be shared by any one, and resolve to be in all things a queen. There was a libeler, at the time of Norfolk's plot, who said she had two children, of whom the Earl of Leicester was the father. She was not very angry about this—only had the fellow fined £100. Perhaps she thought an imputation which implied some strong womanly attractions on her part, was not so very dreadful after all. However this may be, such mild punishment shows that she did not fear those impertinent accusations.

Under date of 1569, we come to the private history of Mary, Queen of Scots, who has passed through the splendors and tempests of her course, and now, after the battle of Langsyde, sits in captivity in the castle of the Earl of Shrewsbury. The letters sent to the earl from the court of Elizabeth, counsel a close watch over his pri-

soner—and with good reason. The former queen has been greatly execrated for her treatment of the latter; but Elizabeth is to be justified, in the measures she adopted for her own preservation. She was all her life the object against which conspiracy discharged its deadliest missiles. She was held to be illegitimate and a heretic—all Catholic Europe was opposed to her—the Pope wrote *Mene Tekel Upharsin* against her crown; while Mary's pretensions, as a descendant of Henry VII, were looked on as far superior to her own. The Queen of Scots was always plotting with foreign potentates and English malcontents to be free—and small blame to her. But Elizabeth was kept in a continual state of anxiety and peril, and bore with plots and conspiracies for a long time. At first, the Queen of Scots had a *menzie*, or *menie*, of thirty persons, (from this old term, *menye*—a train of attendants—we derive the words *menial* and *many*,) in Shrewsbury's castle. Elizabeth soon discovered that the Duke of Norfolk was plotting to liberate and marry the captive. Leicester, too,—O, most cruel ingratitude!—was found to be in correspondence with that too fascinating murderess—for so the Tudor people termed her, as in duty bound to do. Cecil, at the command of Elizabeth, writes, warning Shrewsbury to be cautious. Then we have a complaint from Mary that the earl and his people come into her presence wearing their pistolets. Never mind that, is the advice of Cecil; do what is fit, and let *her* know that her Majesty justifies the precautions of her servants. "Her Majesty," says Cecil, "was *acrased* latterly, but is now amended." *Acrased*, from the French *ecraser*, means depressed or crushed down, and has been changed, with a change of meaning, into *crazy*. Gray uses the term in the old sense, "crazed with care." The word *curst* has undergone something of a similar change. Formerly, a *curst* temper meant a *cross* temper. Shrewsbury writes to Cecil to say he has not had a sufficient allowance of wine. Two tuns of wine in a month is nothing; the Scotch folk drink a good deal, and "it is occupied at times for *her* bathings." He asks, therefore, for a larger allowance, committing Cecil to God. Some of these old letters have—after the customary long superscriptions—the words: "In haste—in haste—for thy life, thy life, life! In haste, haste, haste; for life, life, life, life! Post of——! let this be carried forward instantly." The post-office was rather a vehement and primitive affair in those times. A few years ago people used to write, "In haste," and "immediate," on the backs of their letters.

The Earl of Sussex has gone into the (not yet) classic ground of Hawrick, Branksome, and Gala

Water, demolishing castles, burning houses, and harrying the country, and this rouses the anger of the Queen of Scots. "She exercises her long bow again, with her folks," says Shrewsbury, and he goes on to hope that "other princes will have good care of her and her country both." Then there is a conspiracy to release Mary, and make the Duke of Norfolk king. The latter is seized and sequestered, and brought to make lamenting admission; and so the plot is baffled. Letters in cypher are detected going from Mary to the Duke of Alva. The Stanleys rise in insurrection in Derbyshire. The Regent Murray sends from Scotland to say that a boy goes regularly from Mary at Sheffield to the commander of her Castle of Edinburg, which still holds out for her, and carries letters to and fro in the seams of his coat. At the same time, Mary is protesting against her imprisonment, and the Catholic princes of Europe are beginning to argue the matter. No wonder Queen Bess should sometimes feel *acrased*, among them all! In 1572, Shrewsbury is opposed to the idea of removing his prisoner from her present sojourn, "unless it were for five or six days, to cleanse her chamber, it being kept very uncleanly." This gives a very uncomfortable idea of Mary's accommodations. They were of a very rude and narrow sort, apparently. The earl says, "Now she is mostly quiet, saving she mislikes she cannot go into the field upon horseback, which I trust the queen's majesty will not assent to, unless she minds to set her at liberty." Mary's attendants are now reduced to sixteen. In another letter, the earl says she is much offended with his restraining her from walking beyond the castle; but for all her anger, he will not allow her to pass one of the gates without her majesty's express permission. The earl is just such another jailer as Sir Hudson Lowe was, in latter times, at St. Helena.

Queen Elizabeth is now ill, of the small-pox, and the Earl of Shrewsbury writes to Cecil a letter full of dutiful apprehension about it, and begs for one line under her own hand, to reassure him. The queen accordingly sends him a letter to raise his spirits. She tells him she has been ill of the aforesaid disease, but says, "after two or three days it so vanished away as, within four or five days past, no token almost appeared; and at this day we thank God we are so free from any token or mark of any such disease that none can conjecture any such thing." No indeed. He must be rather a desperate courtier who would go conjecturing in *that* direction—who could look in her face and say he saw a mark, or any thing of the kind! In a postscript to her letter she comes again to this delicate point, and adds

"My faithful Shrewsbury, let no grief touch your heart, for fear of my disease, for I assure you if my credit (that is, belief in her assertion) were not greater than my show, there is no beholder who would believe I ever had been touched with such a malady." Is not that the brave Queen Elizabeth all over! What a strange, curious mixture of womanly vanity and masculine courage—now dancing or playing the virginals, in the presence or hearing of the Scottish ambassador, and comparing her brownish curls with the raven hair of her beautiful rival—and now riding down the shouting line at Tilbury, with a face very like her father's, her big ruff bristling angrily about her neck, and a manful Ferrara blade held up in her hand! In her frailties and her fortitudes, she was a very extraordinary woman. In February, 1572, the Earl of Shrewsbury sends one Avery Keller, suspected of being a conjurer, to the Privy Council. He says this Keller seemed, at first, an innocent fellow; but, being sharply imprisoned, he confessed he brought certain books of art to one Revell, who had people practicing from them at his house, and one of them a priest. This last indicated some danger in the wind. Keller confessed he conjured for hidden money, and for secret places to hide in—also touching the state of the realm. The earl thinks he can get more out of him, and will keep a sharp eye on all suspected people. In another letter, Cecil (Lord Burleigh) makes use of an expression which will certainly knock down a good many of our readers, of both sexes, like a stroke of electricity should they read it. We warn them, therefore, in time—that they may skip this page and go to the next. His lordship says: "My wife desires her most hearty commendations, wishing, both of us, to hear some good tidings—that my lady of Oxford (his daughter) has a great belly." It is curious that phrases which the noble fathers and mothers of England used, good-humoredly and innocently, should be considered discomfiting to the present generation. But habit and current opinion make all the difference. Shakspeare well says, "there is nothing that is, but thinking makes it so."

After some time the Earl of Shrewsbury says, he hears some talk of a *rescue* of Mary from his custody; but that in case of such an attempt, "the greatest peril were sure to be hers," meaning she should be assassinated; he "would keep her, forthcoming at her majesty's command, quick or dead." In 1573, writing to Sir F. Walsingham, of Mary's desire to go to Buxton Wells, he says—"I can say little of the state of her body, she seems more healthful now, and all the last year past, than before. She hath very much used bathing with herbs now of late, as she hath

done other years." At this time Queen Elizabeth wished to know if Mary would not support herself in prison. In reply, the latter inquired "with what manner of liberty" this could be managed, and there was an end of the matter. This is exactly the case of the English government and Napoleon Bonaparte, at St. Helena. The latter would have supported his own household, if they would give him liberty to use a sealed correspondence in procuring funds. But this was refused. In consequence of a pain and hardness in her side, Mary was taken to Buxton Springs. At this time Burleigh maintains spies about the Earl of Shrewsbury, and sends him repeated warnings to look to his charge. The queen lets him know she does not like to hear his son's wife was confined in the castle, bringing strange people—physicians and nurses—into it. The earl in reply says he so much disliked bringing strangers in, that he himself and two of his children christened the child—showing, apparently, that laymen, on occasion, could do the duty of the clergy. In the same letter, March 1574, he mentions an earthquake in the north of England, "that sunk this queen's chamber, and so terrified her that there seemed more likelihood of her falling than going." The earl offers one of his sons to Lord Burleigh, for one of his daughters; but the latter nobleman, declining the honor, says he will not think of marrying her till she is fifteen or sixteen, and declares that if he thought he could himself live so long, he would rather she should not be married before nineteen or twenty. Formerly the vicious custom of early marriages tended more than war to extinguish the families of the peerage of England; and the Paston Letters, and other similar documents, show that marriage contracts were matters of prudence and aggrandizement, and seldom of any love or liking. We have fathers, friends, and bachelors, driving shrewd bargains with one another concerning two young persons, who, in some cases, have never seen, or even heard of each other, and who, the lady particularly, are quite ready to assent as soon as the managers have come to an agreement. The business-like, and repeated attempts of one of the Paston gentlemen—Sir John Paston—to get some wife—that is, one with a little money or land—are ludicrous enough to a modern reader. It is not difficult to perceive that the spirit of bargain and sale, and the greed of gain was as strong among the English of the Middle Ages, as it is among their present descendants, of either England or America—which is rather a hard thing, after all, to say of those good old times.

In 1575, ambassadors came to England from the United States of Holland, then at war with

the savage lieutenants of the King of Spain, to offer to Elizabeth, the chieftainess of Protestantism, the sovereignty of the Netherlands. But she shrank from the difficulty of such an assumption, as prudently as she shrank from the idea of a husband. In a letter of that period, Gilbert Talbot, eldest son of the Earl of Shrewsbury, says he has bespoken for his father two flagons and several hangings. Gilbert and his wife also send their parents new year's gifts—a Monmouth cap, and a rundlet of perry, and a pair of Ross boots. In another letter, Gilbert says he was at Greenwich under the Tilt Gallery, and saw the queen through the window; "there by chance she was, looking out of the window, and my eye was full toward her, and she showed to be greatly ashamed thereof, for she was unready, and in her night-stuff. So, when she saw me at after dinner, when she went to walk, she gave me a great fillip on the forehead, and told my lord Chamberlain, who was next her, how I had seen her that morning, and how much ashamed she was!" From the tone of this young fellow, it may be perceived that the foibles of the queen were well known to her subjects, and that they could be merry over them, when they could be so safely. And yet she was certainly a shrewd woman. Her affectation of feeling in presence of the young man, and the royal fillip on the forehead, would be sure to strengthen that personal attachment to her, on which she so much relied, in the midst of her many enemies. In making one of her progresses, she lodges at the house of Rookwood, of Uston, a Catholic, probably because there was n't a suitable Protestant domicile within half-a-day's journey. She gives Rookwood her hand to kiss. But my lord chancellor nobly and gravely demands of him how he, a Papist, durst so far attempt her Real Presence!" This bit of blasphemous loyalty shows the state of mind in which Queen Bess loved to keep the courtiers and nobles about her. On this occasion, her attendants pretended to find in Rookwood's hay-rick a gaudily-dressed image of the Virgin Mary, which they brought forth in ecstasies of horror, and the queen bid them throw it into the fire. Poor Rookwood was committed to the jail at Norwich, and, very probably, did not get off without a fine! He might very well parody the sentiment of the old Epirote, and declare that such another honor would be the undoing of him.

About the year 1580, the Pope—revoking the grant of Nicholas Breakspere to Henry II.—made a formal transference of Ireland to the King of Spain. Many of the politicians of that time, indeed, argued against keeping the island any longer. Ireland and Calais, they said, were

more burdensome than profitable to England. But it was urged, on the other hand, that the western country had good timber, and excellent havens, and the possession of it would help the larger island to assert the supremacy of the sea—a pretension which the bold buccaneers were now carrying out, in a high-handed way, on the Spanish main, and elsewhere. At all events, it is not certain that the Spaniards would have accepted the donation of His Holiness; they had not a very high opinion of it. Don John d'Aguila, who brought a body of Spanish troops into Ireland, in the queen's reign, to help the Irish chiefs, had a habit of saying, when he went home, that when the devil showed Christ all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them, he left out Ireland, and kept it back for himself! No doubt Don John thought this a devilish good jest—though if he had vented it in Ireland, he would have run the risk of being floored by MacCarthy's quart pot, or Tirowen's *skien*. To the Irish chiefs, a transference to Spain would have been welcome—any thing to get rid of those whose old insolence began to be embittered by a change of religion. Neither by law, nor by language, had England acquired any influence that might not have been easily swept out of the invaded island. In the reign of Elizabeth, Latin seems to have been better understood in Ireland than English. At the time the Earl of Sussex was in the island, Shan McGuire, in a letter to his lordship, beseeches him not to write any more of his communications in Latin, "because," he adds, "I would that nother clerke nor other man of this country shoud know your mind, wherfore do you write all your mind in Englysh." Any thing written in English would have a good chance of baffling all Ireland beyond the pale.

The Earl of Shreswsbury fights resolutely against every attempt to reduce his allowance for keeping Mary. He says the wine, spice, and fuel spent in his house amounts to £1,000 a year; the loss of plate, and the buying of pewter and household stuff, cost him as much more. His servant, Thomas Bawdewyn, gives him notice of matters sent down from London:—"I did send your honor, by Timperly, a great double bowl, a cup with a cover, a dial, two casting bottles, two salts, two acorns, two bodkins for gentlewomen's hair, a flying hart, also a cloak for your honor." These additions to the household conveniences were, of course, prized and taken care of, and some of them, doubtless, became heir-looms. The earl, in one of his letters, asks permission of the queen to take his household to Chatsworth for a time, that his house "may be sweetened" during his absence. At that time, great banquet-halls in castles, and other apartments, were

usually strewn with rushes. In the former, dogs used to be permitted to squat, and gnaw bones during dinner, and, as a general rule, the rushes litter under the feet of animals and men, held a great deal of dirt and impurity. Along with this, the rooms in the old castles were necessarily small, seeing those places were built rather for strength than for convenience; and the "bowers" of the noble young ladies of the land were usually stern, stone-vaulted rooms, scarcely big enough for their little bed-frames, with no ventilation, except by a narrow cleft in the wall. Writing to Thomas Bawdewyn, the earl bids him give the New Year's gift for her majesty, to Mr. Talbot, his deputy. He also desires, seeing his son Gilbert's wife has been brought to bed, that his agent should give forty shillings to the nurse and the midwife, and the rest about as much. In 1582, expecting to go to court at Oatlands, the earl tells Bawdewyn he will come with twenty gentlemen, and twenty yeoman, and says he must have some conveyance for bedding for himself, and some pallets for those of his people who are to lie about him. Captain Carlyle, going to make discoveries in America—that is, plunder as many of the Spanish settlements as he may find practicable—desires that the Earl of Shrewsbury would venture £100 with him. But the latter is cautious, and bids his agent go as far as a hundred marks—no more; and as for his (the earl's) ship, it is not to be given up, he says, to Capt. Carlyle, for his pretended voyage of discovery.

In 1583, Shrewsbury was relieved of his royal charge, who, passing into the custody of Somers and Paulet, endured, for the next two or three years, the griefs of

"Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear,
Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay"—

according to the poetry of Wordsworth. But, in truth, Mary never gave herself up to weeping, or to fears. She was, in her own mind, menacing and hoping, and, up to the last moment, looking forward to the effect of one more conspiracy against Elizabeth. Mary was a woman as brave and high-spirited as she was intellectual and beautiful.

The extravagance of religious antipathy in Elizabeth's reign is instanced in one of these letters, where we have a Sir Godfrey Foljambe, in order to recommend himself to the queen, arresting his own grandmother, Lady Foljambe, for a malignant Papist, and putting her into custody! In 1589, the queen ordered all the country gentlemen in London to go home to their own places, and keep up a fitting hospitality among their tenants and the poor. At that time a band of five Irish brigands, or rapparees, was

taken up for plundering a pack-horse on St. Jame's Causeway, and for other robberies committed in that neighborhood, which is now the centre of the West End of London. That was carrying the war into Africa, with a vengeance! Mr. Stanhope, writing to Lord Talbot, in 1589, gives us a curious glimpse of the old queen, now 56 years of age; he says she dances "six or seven *galliards* in a morning, besides music and singing, and her ordinary exercise." In 1594, the Earl of Derby died of fever, and it was said—he himself believed it too—that he was the victim of witchcraft. He had strange, violent dreams—which were, of course, proofs of the fact. One of the women taken up to answer for his death was bid call on the name of Jesus, and deny her guilt—and she did so. They bid her attempt the Lord's Prayer—which she did, and got through it very well, till she came to *Dimitte nobis debita nostra*—and this she could not contrive to pronounce properly, with several trials; so they concluded she must have used diabolical means to bring about the earl's death!

The Earl of Shrewsbury (whom those old Norroy letters chiefly concern) and his family give one an idea of the rude morality of their times. He was an austere old schemer, at variance with his wife and children, who, for the most part, lived away from him. His sons showed the effects of such a parentage, and quarreled one with another. Gilbert, the eldest, who succeeded his father, in 1594, challenged his brother Edward to mortal combat, either singly or with half a dozen on each side, because the latter had said his brother had made a false lease of land. The late earl, who did not love his eldest son, had left the entail embarrassed, and a good deal of property to his other sons; and hence the ill-feeling between the brothers. Gilbert was fiercely in earnest, and, with unnatural coolness, specified the rapier, dagger, and short gauntlet which should be the armor for the occasion. To this unbrotherly "lie in the throat" and challenge, Edward wrote a moderate reply. Several noblemen interfered; but Gilbert persisted, saying he was slandered, and that he must justify himself, and it was not till the queen herself interfered, that his vehement passion could be brought under any control. Sterne says somewhere that it is more natural for a man to kill a near relation than any other person; and the quarrels of brothers have been the bitterest on record. If Edward Talbot had agreed to meet Earl Gilbert, the tragedy of Eteocles and Polynices would have been acted over again in an English family. The England of Shakspeare's time was certainly fertile in the strong impulses and passions of a turbulent age of transition.

In 1608, Elizabeth Tudor slept the last sleep as soundly as Mary Stuart, and James, the son of the latter, took his quiet seat on that much disputed throne. In the papers referring to this reign there is a curious list of those monopolies which were so generally granted at a time when the principles of commerce and political economy were but very imperfectly understood. There are, among others, a grant to John Spitman, solely to buy linen rags and make paper; to Ede Schats, to buy and transport ashes and old shoes; to Sir Jerome Bowes, to make glasses for twenty-two years; to one man to make spangles; to another to print the Psalms of David and Cornelius Tacitus, grammars, primers and other school-books. There is a patent to Sir Walter Raleigh to license all the taverns in England; another to William Carr, for nine years, to license the brewing and exporting of beer, and another licensing Richard Carnithen to import Irish game for seven years. The queen of James having appointed one Kennedy to be chamberlain, the king is hugely discontented, and swears he will break his staff over the man's head and dismiss him. Kennedy very prudently makes all haste "bock agen" to Scotland. There is in this collection a letter which throws some curious light upon the Gunpowder Plot, and upon the share James had

in discovering it—from which we perceive that history has been giving us false ideas of his majesty's sagacity in the business. The letter, dated 1605, is addressed to the Earl of Salisbury, by one Thomas Coe, a prisoner for debt in the Compter of Wood street, London, and declares that the writer had given James warning of the plot before Lord Monteagle had made his revelation.

Coe says that he had the truth from a Papist, and wrote the intelligence to the king, in a guarded way, as if it was a vision or thing fore-shown to him. But the letter seems to have been looked on with distrust, by the Council, as coming from a poor crazy debtor in prison. Nevertheless, it could not have failed to put the king on his guard; and when Monteagle's letter came, both together must have led him to discover the secret. Indeed it is not improbable that James was aware of the intention of the conspirators, and allowed them to put the powder in the cellarage before pouncing on them. We are strongly of opinion that Thomas Coe was the real discoverer of the Gunpowder Plot; and sycophant History, when she led us to think the contrary, never suspected we should come at the truth by means of the old Shrewsbury manuscripts, published by the Norroy King-at-Arms.

WATERLOO.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

'Twas at the time when Bonaparte held all the world in fear;
When trumpet blasts, and calls to arms, resounded far and near;
When nation strove with nation on the bloody battle-plain;
When freedom fell by tyranny, and shrieked for aid in vain;
And when the five great allied powers, each trembling for his crown,
Collected all their mighty strength to put the eagle down;
When scenes of blood and cruelty disfigured this fair earth.
'Twas at that time, when sorrow seemed more meet for men than mirth,
In Belgium's proud capital the sounds of mirth were loud;
Within her gayly-lighted halls had thronged a brilliant crowd;
The golden light from countless lamps upon the scene was streaming,
And jewels flashed, and rich robes shone, and eyes with joy were beaming.
Here stood the Prussian, stern and brave, of stately, martial mien;
The German and the Austrian beside him might be seen;
And England's haughty cavaliers, sworn enemies of France,
With beauteous maids of Belgium, were mingling in the dance.

Now swifter skim the dancers round—amid that merry throng
Are heard the light and witty jest, the careless laugh and song;
The fleeting hours on pleasure's wings glide all unnoticed by,
As round in mazy circles, swift the brave and lovely fly.
But here behold another scene—with muffled, measured tread,
Like crowds of silent spectres, in night-visions of the dead,
In solid, firm, and heavy mass, a mighty host advances—
Upon their burnished weapons bright, the star-light faintly glances.
At times, a low command is heard—at times, a charger's neigh—
As onward still they darkly press, in silent, stern array;
As quietly, and terribly, the serried ranks advance,
Led by the great Napoleon, the guiding-star of France.
But turn again from that dread scene, to where the golden light
Gleams on rich robes and uniforms, with glittering tinsel bright.
Still gayly ring the laugh and song within those radiant halls,
And strains of sweetest melody re-echoes from the walls.

But see! the merry dancers pause, hushed is the music's sound;
 A sudden spell of silent fear, seems cast on all around;
 For heard ye not that booming noise—that deep and sullen roar?
 It is the loud-mouthed cannon's voice, the harbinger of war!
 Again it breaks upon the air, and nearer than before—
 Forth from that scene of revelry the rushing hundreds pour.
 And now the rolling drum is heard, the trumpet's call to arms—
 Vain now, fair maids of Belgium, are all your boasted charms!
 Each warrior leaves the festive hall, the 'witching smiles of beauty,
 And sallies forth to meet the foe, forgetting love for duty.

* * * *

'Tis morn—where last eve nought was seen, but fields of verdant grain,
 In silent beauty waving o'er the wide and fertile plain,
 Are seen opposing armies now, the morning sunbeams glance
 Upon the allied legions, and upon the hosts of France;
 And, as the thick mist rolls away, come flashing through the gloom,
 The sabre and the bayonet, the helmet and the plume.

* * * *

'Tis noon—the fiery Prince Jerome, quick vaulting on his steed,
 Against the Château Hougomont is pushing on with speed;
 Six thousand gallant sons of France, each man a hero tried,
 To victory or a soldier's grave, are marching side by side.
 A loud, fierce shout—they reach the post—the Nassau troops roll back,
 As fly the yelling wolves before the livid lightning's track;
 Another shout—a rushing charge—they wheel, they break and fly,
 While shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" seem echoed from the sky.
 Not so with England's gallant sons, a brave and steady band!
 To fight or fall, but not to fly, the British warriors stand;
 The brave, impetuous Jerome cheers on his men in vain—
 No force can break that wall of steel, or stem that leaden rain;
 And finding all their efforts lost, thinned by that ceaseless fire,
 Napoleon's veterans fall back, and sullenly retire;
 They mask the point, and onward push, against the British right—
 The rolling clouds of smoke obscure the progress of the fight,
 But still is heard the clash of arms, the cannon's booming sound;
 The cavalry are heard to charge, like thunder 'neath the ground.
 Next on the central British line begins the work of death,
 Where eighty cannons booming roar—their fiery, sulphurous breath
 Is sweeping off, file after file, old England's bravest men,
 But, closing up their shattered ranks, they face the storm again;
 Though cannon-balls plough through their lines, they hold their ground, until
 Brave Wellington's command is heard—"Retreat behind the hill!"
 And slowly and reluctantly those fearless men obey,
 Though while they go, red heaps of slain mark their retreating way.

Now all along the marshaled hosts resounds the shock of war:
 Forth to the dreadful work of death, the hostile legions pour;
 Four hundred cannons loudly boom, ten thousand sabres clash,
 As like the waves against the shore, the striving armies dash
 In fury on each other's ranks—the muskets flash and roar;
 The ground is covered with the slain, and redly soaked with gore.
 Now charge the English cavalry—and back into the vale
 They force D'Erlon's men to fly, like chaff before the gale;
 But Milhaud's steel-clad cuirassiers roll back the sweeping tide—
 Those shouting Britons, by their charge, are scattered far and wide.
 And now comes Picton's brave brigade—as when the eagle stoops,
 And pauses to make doubly sure, ere on his prey he swoops,
 They slowly gather round the French—they hover near—at length
 They burst upon D'Erlon's ranks, with thrice redoubled strength.
 None can resist that dreadful charge—that avalanche of steel;
 In vain their leaders bid them stand, the shaken columns reel;
 They pause, they break, in wild affright they hurry from the fray,
 While on their rear rush Picton's men, like tigers on their prey;
 And like a torrent rushing by, goes Ponsonby's brigade,
 And havoc dire amid the mass, those sweeping columns made.
 With thundering, exulting shouts, they drive the French before,
 Nor pause in their mad zeal, to see the danger hovering o'er;
 The Emperor in person comes swift scouring o'er the field,
 And at his back the brave Old Guard, which "dies, but does not yield!"
 A shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" a rushing, crashing sound,
 And half those gallant Englishmen lie scattered on the ground,
 The rest, in terror and dismay, are flying o'er the plain,
 While Picton, Devaux, Ponsonby, are numbered with the slain.
 For three long hours, on La Haye Sainte, the battle fiercely raged,
 Where, hand to hand, and steel to steel, the combatants engaged;
 By turns the armies gain the hill—the dying and the dead
 Are crushed beneath the cannon wheels, and the fierce charger's tread;
 And whole battalions as they stand in line, shriek, fall, and die—
 The air seems filled with moaning ghosts, ascending to the sky.
 Right nobly do the British troops maintain their old renown—
 The heavy-armed French cavalry in vain dash madly down;
 From those firm, steady, bristling squares, is poured a rain of balls,
 But still they fiercely, vainly charge, while many a hero falls.
 Though driven back with fearful loss, they thunder down again—
 The earth is reddened with their blood, and covered with the slain.

The stubborn Britons will not yield—the French disdain to fly,
 And every soldier seems resolved to conquer or to die!
 Alas! brave veterans of France, you shed your blood in vain,
 For see you not that moving cloud far off upon the plain?
 And hear you not the rolling drums, where Blucher in his might,
 With thirty thousand Prussians brave, comes rushing to the fight?
 And where, O! where is Grouchy now, to whom you looked for aid?
 His country is in jeopardy, why has he thus delayed?
 Sent to pursue these Prussian foes, he tarried on the road,
 And now the penalty is paid, with his brave comrade's blood!
 On rapidly the Prussians come, and hanging on their front,
 And backward fighting, inch by inch, come Loban and Dornmont.
 Beware! O Eagle Emperor! if Blucher should unite
 His host with that of Wellington, and fall upon your right,
 The haughty eagle must succumb—no earthly power can save
 Your army from a dastard flight, or from a bloody grave!
 Despair not yet! brave troops of France! though wearied and distressed,
 One effort more, and victory upon your arms may rest!
 For onward comes the infantry of the Imperial Guard,
 Those stern, undaunted veterans, in many battles scarred;
 Their beacon-light, the Emperor, is riding at their head—
 The shaking earth resounds beneath their heavy, measured tread,
 As on they come, in stern array, in truth a gallant sight,
 Their music pealing on the air, their weapons flashing bright,
 Their banners flaunting to the breeze, to where a deep ravine
 From the fierce-plunging cannon shot affords a welcome screen.
 They halt. Then spoke the emperor—"Brave fellow-soldiers! friends!
 Upon you, not our fate alone, but that of France, depends;
 Oft has she, in the hour of need, looked to her guard for aid,
 And never yet, brave countrymen, have you her trust betrayed;
 Now, at the time of greatest need, you will not prove untrue—
 The English are before you there—the rest I leave to you."
 The shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" is swelling to the sky,
 As like a sweeping avalanche the guard goes rushing by;
 With eager step, in column close, they scale the shelving banks,
 And pour into the open field in serried, bristling ranks.
 Alas! that such a gallant band to such a fate are doomed,
 For, at that instant, on the air a hundred cannons boomed,
 And fiercely through their mangled host the howling missiles tore;
 The shrieks of wounded men are heard above the cannons' roar;
 The plunging balls plough through their lines and pile the dead around—
 The head of that brave column seems to sink into the ground.
 But, as the front ranks melt away before the horrid storm,
 Their comrades in the rear press on, and fearlessly re-form.
 Again, they rapidly advance—again the cannons bellow—
 Again the front ranks sink in death, each man beside his fellow—
 Just as they stood. In hero's blood the red earth seems to swim;
 Here lies a bleeding, ghastly head, and there a severed limb;

But, plashing through the gory pools, on press their comrades brave,
 Each soldier's motto seems to be—"To glory, or the grave!"
 Before them, unscathed by the storm which swept their bloody way,
 His gleaming sabre in his hand, is seen the dauntless Ney;
 Three noble steeds have been shot down beneath him in the fray;
 And now on foot he leads the charge which shall decide the day.
 At last the Guard has reached the rising ground of Mont St. Jean,
 Where, waiting to receive their charge, the allied troops are seen;
 Then sudden from the French bands loud the Imperial March is pealed,
 The shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" comes ringing o'er the field;
 The Guard goes rushing to the charge, a fierce, resistless flood,
 A hurricane of spouting fire, their path a sea of blood.
 Upon the shrinking allied lines a stream of balls they pour,
 Their muskets and their war-cry blend in one commingled roar.
 The Brunswick, Hanoverian, and Nassau troops give way;
 Upon the British now depends the fortune of the day,
 What though their dastard allies fly before the dreaded foe,
 The sons of Britain will not quail before the coming blow!
 Beware, brave veterans of France! a fearful snare is laid;
 For in your path, unseen by you, is placed an ambuscade!
 A rank of men who had lain flat behind a long, low mound,
 Rise up before the startled French, like goblins from the ground,
 And with a flaming wall of death encircle them around.
 The Guard, which never yet has quailed, its equal now has found;
 In wild confusion, back they go, forced down into the hollow,
 And, like fierce blood-hounds on the track, the shouting Britons follow.
 Then rose the terror-stricken cry throughout the whole French host—
 "The Guard recoils! the Guard recoils! the victory is lost!"
 Thick rolling clouds of smoke and dust rise darkly up to heaven,
 As forth upon the open plain, the broken Guard is driven;
 And there, at last, they make a stand, alas for France, too late!
 No human power can now avert her dark impending fate.
 The allied troops have been brought up by Wellington at last,
 The Prussians on the British left are pressing forward fast:
 Through the French lines a murmur runs—"The Guard, our only stay,
 Has yielded to the enemy, and France has lost the day!"
 Upon the charging allied host they gaze in sudden fear—
 As horse, artillery and foot come nearer and more near:
 The fatal "sauve qui peut!" is heard; the emperor in vain
 Rides through breaking ranks, and seeks their wild flight to restrain:
 The sun, which rising, saw them stand all eager for the fight,
 Goes down upon their shattered host, in base, disordered flight.
 The allies, thirsting for revenge, charge fiercely on their rear;
 The air resounds with yells of rage, and cries of pain and fear.
 Meanwhile, the now deserted Guard, with firm, undaunted front,
 Though wearied, shattered, and forlorn, still bear the battle's brunt;

The deep-mouthed cannons redly belch their iron death in vain,
 And through those brave and steady ranks plough many a gory lane—
 The power of all Europe cannot move that tried and noble square:
 The worshiped idol of the Guard, the Emperor, is there!
 Unscathed by bullet or by steel, amid the battle storm,
 Is seen brave Ney, the pride of France—his hat and uniform
 In ragged ribbons round him fly, all riddled through with ball—
 Not hissing shot, nor clashing steel, the hero's heart appal;
 Still cheering on his wearied men, he moves amid the fray,
 As skims the gull, on fearless wing, the ocean's dashing spray.
 But, God be thanked! the horrid work of death is almost done,
 For in the golden-tinted west slow sinks the setting sun,
 His blood-red disc now disappears: the welcome shades of night
 Close kindly round that wearied band, still struggling in the fight:
 The fiery, reckless Prince Jerome, who through the day has fought
 As though death were a blessing rare, less to be shunned than sought,
 Looks sadly round—his gallant troops, at morn brave, strong and gay,
 In gory heaps now lie around, cold, livid, pulseless clay.
 His brave breast heaves; his tingling cheek with sudden fury burns,
 As quickly to the emperor, with flashing eye he turns—
 "Here, brother, all who bear the name of Bonaparte should fall!"
 Napoleon, who is on foot, responsive to the call,
 Vaults on his steed, and drives his spurs into his charger's flanks,
 Determined, Spartan-like, to rush upon the foeman's ranks;
 But loud then rose entreating cries; and through the clouds of smoke,
 Each catching at his bridle-rein, a hundred soldiers broke—
 "You must not, shall not rush on death"—his efforts are in vain,
 They crowd around—they check his steed—they seize his bridle-rein—
 And at a gallop lead him off from that disastrous field—
 Alas, Napoleon! your fate and that of France is sealed!
 Night o'er that dreadful field of death drew down her sable veil;
 And all was hushed, save dying groans, or some poor wretch's wail,

Writhing in helpless agony, the earth his gory bed;
 Or where the filthy buzzard came to feast upon the dead:
 While men, or fiends in human shape, urged on by love of gain,
 Prowled o'er the horrid scene of blood to rob the mangled slain.
 O, ye who boast of glory, come and gaze upon this sight!
 A bloody, torn-up battle-field, at solemn dead of night,
 Where husbands, fathers, lovers, sons, on every side are lying,
 Piled up together, horse and man, all wounded, dead or dying;
 All mangled, trampled, pierced and cut, by hoof, by ball, and steel,
 Stretched out by hundreds, stiff and stark, the buzzard's horrid meal;
 Their broken weapons scattered round, besmeared with clotted gore—
 O, God! when shall the nations see the cruelty of war?
 Night came down o'er the battle-field, as if to intervene
 Between it and the eye of God—to hide from him the scene:
 Still, faintly on the evening air, the din of battle rose,
 Where in the distance fled the French, before their 'vengeful foes.
 Poor France was weeping mournfully, with terror and regret,
 Her light of glory shone no more—Napoleon's star had set;
 Her once proud Eagle prostrate lay—fierce gloating o'er him stood
 The British Lion, wild with rage, his talons dropping blood.
 No more, O, mighty Bonaparte, shall nations own thy sway!
 Thy throne has crumbled under thee, thy power passed away;
 No more shall monarchs court thy smile, or tremble at thy frown,
 Or marshals wade through blood to earn of thee a conquered crown;
 No more the bravest sons of France shall spill their blood for thee;
 But on a lonely island, far across the pathless sea,
 Oppressed by hireling enemies, well guarded night and day,
 Far, far from thy beloved France, thy life shall pass away;
 That rock-bound isle shall be alike thy prison and thy tomb.
 For when the stern Death-Angel comes, dread messenger of gloom,
 To conquer the great conqueror, here shall they make thy grave,
 Divided from thy native land by many a surging wave,
 Where sea-birds scream thy requiem, and foam-capped billows roar
 Around thy lonely sepulchre, on St. Helena's shore.

S A M E L A .

BY ROBERT GREENE.

Like to Dianna in her summer weed,
 Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
 Goes fair Samela;
 Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
 When washed by Arethusa faint they lie,
 Is fair Samela;
 As fair Aurora, in her morning gray,
 Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,
 Is fair Samela;
 Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
 When as her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
 Shines fair Samela.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
 Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory,
 Of fair Samela;
 Her cheeks, like rose and lily, yield forth gleams,
 Her brows bright arches framed of ebony;
 Thus fair Samela
 Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
 And Juno in the show of majesty,
 For she's Samela;
 Pallas in wit, all three, if you will view,
 For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity
 Yield to Samela.

THE MARINER OF THE LOIRE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

CHAPTER I.

Do you see that statue of a nymph leaning on a symbolic urn? Her blonde tresses are crowned with silvery willows, her eye, soft and blue, is lost on the expanse of heaven; her hands, filled with fruits, are extended toward a group of children, and her beautiful body, softly couched, undulates among the flowery grass. It is the Loire, such as Art has translated it into marble; such, as after having seen, your imagination would personify it. Elsewhere reign strength, impetuosity, grandeur; here all is grace and fruitfulness. In its course of more than a hundred and eighty leagues, this river flows through meadows and vineyards, forests and great cities, without once encountering solitude or sterility. From its source to the sea, on either shore, the eye beholds only pasturing flocks, smoking roofs, laborers guiding their teams, and singing as they go. The current itself flows noiselessly over its bed of sand, amid islands waving with osiers, willows, and poplars. There is in the whole landscape a softness somewhat monotonous, yet charming—a certain something which gives to all around the appearance of opulence and ease. It is almost a corner of Arcadia, with more water and less sunshine.

Upon the river lives a population which partakes of its character. It is neither the jesting turbulence of the boatmen of the Seine, the violence of those of the Rhone, nor the gravity of those of the Rhine. The mariner of the Loire is of peaceable disposition; strong without rudeness, and gay without exhilaration; his life flows on among realities as the stream which bears him flows between its fertile banks. With a few exceptions, he has neither to submit to the slavery of locks, the painful labor of the oar, nor the tiresomeness of towing; the wind which traverses freely the immense basin of the river, permits him to ascend and descend by sails. Standing beside the enormous helm, the master merely directs the course of the barge, while his sailors accelerate its progress by poles. Here and there a few words are exchanged in the elevated tone of those accustomed to speak in the

open air; the novice hums the famous song of *The Mariner of the Loire*; the sailors send to the passing barge a joyous salutation, or receive from it some useful information, and all thus reach the place of anchorage for the night, where the crews, whom the breeze and the current have equally favored, meet at the favorite cabaret, patronized by the marine of the river.

One of these chances of navigation had just brought together at the inn of the Grand Turk, of Chalonnes, the mariners of the recently-built *charreyonne*, *L'Esperance*, and of the *futreau*, *Le Drapeau-Blanc*.* It was at the end of January, 1819. The snow had long covered the ground; and a great fire was burning in the lower hall of the inn, which served at once as a kitchen, and dining-room. The comrades were waiting for supper, drinking around a large oaken table, spotted with wine, and to the four corners of which some jovial guest had nailed four copper sous, by way of ornament. The voices of the mariners were resounding joyously, mingled with oaths and laughter, when the door of the inn, which the rigor of the season had caused to be closed, contrary to the custom of the country, was hastily opened. At the gust of cold air which entered with the new comer, all turned, and recognized Antoine the Prohibited. This was the nickname given to Maitre Lezin, formerly a sailor, now a fisherman of the Loire, who had been several times condemned to fines and imprisonment, for having used nets with the small meshes, prohibited by the regulations.† Lezin was one of those cynics of the lower classes, who, finding hypocrisy burdensome, allow themselves to boast freely of their vices. To anticipate accusations, he became his own accuser, and made his immorality pass by means of drollery.

The mariners saluted his entrance by an ex-

* The *charreyonnes* and the *futreaux* are boats used on the Loire. They are distinguished from each other by a difference in size, and in the rigging. The *futreau* is usually smaller than the *charreyonne*.

† The size of the meshes is fixed by law, that the fish may not be caught when too small.

clamation of equivocal welcome; but he seemed to take it in good part.

"Good day, children; good day, and a happy year!" said he, with the bold freedom which was habitual to him.

And addressing himself to a handsome youth of twenty-five, who, notwithstanding the cold, wore the ordinary costume of mariners, a short jacket, blue pantaloons, fastened around the waist by a girdle of red bunting, a cotton cravat knotted like a handkerchief, a little tarpaulin, and round pumps, tied with ribbons, he added—

"Ah! you are here then, my little Andrew; you command a new *charreyonne*, it is said." Then turning in another direction—

"Health and respect, Maitre Meru; the same to your nephew Francois, and all the rest. I thought the *futreau* of Maitre Meru had left!"

"You did not know, then, that I was waiting here for freight?"

"Freight!" repeated the fisherman; "have the lords of Chalennes commissioned you to carry their distaff?"*

"Not a distaff, but one who has learned to use it."

Lezin followed the glance of the mariner, which was directed toward the fireside, and perceived there a young girl, spinning in the chimney corner.

"On my baptism, it is the pretty Entine!" exclaimed he. "How are you, Entine?"

"Cooler than in the month of August, Monsieur Lezin," said the young girl, whose *retrous-sés* nose, laughing mouth, and sparkling eyes, betrayed her mirthfulness.

"And you have then left your uncle at the Hermitage of St. Vincent?" resumed the fisherman; "the beautiful Entine has no taste for the dairy?"

"No," replied the young girl, ironically; "it annoys me not to be allowed to hold the plough, to command the oxen, or even the boys on the farm."

"But where are you going at Nantes?"

"To a handsome wooden house, resting on two wheels, which turn without advancing," said Entine.

"The mill of Aunt Rinot? I can guess, then, what makes you so joyous on your way to it."

"It is, perhaps, because meal does not blacken the skin."

"It is my opinion that it is rather because the miller is a handsome youth."

"The miller," replied the young girl; "Master

* The Lord of Chalennes, having neglected to afford assistance to the Lord of Chantoce, besieged by the English, was condemned to carry each year, to the wife of the latter, a distaff, placed on a silken cushion, in a chariot drawn by four oxen.

Lezin does not know then that my aunt is a widow?"

"But widows have sons," resumed the fisherman; "and I see one close by, who is, I dare say, disposed to seek a wife. Is not this the truth, Francois?"

The young man to whom he addressed himself was stoutly built, with rosy complexion, but low forehead and downcast look. The question of the fisherman made him blush.

"Since you were speaking to my cousin, let her reply," said he, with embarrassed roughness.

"If Francois is not your lover, it must be because you have another?" said Lezin. "Where will you find a handsomer gallant than your cousin?"

"Look for him, yourself," replied the young girl, whose eyes remained fixed on the distaff, but whose instinctive motion of the head toward the right did not escape the scrutinizing glance of Antoine.

"Well! well! it must be then the new master of the *charreyonne*?" asked he, in a low voice.

The young girl feigned not to hear him, and cast down her head.

"It is he," continued Lezin, laughing. Oh! famous! I understand now why he called his boat L'Esperance, (the Hope.)

"Come, that will do," said the young mariner, coloring a little, but retaining his good-humored air. "Decidedly, Antoine has become a priest, and wishes to confess all the youth of the country. I must shut your mouth with a glass of wine," continued he, extending to the fisherman a goblet filled to the brim.

Lezin bowed. "Well!" said he, "you are a true sailor, gay as the sun and free as water. So I will give you my daughter in marriage—when I have one."

"And when he shall have proved himself a good captain," added Meru, emptying his glass; "for, at present, young men command before they have obeyed, and novices become captains in a trice. But it is not enough to tread the deck of a *charreyonne*, one must know how to follow the channel, avoid the ice, clear the bridges, turn out at the right places and command the sailors in a friendly way."

"All these are nothing," exclaimed the fisherman, shrugging his shoulders, "you speak only of the accessories; the principal thing, that which constitutes the true sailor, is the cooking of a *matelote*."*

All the boatmen laughed.

"Maitre Antoine is right," said the oldest, "have always seen that good sailors make good *matelotes*!"

* A dish of food composed of several kinds of fish.

"Then," exclaimed Lezin, throwing from his shoulder a bag of netting, "we will soon learn the merits of each of the company; I propose a combat of *matelotes* among the young people; here are the fish; Maitre Meru shall pay for the sauce."

"Agreed!" said the boatmen.

"Quick! Francois, Andrew, Simon," resumed the fisherman, "strip up your sleeves and let each one do his best. The older ones shall judge."

He had emptied the bag of fish into several plates, which the young sailors came laughingly to take.

This species of competition had for them nothing strange or new. Obligated oftenest, in their isolated life of river-sailors, to provide for themselves, and to profit by the most economical resources, the art of preparing the fish of the river had become, for the boatman of the Loire, one of his serious occupations. Consequently the *matelote* of the sailor had acquired and retained a renown which, like the trophies of Miltiades, prevented more than one culinary Themistocles from sleeping. In the towns bordering on the river, the strictest disciples of Lent had vainly applied their faculties to discover the secret of this celebrated dish, the supremacy of which had remained with the inventors.

While Andrew and his rivals were preparing for the tournament proposed by Lezin, the latter had taken his place at the table with the drinkers and was continuing to amuse them with his bold jests; but the wine of Anjou inevitably inspired Meru with the same reminiscences: as soon as he began to be warmed by it, he always commenced speaking of the former war in La Vendée, of his encounters with the *blues*, and ended by proposing a health to the white flag.

"A health!" exclaimed the fisherman, "never, one is unhealthy! Two, if you please! three, if you will. I am a friend to all the flags which give me to drink wine I have not paid for."

"Then you have no opinion of your own?" said the mariner, scornfully.

"If I have not," said the fisherman, "it is not because I have not courage to defend my God and my king, but because I was born in the island of Behnard, in the middle of the Loire, and too far from either shore to be within reach of the whites or the *blues*."

Entine now approached the table to set it, announcing that the *matelotes* were ready. The three young sailors then presented themselves with their dishes, in which the wine of Anjou, which had been set on fire, was still burning. It went out on the table, and the guests proceeded immediately to the examination. The competi-

tors, ranged behind them, waited, while the glances of the young girl went from one guest to the other with a sort of uneasiness. It was Lezin who first pronounced an opinion.

"There is a dish," said he, pointing to the farthest one, "which I would not serve up to a dog; as for this," indicating the nearest, "one would eat it as one drinks the water of the Loire, for want of better; but for this one in the middle, I would sell my soul to Belzebub, if he still transacts business and has not sold out."

"Well judged!" exclaimed all voices.

"It is the *matelote* of Andrew!" hastily said Entine, blushing with pleasure.

"And the one yonder is that of the miller," added Lezin; "I am the more astonished that he put so much meal in it."

The youth did not reply, but his eyes assumed a more false and sly expression. Meanwhile the boatmen had raised their glasses.

"To the health of the king of *matelotes*!" exclaimed Lezin.

"Here, good mariner," added Meru, making a place beside him for the young man.

Andrew hastened to take it, and the gayety of the guests became more and more boisterous. Meru manifested toward the young captain a good-will for which the latter appeared evidently grateful. He ended by placing his hand amicably on his shoulder.

Well!" exclaimed he, the good *matelote* announces the good mariner, and yours is the first specimen. We shall see whether you are of the stuff of which good captains are made. We can learn that to-morrow, since my *futreau* will start for Nantes in company with your *charreyonne*; my boat will be empty, and yours laden; if you are not left too far behind, I will say that notwithstanding your age, you have a right to wear the ear-rings with the anchor, and to be the first to put your hand on the dish and say the *Benedicite*.*

"Be sure that I will do my best, Père Meru," said Andrew, giving a sidelong look at Entine; as true as that I am the son of my mother, I have nothing more at heart than to please you."

The old mariner, who had intercepted his passing glance, made a jovial grimace.

"All right, my boy!" said he, filling his glass; "uncles, you see, are like helms, they must always be managed."

And seeing that Andrew was perhaps about to seize the allusion to come to an explanation, he added:

"I will say no more, excepting that my good-

* The sailors of a boat eat together, but it was the captain who said the *Benedicite* and put his hand first upon the dish.

will is like the river ; it is open to everybody. The best navigator will be foremost there. The captain of *Le Drapeau Blanc* is the friend of all enterprising young men."

"And the young men love him as their master!" exclaimed Andrew. "This is the happiest evening of my life."

A tall, meagre man, clad in soiled garments, had just opened the door ; he stood vacillating on the threshold ; his eyes, heavy with drunkenness, seemed to be seeking for some one in the salon of the *Grand Turk*. On seeing him, the young captain made a movement of surprise.

"It is my father," exclaimed he.

"Maitre Jacques!" repeated several voices ; "well, why does he not enter?"

"Do you not see that he is half-seas over, as usual?" said Francois, with a malicious laugh ; "come, old Jacques, advance, the boy is here."

The drunkard staggered toward Andrew, who had risen a little ashamed, and whose glance encountered that of Meru.

"Excuse me, captain," said he, in an undertone, and blushing ; "my father has had his troubles, and seeks relief in brandy."

"So I have been told," replied the mariner, with a sort of compassion ; "but this is the first time I have met with him. Poor old man ! he is severely punished ! His hands tremble, like an aspen-leaf !"

Then, turning toward Andrew's father, and pointing out to him a stool resting against the wall, he added—

"Come, Maitre Jacques, one more stroke of the oar ; and you, children, make way ! respect sorrow."

The old man succeeded in reaching the stool and sitting down, with the aid of Andrew, who attempted then to learn why he had left *St. George*, where he resided. Among many digressions, he thought he comprehended that his father had received a letter, which summoned them both to Nantes on important business, and that he had come to join him at *Chalonnès*, in order to descend the Loire in his boat. As to the nature of the business, Maitre Jacques refused to explain himself. He retained in his drunkenness a certain empire over himself, with which his son had always been struck ; the word about to issue from his lips was often suddenly arrested, and he then took refuge in an obstinate silence. The young mariner knew his habits too well to persist in useless attempts. He therefore closed his questioning, and proposed to regain the *charreyonne*. His two sailors set out, leading Maitre Jacques, while he took leave of Entine and her uncle.

"I must go to-morrow before day," said he to them ; there is ice above, at the first mild weather

it will break up, and I must therefore hasten to Nantes with my cargo."

"And I, with my *futreau* and my niece," replied Meru gayly ; "for it is well understood, my boy, that we sail in company."

"I hope so, captain, since that is the way to gain your friendship ; you remember what you said ?"

"And I will not take back my word," replied Meru ; "yes, yes, this is the time to know you thoroughly ! Take care of your boat, Francois shall steer mine, and on our arrival at Nantes we shall know what each is worth."

Andrew pressed the hand of the old mariner ; then he took leave of Entine by embracing her, as usual, on both cheeks, and bade her adieu with emotion.

"If you had indeed resolved to accompany us," said the young girl maliciously, "you would say only *au revoir*."

"*Au revoir*, then," replied Andrew, "and pray the Virgin in my behalf."

He regained his *charreyonne*, while Meru remained at the inn, where he and his niece were to pass the night ; his sailors alone returned to the *futreau* with Francois.

The latter felt at his heart a jealous rage. The species of defeat to which he had just submitted, the raillery of Lezin, and, above all, the too evident preference of his cousin for Andrew, had envenomed his wound. In the state of his sentiments, he could not himself have decided whether his hatred for the latter predominated over his love for the former ; but hatred and love were concentrated in the same desire, that of ridding himself, at any price, of the young captain ! Too prudent to venture an open attack, he sought some method of injuring him without compromising himself. He was lying near his companions in the cabin of the *futreau* ; but while the two sailors were snoring at his side, he continued to toss about on his pallet of moss.

The trial which was to commence on the morrow between himself and Andrew added to his uneasy irritation. His early years had been spent at Nantes, in the half-idleness of the mill, with no other occupation but to keep the millstone in order, raise the gates and play the bagpipe, according to the habits of the millers of the country ; at a later period, a difference with his mother had forced him to join his uncle, and he had become a sailor, but without being able to acquire in his new occupation much experience or address. So he foresaw that the contest proposed by Père Meru would result in his defeat, and assure, to all appearances, the marriage of Entine with the young captain. All at once he started up, as if struck with a sudden light, re-

flected an instant, then gliding from the cabin, cautiously gained the stern of the *futreau* and looked around him.

All were asleep in the *charreyonne*, moored a few steps below. The night was dark, and the waters of the Loire flowed murmuringly. Sure of not being perceived, Francois entered the wherry, which he detached, and, cutting across the current, reached the channel. He followed it some time without the possibility of his intentions being suspected by the most attentive glances. It was only when the current had carried him between the two large islands of the Desert and the Ospray that he slackened the progress of his boat.

The bed of the river, filled up by the alluvions collected around the two islands, formed, in this place numerous sinuosities, and the continual displacing of the shifting sands, justly caused this passage to be considered as one of the most difficult between Angers and Nantes. Therefore, those who had the care of the river navigation, had caused long willow branches to be planted in the sand, and removed at each change in the channel, to point out to the barges the bars, and the direction they were to follow. Francois went from one to the other, adroitly removed them, and replaced them in such a manner as to indicate the route above the alluvion. He had calculated that, on the morrow, Andrew would set out first, and that on consulting these false indications, the *charreyonne*, heavily laden, could not fail to be wrecked. Besides that he assured himself by this method an easy victory over his rival, he exposed him to the loss of his barge, which the waters might demolish on the sands, and thus degrade him to the rank of a common sailor, among whom, to all appearances, Meru would not seek a husband for his niece. He himself, as he finished the preparation of this infamous snare, studied the pass, in order to navigate it without danger, and, his work ended, he regained the *futreau* with great effort.

In order to reach it, he was obliged to pass the *charreyonne*, which was lying below the boat of Meru; but at the moment he came alongside of it, a head rose at the bow. Francois, affrighted, stopped and kept his wherry in the shadow. The head which he had perceived remained leaning over the water with an intention which he could not comprehend. At the first instant it seemed to him that it was Andrew preparing to unmoor; but he soon saw the nocturnal watcher rise up, and, by the height of his stature, recognized Maitre Jacques.

The latter had taken off his jacket, notwithstanding the cold, and held in his hand a boat-hook. Francois saw him pass along the deck

and silently return to the cabin. He hastened to double the *charreyonne* and to reach the boat of his uncle, where he found the mariners asleep. Certain that his absence had not been remarked, he crept to his pallet, and quietly awaited the morrow.

Scarcely had the earliest dawn whitened the misty horizon of the river, when his companions awoke. All was already in motion on board the boat of Andrew, which, laden to the water-line, began to move slowly. The young captain gave orders, and lent a hand to all, with that vigorous patience which is the principal virtue of the mariner of the Loire. The boat at last reached the current with a sort of easy security.

"Well manœuvered, my boy!" suddenly cried a voice from the shore.

Andrew turned and recognized in the fog of the morning, Uncle Meru, with his niece. He saluted them by waving his tarpaulin.

"L'Esperance asks you to excuse her for leading the way," said he, gayly; "but she has too many nails in her shoes, to walk very fast."

"Go, go, my boy," replied the old mariner, making a sign of advice; "the Drapeau-Blanc shall soon overtake you."

And he advanced toward the *futreau*, urging the young girl to embark; but the latter determined to allow the young captain some vantage-ground. At the moment she was preparing to rejoin the boat, a recollection appeared to detain her.

"Ah! Holy Virgin!" exclaimed she, "I will wager, my uncle, that you have forgotten to speak to the curate about the picture that you are to bring him from Nantes!"

"I have the letter which he has written to the painter, in my pocket-book," replied Meru; "quick, embark, girl."

"And the mayor's order for preserves?" continued Entine, without stirring.

"He has given them up," replied the captain; "go then, I tell you. If we delay longer we shall not reach La Meilleraie this evening. Look at the *charreyonne*—it is already between the islands."

The young girl turned her eyes toward the point indicated, and perceiving that she had secured for the boat of Andrew sufficient advance, after some new delays in looking for her traveling-basket, fastening her mantle, and taking leave of the hostess of the Grand Turk, she decided to cross the plank which connected the *futreau* with the shore.

The mariners then unmoored; the boat turned rapidly, and was soon in the channel of the river, like the *charreyonne*, which was visible through the fog.

The two boats had hoisted their sails, and followed the current, but in conditions singularly unequal. The one, heavily laden, with difficulty threaded the windings of the channel; the other, entirely empty, skimmed lightly over the water, and readily obeyed the helm. So the distance between them rapidly decreased. Already the sailors in the boat of Andrew could be distinguished as they aided its progress by poles, and the young captain was seen at the helm shortening the circuits as much as possible. Meru pointed him out to his nephew, who, according to his promise, was steering the *futreau*.

The young boatman replied only by a movement of the head. They were about to enter the passage between the islands of the Desert and the Ospray. It was there that the question would be decided. His eyes remained fixed on the *charreyonne*, which still maintained its distance by the strength of the sailors, and the skill of their captain.

They had nearly reached the first point, when Maitre Jacques appeared beside his son. He had lost a part of that lividity which drunkenness had given him the night before, and a vague gleam of intelligence shone in his eye. He looked for some instants at the boat as it slowly descended the current, then at the swollen waters, foaming on the beach, and the willows sparkling with frost. A slight flush colored his cheeks, his nostrils dilated as if he had wished to breathe the air of the Loire.

"I recognize the spot," murmured he. "I passed it thirty years ago. I commanded a large boat. I was but twenty-five. But then the water was more beautiful, and the birds sang in the trees."

"Maitre Jacques has then been a captain on the Loire?" asked one of the mariners.

"Yes," replied the old man, with pensive sadness; "those were good years. Neither ice nor sand-bars could stop me. My boat obeyed me as the ass obeys the miller's wife."

The mariner shrugged his shoulders with a laugh.

"Well! see the change," said he; "at present it is my opinion, Maitre Jacques, that you would be less embarrassed to conduct an ass than a boat."

Jacques raised his head; a fire kindled in his eyes.

"Who says that," exclaimed he. "Ah! you think I have forgotten my trade? We shall see. Hold my jacket, and you, Andrew, let me take the helm."

He had laid aside his jacket, and placed his hand on the helm; but his son did not seem disposed to yield it to him.

"Let go, let go, father," said he, with his eyes fixed on the current; "the pass is difficult, and needs a clear sight."

"It is well my eyes are open," replied Jacques impatiently.

"Wait," returned the young man, "you shall take the helm when we have doubled the islands."

"And when the boat can manage itself," ironically added the mariner who had questioned the skill of the old man.

The latter rose up; the blood mounted to his face.

"Did you hear?" repeated he to Andrew.

"One moment," said the young captain.

"Give place to your father," cried Maitre Jacques, who, pushing him away with a violent gesture, and seizing the helm, hastily changed the direction of the boat.

Andrew would have stopped him; but the old man seemed to hear nothing. His whole being had undergone a sort of transformation. His body erect, his head thrown back, his foot firmly planted forward, and both hands resting on the helm, he had acquired such an expression of assurance and command that the young man was astonished. His feeble glare, habitually lost in the vapors of intoxication, had now a concentrated keenness. Fixed on the river, it seemed to pierce its veil, and read its very depths. After having studied for several minutes the ebullition of the waters, he turned the boat still more. The boatmen uttered an exclamation.

"We are leaving the channel!" repeated all voices; "see, the boat is passing the beacons!"

"We shall be on the bar, father," added Andrew; "to the right, to the right!"

"Avoid the right!" said Jacques, in a strong voice, without giving heed to the warnings of his son.

In fact the boat had just grazed on this side against a sand-bank. The surprised sailors looked at each other.

"God help us! The beacons have then lied?" exclaimed the young captain, stooping toward the river, in order to see more clearly.

"The beacon is stationary, and the sand shifts," observed Jacques; "in my day the route of the mariner was not marked with willow branches, we could read it by the water. Avoid the left! Do you not see the water whirling, and the foam which marks the sand-bank? These signs are not from the hand of man, they never deceive."

This time the boatmen obeyed, and with their poles impelled the boat from the spot indicated. The old man continued thus to vary its course without any other guide than the appearance of the current. His companions, struck with surprise, looked at him in silence, and execrated

immediately his slightest orders. They had reached at last the outlet of the pass, and were entering the open river, when cries for help from the *futreau* caused them to turn their heads. While watching the progress of the *charreyonne*, Francois had relinquished the helm to one of his sailors, who, attempting to pursue the channel marked out by the stakes, had suffered the boat to run aground.

Without presenting serious perils to the crew, the situation was embarrassing. The river, contracted in this spot, flowed rapidly, and urged the *futreau* farther upon the sands; it was feared that it could not long endure the violence of the waves. The first attempts of the mariners to disengage it were unsuccessful; it was decided to claim the assistance of Andrew and his crew.

At the first summons, the young captain comprehended what had happened, and hastened in his boat to join Meru. The sail of the *futreau* was lowered, and the boat lightened by throwing overboard oars, and every thing which could be spared. Then, by repeated efforts, it was made to pass over the bar, and re-enter the channel. Andrew afterward piloted it as he had seen his father do, and brought it along side his boat, to which he returned.

Meru, somewhat humbled by the aid which he had been obliged to accept, thanked him briefly, and occupied himself with recovering the articles thrown overboard, while the *charreyonne* continued her voyage.

The manner in which Maitre Jacques had steered the boat gained for him the entire confidence of his son; so, while he resumed the helm, he modestly asked advice from the old man. The latter taught him to ascertain the depth of the bed, and the approach of hidden sand-bars, by the color of the waters, or their ebullition. Thanks to his information, Andrew could here and there shorten the voyage by taking the most direct course. His father seemed to have a map of the Loire engraved on his brain. He knew exactly the volume of water at each pass, the swiftness of the current, the best harbors in case of the breaking up of the ice above, and the names of the smallest hamlets on each shore. The mariners were astonished; but Andrew was the most so of all. Little informed of what concerned his family, he had scarcely known until now that his father had formerly belonged to the marine of the Loire. He would have questioned him on this past, of which he was ignorant, but the animation of Maitre Jacques had already died away; he seated himself in the bottom of the boat, with his arms folded, his head down, and replied only by monosyllables, like a man half-

asleep. Meanwhile, when his son asked him what had induced him to renounce an occupation with which he was so well acquainted, he appeared to arouse himself; his glance fell on those around him with a sort of bewildered terror; his lips half-opened, and were agitated, but the reply expired inarticulately; his head fell on his breast, and Andrew comprehended that he must not push his interrogatories further.

CHAPTER II.

The two boats reached La Meilleraie late in the evening, and were moored side by side. Thanks to Entine, the vexation caused Meru by the misadventure of his *futreau* had been of short duration. When Andrew met him at the inn, every cloud had disappeared from his brow. The young man made no allusion to what had passed, and the old captain who appreciated his discretion, paid in friendship what he would have found it hard to have paid in gratitude.

Some other barques were already moored at La Meilleraie; the crews, who were acquainted with each other, had assembled to take their evening repast in company. Maitre Jacques remained alone in the *charreyonne*, supping, as usual, on some crusts of brown bread dipped in brandy.

Meru had found at the inn Père Soriel, an old sailor, who had been surnamed the *Nestor of the Loire*. He had retired from business, and it was by chance that he was then conducting a boat to Orleans instead of one of his grandsons, detained at home by illness.

Meru and himself had been acquainted during the wars of La Vendée, and both recollected that their last meeting had taken place at the very spot where they now were.

"Do you remember?" said Meru, "it was the day of the dispersion of the grand army. Do you remember all those wretches piled up on the shore and crying out to God and to men to ferry them over? There were forty thousand; and eight boats for all!"

"Yes," replied Soriel; "so when the boats approached, the women ran, saying: it is for my wounded husband, for my father, for my son, for a poor young man! The dear creatures never asked for themselves. The Loire had become a battle-field: here we were cannonaded under pretext that we were serving the *whites*; there, the royalists shot at us from behind the willows under pretence that we were carrying food to the *blues*. So the boats were obliged to leave the river, and the sailors to ask alms, unless they engaged themselves to Carrier."

"To become *noyeurs*!"* exclaimed Meru. "Yes, yes, I know that there were those in the marine who made of the Loire a cemetery; but if I should ever meet one of them, I will avenge, with my own hands, the innocents whom he put to death."

"You will never meet one," said Soriel, "since all good mariners have banished them from their company, and no one dares re-appear on our barges under penalty, as they once said, of going to dwell in the Château d'Au;† but those were hard times and it is painful to think of them."

As the sailors were not much interested in this discussion, they had left the table one after another, and Andrew himself, seeing that Entine had disappeared, decided to return to the boat. When he arrived, Maitre Jacques was already asleep in the cabin with the rest of the crew of the *charreyonne*.

The young captain cared not to join them yet. He wrapped himself in his goat-skin cape and began to walk the deck. The cold was less intense and the night more obscure. Scarcely did a few stars here and there peep out amid the darkness. It seemed to Andrew as if the waters were swollen, and he thought he heard at intervals a distant roar; but he scarcely noticed it; his mind was otherwise occupied.

These last days passed in sight of or near the niece of Meru had revived in him a love already of long standing, and awoke an impatience to know whether he had any reason to hope. Although his opportunities for meeting Entine had been frequent, the good-will of the young girl toward him appeared evident, and he was accustomed to think that he would find no obstacle in this direction, he had not yet explained himself. The moment seemed to have come; it remained to find favorable circumstances and the means of introducing the subject. Now, besides his embarrassment, he experienced that species of anxiety which precedes all important resolutions. The subject in question was an engagement which would affect his whole life; on it would depend his repose or his trouble, his happiness or misery; so he both desired and feared the conversation which would decide all.

Leaning against the mast of the boat, with his arms folded on his breast and his glances wan-

* At the close of the revolution in La Vendée, in 1793, the Vendean army was dispersed, and the surviving Vendéans, with their families, were dragged in crowds to Nantes, where the monster Carrier, to whom the ordinary means of execution seemed too slow, caused them to be drowned in masses. The executioners were called *noyeurs*.

† The name of a château on the banks of the Loire. When the prisoners, who had embarked on the boats with valves, asked whither they were to be taken, the *noyeurs* replied by a horrible jest: to the Château d'Au (*eau*.)

dering, he was reflecting for the hundredth time on the same doubts, without having resolved them, when a slight rustling caused him to turn his head. Some one had emerged from the cabin of the *futreau* and was advancing toward the *charreyonne*, which it was necessary to cross before reaching the shore. By the graceful lightness of the step, Andrew recognized, in the obscurity, the niece of Meru. She stepped from bench to bench of the boat with timid caution, and was about to set foot on the second boat, when a movement of the captain made her utter a feeble cry.

"What are you afraid of, Entine?" said the young man, gently, and stepping toward her, "do you not recognize me?"

Although the tone might have re-assured the young girl, she appeared still more troubled, started back, and replied precipitately, as if her presence in the boat, at such an hour, needed an excuse, that she came in search of her traveling basket, forgotten in the cabin of the *futreau*.

"Are you afraid any one will accuse you of having come to meet me?" asked Andrew, with an affectionate smile.

"It would be doing me great injustice!" replied she, "for I believed you still at the inn with my uncle."

"When you had left, I had no longer a motive for remaining," returned the young captain. "But, since I find you here, it was the good God who brought me."

"That may be, my master," said Entine, who, notwithstanding her confusion, could not refrain from jesting; "but as he is not accustomed to send guardian angels to young girls in the guise of mariners, those who should find us conversing here at this hour, might think you came on the part of some other. So let me pass, Andrew; the boatmen may return with my uncle, and this would be a great mortification to me."

"No," said the mariner advancing toward her, and drawing her to the end of the *futreau*; "no, Entine, you shall not go without having listened to me. Just now I was asking myself how I could find an opportunity; since my patron saint has given it to me; I will not let you go without having told you what makes my heart ache."

"It is useless," interrupted the young girl, maliciously; "I do not know any recipe for chilblains, master Andrew. Go, rather, to Merode, of Chalonnès; she knows words which will heal like a balm."

"You, alone, can pronounce those which will solace me," said the young man with tender sadness. "Do not pretend to misunderstand me, Entine; do not sport with my anxiety. I am so afraid of displeasing you, that I am silent in

your presence. So you can amuse yourself if you please, with one who would find it easier to give his blood for you, drop by drop, than to ask you if you would accept his friendship."

The tone was so affecting and so loyal that the young girl seemed softened. By a movement so prompt that it seemed involuntary, she seized the arm of the young sailor, and pronounced his name almost tearfully. Andrew drew her toward him with an exclamation of joy, and was about to repeat his question. She suddenly started, imposed silence by a gesture, and turned toward the *charreyonne*.

"What is the matter?" asked the young man.

"I thought some one was listening!" murmured Entine.

"Where?"

"Yonder, in your boat—I heard a step—and it seemed to me that a shadow passed by."

Andrew mounted on the edge of the boat to see more distinctly. The *charreyonne* was silent, the shores deserted, and the windows of the inn illuminated. He attempted to re-assure the young girl, by reminding her that all his people were asleep, that those of the *futreau* were still at table with his uncle and Père Soriel, and that they had consequently nothing to fear. Then, emboldened by the silence of Entine, he spoke to her more freely of his love, and made known to her his plans and his hopes. The young girl, who evidently struggled between anxiety and tenderness, was sitting on the farthest bench, while Andrew, leaning over her, urged her to reply.

"In the name of the saints, Entine," said he, after having exhausted all manifestations of love, "say one word, one single word which shall remove my anxiety. I ask nothing which can be to your injury. If you could read the depths of my heart, you would know that I speak to you as to the priest who received my first confession."

The young girl raised her head; her countenance wore a serious expression which the sailor had never seen upon it; her glance rested directly and lovingly upon him.

"I believe you, Andrew," said she, in an accent of tenderness. "I know that you are a man of good reputation and of good heart, whom it would not please to deceive a poor creature whose father and mother are in the shroud; so I will not reply to you feignedly, as young people are apt to do. Since I have known you, I have seen in you great courage and perfect uprightness, I esteem you more than any one of your age, and I shall not need much encouragement to manifest my friendship for you; but it is first necessary that my uncle should give his permission. Orphan as I am, I have no other master,

and I desire to obey him in every thing. If your will should prove to be his will, I promise you, Andrew, that it shall also be mine."

"Well said!" exclaimed the voice of a third person.

And Uncle Meru, who had approached noiselessly on the tarpaulin deck of the *charreyonne*, hastily sprang over the side of the boat. He was followed by Père Soriel and Francois, who remained a little behind the rest, with a foolish and sly air.

The two young people, surprised, had started in affright. Meru approached his niece, and took her by the hand.

"You have just replied nobly," said he, with emotion, "and I could wish all the marine of the Loire had heard your words. Embrace me, you are a good girl."

Entine sprung upon his neck.

"Only," added the captain, "it would have been better to have spoken elsewhere, and at some other hour; these *île-à-îles* by moonlight are unhealthy."

Andrew hastened to explain that their meeting had been accidental.

"That is another thing," replied Père Soriel, "and Francois lied when he came to inform us that you had appointed a rendezvous in the *futreau*."

"So, it was him whom I heard a little while ago," said Entine; "may God pardon him! But, since he believed me in fault, it would have been better to have warned me like a kind relative, than to have hastened to denounce me."

Francois cast down his head without replying.

"Do not reproach him," said Meru; "the boy is sufficiently punished by not having been taken into favor."

"And that he may be more so, the darling should be licensed to follow the dictates of her heart," resumed old Soriel. "What is there now to oppose to Andrew, let us see?"

"Nothing," replied the uncle of Entine.

"Then it is settled," gayly exclaimed the old man; "I invite myself to the wedding, and will be groomsman."

The Captain of the *Drapeau Blanc* extended his hand to Andrew, who seized it with a transport of joy so lively, that he could only stammer a few words of thanks; his emotions overcame him. The young girl, leaning on her uncle's shoulder, smiled and wept at once; even the old sailor wiped his eyes with the back of his wrinkled hand.

"Come, come, enough," said he; "these ideas of youth move one in spite of themselves. But it is almost midnight; it is my opinion that it would be better to postpone the rest until to-

morrow, and to retire, especially as here is one who may have overheard us."

"It is my father," observed Andrew.

"Maitre Jacques!" repeated Meru; "*pardieu!* we had forgotten him, my brave people. In order that you may espouse Entine, my consent is not enough, you should have that of your father."

"I am ready to do my duty," replied Andrew, approaching the stern of the boat to meet his father, while old Soriel, foreseeing a family explanation, discreetly took himself off and joined Francois.

Meanwhile Maitre Jacques, emerging from the cabin, had advanced toward the mast of the *charreyonne*, laid aside his jacket, and thrown himself upon a coil of ropes. He afterward took a boat-hook, the iron of which he examined, and remained for some instants motionless, as if awaiting a signal. Suddenly the sound of a clock was heard, and twelve strokes resounded in the air. Maitre Jacques seemed to count them, then walked to the extremity of the boat. At this moment Andrew rejoined him, and called to him; but he seemed to hear nothing, continued his route, passed before Meru and stationed himself at the side of the boat. By the light of the stars, now more brilliant, they could distinguish his livid countenance, his half open lips, where no breath seemed to issue, his immovable eyes, which he kept fixed on the waters; he seemed a corpse issued from the tomb to accomplish some supernatural deed. Entine, affrighted, had retreated, with a suppressed scream, behind her uncle, and Andrew, who had rejoined them, looked at his father in amazement.

"May Heaven protect us!" said he at last; "his soul is awake, without his body being so. I remember now, that, in my childhood, my mother often rose to follow him."

"He is a night-walker," said Meru, with a sort of fear mingled with compassion; "poor man, some shepherd of Sologne must have cast a spell over him."

"Look! look! what is he doing there?" asked the young girl, pressing closely to Meru.

Maitre Jacques had, in fact, raised his pole armed with iron, and was striking the water violently. Running from one end of the boat to the other, he seemed to watch some invisible object, which he was attempting to catch, and, at every blow, broken words escaped his lips.

"Another one!—Well aimed!—And here—and still farther—Always, always heads!"

"Do you hear?" asked Entine's uncle, taking the arm of Andrew; "what does he mean?"

"I do not know," murmured the young man, turning pale.

Meru beckoned to Soriel to approach, and

pointed to Maitre Jacques. The old man seemed astonished, sought to revive his recollections, then made a movement.

"It is he!" murmured he.

"Who?" asked Meru.

"To the bottom!" interrupted the night-walker, continuing to strike the water, "to the bottom with the brigands!"

"It is he!" exclaimed the old man; "he is thinking of the boats with the trap-doors! Ah! I recognize him; yes, yes, it is Jacques the *noyeur!*"

This terrible revelation was received by as many cries as there were persons to hear it; but with Entine and Andrew it was a cry of sorrowful surprise, with Meru one of anger. He sprung toward Maitre Jacques, whom he seized by the middle and would have thrown into the Loire had not the old captain withheld him.

"Let go, let go, *re-re* Soriel," exclaimed he, struggling; "I have sworn that whenever I should meet one of these villains in my way, I would rid the marine of him."

He again attempted to seize the night-walker, whom the violence of this attack had just awakened.

Andrew sprung forward and demanded mercy for his father. At his voice, the fury of the mariner seemed to be turned upon the young man.

"Ah! you defend him!" exclaimed he; it is just, you are of the same race; you approve what he has done, and will do the same when opportunity offers: wolf's blood cannot lie."

"Say not so, Maitre Meru!" interrupted Andrew, mildly; "you well know that I cannot now reply to you, seeing that he who gave me life is present, and God has commanded me to respect him."

"And commanded you also to steal my friendship?" replied the captain; "why did you conceal from me whose son you were?"

"Because I did not know myself."

Meru made a gesture of incredulity.

"On my eternal salvation I did not know it!" resumed the young man with energy; "he whom Maitre Soriel has just recognized can tell you so."

"Dare you invoke the testimony of the *noyeur?*" exclaimed the mariner.

"One must take his witnesses where they are, and without the power of choosing them, Maitre Meru," said Andrew in a low tone.

"It is possible," returned the master of the *Drapeau Blanc*; "but the uncle who has the charge of a niece who is a minor, can choose her husband; is it not so? Well, rather than give mine to the son of one Carrier's executioners, I

would lead her, with a mill-stone about her neck, to the bridge of Pirruil, above the great arch, and throw her head-first into the Loire."

Entine uttered a slight scream, and Andrew attempted to reply; the captain left him no time; he passed his arm around the waist of the young girl, and without waiting longer, dragged her toward the inn, whither Soriel and Francois followed him.

The young mariner, astounded, seated himself on the edge of the boat, with his head resting on his hands. The transition from doubt to joy, and from joy to despair, had been so rapid, that he needed a few minutes to recover himself. Meanwhile this species of swoon was of short duration; he came out of it by an effort of will, and, remembering his father, looked around him; but Maitre Jacques was no longer there. As soon as he found himself alone he had silently put on his jacket, landed, and started on foot for Nantes.

After having vainly sought him in the boat and on the shore, Andrew rejoined the *charreyonne*, to await there the morrow. The cruel surprises which he had just passed through kept him awake for a long time. All was over for him! for he knew Meru and Entine too well to expect any thing from the disobedience of the one or the justice of the other. So his long cherished hopes had received a mortal blow.

When the first rays of morning penetrated the crevices of his cabin, he hastened to rise and make preparations for his departure.

The boat of Meru had already finished them, and he perceived it gliding alongside the *charreyonne*, with sails set. Meru was at the helm; Francois, seated forward, was playing his bagpipe, as if on his way to some parish festival. He cast on the young captain, as they passed, a look of insolent triumph. Andrew did not reply. His eye sought the young girl, whom he could not see. The young captain felt his heart swell, but he suppressed his emotions, and seeing none of his men of the *charreyonne*, he repaired to the inn to find them.

At the moment of his entrance, all the sailors then at La Meilleraie had assembled around Père Soriel, and were speaking earnestly; on seeing him, the conversation ceased. Andrew was vaguely conscious that some resolution had just been taken respecting him, and the blood mounted to his face; but he did not allow himself to be intimidated. Seeking out his sailors, by a look he informed them that the *charreyonne* was about to set sail. The mariners did not move; the young man, astonished, repeated his summons; the sailors, evidently embarrassed, looked at Père Soriel. The latter then stepped

toward the captain of *L'Esperance*, and said seriously—

"You know that the marine of the Loire has resolved to make war upon the *noyeurs*, and that every true sailor has sworn to drive them from the boats; this oath you cannot keep, since Jacques is your father. Therefore those who cannot obey the laws of the fraternity of the waters may no longer belong to it."

"That is to say," said the young man, his heart beating violently, "that I am no longer to navigate the Loire?"

Soriel made a gesture in the negative.

"No one can bar the river to the *charreyonne*," replied he; "but no member of the marine of the Loire can henceforth aid in manœuvring it."

The mariners approved their interpreter by a murmur. Andrew, who had become very pale, cast around him sparkling glances.

"Very well!" said he, in a voice which anger caused to tremble, "I see that the noble body of the mariners of the Loire punish the fathers through the children. One may be an idler, like Barrel; a drunkard, like Henriot; a fillibuster, like Merel; a simpleton, like Ardouin; but, in order to remain among you, one must be a bastard, like Gros-Jean."

These insults, addressed to each of the boatmen present, excited among them a furious clamor; all replied by abuse or threats, and Gros-Jean advanced toward the young captain with raised fist. Leaning against the wall, Andrew defied with a glance all his adversaries, and a conflict seemed inevitable, when the sound of a trumpet, rising from the Loire, reached the inn, mournful and prolonged. Every voice was silenced as if by enchantment.

"Did you hear that?" exclaimed Soriel.

"It is the trumpet of warning!" replied the mariners, precipitating themselves toward the door and the window of the inn.

A small boat was descending rapidly, bearing at its mast-head the blue and yellow flag.

"The ice is in the river! the ice is in the river!" repeated the mariners with one voice.

And, without troubling themselves further about Andrew, all went out and ran to their boats, which they hastened to unmoor, and were quickly on their way toward their destination, which they hoped to reach before the descent of the ice.

The abandonment of his crew making it impossible for him to follow them, the young captain regained the *charreyonne*, and, after having guarded it as securely as possible, leaned on the helm. His boat alone remained in the port, abandoned, black, and motionless, while he saw, at various distances, the sails which had just

departed, gliding down the stream; and, afar off, amid the mists of the morning, the *futreau* of Maitre Meru, flying toward Nantes, bearing, with Entine, all the hopes of his life.

CHAPTER III.

While the species of interdict laid upon Andrew by his companions forcibly detained him at La Meilleraie, Maitre Jacques continued his route and arrived at Nantes, whither he had been summoned by the mysterious letter which had decided him to leave St. George.

It was the first time for more than twenty years that he had visited this city, associated with such gloomy reminiscences. He traversed it rapidly, directed his steps toward a well-known faubourg, reached its extremity, and perceived at last the house of which he was in search.

Isolated, and in advance of all the other habitations, it might have been taken for a sentinel stationed to observe the country. A high wall, whose top was bristling with broken glass, surrounded it on all sides, and left only the summit of the roof visible. When he perceived it, Maitre Jacques slackened his pace; the blood rushed to his heart. This solitary mansion, he had visited many times in the fatal days whose memory disturbed his slumbers. Then lived there the same man whom he was about to find there now. It was the last survivor of that formidable committee who had organized terror in the west, and made of Nantes the vein through which all La Vendée had bled. Thrown into the revolutionary whirlpool at an age when passion fevers the ideas, and when ignorance of life always hurries us toward the arbitrary, he had shown himself inflexible in what he believed to be the truth—implacable in the means of making it triumph. His punishment had been terrible. Repulsed from the society of men, he had been condemned for twenty-five years, to turn over the past, as Ixion rolls his wheel, in that secluded abode, of which public opinion had made itself the jailer.

After a few moments of hesitation, Maitre Jacques turned around the inclosure, and sought a little gate almost concealed, where he knocked. No one came immediately, and he was obliged to repeat his summons two or three times. At last a slow step was heard upon the gravel of the alley, a feeble and broken voice asked what was wanted.

"Open," replied Maitre Jacques, "it is I whom you are expecting."

The bolts were slowly drawn one after another, the gate revealed a narrow passage, and the *noyeur* found himself in the presence of an old woman wearing the costume of a nun.

"Sister Claire!" exclaimed he, uncovering his head.

"Who calls me?" asked the *religieuse*.

"What! am I so changed that you no longer recognize my countenance?" replied the astonished *noyeur*.

The old nun raised toward him eyes like those of a statue.

"Sister Claire sees no longer any countenance," replied she coldly; "but by your voice it seems to me—yes—you are Cousin Jacques! Come, come, he is impatient to see you."

She walked before him, aiding herself with a little holly-stick, to feel her way. Jacques had difficulty in recognizing the garden they were traversing. Its beds, formerly so carefully cultivated, had disappeared among parasite herbs; the trees, which had not been trimmed, had grown crooked, and the espaliers, half-detached from the wall, were lying on every side among the paths.

It was only on reaching the parterre before the house that this aspect changed. There a still attentive hand had directed the shrubs, and covered the flowers with straw, to shield them from the frost. At intervals a few winter heliotropes raised their fragrant stems, on which shone some drops of ice melted by the last rays of the sun. Seated near the threshold to warm himself, and bathed, so to speak, in their golden glory, a sick man was reclining in an arm-chair, with his forehead resting on one of his hands. Some birds who had come to peck among the flowers, fluttered at his feet, and pigeons were softly cooing above his head, in a ray of the setting sun. Jacques stopped; he recognized his cousin, the former member of the revolutionary committee.

Notwithstanding the ravages of illness, he wore the same expression of audacious energy. His hair, of a reddish brown and closely cut, revealed the thick eyebrows beneath, which appeared two deep and gloomy orbits; his nose was firm and curved like an eagle's beak; his lips were thin but resolute; his head rested on one of those stout necks, which usually betoken a violent nature.

"Is he asleep?" asked Sister Claire, who had not heard the dying man salute the arrival of Jacques.

The latter replied in the affirmative, lowering his voice.

"Speak louder," replied the nun, with a certain harshness in her tone; "his hours are numbered, and he must awake."

The sick man doubtless heard these words, for he opened his eyes and immediately recognized Maitre Jacques.

"Ah! it is you," said he, making an effort to raise his head; "you are very late, but no matter, there is yet time."

Sister Claire, who had approached, raised the pillow which supported him; he looked behind the *noyeur*.

"Are you then alone?" resumed he; "I wrote you to bring your son; where is he?"

Absent!" replied Jacques, who wished to avoid explanations on what had passed in the morning at La Meilleraie.

The sharp eye of the invalid fixed itself upon him.

"Has he not rather refused to come?" asked he; "do not lie."

"I have told you the truth," replied the old sailor, sustaining, impassibly, his glance.

"And yet it was he whom I wished to see," returned the cousin, with sorrowful hesitancy.

"What imports the absence of the son, since the father is here?" observed the nun, in a brief tone. "Can he not execute your orders—as he formerly executed them?"

Jacques started and cast down his head; the dying man raised his with an indomitable expression.

"You are right, Sister Claire," said he, bitterly, "he obeyed faithfully on the day when to save you he risked his life, and—

He stopped.

"And yours," finished the old blind woman; "it is a memory which may well be revealed. He had courage to save a poor nun, only because she had been in the convent a friend of your mother. So I have not forgotten it."

"I know it, I know it," returned the invalid, with a sort of impatience; "when all turned against me, and abandoned me, you came to offer me your services—I will not say your consolations."

"Consolation can come only from God!" interrupted Sister Claire.

"And yet, after having lived in my solitude for twenty years, influenced by an impulse of sympathy, you have refused to inherit my property, and will accept only of gratitude."

"Listen," interrupted the nun.

A shout had just arisen without the inclosure. The name of the dying man could be distinguished mingled with abuse and curses. Almost at the same instant a shower of stones fell in the garden and rolled to the parterre, whose flowers were broken beneath it; the affrighted birds flew away. The sick man uttered a feeble cry; his deadly paleness became still more livid. He heard the laughs of derision of the children who were fleeing after their daily attack on the accursed house. For many years, this insult had

been renewed every evening on the dismissal of the schools, and the terrible companion of Carrier had been unable to become accustomed to it; he, who had stood firm against all anathemas, quailed under those of children.

His head was raised with effort to wipe away a cold sweat which bathed his forehead. The nun said with fearful solemnity:—

"An hour still remains to you; repent!"

Then she turned slowly and groped her way into the house.

When she had disappeared there was a long silence. The lips of the dying man moved, as if he was about to exhale his last breath. Jacques, terrified, took his hands and called him by name. His eyes opened, a ray of life colored his features, and he drew toward him the old captain.

"Listen," murmured he, "your son is a brave mariner, is he not? He is esteemed. Well! I give him all I possess! All! do you hear?"

And as Jacques was about to stammer a reply, he interrupted him.

"Quick!" continued he, in a feeble voice, and pointing to the cushion of an old arm-chair, "seek there—what do you find?"

"A pocket-book!" said the mariner, thrusting his hand into the place indicated.

"That is it! all is there—notes and bank-bills. You understand? for your son? he, the honest man whom honest people would impoverish—the villain whom they curse enriches. In spite of them, I shall have ended by a good act."

At these words an ironical smile hovered on his lips; he would have added something, but the death-rattle prevented. Jacques summoned Sister Claire, who arrived with the same immovable countenance and knelt beside the chair, while the *noyeur* supported the head of the dying man. His respiration became more and more feeble. At last, extending his arms as if to seek a support, he opened his eyes, then closed them with a deep sigh. Jacques, who had bent over him, listened a moment, then placed his hand upon his lips. The blind woman raised her head.

"Is he in the hands of God?" asked she.

Jacques replied in the affirmative; she hastily rose.

"Then my task is finished!" exclaimed she. "Blessed be the holy name of the Lord!"

She crossed herself twice, and went slowly away. The *noyeur* cast for a moment a terrified glance around him; then, concealing the pocket-book in his bosom, he fled, while the corpse, its head upturned on the edge of the chair, as if its livid features still braved heaven, remained forsaken amid the humid fog which descended with the darkness.

Disturbed by this death—by the memories it had recalled, and by the unexpected fortune which had just enriched his son, Maitre Jacques went at first directly onward, involuntarily, and without a plan. He was a prey to a sort of dizziness, which made objects pass before his eyes confusedly and like a dream. He crossed thus the faubourg, reached the quays and passed the first bridges; but at last fatigue compelled him to stop, and restored to him a perception of the reality.

He looked through the gloomy night, and perceived, at the entrance of one of the stairways descending toward the Loire, a poor inn, whose tottering walls and sunken roof seemed to threaten ruin. On the obscure picture which swung beside the door, between two crowns of ivy, was confusedly drawn an anchor, blackened by time, and around which the most practiced eye would have vainly essayed to read an effaced inscription. Nevertheless, Jacques immediately recognized the cabaret of the Silver Anchor, formerly frequented by all the young marine of the river. Its present solitude proved the instability of human prosperity; but it was at the same time a reason for the preference of the ancient *noyeur*. So he did not hesitate to push open the door which closed the entrance.

An old woman was knitting beside the fire, by the light of a resin candle; she rose, evidently surprised at the arrival of a guest, and at his demand for supper and lodging, would have called her granddaughter to prepare these, but simply asking for bread and brandy, Jacques caused himself to be conducted to a lower chamber whose window opened on the bank of the Loire, hastily wished the hostess good-night, and shut the door.

While Andrew's father was seeking, as usual, forgetfulness of the past in intoxication and sleep, not far from him watched one whose hopes had all been destroyed by this past. Opposite the inn of The Silver Anchor, at a cable's length from the shore, rose on the waters a sort of square tower, whose dark profile stood out upon the sky: it was the floating-mill of the mother of Francois. Entine had arrived there a few hours before, in company with Meru, who had soon left with his nephew, to guard the *futreau* from the ice which had begun to appear in the river. After the exchange of questions and responses usual at a first interview, the miller had conducted her to the little room destined for her, in the upper story of the mill, and had left her there, promising her the slumbers of a child of three years old, cradled by *the good river* until the morrow.

Notwithstanding this prediction, the young

girl remained long awake. She was thinking of the adventure of the night before, of the manner in which her uncle had separated from Andrew, of the impossibility of making him accept for a nephew the son of Jacques the *noyeur*, and her heart was rent by this sad thought. Her gayety had fled; she was seated on her bed, her cheek resting on the pillow which she moistened with her ever renewing tears. Several hours passed away thus. At last her tears ceased to flow; her swollen eyelids closed, and, still sobbing like a child whom sleep has surprised amid its transient grief, she slept with her arms clasped over her forehead.

A dull but prolonged and deep murmur awoke her. By degrees it seemed to approach, to increase. It became a progressive and powerful roar. Very soon fires blazed, the bell of St. Peter's rang; a multitude of voices shouted as one—"The ice! the ice!"

This terrible cry was carried by messengers who traversed cities, towns, hamlets, borne swiftly on panting horses, and brandishing flaming torches. At La Muilleraie, man, torch and horse had fallen half dead. Andrew had seized the torch, mounted a fresh horse, and gone to announce at Nantes the approach of the scourge.

The news had immediately spread like a conflagration. The crews of the ships moored at La Fosse had suddenly awoke, the mariners had made haste; in an instant the two shores were thronged with a moving multitude, the bridges crowned with a garland of agitated heads. Torches gleamed, orders and appeals were intermingled. Every thing which could break the first shock of the ice was thrown into the Loire. Already the water, rushing violently, betokened its approach. Already the van-guard of icebergs appeared; they barred the river in all its breadth, and advanced like an army of white phantoms shaking to the breeze of night their snowy mantles.

The dwellers on the shores of great rivers only know the frightful power of these avalanches of ice, starting from their sources, increasing on the way, and arriving toward the mouth with a calm and implacable force which bears off every thing without opposition. They alone know the shudder which thrills every heart at the approach of the scourge, the inquisitive anxiety which hurries every step toward the river, the horror of the thousand conflicts between men and the mountains of ice which crumble from the height of the river, burying all beneath their ruins.

Entine, awakened by the noise and the shouts which announced the descent of the ice, had hastened to rejoin her aunt. Both saw with ter-

ror a wall of ice forming above the mill; but they soon perceived that, resting firmly against the shore and the abutment of the bridge, it shielded them like a dike, and served to drive the other ice toward the more remote arches. Meru and Francois, whose *futreau* was also within the circle thus defended, encouraged them from afar. In fact, the ice seemed tending toward the other branches of the river; the boats were there in greater numbers, efforts for security more earnest, and the arm on which the mill floated remained comparatively plunged in a sort of silence and obscurity.

The two women, somewhat re-assured, cast their eyes over the singular spectacle beneath their feet. Before them, as far as the eye could reach, they perceived only a multitude of pale and gleaming forms rapidly succeeding each other, passing with a crash and roar beneath the encumbered arches. On their right, the houses which bordered the river had successively awoken; at each window gleamed a light, on every threshold resounded voices; at the left, on the contrary, extended gloomy, deserted and silent meadows. At their extremity, one perceived the isolated ruin of The Silver Anchor, where no light appeared, and which seemed a darker spot in the night. The eye of the miller had just rested upon it, when she saw a shadow slowly detach itself, descend the declivity which led to the river, and advance toward the dike of ice in which the mill and the *futreau* of Meru were inclosed. She soon distinguished a meagre man, of tall stature, who bore a handspike on his shoulder. Arrived at the barrier formed by the ice, he resolutely stepped upon it, as upon the deck of a boat, and soon reached the middle. The affrighted miller pointed him out to her niece.

"Look, look, Entine," exclaimed she; "whence comes this poor man, and what is he seeking there? Has he lost his reason, or is he weary of life!"

"He walks directly onward without looking at any thing," observed the young girl.

"He has reached the edge of the ice; he is turning.

Entine started. By the light of the stars which whitened the icebergs, she had just distinguished the fixed eyes and contracted features of Maitre Jacques. Meru, who had for an instant observed him from his barge, also recognized him.

"It is the *noyeur*!" exclaimed he; "ah! God is just! he is sending him to his punishment!"

The night-walker continued, in fact, to follow the iceberg, at the extremity of which lay the abyss; but he stopped before reaching it, and,

raising his handspike, began to strike with confused exclamations, as he had done the night before. His blows quickly reached the edge of the embankment, which was heard to break; then, shaken by the violence of his movements, it cracked in its whole length. Meru in vain attempted to stop him by threats. A prey to his accustomed hallucination, the night-walker heard nothing, and continued his furious occupation. Francois, frightened, uttered a cry of horror.

"Curses on the brigand!" said the energetic captain; "if the ice breaks, all is over. Let us at the *noyeur*, Francois; I will compel him to rest, dead or alive!"

The boat glided over the waters still free, arrived near Jacques, and Meru raised his pole to strike him; but it was already too late. The shattered iceberg split at once in twenty places; the ice which it had until then arrested rushed forward, piling itself up, and the crumbling mountain buried at the same time beneath its ruins the boat and the night-walker.

The cries which issued from the floating mill were so piercing that the crowd heard them afar off and ran toward the bridge; but the space, open an instant before, was already invaded by an avalanche of ice which assailed the mill with a hoarse roar.

By an instinctive impulse of preservation, the two women had rushed to the interior. Entine, wild with terror, ascended to the chamber where she had passed the night, and fell there without strength. Meanwhile, the fragments of the iceberg, swollen by the still coming ice, had amassed themselves against the mill, and were dashing furiously against the iron cables which fastened it to the bed of the river. At each assault, the creaking of the chains was heard, and the ice bore away fragments of the building. At last, a terrible shock was felt, the edifice was raised for an instant, then fell back and floated away on the waters.

A shout of terror arose from the crowd which encumbered the bridge. The mill advanced fitfully, its sombre mass overtopping the petrified waves. At intervals, the great wheels, moved by the shock of an iceberg, would turn rapidly, then suddenly stop. The black and vacillating tower reached thus one of the arches, stooped to become engulfed, then stopped an instant.

This last pause seemed to arouse Entine; she comprehended the danger, and excess of terror restored the faculties of which terror had deprived her. She ran to the window with outstretched arms, calling for succor.

At this sight, the spectators rushed toward the parapet; every head was bent, every arm extended. Vain efforts! the window was too far. A

—murmur of pity and of horror ran from one to another. The ice continued to pile itself against the mill, and the dark mass sank more and more. Clinging to the window, the young girl had lost every other sentiment but the desire of life; she called for aid with sobs and clasped hands; but the mill still descended! Its roof had already reached the level of the arches, when a man appeared standing on the parapet.

It was Andrew, who, just arrived at Nantes, whither he had come to announce the approach of the ice, had thought of the peril to which the young girl might be exposed in the mill of her aunt, and had reached the bridge at the moment it was about to be engulfed. He comprehended all at the first glance. In two bounds he was above the arch before which the mill was floating. He glided along the edge of the wall, reached one of those large iron rings sealed in the stone, and supporting himself there by one arm, attained the window. As he extended his hand the black edifice oscillated on the waves; he profited by the moment to seize the young girl. Both remained for an instant suspended over the abyss; but a desperate effort brought Andrew to the ledge with his burden. He had just deposited her there, when a terrific crash resounded at his feet, and an icy shower sprinkled his face; the mill had disappeared beneath the waters.

The mariners running thither with ropes, aided the young girl to ascend, and she reached the bridge in a swoon.

All researches made to recover her aunt were unavailing; carried away with the wreck of the mill, she remained buried beneath the ice, as

well as Francois and Maitre Meru. A single day had thus deprived Entine of all her Nantese family. As soon as she had recovered from the terrible shock she had received, and had assisted, in deep mourning, at the office, celebrated in the parish church, of the deceased, she set out for the Hermitage of St. Vincent, the only asylum which was left her.

It was then that Andrew saw her once more. The prejudices of Meru were not shared by the farmer of the hermitage. Knowing that his niece owed her life to the young captain, he received him with cordiality. A great change had taken place in the position of Andrew. The pocket-book bequeathed by the man of the isolated house, had been found at the inn of the Silver Anchor, with the jacket and hat of Maitre Jacques. The young man, who was ignorant of its origin, believed himself to be the inheritor of the secret savings of his father, and this unexpected opulence sufficed to silence all objections. Three months after the events we have just related, he espoused Entine, at St. Vincent; he had not forgotten his expulsion from the marine of the Loire, but he made no attempt to rejoin it, and renounced navigation.

The traveler who descends from Angers to Nantes, may now see, between Chantocé and Ingrade, an avenue of trees, and at its extremity surrounded by a garden, a dwelling, whose white façade, hemmed in with vines and Bengal roses, overlooks the Loire; it is the retreat chosen by Andrew; it is there that he lives happily with Entine, on the banks of his beloved river, and in the sound of the waters which recall to him so many remembrances.

THE DEATH OF DONA URRACA.

A BALLAD.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Don Pedro rode from Najara
With fury in his brain,
He hanged, hacked, burned and boiled, blood filled
The foot-prints of his train,

Prince Edward's sword had given the land
Into the tyrants power;
And Dona Urraca, with the rest,
Must bide the dismal hour.

Because her son, Alfonso, fled
Before the royal court,
That lady fair, of high degree,
Must make the rabble sport

Thus, in the strong Alcazar shut,
She made her piteous moan,
While her maidens gathered round, to hear,
With many a hopeless groan.

• Make me a robe, my gentle maids,
And make it light and thin,
That the fire may lap around my heart
And quickly creep within.

"So that the bitter death I bear,
If cruel, may yet be brief;
For Don Pedro dooms me to the stake,
And Heaven sends no relief.

"The king has sworn to see me burn
For young Alfonso's sake:—
If my son could hear the heavy news,
I ween, his heart would ache.

"Ah! if he knew the tender arms,
That nursed his helpless head,
Must burn to ashes on the breast
Whereat his childhood fed;

"And the breath that fanned his baby brow,
And sang his lullaby,
Must feed the fire of Pedro's wrath,
And shriek with agony;

"I fear Alfonso's lips, would curse
His birth-hour; but, I vow,
I, who would then have died for him,
Am proud to do it now.

"So make me a robe of Moorish stuff,
And let the fire have sway;
For my soul is sick whene'er I think
Of lingering on the way."

"Mistress," said Leonor Davalos,
Whilst the others only wept,
"I'll make thy robe from cloth of wool
Which I so long have kept.

"I'll make thy robe from Flemish cloth,
Lest, when the fire arise,
Thy garments burn from off thy limbs,
And shame thee in all eyes."

"Be still!" the lady sternly cried,
"And do thy ordered part:
Thou art too coolly provident
To have me much at heart."

Then Leonor in silence bent,
And wrought with little cheer;
For down her cheeks the big droops ran—
With every stitch, a tear.

Nathless, the robe was neatly made,
Each seam in proper place.
She bound her lady's girdle on,
And looked into her face.

The lady bade her maids farewell,
She kissed them o'er and o'er,
But not a look of love she cast
On hapless Leonor.

The lady knelt beside the priest,
The holy bread was given,

She made her peace with all the world,
And turned her thoughts on heaven.

The hour is come. The royal guard,
With trampling harsh and loud,
Have led the lady swiftly forth
To face the hooting crowd.

They bound her to the fatal stake
With iron chains; and, now,
The headsman blows his torch aflame
Beneath his scowling brow.

High into heaven, as if to bear
Witness against her doom,
The pitchy fagots flashed,
Then all was silent as the tomb.

Pale with afright, the lady hung
Upon her chains and wept,
Until a gust of brawling wind
Across the ramparts swept;

And drove the flames aslant, and caught
The lady's fluttering gown,
Stripping her person to the view
Of every leering clown.

Loud roared the crowd, and laughed and jeered,
To see the lady's plight,
Pointing their fingers, nudging those
Who could not bear the sight.

"O, Mary, mother of our Lord,
I call upon thy name!
Thou who dost know what I endure,
O hide me from my shame!

"O, holy Virgin, take my soul!
The inward fire I feel
Is crueller than the fire around.—
I'm bound, or I would kneel."

Sad Leonor, from where she stood,
Heard how her lady cried;
She sprang toward the blazing pile,
And dashed the guard aside.

Right through the smoke and sparkling coals
She leaped into the flame,
And spread her flowing garments out,
And hid her lady's shame.

She clasped her body with her arms,
And straight into the sky,
High up, as toward some distant spot,
The two gazed steadfastly.

Gazed with their wondering lips apart,
Cheek pressed to pallid cheek,
Heart stilled on heart; no sign they make,
No stir, no word they speak.

Gazed till their souls were following
The vision far away,
And the savage fagots blazed around
A mass of senseless clay.

GEORGE GILFILLAN.*

BY CHARLES J. IRVINE.

At present it is our intention to discuss neither the propriety of that important document, known to all readers of Scottish history, by the title of the Solemn League and Covenant, as a mean to an end, nor the proceedings of its framers and supporters, known as the Covenanters. Interesting and instructive both these subjects undoubtedly are, whether we regard them as isolated facts in history, or as calculated to throw light on many questions which are being agitated every day, in every Protestant community; and much yet remains to be done—notwithstanding the attention that has been bestowed on them in recent years—ere it can be said that the problems involved in them have been thoroughly solved, that calm and dispassionate views of the men and the measures of these stirring times have become prevalent, or that the lessons inculcated by their heroic “wrestlings,” their sufferings, their numerous errors, and occasional crimes, have taken that deep root in the heart of posterity, without which their story has been told in vain. An apology for their struggles in behalf of freedom is not needed in that land whose dwellers boast of their descent from the Pilgrim Fathers. An impartial account, however, of that eventful era requires to be written. It is possible to admire the great-souled Men of the Covenant, without going the extreme length of MacCrie, even as it is possible to admit the military skill and personal courage of Claverhouse, without feeling ourselves called upon to defend, with Professor Ayton, the atrocities that characterized his dragoonades against an inoffensive peasantry. But a document framed on such rigidly unbiassed principles exists not. Nevertheless, in its absence it might not be altogether unprofitable to muse a little while on the great drama which unfolded itself at that period in the land of brown heath and shaggy wood, and on the actors who played their part therein. And for a text-book we could hardly select a better than the spirited volume now before us, with its fluent narrative, its graphic sketches, its generous eulogy of the mighty ones of the Past, its forcible enunciation of the duties of the Present, and its hopeful,

and hope-inspiring tone in regard to the Future. But, as already hinted, our present object is somewhat different. We mean, in brief, to weigh in the critical balance, not the book but the man; not George Gilfillan’s “Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards,” but George Gilfillan himself.

Perhaps on no writer of any note in the present day have opinions so conflicting been formed, as on the subject of this paper. With some, both here and in the old country, the name of George Gilfillan is suggestive of every thing brilliant, earnest, and profound; while with others, whose decision on such matters is equally valuable, the mention of the same name only calls forth derisive laughter, or, at best, a civil sneer. His admirers depict him in glowing colors as an intellectual giant, possessing an inexhaustible store of imaginative wealth, and a facility of communicating his ideas well nigh unrivaled. According to them, “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,” are alike his. But on the other hand, his depreciators manifest great cordiality in protesting against such a finding, on the ground that it is entirely unsupported by evidence; and do not scruple to pronounce him a man of the very flimsiest mental capacity; his so-called flights of imagination, simply bombastic ranting, and his much-lauded style no other than an atrocious outrage on the purity of old Mother English. That there should exist among intelligent people two so contradictory opinions of one man, would, of itself, form quite a satisfactory reason for attempting to find out his actual standing in the literary world, even if the fact of their existence did not go to prove that there must be some peculiarities in such a man, deserving, nay demanding, an impartial investigation. In all likelihood, the result of an examination so conducted would be, that on both extreme sides was to be found a mixture of truth and error, and that the middle course, as usual, led to the soundest conclusion of the three. The reader will not fail to remember that time was when partisan feeling ran as high, and higher, in regard to one who, as it were but yesterday, went down to the grave, “with all his blushing honors thick upon him;” when Wordsworth and his poetry were the occasion of many a

* The Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant. By George Gilfillan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

clash of argument and jar of words,
Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords;—

a controversy that has long ago subsided into the prevalent belief that the Bard of the Lakes, though not the very greatest poet that England has produced, is a very great poet indeed, but that assuredly his delectable ballad concerning Betty Foy, and others of a similar stamp, have not contributed to the upbuilding of his fame. Whether a verdict conceived in a similar spirit may or may not be passed by succeeding generations on George Gilfillan, it is not our province to inquire. Enough, if we endeavor to find out what he is capable of doing by a reference to what he has already done.

Before proceeding to indicate the most prominent points, of a favorable nature, in Mr. Gilfillan's character as a literary man, there are certain aspects, less favorable, in which we must view him if we would not exclude one main part of the evidence in our proposed examination. Among the most notable of these we may specify, first, his average *style*. This is a subject which has called forth more friendly remonstrances and more hostile remark than any other of his defects, real or supposed—we might safely say, than them all put together. It would be an amusing, were it not a really painful occupation, to follow his eccentric career, whenever he chooses to abandon himself, in this matter, to the impulses of his own sweet will. The amount of grandiloquent verbiage (*Scotticé, blethers*) which he proves himself capable of committing to paper, and, worse still, to the press, at such moments when the afflatus is on him, is unutterably great.

Talibus ex adyto dictis, Cumura Sibylla,
Horrendas canit ambages autroque remugit,
Obscuris vera involvers!

Mr. Gilfillan has hitherto seen fit to treat with indifference all expostulation on his overfondness for that high-sounding mode of address with which the name of King Cambyzes is so intimately associated, but he should bear in mind that this may be attributable less to manly firmness than to downright obstinacy. Toward this, his most vulnerable side, his enemies have directed their fiercest and most frequent onsets, but in so far as symptoms of a change to better are concerned, their artillery seems to have been expended in vain. But, as saith the proverb of the ancients: "faithful are the wounds of a friend." Will not Mr. Gilfillan at the oft reiterated solicitations of his most ardent well-wishers, endeavor to amend an error which, he may depend upon it, has proved, and will prove, a serious hindrance to his progress in climbing the Hill of Fame? The purity of that taste is, indeed, more than questionable, which could wink

at such extravagancies of diction (not to speak of sentiment) as those wherewith Mr. Gilfillan is too frequently chargeable. Where, for example, could we hope to find better specimens of the very worst taste, than in the following random selections? Some of them we humbly confess our inability to understand or explain. Ralph Waldo Emerson, we are told, could not be confined in his range of thought by the pulpit; "he preferred rather to stray to and fro along the crooked serpent of eternity!" The marriage between Shelley and his future wife, Mary Godwin, "had been determined long before, while yet the souls were waiting in the great antenatal antichamber!" (when or where was that?) "They met at last like two drops of water—like two flames of fire—like two beautiful clouds which have crossed the moon, the sky and all its stars, to hold their midnight assignation over a favorite and lonely river!" Byron's "name has been frequently but injudiciously coupled with that of Shelley. This has arisen principally from their accidental position. They found themselves together one stormy night in the streets, having both been thrust out by the strong arm from their homes. *One had been kicking up a row and kissing the serving maids, the other had been trying to rouse the family, but in so awkward a fashion that, in his haste, he had put out all the lustres, and nearly blown up the establishment.* In that cold, desolate, moonless night they chanced to meet; they entered into conversation; they even tried by drawing near each other to administer a little kindly warmth and encouragement. Men seeing them imperfectly in the lamp-light classed them together as two dissolute and disorderly blackguards, and, alas! when the morning came, that might have accurately discriminated them, both were found lying dead in the streets." Verily, in reference to this passage, Mr. Gilfillan might with all propriety adopt honest John Bunyan's motto, and say: "*I have used similitudes!*" But again—"The apostle Peter's impetuosity, his forwardness, his outspoken utterance, his mistakes and blunders, his want of tact, his familiarity with his Master, his warm-heartedness, his simplicity of character render him (hear it not thou august keeper of the keys!) the OLIVER GOLDSMITH of the New Testament!" Once more. A painting by an Italian master, representing our Saviour in conversation with the Samaritan woman, was, we are assured, "*a picture that might have converted a soul!*"

Language such as this, it will be allowed, is objectionable on more grounds than one. Better, we freely admit, the extreme into which Mr. Gilfillan so often runs, of treating the phraseology and facts and doctrines of Scripture as common

property, to which recourse may be had on every occasion, however trivial, than that other extreme which consists in the contemptuous indifference for, or the cold-blooded suppression of all sympathy with, the volume of Inspiration. The former is, perhaps, excusable in one whose professional studies necessarily revolve round that volume; the latter is unpardonable even in the man who refuses to acknowledge its divine origin. But better still, we say, the happy medium which uses as not abusing it; which gives a practical recognition to it as Holy Scripture; and by which the sin of omission and the sin of commission are alike avoided. This medium Mr. Gilfillan has never had the good fortune to hit upon, if, indeed, he has ever taken the trouble to search for it. The London Times, with its unrivaled talent and notorious instability of principle, may be a great mystery, but to term it "almost as great a mystery as the Trinity" seems to our old-fashioned taste a mode of expression which not the interjected salvo—"with reverence be it spoken"—can shield from a just charge of profanity. Neither can we hear the Saviour of the world spoken of as "*the bashful boy-god*" without mingled emotions of anger and astonishment—anger that any man should presume so familiarly to epithetize the Incarnate Piety, and astonishment that the offender should be a minister of that Gospel which He became incarnate to proclaim.

As to his partiality for such a thorough empiric as Ralph Waldo Emerson, his exaggerated estimate of William Godwin, his idolatry of the gifted but wayward and crack-brained Shelley, and his incessant efforts to exalt such men to the position, and obtain for them the homage due to veritable and awful "HEROES," the less, for his own sake, that is said the better. Nor can we close this record of his foibles and his failings without a reference to his disagreeable and unprofessional habit—one that may be traced directly to his ultra-millenarian views—of sneering, whenever a sneer can be decently introduced, at the efforts now being made for bringing into closer union Protestant Christians of every denomination, in anticipation of a fast-coming struggle with Popish and Infidel adversaries, more deadly than the world has ever yet beheld. These oddities (to employ a delicate euphemism) in Mr. Gilfillan's mental conformation, unquestionably exercise a damaging influence on his own reputation with all to whom they are in any degree a novelty. For our own part we must say that familiarity has brought us to regard them less with wonder than sorrow, not unmixed, it must be admitted, with contempt.

But while thus candidly and explicitly stating

our opinions in regard to these unfortunate peculiarities, it does not follow that we are insensible to, or indisposed to acknowledge, his great literary merits. His frequent violations of the plainest rules of composition do not render us forgetful of the fact that the violator possesses, notwithstanding, a very uncommon amount of critical skill. Blinded irremediably, as it would seem, to his own faults, or, at all events, reckless of the blight they bring on his own reputation, he has scarcely his equal among critics now alive in the keenness of vision with which he scrutinizes all who stand before him in judgment. In a few cases, it must be admitted, he sinks the impartiality of the judge, and, in defiance of all evidence, and to the manifest injury of his judicial fame, warmly fraternizes in open court with the prisoner at the bar. But such instances are rare; and, as a general rule, his decisions are notable alike for the sharp-sightedness in point of law, and the rigid adherence to justice which they display. It is impossible to read, even very cursorily, the two powerful, however unequal, volumes* that were the means of conferring a more than local celebrity on the hitherto comparatively obscure Dundee clergyman, without being struck with the acuteness manifested by the author in discriminating between the true and the false, the genuine and the sham, in the character and works of almost every individual of the "various host" of writers composing his gallery. Rhadamanthus himself could hardly be conceived to have meted out more equitable measure to the spectral forms who thronged the Plutonium Hall. A sentiment this which we feel sure will be endorsed by every one who comes to an unprejudiced perusal of the volumes in question.

Let it be understood, then, that while we claim not for George Gilfillan the honor due to the man of massive intellect, of profound thought, or of originality of conception—ranking him thereby, as the advancement of such a claim would imply, among the loftier MAKERS (*ποιηται*) of the age—we do assert his right to the homage attending, wherever found, that eagle-eyed penetration, that vision and faculty divine, wanting which the critic, as well as the bard, is a shorn Samson—"weak as other men." To whatever this "discernment of spirits" be owing, whether to his genial warm-heartedness, that delights to welcome with affection and sympathy every, even the smallest, promise of literary merit, or to the strong poetic sensibility that has been so profusely lavished on him by boon Nature, or to any other causes known or unknown, certain it is that

* A Gallery of Literary Portraits, by Geo. Gilfillan.

A Second Gallery of Literary Portraits, by Geo. Gilfillan.

he displays a vividness of perception in the discharge of his critical functions, which, to say the least, a very microscopic search would fail to discover in many a pretentious critic who heaps indiscriminate censure on all our author's writings, and affects to consider none of them entitled to any more flattering notice than that conveyed in a sarcastic allusion or a contemptuous sneer. The first-mentioned of these two sources of power, (as, in his paper on John Sterling, he himself has well shown them to be,) is one with which he has been gifted to a remarkable extent. Who, familiar with his works, can have failed to remark the enthusiasm into which he kindles at the mention of the name of Bailey, the author of "Festus," or that of "our gifted young friend, Sidney Yeudys," author of "The Roman?" And who can forget, or cease to be grateful for, the kindly encouragement and truly *Gilfillanish* eulogy bestowed on a certain young man named Smith, who had written a certain daring poem, entitled "A Life Drama?" "Love, and you will understand," seems to be a rule ever-present, ever-operative with him; in his heart, no less than in his tongue, is the law of kindness; and this it is which prompts him to look with tender eye on many an erring child of genius; which impels him, while dealing out stern condemnation on the wrong, to suggest every palliation that can be devised in behalf of the wrong-doer;* and which, sooth to say, hurries him so often "above the flight of Pegasean wing" and into the unsubstantial realm of cloud-land itself, there to disport himself in such fantastic manner that the puzzle-pated Dryasdusts on the plain below, are hardly blame-worthy in pronouncing the whole exhibition an absurdity and a hum.

But it is in the possession of the second-named "good gift" that Mr. Gilfillan is preëminently distinguished. He is a perfect specimen, if ever one existed, of that favored portion of the species which may be termed *song-smitten*; a class whose chief characteristic consists in the uncontrollable emotion manifested by every individual member thereof whenever subjected to poetic influences. To say that Gilfillan, regarded at present as the representative of this class, loves

* For example, Robert Burns. The reader is referred to those passages where he finds (or takes) occasion to speak of the inspired ploughman. We might almost say *Vid. Gil. opera passius*. Gilfillan has been accused of dogging the form of poor Burns with assassin-like step, and seizing every opportunity to stab him in that vital part—his reputation. The charge is unjust, though only of a piece with many others raked up from time to time through motives the very reverse of "pure or honest, or lovely." We may safely say, that the friend of Thomas Carlyle will be neither the open enemy nor the stealthy calumniator of Scotland's rustic bard.

poetry, would be to enunciate such truisms as that the rose is beautiful, the sun glorious, the thunder grand.

It is a very essential of his inner existence; as needful for his spiritual growth and strengthening as the light, and rain, and dew of heaven for the tender plants of earth. Give him some subtle problem in metaphysical science to work out, and you reduce him to a condition hopeless in its helplessness; he begins to talk ramblingly, disjointedly, incoherently; and, as the vivacious Homer is sometimes alleged to do, snores as well as nods. But bring him into contact with those strains, soft or swelling, which the bard by his incommunicable skill can draw from the lyre—mute or dissonant in other hands—and straightway he displays all the ecstatic delight of the war-horse, which saith among the trumpets Ha! Ha! Amid the beauties and the grandeurs of the wondrous world that poetry has called into existence by her omnific word, he revels as luxuriously, and with as much of the *home-feeling*, as that sea-beast, leviathan, in its hoary dwelling-place of waters. As a natural consequence, this susceptibility to poetic influences is nearly allied to an exuberant flow of poetic expression. His language is that of poetry, rolls the rapture, glows with the fire, and breathes the native accents of poetry. No wonder, then, that more than any other of the masters of song, he should feel himself irresistibly attracted toward the sweet singers of Israel, and that his greatest work—great in spite of its too palpable inequalities of execution—should be a "prose-poem" in honor of the Bards of the Bible. We have not left ourselves space to enter into a minute examination of that noble volume,* but have the less cause to regret this when we remember the reception it met with on its first appearance. At the present moment we do not recollect of any other recent production on which was brought to bear so large an amount of criticism; which had its claims so rigorously investigated, its merits so eloquently eulogized, and, truth to speak, its deficiencies so unmercifully exposed. Weekly, monthly, and quarterly journals teemed with critiques and extracts. It created more excitement than the "Life Drama." Some pronounced it faultless, and forthwith decreed the author immediate apotheosis. Others, on the contrary, commencing at the title—*The Bards of the Bible*—ran on to the end in a carping, querulous strain, and only refrained a murmur at the typographical peculiarities of the "*Finis*," from a dim consciousness that for these Mr. Gilfillan was not responsible. But the book possessed a vitality and vigor which carried it from out the

* *The Bards of the Bible*. By George Gilfillan.

doctrines, both of conflicting opinions, somewhat war-worn indeed, but essentially as unharmed as if it had never come under the ponderous assaults of the *North American Review*. Those who have read, and who can appreciate the masterly chapters on Job, Isaiah, and Paul, will bear us out in these observations. Those who have not, had better do so before they pronounce an opinion.

In confirmation of the previous remarks, numerous extracts might be made from Mr. Gilfillan's miscellaneous writings. But such a proceeding would be indeed a work of supererogation. We merely aim at indicating what we conceive to be his most prominent literary merits, and may safely leave it to the intelligent reader, who has access to the same sources of information as we have, to illustrate the subject for himself. There is one short passage, however, which we cannot forbear transcribing: partly because it is an established favorite of our own, and partly because it affords a fair specimen of Gilfillan's style, when unmarred by his unfortunate extravagancies. Thus he impersonates Science, Literature, and Religion. They are all, he has been saying, in one view, various phases of the human mind; Science the Mind as Intellect; Literature the Mind as Genius; Religion the Mind as Faith. "All three are thus the one Mind under different aspects of contemplation, and using different degrees of light. Science holds a torch of dry light, clear, stern and searching; Literature is surrounded by a softer and warmer effulgence; while the light of Religion mingles with that 'which never was on sea or shore.' I am reminded of the three fair Graces described by St. Paul, Faith, Hope and Charity. Here, to the Apostles view, stood Faith, with eagle-eye, contemplating the invisible; there Hope, looking as beautiful and happy as if a breeze from heaven were blowing around her temples and stirring her golden hair; and there, again, Charity, weeping over a miserable world, and all the more lovely for her tears. So Science, Literature and Religion figure themselves as three noble sisters; one is arrayed with severe simplicity, her eye is piercing, her air masculine, one hand rests on a terrestrial globe, another uplifts a telescope to the stars, her name is Science. Another is more gayly and gorgeously attired, her cheek is tinged with a finer bloom; her mouth is radiant with a sweeter dimple, one hand rests upon the open page of Milton, the other holds a pen which seems to drop letters of gold, her name is Literature. A third is a more matured and matronly form, 'grace is in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and love;' a dark but lustrous veil envelops her majestic form; her eye is raised higher than those sidereal heav-

ens to which her sister, Science, restricts her gaze; one hand holds the Book of God, while the other, as it is lifted up on high, 'allures to brighter worlds and points the way,' her name is Religion. . . . Which would you choose?" . . . *The Connection between Science, Literature and Religion. A Lecture. By Geo. Gilfillan.*

There remains yet to be briefly noticed one marked feature in Mr. Gilfillan's character as a litterateur, without which we feel our sketch would be far from complete—we mean his deep-toned piety. It has been often urged to his reproach that he is too ready to sink the clerical character; and that a stranger to his professional title might read his writings through and through and never once suspect the author to be in very deed a "reverend" gentleman. Had we the inclination we might point to his abundant and efficient pastoral labors in refutation of the charge. This, at any rate, is certain, that his works throughout are radiant with that holy beauty which an acquaintance with the source of all perfection never fails to communicate; and, in this respect, he is a worthy model for imitation among our literary men. Literature—in itself a pure and noble thing—has been too often, and too long given over to impure and ignoble uses, and in spite of the zealous efforts that of late years have been made, and even now are making, to rescue it from the hands that would degrade it to a paltry toy,—to a mere money-making machine,—or worse still, to a deadly engine for subverting the very basis of morality, much yet remains to be done before the victory is secured, and our popular literature pervaded with a Christian spirit. In such circumstances, when the battle is raging loudest, when both parties, with the exception of a disreputable squadron of neuters, have taken their stand, determined to do or die, it is cheering to behold "a Hero in the strife" like George Gilfillan, one who can speak with authority on literary matters, throwing the weight of his influence on the right side. As already unequivocally stated, there are things to be found in him from which we are compelled to withhold our approbation, things which we cannot but regret and dare not but condemn; but, looking at the other and brighter side of the picture, we are not without hope that he has been gifted and called forth at this special juncture to demonstrate to (if not convince) the world that the man of God may be a man of genius likewise; that devotion in religion is not incompatible with devotion to letters; and that it is possible, with a strong leaning toward the pursuits even of "light literature," to sanctify these pursuits, and to labor on

As ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye.

KATRINA GRETCHEN:

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY MRS. R. HYNEMAN.

NEVER was there seen a more beautiful child than Katrina, the daughter of the humble widow Gretchen. The husband had been a retainer of the late Graf, whose castle stood, frowning in sombre grandeur, on the little cottage at its foot. Never was there a more beautiful child. Her complexion was a pure mingling of the rose and lily; her features perfect in their outline, but betraying even in infancy a haughty tone; her expansive forehead, indicative of high and lofty purposes; and her eyes, those magnificent eyes, of a blue so deep that they appeared almost black, rendered her an object rarely met with among the peasantry of Germany. There was a gorgeousness, too, in her character, a keen appreciation of all that was beautiful and rich in nature or art.

She would arrange her flowers in her mother's garden, and classing them according to their brilliancy and beauty, pay court to each. "Look mother," she would say, "this fair lily is the Gräfin Edalinda; see how pale and fair it is; and these mignonettes and violets which thou lovest so much, are her waiting-maids. Yonder rich tulip is my duchess, see how haughtily she holds her head; she does not seek to conceal her beauties, as thou sayest I must do, but displays them bravely, mother."

"And where is thy queen, my courtly little peasant girl," the mother would say.

"My queen!" ah, that, thou knowest, should not mingle with other flowers. See, there is her palace, my beautiful damask rose. I could not let the hot sun scorch her head, so I have woven her a bower, that she may not pine and wither as the others do, when the sun beameth on them."

"Thou foolish child," would her mother respond, "even thy beautiful queen-flower springeth from the same soil, and is nourished by the same dews of heaven as my humble violet."

"Ah, mother! but why is it that she grows so much more beautiful than all the others? She must feed on something better than they."

"Is the Countess Edalinda so much handsomer

than thee, or thy playmates, Katrina?" her mother asked.

"Nay," replied the little beauty, "she is not at all handsome. Thou knowest when we last visited the housekeeper, the good dame Elisabet, she said in my hearing, that thy Katrina would make a handsomer and more stately countess than Edalinda. Those words have been in my heart ever since, mother, and I have wondered why I was not born a countess, instead of the poor peasant that I am."

"Silence thy murmurs, my child," replied her mother. "When thou art older, then wilt thou know that the good God giveth to each one his situation; thou wast born to thine as the Gräfin Edalinda was to hers."

But time wrought no change in Katrina, on the contrary the feeling strengthened, and every visit she paid the housekeeper, whose unwise remark had not been forgotten, increased the wild wish to be high and honored.

"Oh, mother! if I were only a countess," she said one day, on returning from one of these visits, "if I could only feel the happiness of wearing rich clothes, and having my hair braided with pearls and diamonds, and seeing my servants around me, obeying my slightest wish, and trembling at my displeasure. Why was I not born a countess!"

"My child thou art wandering," said her mother. "Wilt thou never learn thy duty. Murmur not that thy lot is cast in lowly places, thou hast much to be grateful for—thou hast youth, and health, and virtue, and thou hast thy mother. Think, Katrina, is that so slight a boon that thou wouldst yield it for the gay trappings of the countess? She is motherless; her wealth and station cannot bring to her a mother's love. How gladly would she resign them for that blessing. Does my Katrina think so lightly of it that she would cast it aside for a bauble, and exchange with Edalinda?"

"I would not give thy dear love for all the world's wealth, my good mother," said Katrina, throwing her arms around her mother's neck,

and kissing her. "But ah, mother, she looked so happy to-day, as she left the castle gate with the gay cavalcade who accompanied her in the chase. The wind, as if proud of having one so noble to toy with, waved her golden curls, and swayed the white plume until it mingled with them, and shaded her fair face. Her embroidered velvet robe almost touched the ground, and her beautiful white palfrey arched his proud neck, and seemed conscious that he bore no common person. Thinkest thou I could see her thus while gray-haired servitors stood with uncovered head, and bowed low as she passed, and not wish that the good Lord had made me a countess. Thou sayest he giveth to each one his station; why have we not, then, minds suited to our station; why must I be tortured with this yearning after that which is unattainable?"

"Thy wild thoughts make thee impious, Katrina," said her mother, somewhat angrily. "Get thee to thy labor, and banish them from thy mind. And pray God to forgive thy sinfulness."

The good Gretchen prayed that a different spirit might be given her proud, wayward child; she feared that those wild, ambitious thoughts would ultimately prove a curse, and she strove by every means in her power to instill a portion of her own humble piety in the heart of Katrina.

The latter had gone one day to the little spring at the foot of the hill, as was her daily custom, but her dripping pitcher stood beside her, as she sat, with that dark feeling at her heart, filling it with bitterness, and all unconscious that home-duties awaited her. She plucked the bright-red berries and glossy leaves from her favorite bush, and weaving them in a coronal around her head, surveyed herself in the placid mirror before her. And never did mirror reflect a face or form of more exquisite beauty. The brilliant wreath resting on her small, classically-shaped head, whose wealth of hair was of that peculiar purple black so rarely seen, and plaited according to the customs of the country, descended almost to her feet, completed a most perfect picture. It was no wonder that the handsome young huntsman, who now appeared on the scene, should doff his cap and bow low, as to a queen; for she was most queenly in her glorious beauty.

The stranger was in the early morning of life, and his hunting-garb, as well as his courtly bearing bespoke him one of the higher orders; and Katrina recognized him at a glance as the betrothed husband of the Lady Edalinda, the haughty Baron Lichteneau, whom the house-keeper had pointed out to her as their future master. He stood with uncovered head before the peasant girl, as he addressed her, for her

beauty was of that commanding kind which enforces respect as well as admiration, and the baron was struck by such unlooked for loveliness.

"What would, my lord?" she asked, as she plucked the wreath from her head.

"A draught of water, fair maiden! Nay, allow me to replace thy coronal," he said, placing it on her head. "Jewels would better become thee, but even these have a beauty not their own when they rest on that fair brow. Thy name, sweet one, methinks it would prove a shield in time of danger; tell it me, I will place it next that of my patron saint."

A haughty flash from those soul-speaking eyes was the only answer, as, tearing the wreath from her head, she turned to depart.

"Poor wreath," said he, picking it up. "I will wear it next my heart, in memory of this meeting,"

"Beware, my lord, it has thorns," said the young girl, significantly.

"It touched thy brow," he said. "Its very thorns shall be welcome to my heart. Pardon me, mademoiselle, I crave a draught of water before you leave me."

He filled his hunting-cup from the pitcher, and bowing low, with his plumed cap in his hand as she left him, he watched her retreating figure.

From that day the little spring possessed great attractions for the Baron Lichteneau. Sometimes he saw Katrina, but not often, and never alone. She never came now without one of her young companions, and the baron was forced to leave the neighborhood without having had it in his power to speak a word in the ear of the maid of the little spring.

At length, wearied with the importunities of her daughter, and anxious to instil a lesson on her mind, of the emptiness and vanity of worldly wealth and grandeur, the good mother, Gretchen, consented to place her beneath the care of her old friend, Elisabet, and accordingly Katrina became an inmate of the Schloss Landsberg, and, in course of time, one of the waiting-maids of the Lady Edalinda.

"Art thou more happy, my daughter?" asked the mother, when her daughter visited her. "Is thy heart satisfied?"

"Far from it, mother! I am but a servant. Can a slave be happy?"

"What wouldst thou, child? Art thou not now the inmate of a proud castle? Thy dress is richer, and thou farest better than thou ever didst in thy mother's poor cottage, and still is that restless little heart unsatisfied. I thought to cure thee of thy folly, when I allowed thee to leave me. I had hoped that thou wouldst have

returned to thy humble home, a wiser and a better maiden."

"Thou hast failed, mother," returned Katrina. "The remedy was not a proper one for the disease—it is eating my heart away. But in the midst of all I suffer, there beams a ray of hope. It lures me on; I follow; it is my fate; I must obey it. Whither it leads me, I know not, nor dare I ask. It is my destiny, mother! Thou wilt yet see thy Katrina other than she now is."

"Pray God thou mayest be the same, Katrina," replied the dame. "I ask no other blessing for thee, than that thy life may be preserved from danger, and thy pure heart and spotless innocence, unsullied and uncontaminated by the world. Let not thy thoughts soar too high, lest thou fall, my child; but pray that the good Lord may keep thee safe. Mayest thou always be my own good Katrina."

CHAPTER II.

Yes, Katrina had obtained her wish. She wandered through stately halls, and was never weary of admiring the rare and beautiful works of art, by which she was surrounded. She smiled with pleasure as she saw her exquisite beauty reflected from mirrors that reached from floor to ceiling, and compared herself with the stately old dames, whose portraits hung in the picture gallery, beside those of their grim lords. Yet was she but a menial, the humble servant of the Countess Edalinda. And truly to have seen them one would have supposed that nature had played a strange freak, or transposed the parties intended to fill each separate sphere.

The fair Edalinda might have been met in any peasant's hut without exciting wonder. Her face was rather plain than otherwise, although her skin was of dazzling whiteness, while her light-blue eyes and pale-yellow hair were in no way different from many of her servants. Besides, she possessed a feeble intellect; but loving and gentle in her nature, she would have made a peasant's home happy.

While standing behind her chair, and doing her bidding, stood that proud peasant girl, in all her superb beauty, and filled with such high, lofty ambition.

Again the grim old schloss was filled with guests. In a few days came the anniversary of Edalinda's birth-day, and it was to be celebrated in a magnificent manner. It was the last which the maiden countess would give her friends, for in less than a year she was to become the bride of Lichteneau, and she determined this last one should exceed all the others in splendor.

Katrina, one evening, wearied with the din

and bustle of preparation, sought her favorite alcove in the garden, and sat plunged in a painful reverie, when a footstep hastily approached, and in another moment the baron stood before her.

"Katrina," he exclaimed, "I have watched for thee, and waited for thee, and at last I find thee. You escape not thus," he said, as she moved toward the door. "Not thus shall you escape, my wild bird! I offer thee no harm, but thou must now listen to me. Is it nothing, this deep heart-writhing love I bear for you! Nothing that I have passed whole days and nights waiting and watching for you, until my very nature has changed. Woman! I tell you that such love as I bear for you knows no bounds, obeys no laws, but carries with an overwhelming force all obstacles before it that would oppose its course! I offer thee wealth, such as thou in thy wildest aspirations hast never dreamed of. I offer thee a heart—ah! Katrina!" he said, sinking on his knee, and seizing her hand, "let thine plead for me. My wealth I may speak of, but my heart, the heart which thou hast so torn and lacerated, how shall I show thee its wounds."

His voice softened, in its low, rich tones as he concluded, like the wailing of an *Æolian* harp, and his proud, stately head sunk, above the hand he held, as he tremblingly awaited her decision.

"Rise, my lord," she said, in a cold, haughty tone; "this is mere mockery. You are the affianced husband of another. How dare you pollute the ears of an honest maiden by such words."

"Have pity," he said. "I own no other tie, I acknowledge no other love, I am thy slave now and forever; thou art my world, henceforth I know no other. I am the affianced, but not the wedded husband of another. The Countess Edalinda will not weep herself to death for me, she will forget me with another, but I—ah, Katrina, without thee I cease to exist."

"Release me my lord," said the maiden. "You have breathed such words to other ears, and laughed at the credulous fool who believed thee. I have no faith in you."

"I swear by every thing that men hold sacred I am sincere," he said. "Let me but prove my love for thee, impose upon me the most onerous task, deal with me as you would with a slave, my whole life shall be devoted to thee, my every thought turn to thee, only withhold not thy love from me."

"If thou," said Katrina, "wert bound by no other ties, sayest thou that thou wouldst make me thy wife? Did I understand thee aright? Beware how thou triflest with me!"

"I swear it," he cried. "Be but mine, and

this hateful engagement shall be broken. But at once this cannot be done, let all pass on as heretofore. Nay, thou must even teach thy heart to bear my seeming neglect of thee, and see me daily paying homage to another. Canst thou do that? A harder task will be mine, but ah, Katrina, fail me not, trust me, love me; let this meeting be but the prelude to others. I cannot exist if thou lookest coldly on me; promise me, dearest, that thou wilt meet thy faithful Rupert again."

"I promise," she said. "It is an agreement. We must now part, trust me, I will play my part well."

With a wild, tumultuous throbbing at her heart Katrina sought her chamber that night. Visions of wealth and splendor flitted through her brain, and banished sleep. She sketched a plan for herself, whereby her mind could be improved, that she might assume in a befitting manner the new duties she would be called upon to perform, but never, for a moment, did the thought intrude that she would fail. Proud and imperious by nature, and gifted with a mind of uncommon shrewdness, she did not doubt her ability to fill any station, however high. With this wild secret burning at her heart, and longing to reveal itself, she visited her mother's cottage, and listened, with an ill suppressed smile of triumph, to the pious admonitions of the good Gretchen."

"Thou lookest happier than thou wert wont, my daughter," said her mother, as she noticed, with a feeling akin to pride, the flashing eye and gratified air of her queenly daughter. "Is thy heart better satisfied now, is the Gräfin kind to thee?"

"The Lady Edalinda is kind to all," returned Katrina. "She shows me no more favor than she bestows on others, nor do I ask it. She is but mortal after all. The same complaints affect her, that give pain to her lowest serf; the same griefs and cares, it may be, await her that fall on the head of her humblest servant. Thou saidst truly, that the same rain nourished the gaudy rose and the humble violet. Edalinda is, after all, a woman, like myself."

"I thank heaven thou seest things in their proper light," replied the pious mother. "I had feared lest thy heart had grown proud and stubborn. I rejoice to find thee still my own good Katrina, my sweet child."

"If I am unchanged, and what thou callest good, I owe it to thee, thou dear good mother. Wild thoughts will spring to my heart, and wild wishes mould themselves in my brain; thou knowest it is my nature, mother; I do not strive to check them; they are harmless, and who

knows, mother, but that my wildest wishes may one day be granted, and that thou mayest see thy Katrina a lady!"

"Nay, my child, that I do not ask for; be but what thou art. I trust I may live to see thee, one day, the bride of an honest man; then could I close my eyes in peace, and go to thy dear father. I am no longer young, my health faileth fast, and it may be that thou wilt soon have to leave thy gay home, and watch by the bedside of thy dying mother. School thy young heart, Katrina! clip thy wild ambition! thou art my only treasure here on earth; let me know that I leave thee innocent and happy when my soul takes leave of thee, then all will be well."

"She is so good," thought Katrina, as she left her for the night. "She is so good and pious, it seems almost a sin to keep this knowledge from her. It would rejoice her heart to know that her wayward Katrina, about whom she is so anxious, will one day be a baroness." A strange thrill shot through her heart at that name; a train of thoughts awoke in her mind, that could not be controlled; she pressed her arms upon her breast to keep down its wild emotion, and entered the garden. She was proceeding slowly through the shaded avenues, when the sound of voices reached her ear; she paused and listened; she could not be deceived, it was the baron.

"Fairest Edalinda," he said, "in six short months thou art mine. Short, said I; no, by my faith, they will be the longest that ever poor captive suffered. My happiness seems too great to be real, and yet it has been my wish from boyhood. Rememberest thou, my Linda, as I then called thee, how we courted and parted in our baby way? Thou wert ever a mild, gentle angel, soothing my wild wayward temper, and bringing me back to love and thee. And now thou hast promised, at last, to take thy wandering Rupert to thy heart, and keep him a chained, but most willing captive. Repeat those words, dearest, I am never weary of listening to thy voice."

"Flatterer," replied the lady, "are those words coined for me alone, or do such flattering speeches ever flow to thy lips, when thou meetest one of my sex?"

"Unjust, ungenerous Edalinda, art thou not more to me than all heaven and earth?"

Katrina staid to hear no more, but hastily entering her chamber, she gave way to one of those terrible outbreaks of temper, which, in childhood, had often convulsed her, and made her pious mother sometimes fancy that a demon held possession of that fair form. And now a shadowy reflection of the evil that might be an

attendant on the step they were about to take, for the first time, presented itself to her mind. A black horror, which twined and coiled itself around her heart, and would not release her from its folds. She seated herself before the case-ment, and threw it open, that she might feel a breath of heaven fanning her. She was stifled, and terrified by that strange shape that had thus thrust itself into her soul, and would not depart.

"Let him beware!" she muttered, again and again. "Let him heed how he trifles with me! God judge between us when the worst cometh, if come it must. Pride and ambition are no longer my sole aim; he has planted another in my heart, it cannot be plucked away; let him look to it, if evil happens he hath brought it on himself; let him beware how he breaks his oath."

Again would that dark demon lay its hand upon her heart and almost still its beating, sending an icy chill throughout her whole frame, and paralyzing her energies. Through the whole night this terrible conflict lasted; but, whatever that black demon had been, with whom she had wrestled through the long night, she conquered. At least, the flush was as bright upon her cheek, and the fire in her eye as brilliant as it was before: and she took her place among the maidens of the countess with the same quiet dignity she had ever done. The lady Edalinda summoned her maidens in the evening, and assigned to each her allotted task for the ensuing day, which was the anniversary of her birth-day.

"To thee, Katrina, I commit the keys of my wardrobes," she said, "so that in case our guests are not properly supplied with all that is needful and befitting, to play their part as maskers, they may perchance find among those ancient garments something wherewith to supply the deficiency."

Katrina received the keys in silence, but as she did so, a thought flashed through her mind, that she too would mingle with the high-born and wealthy—for once as an equal—and throw her pale, feeble mistress in the shade—eclipse her entirely by her superior charms. The day was ushered in with mirth and revelry. Large tents had been erected on the sloping lawn, and the fair Rhine presented a picture to the eye of a number of boats wreathed with flowers, and bearing gayly embroidered flags, with quaint devices. Carriages were every moment setting down their happy occupants, who hurried to present their congratulations to the fair countess. But at night the scene was far more beautiful, hundreds of colored lamps, hung among vines and trees, shedding a glow over the groups assembled beneath them. There might be seen the

mimic representative of king and queen, of peasant and shepherd, of the dignified bishop in his lawn, and the roving gipsy in her flaunting dress. But what is this? Has one of the old dames stepped from her place in the portrait gallery, and mingled with her descendants? She is attired in a robe of pale blue satin, embroidered with silver. Her kirtle of scarlet velvet, which fits close to her exquisite form, is thickly wrought with gold, and the long net-work of fringe, which descends almost from the elbow to the wrist, is of the same costly material. The boddice opens in front and displays a sort of vest, a mass of blazing gold and jewels of the rarest and costliest kind.

Her face, of course, is covered by a mask, but the brilliancy of her complexion may be inferred from the exquisite whiteness of her gracefully formed neck, on which, by way of contrast, stray a few ringlets of purple black hair, glossy as satin.

She is announced as the Gräfin Bertha of Waldeck! And certainly it seems that she has just stepped from her frame to join the revels. All eyes are turned toward her as she moves with a queen-like grace through the halls. She is unattended, but few would venture to address her, otherwise than with courtesy.

It was said that the gay young knight of Wertheim ventured to follow her to the balcony, and intrude his senseless words on her ear, and that the lady, angered at his boldness, drew a poniard from the folds of her dress, and menaced him. Some said the knight had forgotten himself, and used such language as no true woman should listen to; be that as it may the Gräfin Bertha suffered persecution from the rest.

She escaped, after a time, from the revelers, and, as if familiar with the place, sought an alcove at the farther end of the garden, and entering flung herself on the rustic bench, and seemed to await some one. She had not waited long, when a rustling among the bushes, and a light footfall told of the approach of another. In another moment he stood before her. No eyes, save those of love, could have pierced through his masquerade. He wore a sort of cassock of purple velvet, confined at the waist by a baldric of massive gold, while a band of the same metal encircled his fair throat. A shirt of mail showed beneath the crimson velvet mantle, whose ample folds draped gracefully around his figure; his head was covered with a violet-colored cap, having a broad band of gold around his brow, over which drooped a sable plume. Gloves of mail, or gauntlets, encased his hands, and his feet and legs were covered with glittering greaves.

"I greet thee, fair Bertha of Waldeck," said the knight, as he advanced.

"Bertha of Waldeck, receives no greeting from an unknown knight," answered the lady, as she drew back.

"Unknown? Katrina!" said the other, removing his mask. "Thou couldst not find a disguise that would conceal thee from me."

"My Lord of Lichtenèau," replied the lady, "assumes so many disguises that his best friends know him not. Art thou sure, my lord, that I am the Katrina thou seekest?"

"Nay, that will I soon know," said her companion. "Remove thy mask, fair lady, although it scarcely needs; my heart tells me that I am right." And as he spoke he strove by gentle means to remove the mask.

"Have a care, my lord," said the girl, standing back, and putting her hand to her vest, "one coward hath already found to-night that a woman's hand is not slow to avenge an insult; beware!"

"By heaven," said the baron, "now do I know thee in truth to be my Katrina." And he would have clasped her in his arms, but she waived him back.

"Thou art a coward and a traitor, Rupert of Lichtenèau," she said, in a low, deep voice. "Thou hast foully betrayed thine honor, and I, a simple peasant maiden, hold thee in scorn, and condemn thee for what thou art."

"Thou dreamest, fair Katrina," said he, "if, as I judge from thy words, thou heardst some silly phrases I addressed to the countess, thou shouldst remember our agreement. Thou hast not played thy part well. What said I that should incense thee thus against me? mere words of flattery due from a man to one of thy sex, no more."

"Thy words said less than did thy tone," said Katrina. "Thou spokest like one enraptured."

"Thou art wrong, Katrina," replied the baron. "By heaven! she even now looks coldly on me, because of the lukewarmness of my passion, and lends an ear to the flatteries of this young Musgrave Leopold. I have watched them, and I hastened to thee to tell thee all, and what got I for my pains? Contemptuous words and taunting replies! Katrina! thou little knowest me."

"Could I but believe thee," said the girl, as she suffered him to lead her to a seat. "Could I but believe thou wert what thou claimest to be, Rupert, all the wild tales told of woman's love, and woman's self-sacrificing devotion, should be as nothing to what I would brave and bear for thee."

"My Katrina!" he murmured. "My own, I am all thou wishest for." He bent his head to-

ward the beautiful one that now rested on his shoulder. His arm encircled her form, and his lips, for the first time, pressed a burning, thrilling kiss upon her own.

"Now are we affianced in the sight of God," she said, impressively, as she raised her glittering, tear-wet eyes to heaven. "Thou art now mine own, all mine, art thou not?"

"Now and forever," he responded, pressing her to his heart. "Thine own Rupert. Leave me not yet," he said, as she arose, "my love is not half told."

"It is time," she replied. "I must endeavor to reach my chamber unobserved, and doff my borrowed garments, before I shall be needed to assist the others. Thou knowest thy Katrina is but a menial."

CHAPTER III.

An epidemic of a contagious and malignant nature, suddenly broke out in the neighborhood, and among the first who felt the scourge was the Widow Gretchen. Katrina was now compelled to tear herself from the Castle Landsberg, and the arms of her lover, and become a watcher by the bedside of her mother. Days and weeks rolled on, but Gretchen's naturally strong constitution battled hard with the disease. She failed, but still she lingered, until her sinful child became impatient, and could not conceal her weariness of attending her who had so faithfully nurtured her helpless infancy.

"I linger too long," her mother said, when, one day, her daughter had tended her with an unwilling hand. "Thou wouldst be free. Art thou, my daughter, prepared to stand alone? Needest thou no longer thy mother's aid? God keep thee, child! I wish thee every blessing, but the time may come when thou wouldst gladly give all thy worldly honors to hear thy mother's voice."

"Thou wrongest me," Katrina exclaimed, her old feelings returning for a moment. "Hast thou not yet learned to bear with thy wayward daughter?"

And she threw herself beside her mother, and wet the pillow with her tears. But her gusty fits of tenderness seldom lasted long, and her restlessness betrayed itself again and again, as time wore on and brought no change. She sat looking in her mother's face one night, those dark feelings creeping over her heart, as she contrasted the present with the past, when her mother slowly opened her eyes, and fixing them on her daughter, seemed to read her soul. Katrina shrank as those unnaturally bright orbs met her own, and the dark thought, like a guilty

thing, shrunk coweringly back to the inmost recesses of her heart.

"Come hither," said her mother, in a voice that made her tremble; "let me look upon that face. Great God! what a fearful dream, art thou, in truth, my own Katrina, or was the fiend that sat in thy eyes and mocked me when I woke, the same that stood before me in my sleep, and took thy form? Speak, art thou my own daughter?"

"I am thy daughter," sobbed the miserable girl. "I am still thine own Katrina. What meanest thou, mother, thy words affright me. Oh, speak to me as thou wert wont."

A wild terror sat on Gretchen's face, and convulsed her whole frame, and Katrina saw with deepest anguish that death was fast approaching. No one ventured to visit a neighbor when the scourge had entered the dwelling, and the miserable Katrina stood beside her dying mother, in the still midnight, with none to comfort her; and before the morning dawned, she was alone.

Her grief was violent, tinged as it was with remorse, and it was many days before her clouded intellect recovered. In the mean while her lover had not been idle; he had visited her during her mother's illness, and his devotion in braving the fatal epidemic for her sake, had won Katrina's eternal gratitude. And when the body was carried to its last resting-place, and Katrina, in a manner, pacified, he put his plans in execution, and, urging the necessity of a private marriage, until his engagement with Edalinda could be annulled, he implored her to leave her home, now so desolate, and become his own.

And Katrina, bewildered by the recent trying event, and blindly trusting him to whom she had given her whole heart, consented. And never was lady treated with greater courtesy and respect than was the Baroness Lichtenau. Liveried servants stood with uncovered heads, bowing to the ground as she passed; beautiful maidens stood within call, and did her bidding, and obeyed her every wish; she wore rich robes, and her splendid hair was wreathed with pearls and diamonds, and oh, more than all, her Rupert loved her almost to idolatry! She had gained the top round of the ladder of her ambition, and was intensely happy. Time wrought no change. Each succeeding month passed like its predecessor—each day Katrina looked lovelier than the last, and each day Rupert found fresh cause to worship his beautiful bride. He seemed to live only in the light of her smile; her slightest wish was a law; and her most extravagant command instantly obeyed. It was an intoxicating dream to Katrina, this life; it seemed almost like a glimpse of heaven. At length, when she

most needed his care, and when, in fact, his love seemed to burn brighter than ever, he informed his beautiful wife that business of an all important nature compelled him to tear himself from his Katrina's arms. She was not to be pacified. Her old impulsiveness renewed itself in her determination to accompany him wherever he went. It needed all the baron's eloquence to induce her to give up her resolve, and submit to be guided by him; and promising a speedy return, and vowing eternal fidelity, he left the inconsolable Katrina to the care of her domestics. Letters breathing the same unutterable affection, were frequently received by his wife, whose sole happiness now consisted in reading those precious *billet-doux*, and counting the days that intervened between her and happiness. But days became weeks, and weeks months, and yet he returned not to his disconsolate Katrina. In course of time she became a mother, and the joyful news was communicated to the baron by a courier dispatched by the happy mother, who doubted not that all business would be laid aside, and that he would speedily return to his wife and son. Nor was she disappointed, and in a short time she had the happiness of again beholding her husband. The little Rupert grew apace, and inherited all that was most beautiful and attractive in both parents, until his third year, when he suddenly sickened and died, after a few days' illness. Nothing could exceed the anguish of Katrina under this unlooked-for and heavy blow, and she mourned unceasingly for her boy. His death, and the frequent and protracted absence of the baron, who had failed to make good his promise, and acknowledge her as his wife, told upon Katrina's spirits, and her beauty. She became roused by misfortune, and grew daily more and more haughty and exacting, until the baron, weary of her fitful moods, became less and less kind, and, at length, exasperated beyond measure with her insolent caprices, he threw off the mask, and revealed to her her true situation.

The rage of a tigress, robbed of its whelps, is mild in comparison to that of this haughty and insulted woman. And after the first burst had passed, she opened her soul to receive that same dark guest who had once before entered unbidden. But it was now even more black and hideous than when it had first entered, and Katrina clasped it closer, the more hideous and revolting it became, until her whole being became absorbed in its contemplation.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ill news travels fast," is an old proverb; and the news which Katerina received a few

days subsequent to the departure of her false lover, were not calculated to allay the storm he had raised. So far from having broken his engagement with Edalinda, he had fulfilled it to the letter at the appointed period. And now, for the first time since her marriage, she had given birth to a child. It was somewhat of a disappointment that a son was not born to inherit the princely estates and title; but the little Edalinda was so beautiful that the father half forgot his chagrin, as he looked at the helpless being before him. He remembered, and it may be, not without a pang of regret, the bright boy of his once beloved Katrina, and he marveled whether the breach between them ever would be healed, and whether he could ever love another as he had loved his imperious peasant girl.

He had not heard from her since he left her in her wild rage, for the illness of the baroness, and the interesting event which then occurred, had prevented him from writing to her, and, in fact had, for a time driven her from his thoughts. In time, news reached him that she had left the castle, and had gone, none knew whither; and to the castle, after her convalescence, he conveyed his wife and child. Among the numerous domestics was an old woman, bent with age, who had come, none knew when, or from whence; but she took her place so quietly, and seemed to know it so well, that none questioned her right to be there. In time, too, the little Edalinda grew fond of her, and the Baroness allowed her to take charge occasionally of the little girl, whose affection for her strange old nurse daily increased. And when a son was added to the family, the dame Urfried became the sole nurse of the now almost neglected daughter. There was, of course, great rejoicing on the birth of the wished-for heir, and the parents' hearts were gladdened in witnessing his daily growth and intelligence. But how short-lived is human happiness. Before the young baroness had left her chamber her son was a corpse. Consternation reigned throughout the castle, his death had been so sudden, so unlooked for, that it struck every one with awe. None were louder in their grief than Urfried, although there were some who afterward remembered that when her grief was loudest, there was a flashing of the eye, as if she secretly rejoiced. The sorrow of the young mother was deep and lasting, and although Time, who brings healing on his wings to all, brought peace at length to the troubled waters of her soul, yet she grew sad and melancholy. And, in the course of time, when she gave birth to another son, she watched him with fear and trembling, lest he too would be snatched from before her eyes. And truly her fears were

prophetic, for the little Heinrich, so bright and beautiful, suddenly, and without any apparent cause, also left them for that better land.

Then it was that the baroness sunk beneath the blow. Her mental faculties, never strong, gave way, and she became a confirmed maniac. In all this time had Rupert never thought of Katrina? He had never heard of her since she left the castle. Whether her proud spirit, indignant at the wrongs she had sustained at his hand, had voluntarily sought peace in death, or whether she roamed an outcast over the earth, he knew not.

His heart now turned instinctively to his daughter; and he watched with a strange interest her growing friendship for her white-haired nurse. He lay awake one night thinking over the stirring events of his life, and among the rest, his passionate love for Katrina, when a figure glided like a ghost toward his bed, and in the dim, flickering glow of his night-taper, he beheld her of whom he thought! His first impression was, that his visitant was an inhabitant of spirit-land; but the demoniac flash of those eyes he remembered but too well, and the words she spoke, assured him it was indeed Katrina.

"I am come at last," she said, bending over him, her pale, white face almost touching his own. "Hast thou waited for me? I am thy bride, Rupert; we swore to love each other; how bravely we have kept our oath, let thy ruined household, and my blackened soul attest. Thou hast made me what I am, I rejoice that I have paid thee back. I leave thee now, but I could not go until I told thee how my soul rejoiced at its work." She glided from the room as noiselessly as she had entered, before the conscience-stricken baron could arrest her. On the morrow it was discovered that Urfried had gone, and not alone Urfried, but the little Edalinda also. The baron groaned aloud in his agony. He had sowed the wind, and was now reaping the whirlwind. He called down curses on the head of her, who, like a spirit of darkness had spread death and horror over his household, and he shuddered to think that that head had ever rested on his bosom, and those fiendish lips prest kisses on his own.

He offered immense rewards, and scoured the country in all directions, but no trace of the fugitives could be discovered. He roamed like an unquiet spirit to all parts of the world, and trembled when a degraded female crossed his path, lest in that vice-stained creature he might behold her whom he sought. He was one night at the opera at Paris, not so much to seek for a pleasure he knew was not for him, but to scan every female face there, as he had done through-

out all Europe for twelve years. But now, as heretofore, his search was hopeless, when, as he was about to leave the house, he felt his arm touched, and turning, he saw a masked female.

"Come with me," she whispered, "I can give thee news of thy long lost daughter; follow me if thou wouldst see her."

He obeyed mechanically; and she guiding him to the most fashionable square of the metropolis, ascended the steps of a magnificent house and entered.

Where is the Lady Edalinda von Lichteneau?" she asked of a servant. Every word fell like molten lead on the baron's heart.

"The Lady Edalinda is in her boudoir," answered the lackey.

"Sups my lord with her to-night?" she asked again. And on being answered in the affirmative, she ascended the marble staircase.

"Pardon me, madame," said the servant, "my lady receives no visitors to-night."

"She will admit me," returned the other, haughtily; and advancing, she threw open the door, and announced, "His Excellency Baron von Lichteneau!"

The baron gazed like one awaking from a dream. He could not realize the thought that the beautiful being before him, now expanded into perfect womanhood, was the daughter he had so long sought. He pressed his hand to his brow, as if to collect his bewildered thoughts, when the gentleman whom he had noticed on entering the room advanced toward him. "I have the honor," he said, slowly, measuring his guest as he spoke. "I have the honor of addressing the Baron von Lichteneau, to what fortunate circumstance am I to attribute that pleasure? Have the goodness to explain, Monsieur."

"Monsieur le Baron," said his conductress, "has called to visit his daughter. I crave your pardon, my lord, for entering so unceremoniously, but I judged that his anxiety to see his child would prove his excuse."

In an instant the baron was by the side of his daughter. He gazed for a moment on those downcast features, and then giving himself up to a host of warm, strange feelings, he clasped her in his arms, and imprinted a thousand kisses on her lips. "My Edalinda! my treasure! I have found thee at last. Come with me, dearest, I know not by what perils thou art surrounded, but I fear for thee, and thy safety is my first wish! Come with me, my child, it is thy father asks thee."

"This lady," said her companion, advancing and laying his hand upon her shoulder, "has placed herself under my protection, nor shall she, unless of her own free will, leave me. Speak,

then, Edalinda, how is it, wilt thou resign my love?"

"Who are you that thus meddles between a father and his daughter's love?" fiercely demanded the baron.

"It can avail you nothing to know my name," said he superciliously. "Your daughter found it to her taste, if she is satisfied you must of course be so."

"Speak then, Edalinda," said her father. "If thou be in reality my daughter, relieve my mind of the horrid weight that is pressing upon it. Art thou this man's wife?"

Edalinda buried her face between her hands, and sat silent.

"Nay," said the masked female, "the Lady Edalinda von Lichteneau," how gloatingly she dwelt on the name, "is the mistress of Lord St. Maurice. I must unravel the mystery."

"Fiend! incarnate fiend!" said the tortured baron, turning to his informant. "I know you now. You have sought to satiate your vengeance, but you shall yet be balked. Either this villain shall make good the evil he has done, and remove the stain he has made, or, by the God who formed me, his life blood shall atone for it."

His lordship laughed a low, silvery, taunting laugh.

"I have a fancy for my pretty Linda," he said in a careless tone, "but as to making her other than she is, that is entirely out of my power; for not even here in this paradise of luxury and latitude, can a man legally own two wives. And as I am already supplied with one, it is impossible, my friend, to take your interesting daughter."

"Cowardly dastard," said the baron, foaming with rage, "defend yourself if there be a spark of manhood in your nature."

"Softly, my good sir," said the other, laying a heavy hand on his arm, "not here, and in the presence of ladies. Besides, I feel somewhat loth to spill so much blood. I ran poor Dacres through the body for her, before I got her; she has been dearly purchased already."

"Hearest thou that?" high and haughty Baron of Lichteneau, thy daughter is cheap," said, or rather screamed the other female. She had removed her mask, and revealed, what the baron had in fact already divined, the features of Katrina. Her beauty still shone brilliantly, but a demon's nature perverted the expression, and Lichteneau recoiled as he gazed on her.

"I thought to have sent for thee when I first sold her to dishonor," she continued, "but there was still enough virtue left to bring her back to the path from whence I taught her to stray. I waited; another and another claimed her, until at last I found her so deeply steeped in guilt.

that even I could teach her no more. I now give her to thee; take her to thy proud castle, bid thy menials obey her, show her to her idiot mother, and then proclaim when and how you found her. My vengeance is satisfied, I have wreaked it not only on you and yours, but on all of your sex. My wrongs were great, my revenge has been complete. I leave you wifeless, childless, and dishonored. The fiend you implanted in my heart had grown fierce and terrible; it no longer was the slave to my will, but I became in turn its blind and passive instrument. It has wrought this evil, not I. I gave it power over me; I made it my master, and I have but done its bidding."

The baron bore his wretched daughter home,

but sorely against her will. The precept and example of her guilty instructress had poisoned her mind, and rendered it unfit for any other than the life she had lead. And the baron was forced, with bolt and bar, to keep her prisoner. The turret is yet shown where the beautiful Lady Edalinda pined in captivity.

The castle is now a ruin, gray and mouldering, and its inmates sleep in dust, but the story of the peasant girl's revenge is yet told by the peasantry, and the grim chambers look more grim and dreary, after listening to the recital of the events which transpired there. A gloomy horror seems to pervade the place, and the very sunbeams seem to cast a sickly hue through the antique windows of that guilt-stained abode.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

BY WINTHROP SARGENT.

THE defeat of General Braddock's army on the banks of the Monongahela is justly styled by that most distinguished writer, Mr. Sparks, "One of the most remarkable events in American history." In a few months time, a full century will have elapsed since, on a fair summer's morning, the waters of that beautiful stream ran red with the best blood of Britain and of America; and yet, until this late day, no full, or even accurate, account of the affair has transpired. Mr. Sparks, it is true, has incidentally given us a brief summary of the conflict, as a note to another theme; but this, though admirably executed so far as it goes, cannot pretend to satisfy the more extended curiosity of the student. Other authors have also turned aside occasionally to dwell for a moment upon the events of that fatal day, but owing to various circumstances, its entire story has, till now, remained untold.

If ever there was a just cause of war, England had it in 1755. By the treaty of October, 1748, (Art. III.,) that of Utrecht (1713), and numerous others, were recognized and confirmed in all their parts; save, of course, such as might be modified by the pact in question—and were formally constituted its basis. By the Treaty of Utrecht (Art. XII.,) all Nova Scotia, or Acadia, with its ancient limits, and all its dependencies, were ceded to the crown of Great Britain; and, furthermore, it was provided (Art. XV.) that "the subjects of France, inhabitants of Canada, and elsewhere, should not disturb or molest in any manner whatever, the five Indian nations, which are subject to Great Bri-

tain, nor its other American allies." These articles were certainly incorporated into the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle; but with neither stipulation were the French willing to comply. The last clause would evidently always open to Great Britain a *casus belli*; for it was impossible for a year at a time to pass by without some troubles between the Iroquois and their Canadian neighbors; and in such cases each party, on the showing of the other, is inevitably the aggressor. But the provision respecting Nova Scotia was widely different. The restoration of Louisbourg, as matters then stood, was a point of equal importance to the settlers in Canada, and the colonists of New England. Under its ancient lords, this nursing-mother of privateers would be powerful alike to preserve the French, and to destroy the English trade and fisheries in that part of the world. The annoyance, therefore, of the New England people was extreme and well-founded; and at their earnest representations the home government was finally instigated to adopt the only practical method left of peaceably dissipating the dangers with which they were threatened by the constantly increasing power and malignity of the French. The armed occupation and settlement of the province of Nova Scotia, till then unnoticed or disregarded by the ministry, became now a subject of consideration. In the spring of 1748, and during that and the ensuing year, several thousand colonists were sent thither by the government, at an expense of £70,000, and the town of Halifax was founded. But the French, who had hitherto

evaded or disingenuously dallied with their obligations to yield up the peninsula—suppressing, wherever they could, the settlements of the English there, and constantly increasing their own strength by reinforcements—now openly resisted, under M. de la Corne, the progress of their rivals. Thus commenced that scene of constant dissension and strife which ensued between the original settlers, scattered over the land, and the subjects of the crown to which it lawfully pertained; whose melancholy termination was that enforced expatriation which posterity has consecrated to sorrow in the pages of *Evangeline*. That the Court of Versailles, through its subordinate officers, promoted and encouraged the sturdy denial of British sovereignty by these loyal-hearted Acadians, cannot at this day be doubted or denied; but the result of such a course was as fatal to the fair fame of the conquerors as to the happiness of the conquered.

Nor did the French government confine itself to an unavowed but well-supported resistance to the progress of Anglo-American power in the north only. Thirty years before, its grand scheme for uniting its colonies, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Bay of Fundy, by a chain of posts along the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the lakes, had begun to be tangibly developed: ever bent upon the fulfillment of these cherished ideas, already its encroaching grasp was extended, with many ramifications, from Canada to the Lower Mississippi. In 1731, Crown Point was unlawfully erected by the French, within the limits of the Five Nations, and of New York: Niagara had been seized on in 1720. In truth, their policy seemed both rational and feasible. During a large portion of the year, the natural outlets of Canada were effectually sealed by the angry elements; supplies of troops or provisions—in fact, almost every intercourse whatever with Europe—were utterly shut out from its ports. The facility of water communication between Canada and New Orleans, by the lakes and rivers of the west would, if made properly available, not only facilitate the secure transmission of supplies, but would inevitably throw the whole peltry trade of those regions into the hands of the French. It is no wonder, then, that they were desirous of procuring so manifest an advantage; but, unhappily for themselves, they grasped at too much, and lost the whole. Like the dog in the fable, they sacrificed not only the hoped-for gain, but all their present good, in the endeavor.

To have opened a communication between their widely separated establishments, by way of the western lakes and the Illinois, would have been a comparatively safe, and by far the wiser mode

of procedure for the French, under the circumstances of their position. So far as its ostensible objects were concerned, it would have perfectly answered the purpose, and the trade it would secure would have been prodigious; nor could the English, every thing considered, have made any very effectual opposition. But to adopt this route would have left too wide a margin for British enterprise. The warlike tribes seated between the Illinois and the Alleghanies—the broad lands watered by the Muskingum, the Scioto, and other kindred streams, by whose marge arose the bark lodges of the Shawanoes and the Delawares—the gloomy forests, where,

Beneath the shade of melancholy boughs,

the Six Nations wandered on their distant hunting parties—these would have still remained open to the visits—subjected to the influence of their hated rivals. The notion of occupying the head waters of the Ohio, and of planting a line of forts from Lake Erie, by the Le Boeuf, to the Alleghany, and thence down the Ohio to the Mississippi, was a more dangerous, but a more fascinating vision. Its execution would probably be fraught with much hazard, but its results, if successful, were too precious to suffer the powers that were to resist the temptation. Out of the nettle danger they hoped to pluck the flower safety; and, at one time, it really seemed as though all their anticipations were to have been crowned with success. But the wisdom of Almighty Providence had ordered the event otherwise.

In an evil hour, then, for themselves, the French decided to persevere in the latter plan. While the Appalachian chain, it was thought, would serve at the same time as a bulwark against the British colonies, and as a well-marked and palpable boundary between the two nations, the whole body of the western Indians would be thrown completely under their control. Already game had begun to be scarce, or to disappear utterly, east of the mountains, and the best furs were to be found upon the further side. With forts and trading houses once established in their midst, it would not be difficult to prevent the savages from supplying the English dealers, or receiving in turn their commodities. The peltry traffic, so profitable to European commerce, had already to be pursued on the frontiers; and it was not probable that the Indians would go thither to seek no better market than they could find at home. The certain consequences, too, of thus virtually monopolizing the right to buy and sell with the savages, would be to secure, beyond a peradventure, their services against the English, in any difficulty that might

occur. There is nothing the American aborigine learns more quickly than to abandon his rude native weapons of the chase—the bow or the flint-headed spear—for the fusil and gunpowder of the whites; and having become thus dependent on his neighbors for the means of subsistence, it has never been found difficult to point out other and less innocent employment for his arms. By thus building up a mighty power behind the English settlements, they would not only be in a position to terribly annoy, if not to entirely overcome them, in the event of war, but also to clog and embarrass their prosperity during time of peace. A very great staple of that commerce which made America so valuable to Great Britain being utterly destroyed, its domestic increase, its foreign influence, would be materially affected. The agricultural productions of the colonies would likewise be touched; for, with the constant necessity, through an imminent danger, there must likewise be the constant presence of a portion of the population in arms; and thus the tobacco plantations and the fields of maize would miss a master's hand, and yield a diminished crop. It is unnecessary to consider here how many millions of money were yearly employed at this period in the trade between the mother country and her colonies—to how many thousands of souls it gave a support: nothing can be more evident than that such an attack upon the productiveness of the one must at once affect their value to the other, and thus render them, day by day, less important, and less self-capable of preservation. In short, as was well said in the House of Commons, the French held the colonies within their range of posts as in the two ends of a net, which, if tightened by degrees, would get them all into the body of it, and then drown them in the sea.

The boundary disputes between Pennsylvania and Virginia tended still more to render easy of execution the designs of the French. Either colony claimed jurisdiction over the territory which comprehends the forks of the Ohio; and, as if to complicate matters even more inextricably, the pretensions of the Ohio Company were now advanced. Thus, with hesitation and delay on the one side, and strong energetic action upon the other, the rival subjects of two mighty European empires were gradually approaching the scene of contest.

In 1752 arrived in Canada, (to which government he had been appointed by the king on the recommendation of M. de la Galissonnière,) the Marquis de Duquesne de Menneville, a name destined to become indelibly impressed upon the history of that land whence the golden lilies of his nation, though watered by the best blood

alike of friend and foe, were soon to be extirpated. All of his antecedents that can be mentioned here are that he was a captain in the royal marine, and born of the blood of Abraham Duquesne, the famous admiral of Louis XIV. His abilities were good; and during his brief career he acquitted himself thoroughly of the duties of his position; but the haughtiness of his character, and the lack of affability in his manners, prevented his ever attaining any great degree of popularity with the Canadians. Nevertheless, he seems to have been possessed of some singularly generous dispositions. In October, 1754, an English woman, nineteen years of age, arrived in Philadelphia from Quebec. Twelve years before, while yet almost an infant, she had been captured by the savages, and by them sold as a slave in Canada. In new scenes and the lapse of time, the names of her parents, the very place of her birth, had entirely passed from her memory; but she still clung to the sounds of the tongue of her native land, and dreamed of the day when she should be reunited to her unknown kindred. By some chance, her pitiful story reached the governor's ears; and, full of compassion, he at once purchased her freedom, and furnished her with the means of returning to the British colonies. There she wandered from city to city, vainly publishing her narration, and seeking to discover those joys of kindred and of home that she had never known. An act of this kind should, at any season, reflect credit upon the performer; but considering its particular occasion, when war was plainly looming in the horizon, to liberate and restore in this manner a person abundantly qualified to reveal so much of the local secrets of Quebec, must clothe the character of M. de Duquesne with the attribute of magnanimity, as well as of generosity. In the latter part of 1754, however, he demanded his recall by the government, in order to return to the naval service, and to encounter the enemy upon a more familiar element.

It was under the administration of Duquesne that the first overt steps were taken for the armed occupation of the Ohio. By the end of 1753, a connected line of posts was established, extending from Montreal in Canada to French Creek in Pennsylvania. The mission of Major Washington acquainted the Anglo-Americans, not only with these facts, but with their resolution to persevere in their encroachments. In the ensuing spring, therefore, efforts were made by the Virginians to forestall them upon the Ohio.

The private scandal of the place and period attributed the building of these establishments and their dark train of consequent calamities to

the same cause as had, since long before the day of Helen of Troy, according to Flaccus, brought about the waste of human life and the overthrow of mighty empires. M. Pouchot, an officer of rank in Canada, does not scruple to insinuate that the new governor, shortly after his arrival in Quebec, became involved in an intrigue with a beautiful woman, the wife of a resident of that place. M. Bigot, who had recently passed from the intendancy of Louisbourg to that of Canada, had in like manner contracted a liaison with a Madame Péan, the wife of the *aide-major* of the city. Bigot being thus at the head of the commissary department of the colony, it was an easy affair for the governor and himself to arrange a plan by which the willing husbands of the ladies in question should be detached from an inconvenient vicinity to their partners. Accordingly, it was decided to give them lucrative employments in an expedition which, it was gravely whispered, was concocted for the express purpose of placing these gentlemen at a considerable distance from home; and to Péan was assigned the command of the forces which were marched in 1753. The forts then built were furnished with numerous and expensive magazines of merchandise and provisions; a precaution necessary enough under the circumstances of their position, but which, in the manner in which the business was managed, must have afforded endless opportunities for the acquirement of ill-gotten gains. Together with the proper provisions and stores, all sorts of goods, always expensive, but here utterly useless, were purchased in the name of Louis XV., and sent, for his service, into the wilderness. Stuffs of silk and velvet, ladies' slippers and damask shoes, silk stockings, and the costly wines of Spain, figure largely in the category, and enable us to conceive how it came about that the French colonies cost the nation so much, and returned so little.* In fact, it

* In 1753, the exports of Canada amounted to but £68,000; its imports were £208,000, of which a great portion was on the government account, and did not enter into the ordinary channels of trade. The exports of the English provinces during the same year were £1,486,000; their imports, £983,000. In 1755, the Canadian imports were 5,203,272 livres; its exports but 1,515,730. And while the population of British America was 1,200,000 souls, that of all Canada, Cape Breton, and Louisiana, could not have exceeded 80,000. The policy of sustaining such a colony at such a cost was thus doubted by the most brilliant if not the profoundest writer of the day. "Le Canada coûtait beaucoup et rapportait très peu. Si la dixième partie de l'argent englouti dans cette colonie avait été employé à défricher nos terres incultes en France, on aurait fait un gain considérable; mais on avait voulu soutenir le Canada, et on a perdu cent années de peines avec tout l'argent prodigué sans retour. Pour comble de malheur on accusait des plus horrible brigandages presque tous ceux qui étaient employés au nom du Roi dans cette malheureuse colonie." — *Voltaire*

would seem that the colonial stewards of the king were not unfrequently but too wont to look upon their office in no other light than as a source of revenue to themselves; and when, like Uriah the Hittite, the lords and masters of these new Bath-shebas were sent down to the host, they doubtless felt no compunction in making their absence as remunerative to themselves as possible. From Pouchot's position and character, it is not unjust to admit the truth of the facts upon which he bases his conclusions: but ignorant as, from the very nature of his subordinate rank, he must have been of the state arrangements and politic designs of the former governors, and the Court of Versailles, it is easy to perceive how erroneous were his inferences. It may be true enough that the husband of each fair Evadne was named to a high command in the new expedition, but nothing can be more absurd than to imagine that to procure their absence was the primary motive to its undertaking.

On the 17th of April, 1754, at the head of an overwhelming force, M. de Contrecoeur arrived at the spot where Pittsburg now stands, and where a trifling provincial force were busily engaged on a rude fortification. These were at once dislodged, and the place occupied by the French. The works were speedily brought into a state of comparative completion, and their preponderance of strength was, not long after, manifested by the utter discomfiture of Washington's little band at Fort Necessity. But rising superior to adverse circumstances, the English authorities, as well in the colonies as at home, instantly decided upon sending forth such an array as should, in every direction, sweep the invaders from their soil. During the succeeding winter preparations were set on foot on both sides of the Atlantic, on a sufficiently large scale, as it was hoped, to place victory beyond a peradventure. Yet it must be borne in mind, the Court of St. James was all this time trammelled by the desire to restrain its warlike equipments within such limits as should not give necessary alarm to its neighbor on the other side of the channel.

In the meantime, since their arrival in the spring, the garrison under M. de Contrecoeur had experienced much privation and suffering. An expensive and abundant supply of provisions and stores had at an early day been dispatched to this post from Canada, under a strong escort; but the difficulties incident on the portage at Niagara produced an unwelcome and unlooked-for delay. The want of horses and suitable equipages to transport them from the fort at Presqu'Isle to the Ohio was also a great embarrassment. Four hundred of the party expired

on the route, either from scurvy or from the fatigues of bearing all this burden upon their shoulders. The provisions of the escort were soon expended, and the magazines intended for their comrades were put into requisition. Then their contents became known, and every one took freely from them such wares as pleased his fancy. The officers were clad in rich velvets, and drank to their fill of the rare wines with which, by the knavish connivance of the authorities with some unknown parties in interest, the detachment was charged. A scene of general waste and confusion ensued; and while the troops at Fort Du Quesne profited slightly enough by the costly engagements that had been criminally made for their benefit, the convoy which was to return to Canada arrived there brilliantly equipped, and with a report amply covering all their delinquencies.

It being well understood that the unaided efforts of the colonies would never accomplish the desired end, the English government took the determination to send two regiments of foot, and a sufficient artillery train to their assistance. The affairs of the American colonies were at that time committed to the care of the Secretary of State for the Southern Province, assisted by the Board of Trade. Since the days of Sir Robert Walpole, this board had lingered out a supine, sinecure existence. The secretary during all this period was the Duke of Newcastle, who, like the Old Man of the Sea in the Arabian tale, clinging about the neck of power with a tenacity that effectually prevented any policy but such as his own jealousy of merit, or time-serving selfishness dictated, had hitherto carefully suppressed any indication of a desire on the part of his colleagues or subordinates to deserve the public approbation by the exercise of a capacity to promote the public good. The records of the Board of Trade were crowded with packages of remonstrances from the colonies; its tables were covered with bundles of unread representations and unnoticed memorials. It seems indeed to have existed for no other object than, in the language of Mr. Pitt, to register the edicts of one too powerful subject. Of the nature of American affairs, of the requirements and circumstances of the provinces he misruled with absolute sway, of their very geography he was ludicrously ignorant.* In the language of the great

* When General Ligonier hinted some defense to him for Annapolis, he replied with his evasive, hissing hum—"Annapolis, Annapolis! Oh! yes, Annapolis must be defended; to be sure, Annapolis should be defended—where is Annapolis?" (I. Walpole's *Geo.* II., 344.) "He was generally laughed at," says Smollett, "as an ape in politics, whose office and influence served only to render his folly the more notorious." At the beginning of the war, he was once thrown into a vast fright by a story that 30,000 French

critic and satirist of the day, he was the strangest phenomenon that ever appeared in the political world. "A statesman without capacity, or the smallest tincture of human learning; a secretary who could not write; a financier who did not understand the multiplication-table; and the treasurer of a vast empire who never could balance accounts with his own butler." It is not surprising, then, that such a character should neglect, or blunder through his duties, careless of the result so long as his own importance at court was not diminished.

The influence of Lord Halifax, and of the Duke of Cumberland, was finally and sensibly evident in the execution of the scheme; and it was at the latter's special instigation that its command was bestowed upon his well-trying favorite, Major General Edward Braddock. Under the duke's command, Braddock had earned bloody laurels on many a famous field. Following the youthful example of his father, he had entered the regiment of Coldstream Guards as an ensign, so early as 1710; and since that period had shared in its glories and its dangers. With Marlborough in Flanders, it is more than probable he first tasted the excitement of the battle-field; and at Vigo, at Dettingen, and at Fontenoy, had proved himself a brave and thorough soldier. At the moment of his appointment to the American command, he was with his regiment—the fifteenth—at Gibraltar.

Yet, with all his supposed capacity, there were many objections to Braddock's appointment. Some thought him coarse and brutal; others doubted, more reasonably, the fitness of an officer trained in the schools of Marlborough, Cumberland, and Frederick of Prussia, to conduct a campaign in the depths of an American wilderness. Yet none doubted his courage. "Desperate in his fortunes, brutal in his behavior, obstinate in his sentiments," says Walpole, "he

had marched from Acadia to Cape Breton. "Where did they find transports?" was asked. "Transports!" cried he; "I tell you they marched by land!" "By land to the island of Cape Breton!" "What, is Cape Breton an island? Are you sure of that?" And away he posted, with an "Egad! I will go directly, and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island!" The weaknesses of this man afforded an endless theme to the sarcasm of Smollett's muse. In another place, his manner of farewell to a general departing for America is exquisitely satired; "Pray, when does your Excellency sail? For God's sake have a care of your health, and eat stewed prunes on the passage—next to your own precious health, pray, your Excellency, take care of the Five Nations—our good friends, the Five Nations—the Toryories, the Maccolmacks, the Out-of-the-ways, the Crickets, and the Kickshaws. Let 'em have plenty of blankets, and stinkibus, and wampum; and your Excellency wont fail to scour the kettle, and boil the chain, and bury the tree, and plant the hatchet, ha!" In Bubb Doddington's *Diary* (181—4,) will be found other instances of the duke's silliness.

was still intrepid and capable." Without reluctance, but with well fulfilled forebodings of its result, he left England on his new duty. The night before he started, he showed to one to whom he was bound by strong and tender ties, the map of the country through which he was to march, and dwelt upon the numerous hostile bands with which his little force would be environed. "We go," said he, "as sacrifices to the altar!"

On the 21st December, 1754, Braddock sailed from the Downs. On the 14th January, 1755, the last of his troops followed him from Ireland; by the middle of March the whole expedition was arrived in Virginia. Here new delays greeted him on every hand. Hardly any thing was done by the colonies for the ensuing campaign; and of what was done, much was bunglingly or insufficiently executed. The English troops were put to the greatest straits for fresh provisions; and even before leaving the limits of colonial power, were reduced to subsist upon the salted food they had brought with them from across the sea. At length, however, with about 2000 men under his command, the general, on the 10th of June, 1755, set forth from Fort Cumberland, in Maryland, for the Ohio. Of these troops, about 1000 had been sent from England; the remainder were Americans. His route was long and tedious, through an unknown forest. Roads were to be hewed through the woods; ravines filled up, streams bridged, and acclivities leveled. Finally, leaving Colonel Dunbar and the heavier troops behind him, Braddock pushed forward with some thirteen hundred of his best and most active soldiery, in hope to carry the French fort ere it could be strengthened by expected reinforcements.

There is little reason to doubt that as Braddock drew near, M. de Contrecoeur was almost decided to abandon his position without striking a blow, and, withdrawing his men, as did his successor, in 1758, leave to the English a bloodless victory. He certainly was prepared to surrender on terms of honorable capitulation. A solitary gun was mounted upon a carriage, to enable the garrison to evacuate with the honors of war; it being a point of nice feeling with a defeated soldier that he should retire with drums beating a national march, his own colors flying, and a cannon loaded, with a lighted match. This deprives the proceeding of a compulsory air; and to procure this gratification, Contrecoeur made his arrangements. The British army was so overwhelming in strength, so well appointed and disciplined, that he perhaps deemed any opposition to its advance would be not less fruitless than the defense of the works. However this

may be, he had as yet, on the 7th of July, announced no definite conclusion, though possibly his views were perceptible enough to his subordinates. On that day it was known that the enemy, whose numbers were greatly magnified, were at the head-waters of Turtle Creek. On the 8th, when his route was changed, M. de Beaujeu, a captain in the regulars, proposed to the commander that he might be permitted to go forth with a suitable band to prepare an ambuscade for the English on the banks of the Monongahela, and to dispute with them the passage of the second ford. If we may believe tradition, it was with undisguised reluctance that Contracoeur complied with this request, and even then, it is said, refused to assign troops for the enterprise; bidding him call for volunteers as for a forlorn hope. To that summons the whole garrison responded. If this tale be true, Contracoeur recanted his determination, and wisely preferred making him a regular detachment, conditioned on his success in obtaining the union of the Indians, who, to the number of nearly a thousand warriors, were gathered at the place. Accordingly, the savages were at once called to a council. These people, consisting of bands assembled from a dozen different nations, listened with unsuppressed discontent to the overtures of the Frenchman. Seated under the palisades that environed the fort, or standing in knots about the speaker, were gathered a motley but a ferocious crew. Alienated from their ancient friends, here were Delawares from the Susquehanna, eager to speed the fatal stroke, and Shawanoes from Grave Creek and the Muskingum; scattered warriors of the Six Nations; Ojibwas and Pottawattamies from the far Michigan; Abenakis and Caughnawagas from Canada; Ottawas from Lake Superior, led on by the royal Pontiac, and Hurons from the falls of Montreal and the mission of Lorette, whose barbarous leader glories in a name torn from the most famous pages of Christian story.*

To these reluctant auditors Beaujeu stated his designs. "How, my father," said they, in reply, "are you so bent upon death that you would also sacrifice us? With our eight hundred men do you ask us to attack four thousand English? Truly, this is not the saying of a wise man. But we will lay up what we have heard, and to-morrow you shall know our thoughts." On the morning of the 9th of July, the conference was

* "Went to Lorette, an English village about eight miles from Quebec. Saw the Indians at mass, and heard them sing psalms tolerably well—a dance. Got well acquainted with Athanase, who was commander of the Indians who defeated General Braddock in 1755—a very sensible fellow."—*MS. Journal of an English Gentleman on a Tour through Canada in 1765.*

repeated, and the Indians announced their intention of refusing to join in the expedition. At this moment a runner—probably one of those dislodged by Gage in the early dawn—burst in upon the assembly, and heralded the advent of the foe. Well versed in the peculiar characteristics of the savages, by whom he was much beloved, and full of tact and energy, Beaujeu took ready advantage of the excitement which these tidings occasioned. “I,” said he, “am determined to go out against the enemy. I am certain of victory. What! will you suffer your father to depart alone?” Fired by his language, and the reproach it conveyed, they at once resolved by acclamation to follow him to the fray. In a moment the scene was alive with frantic enthusiasm. Barrels of bullets and flints, and casks of powder were hastily rolled to the gates—their heads were knocked out, and every warrior left to supply himself at his own discretion. Then, painted for war, and armed for the combat, the party moved rapidly away, in numbers nearly nine hundred strong, of whom six hundred and thirty-seven were Indians, one hundred and forty-six Canadians, and seventy-two regular troops.* Subordinate to Beaujeu were M.M. Dumas† and De Ligneris, both captains in the regular army, four lieutenants, six ensigns, and twenty cadets.

* Another French account estimates the French and Canadians as 250, and the savages as 641; a third, at 233 whites and 600 Indians. The English rated their numbers from as high as 1500 regulars and 600 Canadians, besides savages (XXV. Gent. Mag., 379,) to as low as 400 men, all told. (I. Sp. Franklin, 191. Drake's Indian Captivities, 183;) and Washington himself could not have believed they exceeded 300. (II. Sp. Wash., 87.)

† For his conduct on the 9th of July, M. Dumas was early in the subsequent year promoted to succeed M. de Contrecoeur in the command of Fort Du Quesne. Here he proved himself an active and vigilant officer, his war-parties ravaging Pennsylvania, and penetrating to within twenty leagues of its metropolis. A copy of instructions signed by him, on 23d March, 1756, was found in the pocket of the *Sieur Donville*, who, being sent to surprise the English at Fort Cumberland, got the worst of it and lost his own scalp. This letter concludes in a spirit of humanity honorable to its writer. In the spring of 1759, the king created him a major-general and inspector of the troops of the marine, who seem to have constituted the bulk of the usual Canadian army. At the siege of Quebec and during the rest of the war he was actively employed. In July, 1759, he commanded in the unlucky *coup des écoliers*, where 1500 men, partly composed of lads from the schools, in endeavoring to destroy Monckton's battery, became so bewildered in the darkness as to mistake friend for foe, and nearly destroyed each other. We may presume he fought not where Montcalm fell on the Heights of Abraham; since, after the surrender of the capital, he held Jacques Cartier with 600 men by order of M. de Levis. And when that general besieged Murray in Quebec, in 1760, Dumas was in command of the lines from Jacques Cartier to Pointe-aux-Trembles. At last, the capitulation of Montreal gave Canada to the English, and Dumas passed with his comrades in arms to France. Here I do not doubt that he was visited by the same persecutions that waited alike on almost every man

Though his numbers were thus not so greatly inferior to Braddock's, it is not likely that Beaujeu calculated on doing more than giving the English a severe check, and perhaps delaying for a few days their advance. It is impossible that he should have contemplated the complete victory that was before him.

On the evening of the 8th of July, the ground had been carefully reconnoitered, and the proper place for the action selected. The intention was to dispute as long as possible the passage of the second ford, and then to fall back upon the ravines. But long ere they reached the scene, the swell of military music, the crash of falling trees, apprised them that the foe had already crossed the river, and that his pioneers were advanced into the woodlands. Quickening their pace into a run, they managed to reach the broken ground just as the van of the English came in sight. Braddock was just ascending the gentle slopes that led from the river-side to the steeper face of the mountain. Before him, concealed by clustering vines and undergrowth, lay three ravines, which seem almost as though expressly designed by nature for the purpose to which they were now to be put. And while the one party was perfectly prepared to avail itself of their shelter, the other was in utter ignorance

who had been in a Canadian public employ—on the pecculating Bigot and the upright Vaudreuil. Ultimately, however, and after 1763, he was made a brigadier and appointed to the government of the Isles of France and of Bourbon. Thus much may be positively stated of Dumas. To the romantic story of his persecution by Contrecoeur we cannot attach implicit faith. It says that jealousy of his success induced Contrecoeur to send Dumas home on a charge of purloining the public stores; that he was tried and cashiered, and retired in disgrace to Provence; that during the Revolutionary war Washington informed Lafayette of these circumstances, whose influence speedily brought Dumas in triumph to Paris to receive the grade of a general officer. Since Pouchot deliberately insinuates that Dumas was inclined to such practices, we may conclude it not unlikely that on his return to France his conduct was severely scrutinized; but much of the rest of the anecdote is palpably false. It is believed by many that Alexandre Dumas, the famous novelist, is a son of this general; but this view is not confirmed by the *Mémoires* of the former. He says that his father, Thomas-Alexandre Davy de la Palleterie, a general of the Republic, was born at St. Domingo in 1762, son of Marie-Alexandre-Antoine Davy, Marquis de la Palleterie (born 1710, died 1786,) a colonel of artillery, and Marie Tessette-Dumas, of St. Domingo. It is said that this last was a quadroon. Independent of the impossibility of the general, and the improbability of the colonel, being the Dumas of Braddock's defeat, it is hardly likely that no reference to the fact, were it so, would be found in the highly-colored pages of our autobiographer. There was a Comte Mathieu Dumas, a French general who served with Rochambeau in America, but he certainly was not this man. Indeed, the name is so common in France that there may well have been several bearing it occupying high ranks in the army at the same time. Had we a series of the *Almanach Royale* to refer to, the point might be settled.

even of their existence. Thus with blind security the English army entered the toils.

Had Braddock possessed the least knowledge of these defiles, he would undoubtedly have secured them in season, since nothing would have been easier than their occupation by Gage's advanced party. But not a man in his army had ever dreamed that such things were.

The arrangement of the march from the river's bank had been made as follows:—The engineers and guides, and six light-horsemen proceeded immediately before the advanced detachment under Gage, and the working-party under St. Clair, who had with them two brass six-pounders, and as many tumbrils or tool-carts. On either flank, parties to the number of eight were thrown out to guard against surprises. At some distance behind Gage followed the line, preceded by the light-horse, four squads of whom also acted as extreme flankers, at either end of the column, next came the seamen, followed by a subaltern with twenty grenadiers, a twelve-pounder, and a company of grenadiers. Then the van-guard succeeded, and the wagon and artillery train, which began and ended with a twelve-pounder; and the rear-guard closed the whole. Numerous flanking-parties, however, protected each side; and six subalterns, each with twenty grenadiers, and ten sergeants, with ten men each, were detached for this purpose.

The greater part of Gage's command was actually advanced beyond the spot where the main battle was fought, and was just surmounting the second bottom, when Mr. Gordon, one of the engineers who were in front marking out the road, perceived the enemy bounding forward. Before them, with long leaps, came Beaujeu, the gaily-colored fringes of his hunting shirt, and the silver gorget on his bosom at once bespeaking the chief. Comprehending in a glance the position he had attained, he suddenly halted and waved his hat above his head. At this preconcerted signal, the savages dispersed to the right and left, throwing themselves flat upon the ground, and gliding behind rocks or trees or into the ravines. Had the earth yawned beneath their feet and reclosed over their heads, they could not have more instantaneously vanished. The French (some of whom, according to Garneau, were mounted) held the centre of the semi-circular disposition so instantly assumed; and a tremendous fire was at once opened on the English. For a moment, Gage's troops paused aghast at the furious yells and strangeness of the onset. Rallying immediately, he returned their fire, and halted a moment till St. Clair's working-party came up, when he bade his men advance at once upon the centre of the concentric line. As he

drew near, he was again greeted with a staggering discharge, and again his ranks were shaken. Then, in return, they opened a fire of grape and musketry, so tremendous as to sweep down every unsheltered foe who was upon his feet, and to utterly fright the savages from their propriety. Beaujeu and a dozen more fell dead upon the spot, and the Indians already began to fly, their courage being unable to endure the unwonted tumult of such a portentous detonation. But reanimated by the clamorous exhortations of Dumas and De Ligneris, and observing that the regulars and militia still preserved a firm front, they returned once more to their posts and resumed the combat. For a time the issue seemed doubtful, and the loud cries of "Vive le Roi" of the French were met by the charging cheers of the English. But precision of aim soon began to prevail over mere mechanical discipline. In vain the forty-fourth continued their fire; in vain their officers, with waving swords, led them to the charge; hidden beneath great trees, or concealed below the level of the earth, the muzzles of their pieces resting on the brink of the ravine, and shooting with a secure and steady aim, the majority of the enemy rested secure and invisible to their gallant foemen.*

In the mean time, Braddock, whose extreme rear had not yet left the river's bank, hearing the uproar in advance, ordered Burton to press forward with the vanguard, and the rest of the line to halt; thus leaving Halket with four hundred men to protect the baggage, while eight hundred engaged the enemy. But just as Burton, under a galling fire, was forming his troops upon the ground, Gage's party gave way and precipitately endeavored to fall into his rear; confusing men who were confused before. The manœuvre was unsuccessfully executed, and the two regiments became inextricably commingled. Vainly Braddock strove to separate the soldiers, huddling together like frightened sheep. Vainly the regimental colors were advanced in opposite directions as rallying points.

—— "Ut conspicuum in proelio
Haberent signum quod sequerentur milites."

The officers sought to collect their men together and lead them on in platoons. Nothing could avail. On every hand the officers, distinguished by their horses and their uniforms, were the constant mark of hostile rifles; and it was soon as impossible to find men to give orders as

* None of the English that were engaged saw more than 100, and many of the officers, as well as men, who were the whole time of its continuance in the heat of the action, will not assert that they saw an enemy."—*Sharpe's MS. Correspondence.*

it was to have them obeyed. In a narrow road twelve feet wide, shut up on either side and overpent by the primeval forest, were crowded together the panic-stricken wretches, hastily loading and reloading, and blindly discharging their guns in the air, as though they suspected their mysterious murderers were sheltered in the boughs above their heads; while all around, removed from sight, but making day hideous with their war-whoops and savage cries, lay ensconced a host insatiate for blood.* Foaming with rage and indignation, Braddock flew from rank to rank, with his own hands endeavoring to force his men into position. Four horses were shot under him, but mounting a fifth, he still strained every nerve to retrieve the ebbing fortunes of the day. His subordinates gallantly seconded his endeavors, throwing themselves from the saddle, and advancing by platoons, in the idle hope that their men would follow; but only to rush upon their fate. The regular soldiery, deprived of their immediate commanders, and terrified at the incessant fall of their comrades, could not be brought to the charge; while the provincials, better skilled, sought in vain to cover themselves and to meet the foe upon equal terms; for to the urgent intreaties of Washington and Sir Peter Halket that the men might be permitted to leave the ranks and shelter themselves, the general turned a deaf ear. Wherever he saw a man skulking behind a tree, he flew at once to the spot, and, with curses on his cowardice, and blows with the flat of his sword, drove him back into the open road.† Wherever the distracted artillerymen saw a smoke arise, thither did they direct their aim; and many of the flankers who had succeeded in obtaining the only position where they could be of any service, were thus shot down. Athwart the brow of the hill lay a large log, five feet in diameter, which Captain Waggoner, of the Virginia levies, resolved to take possession of. With shouldered fire-locks he marched a party of eighty men to the spot, losing but three on the way; and at once throwing themselves behind it, the remainder opened a hot fire upon the enemy. But no sooner were the flash and report of their pieces perceived by

* "The yell of the Indians is fresh on my ear, and the terrific sound will haunt me until the hour of my dissolution. I cannot describe the horrors of that scene. No pencil could do it, or no painter delineate it so as to convey to you with accuracy our unhappy situation." Capt. Leslie's Letter, 30th July, 1755. V. Haz. Reg. 191.

† "The Enemy kept behind Trees and Logs of Wood, and cut down our Troops as fast as they could advance. The Soldiers then insisted much to be allowed to take to the Trees, which the General denied and stormed much, calling them Cowards, and even went so far as to strike them with his own Sword for attempting the Trees." Burd to Morris; VI. Col. Rec., 501.

the mob behind, than a general discharge was poured upon the little band, by which fifty were slain outright, and the rest constrained to fly.

By this time, the afternoon was well advanced, and the whole English line surrounded. The ammunition began to fail, and the artillery to flag—the baggage was warmly attacked—and a runner was dispatched to the fort with the tidings that by set of sun not an Englishman would be left alive upon the ground. Still, gathering counsel from despair, Braddock disdained to yield; still, strong in this point only of their discipline, his soldiers died by his side, palsied with fear, yet without one thought of craven flight. At last, when every aid but Washington was struck down; when the lives of the vast majority of the officers had been sacrificed with a reckless intrepidity, a sublime self-devotion, that surpasses the power of language to express; when scarce a third part of the whole army remained unscathed, and these incapable of aught save remaining to die, or till the word to retire was given; at last Braddock abandoned all hope of victory; and, with a mien undaunted as in his proudest hour, ordered the drums to sound a retreat. The instant their faces were turned, the poor regulars lost every trace of the sustaining power of custom; and the retreat became a headlong flight. "Despite of all the efforts of the officers to the contrary, they ran," says Washington, "as sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them."

Beneath a large tree standing between the heads of the northernmost ravines, and while in the act of giving an order, Braddock received a mortal wound; the ball passing through his right arm into the lungs. Falling from his horse, he lay helpless on the ground, surrounded by the dead, abandoned by the living. Not one of his transatlantic soldiery "who had served with the Duke" could be prevailed upon to stay his headlong flight, and aid to bear his general from the field. Orme thought to tempt them with a purse containing sixty guineas; but in such a moment even gold could not prevail upon a vulgar soul, and they rushed unheeding on. Disgusted at such pusillanimity, and his heart big with despair, Braddock refused to be removed, and bade the faithful friends who lingered by his side to provide for their own safety. He declared his resolution of leaving his own body on the field: the scene that had witnessed his dishonor he desired should bury his shame. With manly affection, Orme disregarded his injunctions; and Captain Stewart, of Virginia, (the commander of the light-horse which were attached to the general's person,) with another American officer, hastening to Orme's relief, his body was placed

first in a tumbrel, and afterward upon a fresh horse, and thus borne away. Stewart seems to have cherished a sense of duty or of friendship toward his chief that did not permit him to desert him for a moment while life remained.

On this fatal day the English loss was wonderfully heavy. Of the fourteen hundred and fifty souls who went into the action, nearly nine hundred were killed and wounded. Braddock himself, wounded toward the end of the battle, still retained sufficient strength to direct the shattered and retreating ranks. On the 18th of July,

having reached Dunbar's camp, he died in great agony. His last moments were characterized, however, by no unworthy repinings. He took every precaution that his limited judgment could suggest, to secure the safety of what remained of his expedition, and to place in a suitable light his satisfaction with his officers. And although in this he but set the crowning-stone upon his column of blunders, we recognize the same dogged, faithful, honest spirit that had throughout all his life governed this unfortunate but brave man.

THE ANCIENT PINE.

BY B. B.

There stands beside a moss-grown rock
A dark, majestic Pine,
That seemed amid the tempest's shock
A voiceful spirit-shrine.
The tone that in soft breezes dwells,
Hath played around its boughs,
And lingered in their hollow cells,
Like the whispering of sweet vows—
Like the whispering of sweet vows at eve,
When loving hearts o'erflow,
And dreams that Hope and Gladness weave,
Like sunbeams come and go.
It stands alone—a tall, dark form—
A giant wrestler with the storm.
A hundred years that tree hath seen;
Yet still it towers on high;
And through its coronal of green,
Looks upward to the sky.

A hundred years, a hundred years,
Hath it watched the days return;
And hid in a thousand cells the tears,
That have flowed from the midnight urn.
A hundred years hath the bright sunlight
To the heart of the Pine Tree crept;
And the wavering beams of the "noon of night,"
On its sweeping branches slept.—
A hundred years have the quick winds hung
Their harps upon its spray,
Till the leaves have each a viewless tongue,
That 'plains or sings away;
It hath a voice, and a mournful tone,
Fearfully wild, as a wizard groan,—
And its sigh when the rising gale hath passed,
Through its branches reaching low,
Hath sounded on, in the rushing blast,
Like the very wail of woe.

It stands the genie of the flood,
Whose waves beside it flow;
The relic of an ancient wood,
That hath fallen long ago—
Tall, dark, and green, thou lordly Pine,
Proud monarch of the shore!
Kings have no richer crowns than thine,
Which the sunlight floateth o'er.

There is a mystery in the spell,
Thy wild susurrus wakes;
A pathos in each murmur dwells,
That all my spirit shakes.
Thou art no cumberer of the sod,
Thou voiceful witness of our God!—
The glories that his love unfolds,
Like a veil are round thee cast,
And thou guardest in thy secret holds,
The records of the Past.

Strange voices fill thy hollow chest,
That in their rising swell,
Like the breathing of a burthened breast,
Of change and marvels tell.
I seem to see thee, when thy form
Was not as it is now,
The scarred veteran of the storm,
That centered on thy brow.
An echo of thy youth returns—
The music of thy prime—
And I see thee, when thy light-green urns
Held not their lees of Time.
Thou wert then a lisping, breezy Pine,
And not as now, a mournful shrine.
Thou hast grown old; chill frosts have lain
On thy massive and gnarled arms;
And snow, and hail, and the sifting rain,
Have rifled thy early charms.

Dark mosses cluster 'round thy base,
And lichens old and gray,
Find on thy trunk a resting-place,
And mantle thy decay:—
The eagle on thy topmost bough,
Hath rested from his flight;
And the boding owl her solemn vow,
Hath muttered there by night.
Rude carvings on thy aged side,
Call back the scenes of yore,
When thou wast the Indian hunter's guide,
In his wanderings to the shore;—
When the chief came, and the dusky maid,
To linger in thy calm, sweet shade;
With the voices of the starry hours—
With the cooling of the doves,
Like the breathing of young spirit-flowers,
They mingled here their loves.

Thou hast seen that noble race depart
 From their own, their sunny hills,
 And I marvel not thy secret heart,
 With a mournful music thrills.
 They have left their old familiar haunts,
 Along the brook's green side,
 And their war-cry, and their funeral chants,
 With their songs of mirth have died.
 No more beneath thy spreading shade,
 Will their dark-eyed children play,
 Or in hammocks by their mother's side,
 To the fitful breezes sway:—
 What wonder, oh, thou voiceful Pine!
 That thou art now a mournful shrine.
 Hast thou not won from grief thy moan,
 And the mystery of thy spells,
 Waking a startling undertone,
 With passionate farewells?

Thou hast! thou hast! this grief is thine,
 That thou alone must stand,
 The last of many a kingly line,
 That have perished from the land.
 Thou see'st no more the startled deer,
 Go bounding o'er the lawn;
 No more from shady covert near,
 Steals forth the fair young fawn:—
 The warrior, in his birch canoe,
 Moved swift with dripping oar,
 No longer cleaves the waters blue,
 To listen to thy lore.
 The red men and the deer have gone
 A journey toward the setting sun;—
 And near thee, in a valley green,
 The white man's cabin stands,
 And their cities and their homes are seen,
 O'er all the pleasant lands.

They have been here, but awe hath crept
 Into the Spoiler's heart;
 For a voice that from thy branches swept,
 Seemed bidding them depart:—
 And the scorner of poetic dreams,
 Of the beautiful, the dear,
 Turned from his philosophic schemes,
 Becomes a dreamer here.
 A charm is in thee, Ancient Tree!
 From the strength of many years;
 And the music which hath haunted thee,
 Is subduing me to tears.
 A Mentor in the path of life,
 Thou warnest me of coming strife.
 Heaven shield thee from the lightning's dart,
 And the reeking midnight storm;
 For a glory and a guide thou art.
 Oh, wild, majestic form!

Thou hast a green old age, and long
 Thy freshness may endure;
 And many from the busy throng,
 Will thy quiet shadows lure.
 The stranger to thy shade will stray,
 To listen to thy tones;
 And village children come to play
 With thy hard and russet cones.
 Thou shalt be guarded in the light,
 By the eye of human love,
 And held a sacred thing by night,
 For the stars to shine above:
 And oft as in the summer eves
 We hear the rustling of thy leaves,
 We'll bless within our hearts, our God,
 For this high, solemn shrine—
 For the waving honors of the sod,
 For the strength of the Ancient Pine.

SONNETS FROM THE ITALIAN.

BY E. ANNA LEWIS.

I.

WE MET.

We met, and gazed into each other's eyes,
 When to their violet brinks our spirits rose,
 And leaning over kissed with thrilling throes,
 That broke along the air in sobbing sighs.
 Entranced they wept—exchanged betrothal letters,
 Then downward to their silent prisons fled,
 And by the lamp of Hope these letters read,
 And felt the happier for Love's fatal fetters:—
 But Hate below, and envious Saint above,
 Between them placed a gulf impassable;
 Yet, on the opposing shores they stood for all,
 Sending love-missives by heaven's carrier-dove;
 And, flinging kisses over to each other,
 All glowing from the fires warm hearts can never smother.

II.

MUTE COURTSHIP.

O, had these fancied shores the gift of speech—
 Could they recount the countless vows they heard,
 Winging the air like paradisaic-bird—
 Had they the power of Love, Faith, Hope, to preach,
 They'd tell a sadder tale of Love and Madness,
 Than ever the Bosphorous mermaids told
 Of lofty Hero and Leander bold.
 They'd tell, how on these banks we paced in sadness,
 And mutely, by the pale moon, wooed like Fairies,
 The while, convulsed with Love's delicious spasm,
 Our hands stretched forth, and clasped across the chasm,
 Holding us vis-à-vis, like statuarics,
 Until Death, passing by on his white steed,
 Drew up, and struck the one down like a helpless reed.

THE OATH AT VALLEY FORGE.

[EXPLANATION OF STEEL PLATE.]

Our artist has selected an incident in the life of the eccentric General Charles Lee, as the subject of a plate which accompanies the present number of our Magazine. It was at Valley Forge that Washington, by order of Congress, administered the oath of allegiance to the general officers. The major-generals stood around the commander-in-chief and took hold of a Bible, together, according to the usual custom; but just as Washington began to administer the oath, Lee deliberately withdrew his hand. This singular movement was repeated, and in so odd a manner that the officers smiled; and Washington inquiring the meaning of his hesitancy, Lee replied, "As to King George, I am ready enough to absolve myself from all allegiance to him, but I have some scruples about the Prince of Wales." The strangeness of this reply was such that the officers burst into a broad laugh, in which even Washington himself was obliged to join. The ceremony was of course interrupted. It was renewed as soon as a composure was restored proper for the solemnity of the occasion, and Lee took the oath with the other officers.

Charles Lee received a commission in the British army when but eleven years of age. When turned of twenty he made four campaigns in America in the French war, was wounded at the assault on Ticonderoga, and displayed great courage and ability in the service, attaining the rank of colonel as his reward. Leaving America, he served with distinction with Burgoyne in Portugal against the Spaniards.

When peace came, and he returned to England, he projected two new English colonies, one on the Ohio, below the Wabash, and the other on the Illinois; and although he was baffled in his scheme by the ministers rejecting his proposals, yet he continued to take a lively interest in the concerns of the colonies. His vigorous style both in speech and writing was distinguished by pointed satire and scorching invective, and savored of high republican principle. He evidently foresaw the American contest.

In 1764 Lee went to Poland, and was appointed a major-general in its army—he presented a sword, which had belonged to Oliver Cromwell, to Poniatowsky; who, he observes, "though a king, is a great admirer of that extraordinary

man." He performed a campaign against the Turks, traveled extensively, and returned to England in 1770. His known sentiments, and his ability as a writer, led to the authorship of the letters of Junius being ascribed to him. In 1773 he came to America, traveled much, made the acquaintance of the leading men, and embraced with ardor the patriotic cause. Fixing his affections on the new world he purchased an estate in Virginia.

When the Revolutionary war broke out, Lee was appointed a major-general. His valuable services in the cause are too well known to our readers to require any sketch of them; but with his merits were faults not less striking, which are to be ascribed to an ill-regulated mind; for his patriotism is not to be doubted. After the affair at Monmouth, for which he was by a court-martial suspended from any command for a twelvemonth, he retired to his estate in Berkeley county, Virginia, which he called Prato Rio. Here he lived more like a hermit than a citizen of the world, or the member of a civilized community. His house was little more than a shell, without partitions, and containing scarcely the necessary articles of furniture for the most common uses. To a gentleman, who visited him in this forlorn retreat, where he found a kitchen in one corner, a bed in another, books in a third, saddles and harness in a fourth, Lee said, "Sir, it is the most convenient and economical establishment in the world. The lines of chalk which you see on the floor mark the divisions of the apartments, and I can sit in any corner, and give orders, and overlook the whole, without moving from my chair."

Farming proving unprofitable, Lee left his place in the autumn of 1782, and made a visit to Baltimore. He remained there but a few days when he went to Philadelphia, where he had scarcely established himself in lodgings, at an inn, when he was attacked by a fever, which terminated his life on the 2d of October, at the age of fifty-one. In the delirium caused by the fever, the last words he was heard to say were, "Stand by me, my brave grenadiers!" In a will he had written, were directions that, "his body should not be interred in any church-yard, nor within a mile of any Presbyterian burial-ground."

FERNANDO PO.

BY JAMES A. MAITLAND.

The Island of Fernando Po—Luxuriance of the Vegetation—The new Settlement—Description of the Country—Character of the Inhabitants—A Shark Story—Seizure of a Slaver, etc., etc.

IN the early part of the year 184— I visited the Island of Fernando Po, being then a midshipman on board H. M. B. *Rapid*, at that time engaged in that most delectable of all naval employments—the suppression of the slave-trade on the African coast.

We had been some weeks at sea from Sierra Leone—alternately broiled beneath the fierce rays of an African sun, or drenched with rain during the sudden squalls, called Tampero's, which are so frequent on that coast at certain seasons of the year. We had been for some time past rather unfortunate in our search after the predatory gentry, the 'quest of whom was our special vocation, and for whose especial behoof Her Majesty's commissariat, under the direction of the Right Honorable the Board of Admiralty, had provided some hundred and fifty hungry mouths with a supply of salt junk and biscuits, with the requisite smaller rations for a three years' cruise. As may well be supposed, we were heartily wearied with the monotonous duties of stretching along the coast under all possible sail during the hours of daylight, and standing off, under reefed topsails and stowed flying kites at night; it was, therefore, with no little pleasure, that we received information from a Liverpool merchantman, homeward bound from the coast, that a suspicious-looking schooner, under Spanish colors, had been seen hanging about under the lee of Fernando Po.

The order was straightway given to "up helm" and bear away for the island, and in a couple of days we sighted the land and soon after dropped anchor in Clarence Bay, where is situated the only European settlement that then existed on the island. This island was originally settled by the Spaniards, by whom it was used as a depot for the slaves which were purchased from the various markets on the main coast, which is but a few miles distant from the east end of the island. The Spaniards, however, found the place so exceedingly unhealthy, that after several unsuccessful attempts to maintain possession of the settlement, they were compelled, at length, to

abandon the idea. For some years, subsequently to this, the island was scarcely ever visited by Europeans, by whom it was held in dread, and known by the significant appellation of "The White man's Grave." At length possession was taken of the deserted settlement by the British government, for the double purpose of forming a commercial depot for their growing trade with the coast of Benin, and a rendezvous for their cruisers on the African station; it being considered, however unhealthy in itself, certainly preferable to the marshy creeks and inlets on the Benin and Guinea coasts. Accordingly a government agent, with one or two subordinates under his command, was sent from Sierra Leone, and shortly afterward they were joined by a factor from some of the commercial houses in that colony bent on the development of the palm oil trade, for palm trees abounded on the island, a missionary as sedulously desirous of converting the savage aborigines to Christianity, together with two or three negro storekeepers rejoicing in the appellation of merchants. These composed, at the period of which I write, the entire of the infant colony, although it has now considerably increased in importance and has become no insignificant addendum to the British possessions in that part of the world. But I find that I am getting ahead of my story. As we sailed slowly up the bay, before a light breeze barely sufficient to keep our sails full, just as the sun was rising over the dense mass of forest trees which cover the island, and gilding with his bright morning rays the group of white cottages in which the settlers resided, and which stood on a rising ground before us—"topping the hills with gold," as the poet says—I thought my eyes had never rested upon a lovelier prospect. The cottages were glancing from amidst a perfect wilderness of cocoa and palm trees, limes, and the various other attributes of tropical scenery.

This superabundance of vegetation is peculiar to the coast of Africa, and is remarkable, from fifteen or twenty degrees north to the same latitude south of the equator. It is this very luxuriance which, in its decay, is the cause of the dreadful malaria which at certain seasons makes such fearful havoc among the Europeans exposed to its blighting influence. I know that the dread which is entertained of the unhealthiness of the

African coast, has led to the belief that the sterility of the desert attaches itself to the entire country, for it is strange how imagination acts upon the senses, but such is far from being the fact, for in no part of the world does Nature assume a more gorgeous attire, or revel in such wantonness of profusion as she does on the western coast of Central Africa. We were alone in the bay—no other vessel, not even a canoe, floated on its broad, mirror-like surface. In every direction, far as the eye could reach, a prospect was presented which exceeded in palpable beauty the most imaginative descriptions of fairy lands, and realized the glowing ideal creations of the most poetical delineator of the beauties and glories of Nature. Down to the very beach, grew trees of gigantic proportions, and of exceeding grace and delicacy of outline, extending their leafy branches far over the sparkling waters of the bay, and forming natural canopies, which the fancy might picture as the retreats of Naiads and water-nymphs—as abodes too sacred to be intruded upon by the visits of gross mortals. The trunks of these huge trees were almost concealed by the thick and tangled growth of underwood, so as to impede, in some measure, the view, except where an occasional break amidst the dense mass of foliage, gave a glimpse of what appeared to be a very garden of Eden within.

Several slight fissures in the outline, being the path of a number of rivulets glittering and rippling along as though in haste to empty their tiny contributions into the broad, deep waters of the bay, added to the delightful and refreshing character of the landscape, while the whole was rendered perfect by a background of dark mountains, rising in the interior of the island, and stretching their lofty summits far up into the gauzy atmosphere, not enveloped in clouds, as would have been the case in a more northern clime, but showing every gray pinnacle, clearly and sharply defined against the bright blue sky. The whole effect was delightful, and seemed to offer an indignant denial to the deadly imputation, under which the island, which could display such magnificent scenery, labored, and to invite the ocean wanderer to land and refresh himself amid the luxuriant haunts presented to his longing gaze. But there were other duties to be attended to than those of gazing at the fair prospect around us.

As I before observed, we had come in to gain, if possible, some information relative to a supposed piratical, or at least a slaving schooner, which was suspected to be hugging the coast somewhere at hand, and for some signs of which our anxious commander had been sweeping his glass

up the creeks in every direction, exhibiting not a few symptoms of disappointment, as he failed in discovering any signs of the object of his search.

Half an hour passed away, when we were boarded by a canoe from the shore, containing the governor, harbor-master, and factotum of the settlement; the factor before spoken of, and a stout, comfortable looking negro, who assumed far more importance than his white, or to tell the truth, his yellow, bilious complexioned companions. They came off to learn the news and to proffer such hospitalities as their limited means afforded. They were, no doubt, only too glad to relieve the ennui of their island life by any change in their monotonous daily avocations, and the sight of a strange vessel in the offing was a god-send to them. They had seen nothing of the slaver of which we were in search, and as our captain thought it the wisest plan to remain where he was a few days, their proffers of hospitality were accepted and reciprocated. The duties of the vessel kept the juniors, myself among the rest, on board for a few days, but leave came at last, and to do our commander justice, plenty of it, so long as we reported ourselves "come on board" at proper hours. So, one day, having dined on shore with the representative of the Majesty of Great Britain and his commercial friend, a party of four of us started on an exploring ramble into the woods in the direction of a native village. We were obliged to follow a faint-beaten pathway, in Indian file, for some time, not daring to stray from the track, however tempted by the desire to inspect more closely any curious bird or monkey, the latter were numerous, which might cross our path, for fear of losing the track altogether; after proceeding in this manner for a mile or two, the path became wider and the wood less thick, while we occasionally came upon natural clearings, presenting scenery so beautiful and so novel in its character, that we thought ourselves well repaid for the trouble we had had in forcing our way over the difficult path in so sultry a climate. We had as yet seen none of the natives in the course of our journey, but while sitting to rest, beside a little rivulet which coursed through one of the clearings, we observed a party of five or six approaching. We did not stir, for fear they might take alarm, for we knew them to be shy and it was said, treacherous; but although they must have observed us, they came on steadily toward us, and we soon perceived the party to consist of three men with their wives following them, and carrying their fishing spears and canoe gear, while the men were perfectly unincumbered.

We greeted them with signs, for we knew not

a word of their language, and their own European vocabulary consisted of scarcely half a dozen words of Spanish and English. They replied in the same manner, and, apparently, with great good-temper, the men endeavoring to explain the uses of the spear and other articles they had with them, while the women were chatting together and laughing immoderately. With some difficulty we made them understand that we should like to proceed to their village, which we had reason to think was not distant, and they pointed to the path, and to the distant wood. Having presented them with a small quantity of leaf-tobacco, which we usually carried with us when on shore on the African coast, as it passes as a money medium, and is never below par, we again started on our ramble. By the way, as some description of the appearance of these islanders may be interesting, I may as well describe them here. The natives of the Island of Fernando Po are in appearance a distinct, and in some respects, a physically different race from the tribes of the Guinea and Benin Coasts, although their country so closely approximates. They are a tall, stout race, exceedingly well-proportioned; and the young people, the females especially, possess considerable delicacy and grace of figure and movement, but the faces of both sexes, after adult age, are so frightfully disfigured by a system of tattooing, infinitely more disgusting than any thing of the kind I have seen elsewhere, that it renders their appearance repulsive in the extreme. No delicate lines are traced—no figures pricked into the skin with the consummate skill and dexterity which distinguish the tattooing operations of the South-Sea Islanders, the New Zealanders, and many, even, of the tribes on the African coast—but deep gashes, penetrating beneath the cuticle, and seemingly without regularity, or object, save that of disfigurement, are marked on the visages of all. These grow wider with age, and the cicatrices being of a darker color than the rest of the skin, the effect upon the old people is most disgusting. Added to this, the skins of both sexes, old and young, are covered with a mixture of red ochre, with which the island abounds, mixed up with palm oil, giving a bright-yellowish red—a sort of metallic tinge to the entire body. This plaster is also applied to the hair, which, in some measure straightened by its constant use, is elaborately twisted into spiral curls, which hang down and almost entirely cover the head. Dress, or clothing of any kind, they wear none, unless a sort of flat-grass hat can be so called, which, ornamented with parrot feathers, is sported by some of the juvenile male dandies. The ladies do not even don this ornament, but are in a primitive

state of nudity. The adult males are all minus one of the front teeth, which adds to the singularity of their appearance. The features of the youth of both sexes, which have not yet been disfigured by the tattooing operation, are far from repulsive, indeed, in many the countenance is open and pleasing, though presenting most of the negro attributes.

I observed no fetish rites, or other signs of the superstitions so prevalent among most of the African tribes, indeed, so far as I could judge, they appeared to be destitute of any religious ideas whatever. Thus, I have endeavored to describe the *physique* of this remarkable race, and will now return to my own story.

I have mentioned that the natives we met had intimated to us to follow the path, now considerably wider, but still so obscure and overgrown with grass and brushwood, as to be easily lost if we wandered off the beaten track. Some of the productions of the primeval forest through which we were passing, were truly calculated to elicit admiration and wonder. I recollect one tree especially—a gigantic monarch of the forest—which particularly attracted our attention. From its appearance we supposed it to be a species of mahogany, although none of us were sufficiently versed in the science of botany to satisfy ourselves on this point. The trunk of this magnificent specimen of Nature's handicraft, must have measured at least forty feet from the earth, before its smooth, cinnamon-colored surface was obstructed by a single branch. Twelve men could not have encompassed its base, with outstretched arms, and its roots had grown out of the ground, and formed natural arches, under which any one of the party might easily have walked without stooping. It must have been of immense age, yet it appeared full of health and vigor, and branched out above, in a perfect forest of its own foliage. There were many of the same species in the neighborhood, but none which approached it in magnitude.

Wandering on for about a mile, we met with several of the natives, engaged in extracting palm wine—the inspissated juice of the palm tree, and a favorite drink among these people—and soon the noise of people talking together denoted our approach to the village. At length we came to a wide clearing, where a number of people were assembled together, who received us in a friendly manner, offering us palm wine and fruit, but who seemed desirous of preventing us from entering the village, which we could see among the trees beyond the opening where we stood, which opening answered, I presume, for the exchange, market-place, and general promenade of the community. Of course, under the

circumstances we did not press an entrance, and indeed, there appeared little to excite or gratify our curiosity. The huts, if such they could be called, appeared to be merely old canoes, inverted so as to give some sort of shelter in bad weather, while a sort of hammock was suspended in great numbers from the branches of the trees, as though it was the custom to live and sleep in the open air, except when driven by stress of weather to the rather equivocal shelter of which I have spoken.

After spending some time in the interchange of mutual compliments which, on their part, was confined to "How do you do" and "*mucho bueno*," and on ours to sagacious nods of the head, as appearing to understand perfectly all they said, we bent our steps back to the brig, having made a patriarchal old chap, with a long red beard, superlatively happy, by the present of an old cotton handkerchief, and as much tobacco as would last him for a month. The old man was infirm with age, and appeared to be treated with great respect by the rest. We supposed him to be the chief of the tribe, but he had no distinguishing mark upon him, except that which Time will set upon us all.

Their desire to keep us from entering the village was, doubtless, jealousy of the women, as they must have all fled at our approach, not one woman being among the party assembled in the clearing, though why this jealousy was expressed on this occasion I am unable to divine, as the women came fearlessly among us on the beach, and even came off to the brig with fruit to sell.

A frightful occurrence took place a day or two after this, which exhibits the ferocity of the shark in a remarkable manner. The sailing-master of the brig had engaged a canoe to bring off stone ballast to the vessel from a natural breakwater at the entrance of the bay. This occupied two or three days, as the canoe was small, the natives by no means quick in their work, and often capsizing with their load, it became necessary to go back for another cargo. When this canoe came off from the shore in the morning, the crew on board of her were in the habit of fetching off limes, pine-apples, pickles, and such like articles, for sale on board, for a handful of tobacco, or a small coin, with which they could purchase any trifling luxury they fancied from the store at the settlement. On the morning in question, one of the men had fetched off a fine basket of limes, for which I promised him a quarter of a dollar. He made signs to me to keep the money till he went home at night, and proceeded to his work at the breakwater. A few minutes afterward we heard a shout, and on looking toward the spot whence the sound pro-

ceeded, found it was merely the canoe, which had capsized on its way to the brig with its load. This attracted no particular notice. As I mentioned before, such accidents were frequent, and the natives, who are famous swimmers, were accustomed to right their canoes in the water, and clamber on board again, as if nothing had happened. They did so now, but instead of returning to the breakwater, they seemed to be in a perfect state of consternation, looking at something in the water, and keeping up a continual shouting, which was speedily answered by a gathering crowd on the shore. A boat was manned from the brig, and sent off to learn what was the matter, and in the meanwhile a large war-canoe had put off from the shore. Both soon reached the scene of distress, and in a few minutes we saw those in the larger canoe drag up some object from the water, and immediately both canoes, together with our own boat, pulled for the brig. The war-canoe was first alongside, and then a most horrible sight was presented. Extended at the bottom of the boat lay the mangled and lifeless remains of one of the natives—the same man who had brought the limes on board in the morning, and whom I had spoken to not an hour before—then full of life and vigor—now dead and frightfully mutilated! One leg had been taken off by the hip, as clean as if done by means of a hatchet; one arm was severed from the arm-pit, and the body, from the lower part to the throat, had been laid open, and the whole of the inside torn away. This shocking mutilation had been the work of a shark, and it was evident such occurrences were rare, for the islanders, fearless in the water before, could not afterward be induced to enter it, or even to finish the loading of the ballast, being unwilling to go near the spot in their canoes. The mangled remains were taken on shore and buried amidst the yells and lamentations of the whole tribe. A day or two afterward three sharks of immense size were caught on board of the brig, to the great joy of the islanders; but whether the offender was among them or not, I am unable to say.

Our stay at this island was now drawing to a close. About a week after the occurrence of the incident just related, a large double war-canoe came in from the coast, having on board a Kroo-man pilot, whose object it was to inform our commander, having heard by some means that a man-of-war was lying in Clarence Bay, of the whereabouts of a slaver, which was anchored in one of the numerous creeks on the coast and was taking on board a cargo of slaves. This we imagined was the very vessel we were in search of, and the word was passed to "up anchor" immediately, and proceed to the spot the Kroo-man

had indicated. In a few minutes all was bustle and activity, and in less than half an hour we had left Clarence Bay and its little settlement behind us. The same evening we anchored off the Benin coast, and immediately made preparations for cutting out the slaver with boats, during the night, as the creek where she was said to lie was not navigable for the brig. Accordingly the cutters and pinnace were manned, the oars muffled, and officers and men being dressed alike, in blue flannel shirts and dark trousers, we set off in high spirits on our expedition. We were aware, from report, that we had an ugly customer to deal with, but we were well armed and fully prepared for any opposition we might meet with, although we had hopes of succeeding in boarding the schooner in the dark, undiscovered by the crew, and carrying her by a *coup de main*. We soon reached the creek, under the guidance of the pilot, and a low, marshy, pestilential looking spot it was. We ascended it for a mile, almost touching the low banks with our oars, and assaulted by myriads of mosquitoes. Still nothing yet was visible through the misty exhalations rising from the half stagnant water.

We began to think that the pilot was mistaken, or that the schooner had received intimation of our approach and had taken to her heels. However, the Krooman was confident, and in a few minutes more, on rounding a sudden bend in the creek, we perceived the object of our search, the outline of her slender spars appearing indistinctly through the haze—another minute and her hull was visible. Additional caution was now used—the oars dipped so steadily and quietly that their sound was inaudible to us in the boats—orders were given in the lowest whispers, and we began to think ourselves sure of our prey, without discovery on his part, when suddenly two flashes of light shone through the gloom—the report of pistols followed, and the whistling of the balls as they rushed past us was distinctly heard. Further attempt at concealment were useless—disguise was at once thrown aside—a vigorous strain was laid on the oars, and with a cheer the three boats were alongside the vessel almost at the same moment. No further attempts at resistance were made, probably our evident force had shown that all such attempts would be futile—we rushed on the decks, and the Santa Lucor was our lawful prize. She had on board a well assorted cargo, fitted for trading on the coast, and for the purchase of slaves, as well as about a hundred negroes, mostly women and children.

While the boats lay alongside of the schooner, our commander, observing the Kroo pilot still sitting in the stern of the pinnace, called to him to come on board the slaver, but receiving no

answer he sent a hand down to see what was the matter. The pilot was dead. He had been shot through the throat, and the ball had passed out at the back of the neck. He must have been killed instantaneously, for he had uttered no cry, nor had he stirred from his seat; probably he was choked by the internal hemorrhage. I had forgotten to mention that when the orders had been issued for every one to dress in dark clothing, so as to present no mark for the people in the slaver to aim at, in case of an attack being made upon us, the poor Krooman had persisted in wearing a white jacket that had been given to him in the morning, and thus had offered himself a mark for the captain's pistols, and fallen a victim to his own vanity.

The slaver was sent off to St. Helena, under the charge of a prize-master, and condemned. The captain was tried, and would probably have have got off with the loss of his vessel, for although he acknowledged that he had fired the pistols, yet he pleaded ignorance as to the nature of the attack, and declared that he had voluntarily surrendered when he found the boats were those of a British man-of-war. Unfortunately, however, for him, H. M. schooner *Alert* came into the harbor while the trial was going on, and her commander immediately identified the slaver as a vessel which had got clear from him after a running fight, some six months before, during which he had been shot through the crown of his straw hat; unluckily for the Spaniard it was that he was not shot through the head, for the testimony of the British officer condemned him, and he was hung.

It was known that he was, upon occasion, pirate as well as slaver, and a man of most desperate character. He was one of the most forbidding, truculent-looking men I ever saw, stout, broad-shouldered, with a face almost covered with hair, and a most repulsive expression of countenance. The crew of the slaver were sent about their business after some necessary detention, and the schooner herself turned out a pretty profitable prize to the commander of the *Rapid*.

I have not been in Fernando Po since the events occurred, which are above narrated. I shortly afterward joined another vessel, and sailed for the East Indies. But though on this visit to Fernando Po, the *Rapid* escaped unscathed, it was not always to be so; for she, some six months afterward, lost several of her officers and men, while lying in the same harbor, and among the rest, her worthy and gallant commander. Fernando Po is now a place of considerable traffic, but with all its commercial capabilities, and with all its lovely scenery, it still richly merits its epithet of "The White Man's Grave."

ASPEN COURT; AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

(A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.)

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

(Continued from page 480.)

CHAPTER XLV.

THE PRIEST AND THE PEER.

HEYWOOD satisfied himself in the course of a quarter of an hour which he spent by the bedside of Paul Chequerbent, that the latter was effectually disqualified from rendering him service or coöperation for some time to come—much longer than the priest deemed it desirable to wait. Consoling Paul, therefore, with some wholesome assurances that he would soon be convalescent, and that in the meantime his interests with Lord Rookbury's daughter should not suffer, Heywood departed, little imagining that in less than an hour from his leaving St. Vitus's Hospital, the Lady Anna would present herself in person to confirm Paul's hopes.

The channel through which her ladyship—we like to see our little girl in possession of all her honors—had heard of her lover's misfortune had been a homely one. In the early part of this history we had occasion to describe the residence of Mrs. Sellinger, the handsome and Juno-like dancing-mistress in Spelton Street, Clerkenwell. On one of the landings of that miscellaneous colony dwelt a Mr. Glink, who under the pretence of fancying birds, stole dogs. Some birds, however, which he did fancy, were of a feather kindred to his own, and among them happened to be the biped who had sold the hyæna to Mr. Penkridge, and whom Paul had tied by the leg in the manner already set forth. Mr. Chequerbent's fight on the ball night had interested Mr. Glink's sympathies in his favor, and, indeed, that gentleman stated confidently to Mrs. Sellinger (who occasionally permitted him the honor of a word or two on the staircase) that had she given him a hint of her wishes, on that eventful night, he would have effected such a diversion in Paul's favor as would have ensured his escape from the police, a manœuvre which he had conceived might have been adroitly effected by turning about a dozen bull-terriers loose into the ball-room, with special reference to the calves of the male guests. On hearing

from his friend, the hyæna-man, a somewhat distorted narrative of the accident to Paul, Mr. Glink hastened to Mrs. Sellinger with the news of her friend's ill fortune, and the warm-hearted Mary Sellinger, in her turn, hurried off to Angela's lodgings, and imparted the unwelcome tidings. The little actress, who, as she believed, had delivered Paul from the vengeance of the magistrate, and who had exerted herself so vigorously to extricate him from the sponging-house, was not likely to abandon him in his greater sorrow. Under ordinary circumstances she would have proceeded to the hospital alone, without the slightest hesitation, but the recollection of her illustrious father just impressing, but not daunting her, she demanded the escort of the matron—and obtained it.

The interview between Paul and Carlyon had so greatly re-assured Mr. Chequerbent's mind, that Angela's visit, which, an hour earlier, would have much discomposed him, rendered him more happy than he had been since his various discouragements set in. Her manner was as frank and as arch as ever, and after her first earnest inquiries, the actress's habitual liveliness expended itself in a set of odd criticisms on the novel scene around her; they were, perhaps, not very new, or very clever, but the tone took Paul back to pleasant days—long country lounges in sunshiny weather, followed by cheerful *tête-à-tête* dinners, at which Angela and he had seemed to have one mission—that of enjoying themselves—and had faithfully fulfilled it. And he reproached himself with not having sufficiently appreciated those holydays as they passed; for he had not then quite reached the time when troublous lessons teach us to look on one quiet day, without a thought for the immediate morrow, as "a thing to thank Heaven on." He was, however, in train for the teaching.

Poor Paul's heart grew very full, every now and then, and he felt marvelously inclined to say a good deal more—in a few words—to Angela than he had ever said before. But if a man has any gentlemanly instincts, and our Paul, foolish

as he often was, had several, they will be called out in the presence of a good, frank, affectionate woman, and Paul, though he looked rather helplessly into Angela's bright eyes, and felt that his own were disposed to swim, managed to hold his tongue upon the subject nearest his heart. For he could not disguise from himself that there he lay, very poor, disabled, perhaps disgraced, but at all events in a bad position, between poverty and idleness, to the eye of his friends, and he saw no future to console him. On the other hand, there stood Angela, looking fresher and prettier than ever, recognized by a wealthy and titled father, and about to be introduced to the very society for which Paul had always languished, but to which even in his good days he could not attain. It is something to the poor fellow's credit that the contrast of situations did not turn his spirit to a mood of bitterness, and that, while feeling that he should be doing Angela an injustice did he seek, under the circumstances, to engage or fetter her, he contrived to talk cheerfully and thankfully. For, my beloved brethren, it is easy enough for you, hypocrites as you are, to lounge against the mantel-piece, you being in your elegant attire, and with notes in your purse, and your bow and smile ready, and thus, at advantage, to address Miss Amaranth, there, in that *chaise longue*, and to say to her those things which you do not feel, and to leave unsaid those things which you do feel, and then to go away like gentlemen and men of the world. But throw one of you down on a poor hospital bed, and let there be two half-crowns and fourpence in his purse, and let him have in his shoulder a wound which he is ashamed to say how he received, and while he is in that state of wretchedness, and poverty, and discouragement, let Miss Amaranth come in her best toilette and look at him, and if he behaves as well as Paul Chequerbent, why then, my beloved brethren, I shall be very glad to think that good behavior is not so uncommon as people tell us is the case.

Mrs. Sellinger conducted herself with the discretion which had marked her previous course through life. She perfectly well comprehended the whole case, but she thought that the kindest thing she could do for Angela, in whom she took a womanly interest, stronger than her liking for Paul, was to prevent, if possible, any acceleration of an "understanding" between the young people. And so she took up a post very different from that which the lady who plays propriety on interesting little occasions usually fills. She did not go and look out of window, nor was she intensely interested by a penny wood-engraving on the other side of the room, nor would she get into a private conversation with the nurse—any

or all of which acts of benevolence a right-minded Propriety might have done, but she had a chair set for her close to Paul's bolster, and she took part in the whole conversation from beginning to end. This fact may seem to some readers to deprive Paul of some of his merit, but such readers take a limited view of the case, and I am quite sure that every young person who has been circumstanced as were Paul and Angela, will join with me in declaring that he could have made his feelings clear enough, if he had chosen. Let me add that Mrs. Sellinger carried out her resolution with her characteristic decision to the very last, and that, after leaving the ward, she did not even discover that she must have left her handkerchief on the chair, and send Angela back to look. She might as well have done so, for just as they had got outside the door of the ward, the Lady Anna did run back again, and with a wistful expression in her pretty face, did shake hands with Paul once more—and the look and the act gave that young gentleman wonderful comfort for many a day to come.

Meantime the Reverend Cyprian Heywood had decided upon his course, and was making for Acheron Square. He had resolved upon a coalition.

Lord Rookbury was, of course, an excellent Protestant, and too firm in his own theological convictions to be afraid lest the accomplished Jesuit should succeed in converting him to the old faith. He had not slain the lion to be devoured by the wolf. He had not resisted all Mr. Selwin's efforts to make him comprehend that morality was a duty, to be shaken from the religion of his fathers by a Catholic polemic. At least we will hope that such were his thoughts when, on receiving Heywood's card, he instantly accorded audience to that dangerous person.

They had met in society two or three times since our story commenced, and Lord Rookbury's general history was very well known to the priest. Of Heywood, the earl knew little, but to look at the Jesuit was to receive a favorable impression of him, and Lord Rookbury had a conviction that he could read a man at a glance. To do him justice he was more frequently right than most men who believe they have any such patent.

The usual introductory gossip of the day was exchanged, as a couple of fencers deliver the thrusts of the salute, before falling on guard, and then Heywood at once dropped into attitude, and taking the moment when the earl had laughed—I almost wrote heartily—at a repartee of the priests, said,—

"But it is time, my lord, that I should explain the reasons of my intruding upon you."

"I had rather not hear them," said the earl,

"because they are entirely unnecessary. I am more obliged to you for that story than I can tell you, and if you were a clergyman who had come to ask me for one of my livings, I should tell you that your business was done. But I suppose we have not succeeded in regaining you to the fold? Or have you any such idea—because I can give you a letter to almost any of the bishops, if you want your scruples removed. Don't look skeptical, and as if I were recommending quack medicine—I have known very surprising cases."

"The result a *cure*?" said Heywood, laughing. "No, such is not my ambition, at this moment at any rate. I fear I must bore your lordship with a fact or two."

"As distinguished from the assertions of theology. What an irreverent sentiment, Mr. Heywood! However, pray proceed, and be assured that I shall not be bored with any thing you are so good as to tell me."

Heywood bowed slightly and went on.

"I am the guardian of a young Catholic lady, a Miss Trevelyan, whose name your lordship may possibly have heard.

"One of the family who lost the Aspen Court estates, in the suit with the Wilmslows, I suppose," said the Earl, who was sitting in the same chair wherein he had spoken to Carlyon about the "priest and his niece" being responsible for the condition of little Amy.

"You have heard of her?" urged Heywood. "Possibly through Mr. Bernard Carlyon."

"I do not remember whether he ever mentioned the young lady's name to me, or not. Is he interested in her? In that case, I suppose I forestall your revelation by supposing that as her guardian, you come to ask me what I think of the young gentleman's prospects, which I have forwarded a good deal." It is needless to remark that the earl supposed nothing of the kind.

"I have no such object," replied the priest. "I was aware that you had been very kind to Mr. Carlyon, but I had supposed that a union at which I hinted the other night—at Lady Rotherhithe's, I think—had influenced your patronage."

"Oh, you fancied *that*?" said the earl, with an affectation of surprise. "Nothing of the kind. I thought him an able and a meritorious young man; I assisted him, and he has vindicated my judgment by distinguishing himself. Selwyn has given him the secretaryship to the Salvages and Contingencies, with a salary of a thousand a year."

"It was not of him that I had any intention of speaking," said Heywood.

"I think that it was you who first mentioned his name, not I," said the earl, smiling.

"Was it?" said Heywood carelessly. "It

was, however, of my ward that I intended to speak. My acquaintance with your lordship is not old, and is slight, but the circumstances of the case must excuse any apparent singularity in what I am going to say. It is not worth while for me to ask your lordship that our interview may be a confidential one, for it certainly will be so if I succeed in my object, and if I fail, I am in the hands of an English nobleman.

"To show you how disposed I am to be frank," said the earl, "your first alternative is sensible enough—but I gather from the second, that you mean to tell me nothing but what you suppose I know already."

"You will judge for yourself," said Heywood, who was not inclined to be hurried. "You are no doubt aware, being a frequent visitor to Aspen Court, that, though the Trevellyans were dispossessed by a decision of a court of law, they never acquiesced in the justice of that decision."

"Defeated defendants do not make that a practice, I have heard," said Lord Rookbury. "But it would have given a livelier color to their dissatisfaction if they had appealed, and had been beaten through our house before giving in."

"That may be," said Heywood, not desirous to meet the question conveyed in the remark, "but such was not the course they were advised to take. Well, the successful parties took possession, and there they are."

"And there, I suppose, they are likely to remain," said Lord Rookbury.

"Unless your lordship turns them out," said the priest.

"A singular observation," replied Lord Rookbury. There was a pause of some moments, but as it was clearly Heywood's turn to speak, he said, at last—

"We have, I believe, arrived at the conclusion of the Wilmslow story, thus far."

"My dear Mr. Heywood," said the earl, "I will once more repeat to you that I propose to be frank, and therefore I beg to object to my being asked to give information, instead of my receiving it, as was kindly proposed at the outset."

"I will spare your lordship the trouble," said the other. "The present holder of Aspen Court is a profligate spendthrift—I would apologize to you for applying such words to your friend, but I see that it is unnecessary. You are supplying him with large sums of money for the sake of securing a hold upon the estate, and, in order, as you hoped, to gain the wife's assent to your scheme, you made a proposal of marriage to one of the daughters, which, I presume I may say, you had as much idea of ever fulfilling as I have of asking for another of the young ladies."

"You have taken some pains to inform yourself of facts, and shown some ingenuity in arguing from them, Mr. Heywood," said the earl. "Do you expect me to say more?"

"Allow me to proceed, my lord, because at the present stage my observations sound very like impertinence.

"At least," said the Earl of Rookbury.

"I do not despair of having them excused," said the priest. "Your lordship has, I beg to say, been throwing away a good deal of money, from the simple circumstance that you are unaware of the real position of Mr. Wilmslow. You have supposed him to be the owner of the estates, when, in fact, they have long since passed from him, he being merely the puppet of the wealthy attorney, who gained the suit for him, Mr. Molesworth."

"Suppose, Mr. Heywood, that I were at least as well informed upon this subject as you appear to be."

"My lord, you were not a minute ago. You tried your utmost to learn the truth from Bernard Carlyon, but you did not succeed—nay," he continued, for the earl deemed it necessary to put on a fierce frown, "I merely observe that you were as unsuccessful as myself, for before you knew Mr. Carlyon I had myself endeavored, by every means, to get him to divulge what I am assured is well known to him. Pooh!" said Heywood, whose perfect fearlessness was one of his best points, "any simulation of anger at hearing the truth is unworthy of your lordship's intellect. We are alone, and I am a clergyman. If we are to play a farce, I throw up my part." And the speaker's noble features showed something of the contempt he felt for mere hypocrisy.

The earl looked hard at him for some moments, and, as if he were really playing the farce spoken of, the words, "peer of the realm,"—"dishonorable devices"—"unworthy motives"—"imputations borne in silence"—came from his lips mechanically. Then, suddenly recovering his natural manner, he said shortly, and almost snappishly—

"Supposing all said that ought to be said, and that I reserve a right to say, what next?"

"Ah!" said Heywood, but without betraying any other evidence of satisfaction. "The next thing is this. Miss Trevelyan's friends have at length obtained information which will enable them once more to act in her behalf. I purposely use guarded words. But they designed to act against other parties than the Earl of Rookbury."

"I understand," said the earl. "They have no purse to measure against that kept at Rookton Woods."

"That is not the consideration—it would have been, in the absence of less precise information than we have; but what we possess entitles us—entitles me—to draw upon resources to which those of Rookton Woods are nothing."

"In plainer English, Mr. Heywood, you know enough to justify you in asking the Catholic interest to come forward and rescue Aspen Court."

"Wealthy friends will not be found wanting to Miss Trevelyan. But again I must remark money is not the consideration. The steps we should take are comparatively inexpensive ones."

"Then you don't appeal, that's clear."

"We shall strike higher, no offense to your lordship's house."

"At Molesworth. Come, I can't have that called striking higher. The attorneys are the masters of the House of Commons, and can whip them up, or stave them off, as they please, but not so with us."

"Let me retract, then. But your lordship perceives my meaning."

"Well, sir," said the earl, "as a legislator and a philanthropist I must naturally rejoice at seeing a lawyer brought to justice, and I wish you all success. But why you should favor me with this early and singular revelation of your plans, I do not as yet understand."

"Because," said Heywood, unprovoked, provoking as was the tone, "your lordship has set your heart upon Aspen Court."

"And if I have," said the earl, arrogantly, "you may be well sure, my dear Mr. Heywood, that I shall attain my object, quite independently of Catholic clergymen, sane or otherwise, needy heiresses and dishonest attorneys."

"Your lordship's tone is unlucky," said Heywood, with a calm *hauteur*, his magnificent eyes fixed full on Lord Rookbury's face. "If I needed other evidence than I possess that you have not, in vulgar phrase, a leg to stand on, I should find it in the irritation which I have caused, by telling you what you did not know. Even your lordship's admirable self-command, proof against minor assaults, such as imputations on your straightforward dealing, and trifles of that kind, gives way at the discovery that you have lost your money, lost it too, to such a coarse bungler as Henry Wilmslow."

"Well, sir," said the earl, "I am an old man, and you are a priest, so we will not exchange sarcasms. What is it that you have to propose to me?"

"I propose to hear what your lordship means to do to recover the money you have lost."

"Really. But, even supposing that I had advanced, and had lost money, the rest seems to be my affair."

"Entirely, and if your lordship signifies to me that such is the way in which you regard it, I have only to thank you for a very agreeable interview, and to wish you good morning."

Lord Rookbury saw, first, that he had been driven into a *cul-de-sac*, by the superior generalship of the Jesuit, or rather by his superior resources, and secondly, that it was not of the least use for him to fly into another rage. So, as wise politicians always do, he accepted the situation, and replied.

"We have said so much that we may as well say a little more. What you have stated as to my connection with the Wilmslows is known to too many people for it to be worth my while to contradict you, except that I beg you to understand that you have been misinformed as to the relations between myself and the eldest Miss Wilmslow; a subject, however, with which you can have no concern. Your position and character are sufficient guarantee to me that, in regard to the ownership of Aspen Court, you believe what you assert, and I have information of my own upon the same subject. Possibly, I have advanced my money in spite of the circumstances to which you allude."

A bridge of gold for a flying enemy, thought Heywood. "Then I mistake," he said, "in supposing that you would object to some more negotiable security than the bonds of Mr. Wilmslow."

"I am not so unbusiness-like," said the earl, "but you know there are occasions when bad securities are better than good ones. Many a London banker of undeniable sanctity and unimpeachable drab trowsers, reflects, as he comes from chapel on Sunday, that some bills in his safe will probably be paid on Monday, and others certainly will—the former being bills which he knows are genuine, and the latter being bills which he knows are forgeries, and which the parties who brought them to him are aware he received as such. Forged bills are taken up, to the hour."

"I am aware that such things are specks upon that splendid system of morals called commerce," said Heywood, "but I do not see the connection of the case you describe and Wilmslow's. Does he forge?"

"I hope not," said the earl; "but, though he is my friend, I really cannot say. That, however, was not what I meant, but let it pass. You propose to give me a better security. What do you wish me to do for you?"

"To fight our battle?" said the priest quietly.

"To regain Aspen Court for the young Catho-

lic lady. Well, your proposal is bold and considerate, if you believe——"

"That your lordship desires to obtain the estates?"

"Precisely."

"Not so inconsiderate, if your lordship will grant two propositions, to the truth of which I pledge myself,—first, that it is utterly impossible for you to succeed without us, and secondly, that the property may come into your family if you join us. Two other considerations may be worth naming—first, that your money, now utterly lost, shall be repaid, and next, that what is proposed to you shall not cost your lordship one shilling."

"Four points worthy of all meditation. A fifth is—why am I to be the champion? If you can win your battle, why not fight it for yourselves, and throw me over?"

"Because this is a Protestant country."

"Is it?—so it is. But what difference does that make?"

"Molesworth is a most respectable Protestant solicitor. The Wilmslows are Protestants. We are Catholics, who desire to wrench a large estate out of the hands of one party, and to make the other disgorge his gains in disgrace. I do not say that I am afraid of injustice, but every thing is against us. Let a Protestant peer enter the lists, and the chances of the Protestant attorney and his clients will be frightfully reduced."

"That may be," said the earl, musing. "But supposing I listened to the proposal, I do not see how the plan can be accomplished. The estate may not be Molesworth's, or Wilmslow's, or yours, but it certainly is not mine."

"The whole arrangement, which is one of detail, shall be submitted to you before you are asked to take a step. We have some of the first lawyers in the country among us, and the best advice is at our disposal."

"When shall you be prepared with such details?"

"This is Tuesday—on Thursday, after the post is in."

"Will you see me here on that day, say at twelve? I will give you my answer then."

And so stood the appointment. But Heywood was hardly out of the square before Lord Rookbury had rung for the "Court Guide," had sworn a dozen ugly oaths, because it was not the latest edition, and had looked out the address of Messrs. Molesworth and Penkridge.

[To be continued in February No.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

FROM THE FOURTH GEORGIC. LINE 458.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

GREAT is thy sin, and great thy woes shall be,
Which Orpheus sends thee for Eurydice,
Unless some fate resist, his hapless wife
Rapt through thy rude assault, from light and life.
She, as in headlong haste the marge beside
Thy love she fled, too soon to die, sweet bride!
Saw not the serpent's coil her foot before
In the deep verdure on the river's shore.
Then shrieked the sister Dryad's kindred train,
Above the mountain tops her funeral strain.
The crags of Rhodope sent back the sound,
Pangæus' height, and Rhesus' martial ground;
Sad Hebrus murmured from his Getic fount,
And Actian echoes spoke from Orithya's mount.
He to the hollow sea-shell made his moan,
For thee, dear wife, on lonely shores alone;
Thee sang with dawning, thee with dying day,
If haply song might soothe his woes away.
Through that Tænarian gorge, Hell's gate, he went,
Through groves with horror's blackest gloom besprent,
Addressed the ghastly shades, with soul unbent,
And that Dread Majesty, those hearts that know
Nor human prayers to feel, nor human woe,
Stirred by his song, the ghostly shadows round
Flocked from their caves to list the enchanted sound,
As birds in myriads throng the forest leaves,
When pours the rain on chill autumnal eves—
Matrons and men, and lifeless forms sublime
Of godlike heroes—maidens in their prime
Unwed. and boys laid on funeral pyres
In the sad presence of their weeping fires—
All whom that black morass, with grisly ranks
Of breezeless rushes on its stagnant banks,
And that slow stream confines, whose waters dread
Sweep round and round them in their ninefold bed.
The very place was charmed, the deep abyss
Of Death and Hell—the asurn snakes, that hiss
I' the furies' wreathed hair, lay still and mute;
In grim delight the triple-headed brute
Fawned innocent; and old Ixion's wheel
Paused, from the wind those witching notes to steal.
And now returning, every peril o'er,
With his Eurydice, restored once more,
Close to his back, he reached the light of heaven—
For such the terms stern Proserpine had given—
When the fond wretch a sudden frenzy caught,
Which Hell had pardoned, could Hell pardon aught.
Heedless, alas! on the very verge of light,
He stopped; he sought, frail heart! with straining sight
His own Eurydice. Then, then was cast

To the wild wind his labor; and at last
The Dread King's truce was broken. From the shore
Of dull Averna, thrice the thund'rous roar
Pealed fateful. "Oh!" she cried, "with heaven half won,
What frenzy dire hath wretched me undone,
And thee, my Orpheus? Lo! again it cries—
My destiny cries out! My swimming eyes
Are sealed in sleep! Farewell, oh loved in vain!
Eternal shades sweep o'er my soul again,
As torn away, thine own no more, I spread
My feeble hands to thee—to thee!" she said;
And from his eyes, as smoke, which melts in air,
Evanesced; nor again his mute despair,
Striving to speak, and still with vain embrace
Grasping at shadows, and inclosing space,
Beheld for evermore. Since woe nor wail
Could move the oarsman of those waters pale,
Then whither should he turn, thus twice bereaved?
What do, whom Hope herself had thus deceived?
Weep with what tears, to melt those hearts of steel?
Charm with what words, the powers of Hell to feel?
For seven long months, they say, in icy caves,
Alone he wept, by Strymon's desert waves,
And poured his music, till a soul awoke
In savage tigers; and each hoary oak
Left its gray crag to list the moan he made.
So, wildly wailing in the poplar shade,
The tearful nightingale bemoans her brood,
Reft from their nest by clownish fingers rude,
Pours through the coverts green her sweet lament,
And warbles wofully 'till night is spent.
No love, no charms, his faithful bosom won;
Alone he wandered by the icy Don,
O'er Hyperborean frost, Rhipæan snow,
Which yields not even to the summer's glow,
Still, still, his lost Eurydice bewailing,
And that dread monarch's gift all unavailing.
Ciconian matrons thence, their rites among,
Orgies by night of Bacchus fair and young,
Rent him, in vengeance for their charms defied,
And cast his limbs across the champaign wide.
Then, from his ivory shoulders foully torn,
The minstrel's head adown sad Hebrus borne,
Ægrian Hebrus, murmured still her name,
"Eurydice," though cold the accents came,
"Poor, poor Eurydice," with quivering tongue,
And parting spirit. Back the river flung
From all its banks the dying voices low,
And wailed Eurydice with watery woe.

TO ITALY.

(TRANSLATED FROM PETRARCH.)

ITALIA, my Italia, thou who hast
The unhappy gift of beauty, from which flows
A fatal dowry of unnumbered woes
O'er thy sweet brow by shame and sorrow east:
O that thou wert more strong, or else less fair,
That those who on thy charms now fondly dote,
And falsely now those charms to death devote,

Less fondness or more fear for thee might bear.
I should not then see these arm'd torrents pour'd
Down the tall Alp, nor view Po's tranquil wave
Red with our blood revive the Gallic horde;
Nor, doubtful of thy children, hear thee crave
The dangerous succour of the strangers sword—
Victor or vanquished, still alike the slave.

A SAPHIC ODE.

BY S. D. PRATT.

Sluggards were creeping o'er my wearied senses,
Stillness and darkness to repose invited,
Dream-land was floating like a mighty sea-weed
Drifting on ocean.

Shadows were dancing to ideal music,
Wreathing fresh garlands for the brow of beauty,
Gliding like music in its sweetest murmur
Into my bosom.

Fled the bright vision from my startled fancy,
Darkness returning brooded all around me,
And the lone death-watch, in the window ticking,
Chilled me with terror.

Slumber returning now concealed the real,
Angels were gliding to the land before me,
Waving their pinions while they pointed upward,
Beck'ning to follow.

In the far distance, as they glided onward,
Shone a bright glory like a golden sunset,
Lingered the brightness where they waved their pin
Long in their pathway.

Dream of the night-time, flown away with morning
Art thou a symbol, or to me a fancy?
Still bless my vision, nor let night returning
Lead me to sorrow.

SALLIE HAS COME BACK AGAIN.

BY DAVID L. ROATH.

On a dreary winter day,
Many months ago,
Dearest Sallie went away,
Leaving me in woe:
Sadly did I turn my eye
From the spot she left—
Darkness came across the sky
Over me bereft.
Sallie might not come again!
Sallie might not come again!
From her home afar to roam,
Sallie might not come again!

the summer's here again,
With its flowers gay,
With its gentle, soothing rain,
And its cheering ray;
And I stand with beating heart,
Where I stood before,
Hailing with a joyful start,
Sallie dear once more!
Sallie has come back again!
Sallie has come back again!
From her home no more to roam—
Sallie has come back again!

FATED.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

THERE'S a patient head on the pillow lying,
While ever these autumn weeks go by;
There are lips that sweetly speak of dying,
And tenderly chide when tears reply.

There are eyes that watch with a languid beaming,
The face of the clock against the wall,
Though hope comes not at the morn's late gleaming,
And never at any evenfall.

There are thin, white hands, growing thinner, whiter,
Lavishing care on a sweet rose tree,
Wavering near like the pale king's mitre,
Whose next spring bloom on a grave will be.

There's a lute-low voice with the south wind blending
As he feels his way through casement vines,
Of one long shut from the sky's o'erbending,
Who cannot mind how the year declines.

But inquires if the brookside willows feather;
If the lambs are many over the slope;
If the graft and limb seem knit together;
If the yard might take the heliotrope.

So reclines one still on the dally pillow,
With Pain and Peace standing fast before;
And floating out on the great death-billow,
Throws rubles back to the loved on shore.

Monthly Summary.

UNITED STATES.

War Ships—Army Promotions—Shipwreck of the Arctic—Sir John Franklin—Captain Collinson—Dr. Kane—Kansas—California—Wholesale Massacre—Sonora Gold and Silver Deposits—Atrocities in Oregon—Washington Territory—Storms and Battles in Texas—The Mormons—Their new Governor, etc.

Since our last summary, nothing very striking has marked the course of our domestic history. The business of the elections has been occupying the general attention, or rather sharing it with foreign reports and occurrences. The Executive has been distributing the contracts for the construction of proposed six war steamers and regulating the organization of the army. In accordance with an act of last Congress, an innovation has been made, directing the promotion of the non-commissioned officers. One-fourth of the vacancies annually occurring are to be filled by them. Each candidate must be of a sound constitution and good character and habits, and able to stand an examination in arithmetic, geography, geometry, history, the constitution of the United States and other subjects of general information. From which a great many have concluded that President Pierce means to keep the "know-nothings" out of the army! At all events, our officers will be as well able to meet their opponents in argument as in battle. The whole country was lately thrilled with surprise and horror by the terrible fate of the American steamer Arctic, which, with about two hundred passengers, men, women and children, went down in a calm sea off the coast of Newfoundland. Captain Luce and a great portion of the engineers and crew were fortunately preserved. The vessel was going at the customary rate of twelve miles an hour, through a fog, its commander relying firmly upon the impossibility of coming in contact with any thing, though he was in the thoroughfare most generally pursued by crossing ships, and in the vicinity of Cape Race. He neglected to observe proper precautions, in the discharge of his duty, and, when the vessel was disabled by the French steamer Vesta, his engineers and crew neglected to observe the proper discipline of such a ship. Authority and discipline were feeble and helpless on board the Arctic; and the majority of the passengers perished, in the wild, irrespective struggle for life. One result of so deplorable a catastrophe is, that the Cunard and Collins steamships will take more care for the future. They will take on board more boats and keep their steam-whistles sounding when in the midst of fogs. A violent and deadly hand is generally required to turn men aside from their customary ways and habits, even when reason proves these to be bad ones. Shipwreck and marine disaster have increased with the improvements of navigation, and are relatively more frequent than in the days of the brigantines and caravels.

Another melancholy report of what may also be considered a maritime catastrophe has more recently saddened the country, and the world in general. In the middle of October, news came from the Hudson's Bay Territory, through the governor, Sir George Simpson, that the remains of Sir John Franklin and many of his men had been

discovered by Eskimos, near the Great Fish River, in the spring of 1850. This was the substance of information communicated to Dr. Rae, the arctic explorer, by a party of Eskimos. The white travelers had been first seen on the shore of King William's Land, dragging their boats with them. They numbered about forty, and informed the natives, by signs, that their ship or ships were destroyed in the ice. They were in hopes of finding deer to shoot, more southerly. Afterward, the bodies of about thirty white persons were discovered on the continent, and five more on an island near it. Some of these bodies had been buried, some were in tents and others under a boat turned over. From the appearance of many of the bodies and the contents of the kettles, the natives concluded that, before they perished, the wanderers had tried to sustain life by cannibalism. Dr. Rae purchased from the Eskimos parts of broken watches, compasses, telescopes, guns, and so forth. He procured in the same way, some silver forks and spoons, having on their handles the crests, initials or mottoes of Sir John Franklin, Lieutenant Fairholme, Surgeon McDonald and others. These facts seem to place the fate of Sir John and his crews beyond doubt. They had deserted their ships, after remaining blocked up in them for four years, and endeavored to make their way to the habitable parts of the earth along the northern land of this continent. No doubt, Dr. Rae will receive instructions from his government to proceed to the Great Fish River, and there investigate the truth of the report, as far as possible.

Other intelligence from the Arctic regions has reached us, almost simultaneously with the foregoing, viz.: the return of Sir Edward Belcher, who went up Wellington Channel with four ships in 1852, and the return of Captain McClure of the Investigator, who, with Captain Collinson of the Enterprise, proceeded to the east, from Bhering's Straits, in search of Sir John Franklin, in 1851. Captain McClure also left his ship in the ice-pack behind him, and the commanders and crews of the five vessels came down in the Phoenix, the North Star and the Talbot, which had been sent in the summer of this year to carry relief to them and search for them. The five stout ships rest among the icebergs; but the English people think "they would look much better at Spithead," as Nelson's sailors said, when they saw the French and Spanish ships off Trafalgar. But human lives are of more consequence than vessels, and Sir Edward Belcher, McClure, and the rest should have more to say in this matter than any one else. Then, as for Captain Collinson in the Enterprise—while the journals were speculating on his probable fate, and taunting Belcher with coming away, while the former remained in the ice, a British ship at San Francisco brought to this country the news of Collinson's arrival at Port Clarence, near Bhering's Straits, after a variety of perilous explorations. At this moment, then, Dr. Kane is the last and only explorer in the Arctic latitudes. He will not hear any thing of Sir John Franklin, very probably, till he returns to this country.

Accounts from the several States prove that the harvest of 1854 will not be greatly below the usual average, and the ravages of the cholera and the yellow fever have been

checked by the approach of cold weather. The colonization of Kansas and Nebraska, the former especially, has been carried on with vigor. In Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, societies have been formed for the purpose of assisting those intending to settle in the new territories, and hundreds have been helped forward by their means. A town has been founded on the Kansas River, forty miles above its mouth, and its population is growing rapidly. Mr. G. W. Brown of Pennsylvania, has published his *Herald of Freedom* there, and a pastor of New Jersey was about to carry out forty families to give their support alike to the pulpit and the press. But there are prospects of trouble in the young community. Those northern pioneers are at feud with the Missourians and other southern people going to the same place—slavery the cause, of course. The latter are bent on bringing their colored servants into the territories, and the former are bent on discountenancing them—with revolvers. It has been stated that the men of the free states are enrolling themselves, to oppose their fellow citizens from Missouri, as if these last were deadly enemies.

California is developing her resources prosperously. The mines continue to yield a fair return in every part of the state. The whale fishing is carried on successfully at Monterey. Several large whales were recently taken in the bay, yielding each from fifty to eighty barrels of oil. Captain Jackson's fluming company succeeded in draining their claim near the junction of the North and Middle River, and finding a rich bar. Messrs. White and Nutter were doing a very profitable business at Potter's Bar. There was great excitement at Guayamas, respecting the fighting which resulted in the capture of Count Boulbon. The citizens were irritated against the foreigners, and Captain Peters, of the ship *Challenge*, was arrested and imprisoned for some time. Consul Dillon published a letter to himself from the Count, dated last May, in which Boulbon defended the course he pursued and denied he was a pirate or filibuster, setting forth the unworthy treatment he received from Santa Anna. The news from Southern California shows that the hostility of the Indians is as deadly there as anywhere else in our territory or on the frontiers. Mr. Livingston, who had arrived at San Diego, and reported that on crossing the Colorado he heard of the massacre of a party of fifty Americans, men, women and children, coming in wagons over the plains. They were killed near the Pimos villages, by the Apaches. At Tucson, an American band of twenty persons were robbed of their horses by the Indians; and other outrages were reported as having occurred elsewhere in that neighborhood. There is at present a vast immigration westward, from Texas, and the Apaches are roused to a frenzy of aggression. Mr. Livingston had gone into that part of Sonora, lately ceded to these states, and succeeded in discovering highly valuable gold and silver deposits—"the richest ever discovered on this continent." He is now at San Francisco, where he intends to organize a band of 100 men, who, armed to the teeth, and possessed of a capital of at least \$14,000, will go down to Sonora, taking with them the necessary machinery for working the ground he has explored.

The news from Oregon is of peculiar atrocity. We have accounts of the massacre of a party of eighteen Americans, men, women and children, by the Snake Indians, on the Boyse River. The savages fell upon the train, killed Alexander Ward and seven other men, and carried the wagons, with ten shrieking women and children, into the brush. They were ineffectually attacked at that moment by a few men from the neighboring station, who gave the alarm. At the end of two days, on 22d of August, an armed party of eighteen were sent to the scene of the attack, and there found the dead bodies of the men. A little farther on they found the body of Miss Ward, aged 17, which had been subject to the most shocking treatment, and also the bodies of others, among them that of Mrs.

Ward, torn, scalped and scarified in the most awful manner, and near her those of her three children, who seem to have been burned alive before her face! The story is a miserable one. The people of Oregon complained bitterly of the inefficient protection they receive from government, and the acting governor, Curry, had raised, by proclamation, two mounted companies, of sixty men each, for the defense of the immigrants against the general insurrection of the natives. From the same territory, we have an account of the murder of her husband by a woman named Charity Lamb. The miserable couple were always quarrelling; and one day while the man was sitting at his dinner, she stood aside, and with two sudden blows of a hatchet from behind, killed him in presence of her and his daughter, 17 years of age, and consenting to the act. The daughter was acquitted and the murderess found guilty of murder in the second degree. She is to be imprisoned for life. There is double the usual amount of grain now in Oregon. Nature is amply able to support as much human life as man himself will allow to live.

The elections in Washington Territory are reported to have generally resulted in favor of the democratic ticket; and the people are making as much as possible of the Catapoodle (good euphonious name!) Gold Diggings. Without "long Tom" or mercury, it is said that the searchers can make 48 cents from every pan of earth they sift, in some of the gulches.

Texas has been troubled alike by the storms of the air and the wild assaults and incursions of the Indians. From the storms of wind and rain, which swept over the State, the loss in the cotton crop has been estimated at 50,000 bales. Matagorda was almost entirely blown to the ground, and five persons were killed by the falling houses. The Northern Camanches had gathered round Fort Chadbourne, held by Captain Calhoun, with fifty men, and as they could bring several thousand warriors into the field, Major Neighbors was about to reinforce the captain's garrison. At Carrizo, in Star County, an encounter took place between the United States troops and the Indians, in which the former were very roughly handled, and it was with difficulty Captain Jones, who commanded, could disperse the Camanches. One corporal was killed and two privates severely wounded, while the natives had only one killed and three wounded. There is one consolation for the troops so sorely beset, which is, that the Lipans and Camanches, instead of joining against the invaders, generally fall to fighting against each other. One of their internecine battles took place on 8th of September, and resulted in the beating of the Camanches, with the loss of a great many lives on both sides. A general topic of conversation in Texas has been the difficulty of keeping the negroes from running away into Mexico.

In Utah, as elsewhere, the Indians are violently resenting the irresistible invasions of the white people. A hostile band of Utahs, hovering about the Salt Lake City, have murdered two lads, named Weeks, whom they caught in the woods. The city was crowded with California emigrants. The crops were all good and safely harvested. Money and most kinds of merchandise were plenty. A company of Chinese were on their way from San Francisco to Utah, having been converted to Mormonism. There were also large trains of English, Danish and other foreign immigrants on their way to Utah, comprising on the whole two hundred wagons. A great number of persons were employed in the construction of the Mormon Temple, which is to be built of a fine kind of red freestone, hewn and polished. The Mormons of the city have got up a sugar refinery, an iron factory and a paper-mill, and they make their own ploughs. They exhibit all the external signs of prosperity; but it is likely their peculiar polity will be interfered with by the federal government. Gov. Young's term of office has expired, and a new governor is to be appointed. It is probable some man will be sent to govern

that territory who will not encourage the un-American manifestations of the Mormons, but prepare the way for the complete introduction there of the laws and habits of our civilization. The Mormons have gone back to a beaverish and beastly condition of humanity, which is an outrage upon Christian progress. They have endured, thus far, as an isolated sect; but when emigration has let in the great world upon their Salt Valley, they will be forced to conform to the general order of the republic. Meantime they are sending their missionaries in every direction, to win emigrants from our own and foreign countries, hoping to strengthen the Mormon policy and population, in prospect of the subversion which threatens them.

NEIGHBORING STATES.

CUBA.

In the beginning of October, General Concha was reinstated in his government of Cuba, and on the 15th, Fernsola left the island to return to Spain. Concha has adopted the policy of conciliating the Creoles; and colleagues are to be established, in which the sons of Creoles shall be on an equality with the sons of Spaniards. The Jesuit College in Havana is well attended and prosperous. The new governor has published a proclamation in which he says that an end shall and must be put to the slave-trade, and has taken measures of the strictest inquiry and prevention. On the evening of the 12th of October, Havana was startled and the governor insulted, by the report of the pistol that killed Jose Castaneda, the man who, a few years ago, betrayed Lopez to the Spanish government. At that time he received a reward of \$6,000, and on going to Spain, where he resided till this year, he was honored with a decoration from the hands of the queen. But the avenger of blood was waiting for him; and he had scarcely shown himself in his old place of residence, when he was shot through the head in a billiard-room, while intent on his game. At the funeral of Castaneda, which took place next day, the populace followed the hearse with asserations and it could scarcely be protected from violence by the city guards. Castaneda's compensation was a bitter one, after all. The talk of revolution and filibustering in that island has died away. Curiously enough, whenever a sudden political change seems to threaten Cuba, we find that the discontented and revolutionary demonstrations belong to this side of the water, and are generally due to our belligerent men of the press. It is they who get up these crises, rousing up our beliefs and excitements and filling us with a portion of their own warlike enthusiasm. As for the Creoles, they seem to wait, like Micahber, for something to turn up, and piously surrender their destinies to the management of Providence. With the promises of a liberal government at Madrid, the hopes of our filibusters seem to have grown cooler than before.

MEXICO.

The revolutionists of Mexico do not seem to have had much success against Santa Anna. In general, the accounts which we publish, are colored unfavorably to the cause of his Serene Highness; but even in these we can discover no compelling assurance that his *material* days are numbered. He holds his seat and looks as steady a political fact as we can discern in that unsteady and shifting part of the world. Under his auspices, the cities of the republic have been celebrating the entrance of Iturbide into Mexico—the anniversary of that fact—together with the anniversary of Mexican independence. He has sent the French prisoners of Guaymas, for safe-keeping, to Perote. On 10th of September, the insurgents of the south evacuated Ayala and retired; so that the highly bruited march of Alvarez from that place on Mexico is out of the question. Alvarez, however, is "at his old haunts," in the south, and his city of Acapulco is blockaded by two ships,

the *Caroline* and the *Guerrero*, which the rebels, in general, laugh at, for a pair of old shags! The priest, Pablo Rodriguez, who headed a revolutionary movement at Soledad Marina, was defeated and his forces scattered. Santa Anna had issued a decree, prohibiting, under severe penalties, the introduction into the republic of newspapers containing attacks on the government. On 11th of September, the insurgents were beaten off in an attack on the town of Monterey. With the money lately received from our government, Santa Anna has been introducing and paying a number of Spanish officers for his regiments. The battalion of Tacubaya is commanded by such officers, and late accounts say that the men entered into a conspiracy against them. The plot was discovered and the ringleaders punished. But the feeling of discontent remains, and the good policy of introducing these foreigners may well be doubted.

HISPANO-AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

There has been no intelligence of importance from these states. In Nicaragua, Chamorro seemed to be gaining on his opponents, and people thought the revolution would soon be at an end—for the present. In Guatemala they were preparing to elevate the Indian Carrera to the dignity of president for life. Guatemala, like Mexico, seems tired of rowing the wind to reap the whirlwind, and wishes for a little peace and quietness under a dictator and the priests.

In New Granada, the national congress assembled at Ibaquez, on 23d September. In it was introduced a bill for the better government of the half-foreign city of Aspinwall. It is generally reported that congress will discuss the policy of making an independent state of the Isthmus, seeing that its alien element does not permit it to fall easily under the Hispano-American regime which is tolerated in other places. Meantime, these aliens are managing matters for themselves, and have been exercising a police authority over the route across, and putting down marauders and robbers with a determined hand. As for the revolution in the interior—that is going on hotly and indignantly. They say Mosquera and Lopez are hawking in Melo, and threatening to put him *hors du combat*.

In Peru, the revolution progressed in the same old way, and recent accounts speak of the various movements and prospects of the contending parties.

In Brazil, the emperor had issued a decree, ordering that no officer of the army, under the rank of major, shall marry; and an insurrection of the *amerindians* has been apprehended in consequence.

From Hayti, we hear the report of a union between that empire and the republic of St. Domingo. There is nothing in it, however. The negotiation between the United States government and that of St. Domingo, respecting a station for our ships and traders, at the Bay of Samana, has given the Emperor Roucoux some anxiety, and excited the jealous feelings and commentaries of the English and French press. The London Times loftily rebukes the British government for allowing the Americans to be the first to lay hands on Dominican Samana—its advantages and resources!

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

These islands stand where they did. We had an idea, recently, that they were moving toward us. But it was only our own cosmogony which, at the cry of the press, seemed moving toward them. There is no intention or desire to annex, in the minds of the Hawaiian rulers. The legislature of those islands was lately in session; but nothing was said concerning annexation, till toward the close, when attention being directed to the reports of the American journals, the Minister of Foreign Affairs got up and said there was not the slightest truth in them—and his excellency ought to know. Hawaii is progressing in a very prosperous way, both in her internal management

and her commerce with the rest of mankind, and behaves in all things with the dignity of a kingdom.

THE OLD WORLD.

War in the Crimea—Battle of the Alma—France—Spain—Sweden—Denmark, etc.

On 18th of September, the allied armament of England and France, having near 60,000 men on board, lay extended along the coast of the Crimea, in the neighborhood of the town of Eupatoria. The debarkation on the following day met with no resistance, only a few reconnoitering Cossacks being in sight. The Governor of Eupatoria, on being summoned to surrender, did so very quietly, and the townspeople look on the formidable business of invasion with much more curiosity than apprehension. After the preparatory halt of a day or two, the allied army began its ordered march southward, toward Sebastopol. But between them and that fortress stood the forces of Menschikoff, amounting, according to received statements, to about 50,000 men, and on 18th, the invaders were aware that the Russian general would await them with about 40,000 men, on the fortified heights on the left bank of the Alma, a stream which discharges its waters into the Euxine. Menschikoff crested the plateau and lay formidably along the declivity a little below. On the morning of the 20th, the French, on the right of the allied lines, advanced to turn the Russian left, and stormed the precipices near the *embouchure* of the Alma, supported by the fire of the ships which lay as near as possible to the shore. Having scrambled up with amazing alacrity and courage, they formed on the plateau, on the flank of the Russians, and then, about 2 o'clock in the day, the battle became general. The English deterred from an attempt to turn the Russian left by a strong cavalry force in that quarter, advanced against the Russian centre, where the batteries were most numerous and deadly. Driving the Russian skirmishers before them into the valley of the Alma, they walked through that stream in close order and ran up the heights under a perfect storm of bombs and bullets. Such was the steadiness of the Russian fire, that two of their regiments, the 23d and 33d, being terribly shattered, were near giving way and flying. But the men of other regiments coming up, and all being sustained by the presence and voices of the calmest and steadiest officers of any nation, they still held their way onward, using the bayonet, and at last came over the ridge of the plateau and saw their antagonists drawing off with rapidity. The passage of the Alma was effected; but with the loss of 2000 soldiers on the part of the British, while the French lost 1400 men. The Russians fought well, and retired with great skill. Only three guns, of all that murdering artillery which broke the assailing regiments, fell into the hands of the victors, and scarcely any prisoners. The latter say the Russians lost 6000 men; but it is very possible their loss did not amount to half that number. The night of the battle was one of horror unspeakable. The wounded lay where they fell, and till the dawn of morning their cries and groans never left the air. There was a wretched scarcity of surgeons, and those appliances and means of assistance and care which such a crisis demanded. The wounded and the dying were shipped painfully on board the steamers lying off the scene of conflict, and carried across the Euxine to Scutari, before they could lie on an hospital bed.

Then came to the allied commanders the staggering intelligence that, if they should reach Sebastopol on the side of its northern defenses, they need not count any longer on the co-operation of the fleet—for that was now helpless. Menschikoff had sunk nine large battle ships in the middle of the channel leading into the Bay of Sebastopol, and nothing larger than a cock-boat could get in! An entire change of strategy became necessary; for, separated from

the sea-armament, the land-armament could not act with confidence. It was then resolved that both should maintain their communication at and from the little bay of Balaklava, seven or eight miles to the south of Sebastopol; and while Europe and America, victims of a very successful hoax, supposed the invaders, after the fight of Alma, were still beating the Russians in a land advance, and even storming and taking Sebastopol itself, the allied forces made a rapid march round that fortress, and succeeded in coming down to Balaklava, without interruption from the Russians. There is some indistinctness in the history of these movements; but on the 28th of September, the siege artillery had been landed from the ships in that little harbor, and the allies proceeded from their new base of operations, to invest the formidable object of their grand expedition. On the 5th of October began the bombardment of Sebastopol, and it was anticipated that in three weeks it would be obliged to surrender. The French general, St. Arnaud, surrendered his command on 26th of September, and died a few days after, leaving his truncheon to general Canrobert.

Meantime, Prince Menschikoff, having thrown a portion of his force into Sebastopol, drew off to Baktchi Serai, to await the reinforcements expected from Russia and from the Circassian fortress of Anapa, the garrison of which was ordered to march to his assistance.

While the allies were moving on Sebastopol, Omar Pasha was advancing by forced marches to invade Bessarabia; and the Austrians, under Baron Hess, advanced and took possession of Jassy.

In Asia, Schamyl had suffered a check from one of the Russian generals, and Georgia lies as quietly in the Czar's possession as it did two years ago, when Europe was asleep.

From France the only news of importance is the baffled attempt of the emperor to win a little popularity and haply obtain the gratitude of the republican prisoner Barbés. Louis Napoleon wrote a public letter to the Minister of the Interior, to say that he had been shown a letter written from prison by Barbés, and felt that the man who could so write, should no longer be kept in prison. Barbés, it seems, had expressed his hopes that the French in the Crimea would behave like their ancestors, come off conquerors, and so forth. He was imprisoned by Louis Philippe, for his fierce, uncompromising spirit of republicanism, but the three days of 1848 set him free. After the election of Louis Napoleon, he saw the intent of the president and conspired again; for which he was again incarcerated. Liberated now, he is still the same. He declared he would not accept his freedom from Louis Napoleon, and they were obliged to turn him out! He then wrote a letter to the prefect, saying he was ready to go back to prison, and that he would go into exile, rather than stay in France under the man of the 2d December!

News from Spain state that disturbances had broken out in Malaga, Logrona, Jaen and elsewhere. Some ramifications of the republican conspiracy had been discovered, and Don Enrique had been banished to the Balearic Islands. The Conde Montemolin, son of Don Carlos, has published a stupid rignarole, called a manifesto, in which he pleads the good old cause of the Bourbons. It was published in the *Moniteur*.

In Sweden, the king is trying to muzzle the press, by restrictive laws. The upper classes, the nobles, clergy and burgesses, are ready to be muzzled and welcome; but the great peasant order of the nation have risen up against the scheme—or rather, have raised their voices against it. One would think they would be the last to care for the liberty of the press. In Denmark, also, the king is desirous to go back to his old despotic ways and rule, without a parliament; and everybody is agreeable but those peasants—as they are called. Some sort of revolution was anticipated in Denmark.

CHINA—JAPAN—LOO CHOO, ETC.

Latest accounts from China concern the city of Canton and its condition. In August, Commodore Ringgold's squadron lay before the European factories at that city, armed and ready to protect the interests of our citizens in any of the expected tumults. The merchants have sent on board, for safe keeping, over a million and a half of Mexican dollars. The Captain of the John Hancock, the American Consul and others, went up the river, one day, in a boat, to know the vicinity of the rebels, when some of the latter fired on them from the shore, wounding the consul. Returning the fire, the sailors killed three of the Chinese. The rebels are no friends of the Americans, believing them favorable to the existing dynasty. The Taeping Wang, head of the pretending dynasty, has lately published a severe manifesto, directed against all foreigners of whatever nation. In it, he denounces them for their unjust treatment of China in 1842, the seizure of Hong Kong and their general habits of interference in a country which never belonged them. In this proclamation, they are called opprobrious names and warned to withdraw from the punishment which strongly threatens them. It is now found that in their principles of religion and social and commercial policy, the rebels are as superstitious, as intolerant and as exclusively Chinese as the Manchows themselves. It is

not improbable that the Europeans of Canton will take the opportunity of uniting, to teach the people of the Celestial Empire that they cannot be permitted to carry on their celestial atrocities on that ground any longer, to the damage of the trading interests of the port—teach them, in fact, that Canton does not entirely belong to either of them—a lesson which will, doubtless, astonish the natives not a little.

The Hong Kong Register, published in July an account of Commodore Perry's survey of those harbors which, by the treaty of Yokuhama, were conceded to the trade and intercourse of American citizens. Returning from that voyage, the commodore touched at Loo Choo, and at Napa perfected an agreement between the United States and the royal government of that island, by which our wrecked vessels shall be succored, and our other ships provided with wood and water, on reasonable terms. Our citizens shall respect the laws of the island and have permission to ramble over it. They are also to have a protected burial-ground.

From the Australian colonies we have accounts of the release of Messrs. O'Brien, Martin and O'Dogherty, with permission to reside where they pleased—but not in Ireland or Great Britain.

Review of New Books.

Poems of the Orient. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol., 12mo.

No friend of the author of the present volume, and, as all his readers are friends, no reader of his works can have failed to observe the marked advance of his whole nature, since his return from the East. He has grown palpably in the power of thought, and in the power of expressing thought, in depth and strength of passion, in delicacy of sentiment, in fire and fertility of imagination, in real pith and force of manhood. His book of travels in Central Africa, which we lately noticed, is abler than any of his previous prose works; and the "Poems of the Orient" have more of the substance and soul of poetry in them, than any of his previous metrical compositions. In saying this, we by no means intend to indicate that his former prose and verse were not good, but simply that his late works are better. We have been especially delighted with the present volume of poems. They not only charm and stir the mind by their richness of melody and warmth of passion, but they are artistical in their form and objective in their matter, and evince a power of projecting his individual experience into imagined existences, and of receiving impressions from the general heart and brain. As he himself expresses it:—

The source of each accordant strain
Lies deeper than the poet's brain.
First from the people's heart must spring
The passions which he learns to sing;
They are the wind, the harp is he,
To voice their fitful melody—
The language of their varying fate,
Their pride, grief, love, ambition, hate—
The talisman which holds inwrought
The touchstone of the listener's thought;
That penetrates each vain disguise,
And brings his secret to his eyes.
For, like a solitary bird
That hides among the boughs unheard

Until some mate, whose carol breaks,
Its own betraying song awakes,
So, to its echo in those lays,
The ardent heart itself betrays.

These poems of the "Orient" seem born in the very tropics of the mind. The poet delivers himself wholly up to the scenery and men among whom he is cast, and sings the fine or fierce sensations, which sympathy with them evokes. Especially has he penetrated into the wild Arab heart. The poems entitled "The Arab Warrior," "Arab Prayer," "Amrou's Wooing," "The Birth of the Horse," "The Bedouin Song," burn with the very soul of passion. But we think that if the swift, impatient movement of his verse, echoing the motion of the Arab Pegasus, "a stallion shod with fire," is in these pieces grandly stimulating, both to the senses and the soul; his pictures of Eastern repose, the other side even of desert life, is still more captivating. The Yankee, with his nervousness, and his ceaseless activity of mind and muscle, can understand the wild unrest here described—but where in America can a man have such a satisfying bliss in mere existence, such a sweet loss of the sense of individuality, and such a soft blending of his own life with the objects around him, and the imaginations they suggest, as Taylor represents himself as experiencing in this exquisite

ORIENTAL IDYL.

A silver javelin which the hills
Have hurled upon the plain below,
The fleetest of the Pharpar's rills,
Beneath me shoots in flashing flow.

I hear the never-ending laugh
Of jostling waves that come and go,
And suck the bubbling pipe, and quaff
The sherbet cooled in mountain snow.

The flecks of sunshine gleam like stars
Beneath the canopy of shade;
And in the distant, dim bazaars
I scarcely hear the hum of trade.

No evil fear, no dream forlorn,
Darkens my heaven of perfect blue;
My blood is tempered to the morn—
My very heart is steeped in dew.

What Evil is I cannot tell;
But half I guess what Joy may be;
And, as a pearl within its shell,
The happy spirit sleeps in me.

I feel no more the pulse's strife—
The tides of Passion's ruddy sea—
But live the sweet, unconscious life
That breathes from yonder jasmine tree.

Upon the glittering pageantries
Of gay Damascus streets I look
As idly as a babe that sees
The painted pictures of a book.

Forgotten now are name and race;
The Past is blotted from my brain;
For Memory sleeps, and will not trace
The weary pages o'er again.

I only know the morning shines,
And sweet the dewy morning air;
But does it play with tendriled vines?
Or does it lightly lift my hair?

Deep-sunken in the charmed repose,
This ignorance is bliss extreme;
And whether I be Man or Rose,
O, pluck me not from out my dream.

The fifth verse contains an unconscious reproduction of one of Tom Moore's images,—one of those provoking mystifications of metaphysics, by which an idea, that should have passed into the memory, went deeper down into the being of the soul, and reappeared as an original fancy. Moore says

"No pearl ever lay under Oman's queen water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee."

The poem on the lately discovered African mountain, "Killimandjaro," worthy to be

"Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt,"

is a noble production. It was originally published in Blackwood's Magazine. We have space only to extract the glorious passage, in which the other monarch mountains of the world are represented as hailing their new, or rather newly-known brother, to their "mighty assembly:"

Sovereign Mountain, thy brothers give welcome:
They, the baptized and crowned of ages
Watch-towers of Continents, altars of Earth,
Welcome thee now to their mighty assembly.
Mont Blanc, in the roar of his mad avalanches,
Hails thy accession; superb Orizaba
Belted with beech and ensandaled with palm;
Chimboraza, the lord of the regions of noonday,—
Mingle their sounds in magnificent chorus
With greeting august from the Pillars of Heaven,
Who, in the urns of the Indian Ganges,
Filter the snows of their sacred dominions,
Unmarked with a footprint, unseen but of God.

There are two poems, "The Phantom," and "The Mystery," in the second portion of the present volume, of singular beauty and depth and delicacy of mournful feeling. We should be pleased to extract both, but can only give one.

THE MYSTERY.

Thou art not dead; thou art not gone to dust;
No line of all thy loveliness shall fall
To formless ruin, smote by Time, and thrust
Into the solemn gulf that covers all.

Thou canst not wholly perish, though the sod
Sink with its violets closer to thy breast;
Though by the feet of generations trod,
The head-stone crumbles from thy place of rest.

The marvel of thy beauty cannot die;
The sweetness of thy presence shall not fade;
Earth gave not all the glory of thine eye—
Death may not keep what Death has never made.

It was not thine, that forehead strange and cold,
Nor those dumb lips, they hid beneath the snow;
Thy heart would throb beneath that passive fold,
Thy hands for me that stony clasp forego.

But thou hadst gone—gone from the dreary land,
Gone from the storms let loose on every hill,
Lured by the sweet persuasion of a hand
Which leads thee somewhere in the distance still.

Where'er thou art, I know thou wearest yet
The same bewildering beauty, sanctified
By calmer joy, and touched with soft regret
For him who seeks, but cannot reach thy side.

I keep for thee the living love of old,
And seek thy place in Nature, as a child
Whose hand is parted from his playmate's hold,
Wanders and cries along a lonesome wild.

When, in the watches of my heart, I hear
The messages of purer life, and know
The footsteps of thy spirit lingering near,
The darkness hides the way that I should go.

Canst thou not bid the empty realms restore
That form, the symbol of thy heavenly part?
Or on the fields of barren silence pour
That voice, the perfect music of thy heart?

O once, once bending to these widowed lips,
Take back the tender warmth of life from me,
Or let thy kisses cloud with swift eclipse
The light of mine and give me death with thee!

This poem is a fine illustration of the beauty, tenderness and power, which grief takes from the imagination through which it is passed, and by which it is softened and shorn of its sting, while it is made a possession to the heart forever. It comes near to Tennyson's

"imaginative woe,
That loves to handle spiritual strife—
Diffused the shock throughout my life,
But in the present broke the blow."

We close our extracts from the volume with the delicious little poem of "Camadeva." With its rich music lingering in the ear, and suggesting nothing but what is pleasant, hopeful and enlivening, we feel that our readers will hasten to obtain the volume, of which, with all its beauty and sweetness, it is not the finest specimen:

CAMADEVA.

The sun, the moon, the mystic planets seven,
Shone with a purer and serener flame,
And there was joy on Earth and joy in Heaven
When Camadeva came.

The blossoms burst, like jewels of the air,
Putting the colors of the morn to shame;
Breathing their odorous secrets every where
When Camadeva came.

The birds, upon the tufted tamarind spray,
Sat side by side and cooed in amorous flame;
The lion sheathed his claws and left his prey
When Camadeva came.

The sea slept, pillowed on the happy shore;
The mountain-peaks were bathed in rosy flame;
The clouds went down the sky—to mount no more
When Camadeva came.

The hearts of all men brightened like the morn;
The poet's harp then first deserved its fame,
For rapture sweeter than he sang was born
When Camadeva came.

All breathing life a newer spirit quaffed.
A second life, a bliss beyond a name,
And Death, half-conquered, dropped his idle shaft
When Camadeva came.

Memoirs of Napoleon, his Court and Family. By the Duchess D'Abrantes (Madame Junot.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

The interest in every thing that relates to Napoleon is always sufficient in itself to attract readers to every book which treats of his life, actions and character; and this interest has been especially stimulated in this country by Abbott's biography of him. Readers who never read history before have lately taken up the history of France under Napoleon with a zeal usually excited only by romance; and in steamboats and railway cars, all over the country it is almost as common to hear discussions on his genius and character as on the last news from the stock exchange, or the war in the East. A good portion of American readers

have constituted themselves into a jury to decide on his guilt or innocence, listen with the greatest avidity to the evidence put in on both sides of the question, and are eager to hear even the arguments of counsel. We have repeatedly overheard, in public conveyances, discussions in which one party, inspired by Mr. Abbott of Harper's Magazine, and the other party inspired by Mr. Greeley, of the New York Tribune, played the game of debate, hour after hour. We have heard every variety of opinion expressed of Napoleon in these verbal battles, but by far the most original was from an old gentleman, who evidently had lost money by the Berlin and Milan Despatches, and who pronounced him "a mean fellow."

The enterprising publishers of the present elegant volumes have doubtless thought that such a demand for information should be met with a copious supply. They could hardly have selected a more entertaining work to reprint than the *Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Angoulême*. These *Memoirs* relate, as the title page indicates, to Napoleon, his court and his family; and the duchess, the wife of one of Napoleon's most esteemed marshals, had rare opportunities to acquire information in regard to all these. She is a delightful chronicler and historical gossip, and, in addition to her positive contributions to the history of the time, she has a woman's tact in dealing nice traits of character, which a man's eye might miss, and treats with fullness many an attractive topic which a man would be likely to overlook as unimportant. She is, of course, a resolute Bonapartist.

The volume is illustrated with engraved portraits of Napoleon, Josephine, Maria Louisa, Pauline, Elise, Jerome Bonaparte, Louis Bonaparte, Cardinal Fesch, Joseph Bonaparte, the Duke de Richelieu, the Queen of Prussia, the Queen of Naples, Junot, and others. Almost all the great men and women of the time are referred to in the course of the narrative, and their characters are often minutely touched. Her pages are spiced with anecdotes of every variety, from the complimentary to the scandalous. Among the thousand references to her work to celebrities, glorious or infamous, there is one to the Marquis of Hertford, known to all readers of English fiction as the original of Thackeray's "most noble, the Marquis of Stuyvesant," who acts so prominent a part in the wickedness of "Vanity Fair," and who reappears in "Pendennis." The Duchess saw him in Paris, in the Court of English who were there in 1803, and seems to have had an instinct, if not an intuition, of some points of his character. After speaking in disparaging terms of Lord Whitworth, she proceeds to say that "there were other Englishmen in France of greater distinction, for originality at least, if few no superior attributes. Amongst these was Lord Yarmouth, now Marquis of Hertford, respecting whom a greater diversity of opinion was entertained as well by his own countrymen as ours, but one qualification which he indisputably possessed was a clearness and soundness of intellect rarely met with in the most subtle Venetian or Genoan. The faculties of Lord Yarmouth's mind are incomparably more penetrating than those of his countrymen generally, whose capillaries, however extensive, are for the most part slow of conception. Young as he then was, an indifferent opinion of his fellow-creatures was but too vividly impressed on his features; his countenance, his smile, expressed utter coldness, or a sardonic and cynical criticism of all that was passing around him. The world of fashion was not to his taste, and he connected himself little with it; but when induced to put on harness, as he expressed it, he made himself perfectly agreeable to those with whom he associated. He was passionately fond of gambling, and played nobly and generously." Through the thin gauze of compliment thrown over this description, the reader of Thackeray will readily recognize the cynical debauchee of "Vanity Fair"—one of the most terrible portraits of corrupted and cruel manhood in the whole range of fiction.

Memoirs of Celebrated Characters. By Alphonse D. Lamartine. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

There are few of Lamartine's works more fascinating than these "Memoirs." They are also admirably translated. The defects of the author's mind, his egotistic sentimentality, his imperfect research, his positiveness of statement, his easy admittance of evidences which sustain, and resistance of evidence which contradicts, his pre-conceived views, and the air of philosophic impartiality with which he sometimes expresses the most one-sided opinions, are not felt in the present biographies so much as in his histories, though the subjects of his biographies are mostly historical; while his softness, richness and facility of diction, his tact in the selection from a mass of details those which are both interesting and illustrative, and the almost feminine delicacy of sympathy with whatever is beautiful and noble in character, make his volumes delightful reading. His subjects are Socrates, Jacquet, Jean de Arto, Cromwell, Hucner, Gutzberg, Fénelon, Nelson, Holm, Columbus, Pallas, Bonaparte, and Cæsar—not one of which is deficient in readable, while many are full of admirable qualities.

Party Leaders: Sketches of Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Andrew Jackson, Henry John Randolph, of Roanoke, including Notices of many other Distinguished Statesmen. By Jo. G. Baldwin. New York: D. Appleton. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Baldwin is the author of "The First Times of Alabama and Mississippi," a brilliant and sketchy delineation of some of the eccentricities of South-Western life and character, and indicating in the account of Sargent B. Prentiss, no mean powers of analyzing and exhibiting intellectual character. The present work is superior to his previous essay, while it has all the qualities which gave that popularity. The author has evidently studied his subjects thoroughly, and though he arrives at some opinions which we consider questionable, he is generally so accurate in his perceptions and so judicious in his criticisms, as he is bold, vigorous and impressive in his style. Like almost all similar American works, its excellence is marred by occasional exaggeration of statement—that habit of painting thick, as if the figures were intended to be viewed at a distance.

A Tennessee Abroad, or Letters from Europe, Africa, and Asia. By Randall W. McGowan, A. M., L. L. D., a Member of the Nashville Bar. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

There is nothing in this volume to indicate the locality from which it takes its title. It is a clone, dogged statement of facts, scenes, and opinions, without originality of thought, or grace and animation of style. But it is loaded with facts, some of them of much interest, which we have noticed in no other book of the kind. The author seems to have had the curiosity of a Yankee, and especially directed his investigations to discover the cost of the objects which pleased him.

Synonyms of the New Testament. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D., Author of the "Study of Words," etc. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

These lectures were delivered by the author, who is Professor of Divinity at King's College, London, before his class, and will be found to afford valuable aid to theological students. Like the previous writings of Mr. Trench, on the study of words, and on Proverbs, they are full of interesting matter to the general reader.

Easy Warren and his Contemporaries. Sketched from Living Circles. By Wm. T. O'Connell. New York: Redfield.

A pleasant series of sketchy stories, written in the person of an editor's professional duties, and recommended by their wholesome moral as well as their sprightly diction.

Original Comicalities.

JONES AGAIN!

Our poor friend Jones' nerves have never recovered from the shock that Dog gave them last summer.



Here we see him devouring the burglaries in the morning paper.



His friend Mr. Bagshot—who has no nerves—visits him in the evening, and entertains him with a description of the way in which Mr. Brown's house was entered last night and Brown nearly killed. Brown lives in the next street.



His nervous system becomes excited thereby.



After Mr. Bagshot's departure, Jones imagines how he should feel in such a situation as this!



And he is followed home at night by a phantom of his imagination.



Or what his sensations would be, if, when groping about his room in the dark, his hand should come in contact with a woolly substance!



Or what he should do, if, when he went to get his dressing gown, the closet should be tenanted!



Before going to bed Mr. Jones makes a critical,



On retiring to his room for the night Mr. Jones is shocked as above!



careful,



However, by a courageous effort, he brings himself to touch the alarming objects, and finds, to his great joy and comfort, that the boots are his own, and fasten!



and thorough



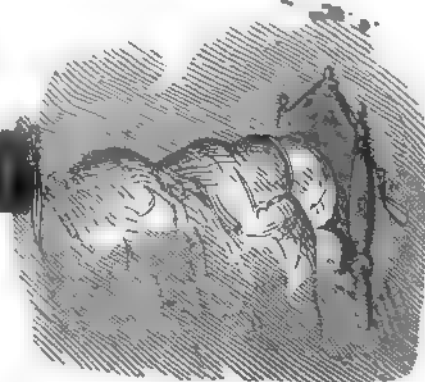
examination of the room.



He makes a cautious examination, but discovers nothing.



He no sooner falls asleep than he is attacked by a terrible nightmare.



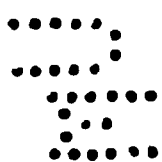
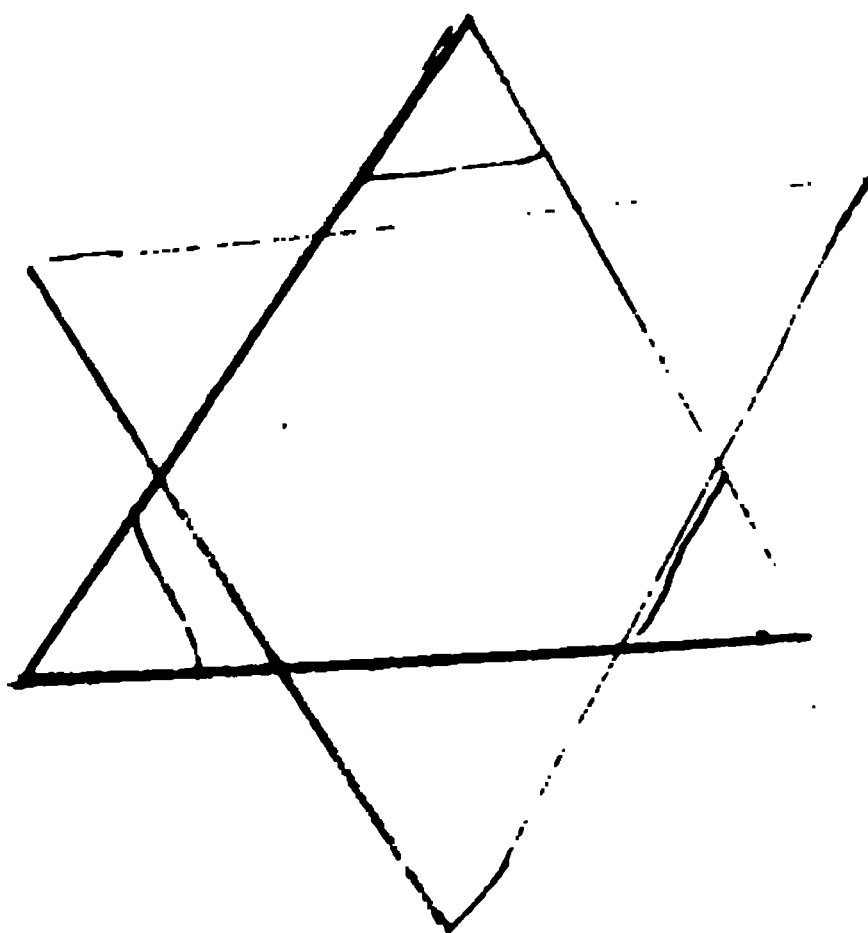
He obtains a little perturbed sleep, with his head under the bed-clothes.



He awakes in a fright, and is certain he hears some one saving through the back door.



Extravagant joy of Mr. Jones on finding himself next morning in possession of life and property.





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Fashions for the Month.

GRAHAM'S MONTHLY FASHIONS.

We present, from the establishment of Mr. E. A. BROOKS, 576 Broadway, and 150 Fulton Street, New York, several styles of Gentlemen's Shoes, which are truly beautiful as well as new.

The first we observe is a pair suspended from a knob. These are gentlemen's **TOILET SLIPPERS**, and they are gems of their kind. They are made apparently of drab cloth, and embossed in an exquisite or-



namental design, of a green color. The lining is red morocco, with cloth sides of fine scarlet cloth. The binding is likewise of the same bright color. We regard them as the *ne plus ultra* of ladies' slippers.



The second is a pair of Gentlemen's **HALF-BUTTON GAITERS**. Their appearance is exceedingly dressy and becoming. The fronts of patent leather, the lustrous jet, and polished surface of which is admirably contrasted with the granulated and rich face of the black Turkey morocco quarters. They button a little upon one side, and are decorated with festoons of stitching, in white silk. A line of red morocco directly passing over the instep, adds the finishing ornament to this beautiful style.



The third is a pair of Gentlemen's **SHORT BOOTS**. We have nothing to note about the character of these boots excepting that they are also made of patent leather, save that the tops, which it will be perceived, are curtailed of the usual longitude of boots, and made of morocco. This style is particularly acceptable with a large portion of the world of fashion, their convenience being equal to their beauty.

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